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EGGENCE V. DEISS, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

A. M. 5894—A. D. 1891.

According to accepted chronology the work of the Creator in building the universe was completed 4004 years before the advent of Christ; add to this the 1890 years constituting the christian era and we have a sum total of 5894 years since the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy" when the foundations of the earth were laid.

Some people are disposed to correct our chronological tables. They will have it that the figures used to indicate the number of years since

"The perfect world by Adam trod" was completed, and the "evening and the morning was the sixth day," that millions of years have come and gone, and that we nurse the most egregious errors relating to what we call "time."

Possibly, nay, most positively, it is a variety to suppose that 5894 years measure the distance between the laying the "foun-

dations of the earth" and the present. But wherefore bother with such problems?

"Think we or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow
And carries off his prize."

This has been true from the "beginning"—whether that be 5894 years in the past or that many millions of years. The past and the future make up the circle of eternity, and it were sheer folly to attempt the incomprehensible. We deal with the present—the now. The past is gone; it can return no more. It has exhaled the dew of life; its glory—whatever it was—has departed. True, some records of wisdom, of folly, of ambition, of victories, of failures, have been preserved, but unless they teach men to be industrious, independent, self-reliant, virtuous and strong, they are of no value to the living, and all the years, and centuries, and cycles become, with all their hoarded treasures, utterly worthless. We may sip the cup of promise, and with eager lips drain its nectar till the fume mounts kindling to the heated brain, to realize at last that all is dead sea fruit—that the one road to success is work; work with hand and brain; work early and late; work, as does the silkworm, the bee and the ant. Time is relentless and autocratic. Its mandate is, work or starve, all too often work and starve; work in rags, live in dens, in filth, in wretchedness, and die, at last, as do the beasts of the field and of the forest!

Time ought to be an educator. Its lessons ought to be written upon the minds of men

as old Job wanted to preserve his words, "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." That it is an educator to some extent, is shown, by the uprising and the organization of workingmen.

A poet refers to Time as a "tomb builder." In the past he has been a throne builder as well. Apparently, he is becoming tired of the vocation and is turning his attention to building lodges—parliament houses, where workingmen deliberate. The indications are that workingmen will no longer

"Plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age."

And of all the lessons Time has taught, not one is of more value than that which teaches the men who toil that they can, if they will, be free; and they are saying to those who oppress and degrade them,

"Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the sands that
confin'd them:

But presume not again to give TOILERS a law,
Or think with the chains they have broken to
blind them."

The last decade—from 1880 to 1891—has been fruitful of inspiring progress. Labor has won victories and experienced defeats, but, on the whole, surveying all the battle fields, where the hosts of labor struggled against a rich, well disciplined and arrogant foe, the verdict is—

"The God of battles smiled and Justice triumphed."

We now enter upon another year—1891, and another decade, which at its close, will usher in the twentieth century, during which Bellamy's millennium is to dawn. We are not particularly interested in a future so far away, but we confess to special interest in A. D. 1891. It is with us. We stand upon its threshold, but, alas, we are not a seer! No seraphim has touched our lips with "a live coal from off the altar." We know not what there is in store for workingmen. We may, with others, admire the covenant bow upon the brow of the storm-cloud, and say "seed time and harvest shall come" in regular order, the "early and the later rain," but let it be remembered that while the seasons may come with their "seed time," "the harvest" will not come unless the seed is sown and the plants nourished. There must be work.

We do not doubt that the year 1891, and

all the years to 1900, will give workingmen numberless opportunities to sow precious seeds of truth, and if sown, abundant harvests will be garnered and splendid progress made.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

But the tide must be taken "at the flood," for if

"Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

As we write, we surmise that the spirit of brotherhood in the ranks of workingmen is stronger, more active and conquering than in all the past since time began. It is the spirit that animated David and Jonathan which has gone forth into the world and is glorifying fellowship, creating confidence, breaking down the barriers of envy and jealousy, and establishing brotherhoods, and sending Robert Nicoll's song, "We are Brethren, a'," around the world—

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here could make shift to agree.
An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren, a'."

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithful deride,
Ye would stand like a rock wi' the truth on your side:
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw,
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren, a'.

We belong to that class who believe that during the next ten years the decisive battles between capitalists (not capital) and workingmen are to be fought in America. This conviction is derived from our knowledge of what has transpired during the past twenty-five years, more especially the last ten years. We do not overlook the fact that capitalists have vast resources at their command. We do not underestimate their tactics nor their strategy, nor do we doubt their tenacity of purpose. They hold on and fight with determination and with desperation. It has been said of "capital" that it is "timid." It would be quite as rational to say that a boulder is timid—one is as inert as the other. Capitalists are "timid;" or, more properly, distrustful. As a general proposition, they invest their cash cautiously. They want dividends and profits, and to secure them, are cruel beyond measure. These dividends can be secured only through the agency of labor. Without labor, the investments of all the capitalists in creation would

never secure *one* dollar. So far as dividends are concerned, \$1.00 would be equal to \$1,000,000, or any number of millions. The vitalizing force in the world's enterprises is work; and, as a bed-rock proposition, if the world's capital were sunk in an hour to irrecoverable depths, labor could and would recreate every dollar. We do not care to discuss such axioms now. The fact is that capitalists have demanded and secured, in the past, more than their fair share of the wealth that labor has created. It has been so from the first, under every form of government of which authentic history speaks or which exists in legendary lore. It is an old-time and an all-time truth, and demonstrates that an era of justice has never been known.

It might be interesting to know when the germ of resistance to the wrong was first planted, and who was the first workingman, of all the centuries, who paid the penalty of martyrdom for daring to proclaim his abhorrence of the policy of capitalists. There was such a time, there was such a man. From that time to the present, the nature of the capitalistic class has remained unchanged—policy and theories are the same. But a new force has appeared. The workingman has said, "Let there be light," and light has come. This new light has had liberating, elevating and redeeming power. It has increased in effulgence. Workingmen no longer walk in the dark; millions of them are no longer benighted. They stand erect, disenthralled, emancipated, independent, self-reliant. They are now demanding in America, as the demand was never before made since God said, "Let there be light," their fair share of the wealth they create.

Do the capitalists hear the demand? Yes. Do they heed it? No. Hence the coming conflict.

In view of such facts, the present generation of workingmen may owe a debt of gratitude to Time. That they owe a debt of gratitude to workingmen of the past who dared rebel against oppression, there can be no question. They owe a debt of gratitude to the workmen of the present century that no mathematician can compute; and they will pay it—pay it in such a way that the next generation will consider how they can best bear testimony of their obligations.

We turn from such fields of reflection to our own beloved Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It enters upon the new year, 1891, with the most cheering prospects of success and prosperity. It is strong in every principle of brotherhood. It is young in years, but old in wisdom. It has not reached its majority, and yet its policy bears the stamp of mature judgment. It numbers 20,000 members. If there is a problem relating to permanency and prosperity that remains unsolved, let it be suggested, by friend or foe, and it will have attention. Such a problem does not now suggest itself. While it has demonstrated intelligence of a high order, it is still advancing in knowledge. It is steadily increasing in membership. We can not see the future—we have no power to draw aside the veil; and yet, judging by the past, we predict, when another century dawns, our Brotherhood, serene as the sublime elevation upon which it will stand, will be then, as now, the unfaltering friend of labor, of organization and federation; and then, as now, proud of the splendid organizations with which it is in alliance for the glorious purpose of securing right and justice for railroad employes. True, we do not know what oily tongues may be invited to deliver orations at its biennial conventions whose hatred of organized workingmen is so hot and implacable that they can, if permitted, employ bands of murderers to shoot them down as if they were dogs. It may be that creatures like the President and the Third Vice President of the New York Central may be invited to sting workingmen with words like the lash of scorpions; but we do not believe it. We would rather see the Order, with all its well-earned fame, go down beneath the black waves of oblivion, than live to achieve such monumental degradation.

Again we turn to the year that is gone with no regrets, except such as come to all for opportunities to do good which were permitted to pass unimproved; for such errors of judgment come to all fallible mortals—to all

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day!

From wave to wave we're driven.

And Fancy's dash and Reason's sway

Serve but to light the troubled way—

There's nothing calm but Heaven."

The New Year bells are ringing joyfully, and our heart is in tune with their melody. To our friends,—and to enemies, if such there are,—to all, we send, without mental reservation, a happy New Year greeting. Let the toast go round—"A Happy New Year to all;" more than that, may many happy New Years come to all. As the months come and go, the *Magazine* will go forth on its mission; and, we hope, to cheer and encourage its readers, to add something to the store of their knowledge; and with this our ambition will be satisfied.

"There is, they say, a bending form of love,
Who spreads his dove-wings over us and bears
The wearied in his gentle arms above
All earth has to assail us—sorrows, cares,
Toll and disease and want, till cool, sweet airs
Breathe odors from never fading flowers
That grow in Heaven, where peace eternal wears
The same undying smile, and, as the hours
Steal silently along, descends in balmy showers."

PARNELL.

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

Mr. Parnell, by the verdict of an English jury, has wrecked a home. It was not a "packed" jury—not a jury selected to convict—and its verdict will stand. Nor will it do to assert that Mr. Parnell was the victim of partisan hate, of sleuth hound persecution, because he had expanded by virtue of his great abilities to the leadership in parliament of the Irish cause.

Mr. Parnell has not been deprived of his intellectual superiority, but, great as it may be, it was not sufficient to enable him to rule himself. With all his towering faculties he was weak.

It has been accorded to few men to achieve the splendid renown that had become the heritage of Charles Stewart Parnell. It belonged to the world, though Ireland and Irishmen claimed it as their own. Parnell, as a leader in a cause that enlisted the sympathies of all lovers of liberty, of all enemies of oppression, stood without a peer in the closing years of the nineteenth century. He had become a great figure in history. Calm, confident and self poised, he was Ireland's favorite son. Gladstone was proud to do him honor.

Those who opposed him and his cause admired his courage and believed him patriotic. When he spoke, England and Ireland and the United States, and all christendom listened.

Evicted Irishmen, standing around the ruins of their homes, Irishmen enduring the pangs of famine, Irishmen in prison and in exile, and Irishmen, still permitted to speak by Balfour and his British sleuth hounds, looked to Parnell—their hopes centered in Parnell. Alas, their idol is shattered.

It is not required to be sentimental—nor yet to rave—but the exclamation, "How are the mighty fallen!" is in order. Parnell, the leader, is no longer the leader. As a leader he has committed suicide. He is dead. His name is everlastingly associated with Mrs. O'Shea and adultery. The miserable woman and her paramour are alike wrecks. O'Shea's home is in ruins, and his children are a thousand times more to be commiserated than orphans.

Who wrecked the home? Who orphaned the children? Who despoiled the wife and mother? Parnell. A statesman, a patriot, a leader, a member of parliament, a man whose brightening fame filled the world—Parnell. He wrought the ruin, he perpetrated the crime, and now, silent as the tomb, he must suffer the penalty of righteous scorn in every land where home is held as sacred to virtue.

Parnell cannot plead youth in extenuation of his escapade. Indeed, he does not plead at all. For Parnell there is neither apology nor excuse. He gave his passions full play and they led him on to ruin's brink and over it. He could not curb them, or would not. Home, wife, mother, children, divine law, human law, all, everything went down before the fierce passions of the hour—proof that

"When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel."

Ireland's cause may suffer for a time, but not always. Some say Parnell will retain his position as leader—that the great world cares little or nothing for such a record as Parnell has made. If so, our boasted civilization is a stupendous sham. We doubt if the world is ready for such a verdict.

THE FEDERATED ORDERS OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

There are six organizations of Railway Employees who are engaged in the train service of the various railroads of the country.

There is high authority for saying that there are now 160,000 miles of railroad track in the country, which, it is said, required the investment of \$8,500,000,000.

Of this investment, it is said, railroad corporations represent \$1,500,000,000, and private individuals hold the remainder, \$7,000,000,000, and of this remainder vast sums are owned in Europe.

This investment, for the year 1889, earned \$1,089,985,831, or 12.80 per cent. on \$8,500,000,000. The total expenditures, for all purposes, amounted to \$988,597,095, leaving a balance of \$101,388,736.

There is not a man in the wide world, who knows anything at all of railroad building, who believes that the railroads of the United States cost \$8,500,000,000,—\$53,126 a mile—including every conceivable item of expenditure.

It is universally conceded that \$25,000 a mile is a large average estimate, and that the cash invested in the railroads of the country does not exceed \$4,000,000,000; hence, it is believed, that of the \$8,500,000,000, not less than \$4,500,000,000 is water.

We have stated that the gross earnings of the railroads of the country in 1889 amounted to \$1,089,985,831, or 12.80 per cent. on \$8,500,000,000. But assuming that the railroads cost in actual cash but \$4,000,000,000, then in that case, their earnings in 1889 was 27 per cent. on that amount.

We have stated that the total expenditures of the roads for all purposes amounted to \$988,597,095. In these expenditures is included dividends on stocks and interest on bonds, estimated, as we have shown, at \$8,500,000,000.

Suppose we put the rate of dividend and interest at 4 per cent. In that case the expenditure would reach \$340,000,000—\$8,500,000,000 at 4 per cent. yielding that amount. But estimating the cost of the roads at \$4,000,000,000, 4 per cent. dividends and interest would require only \$160,000,000, showing a saving to the earning fund of \$180,000,000.

The point we make is this, that the railroads, by paying interest and dividends on \$8,500,000,000 of cash and water instead of \$4,000,000,000 on honest cash investments, railroad corporations find an easy excuse for cutting down the wages of employés.

Occasionally the great railroad systems issue reports, and the Alpine piles of figures they contain are well calculated to bewilder the average reader. These figures are so adroitly manipulated that only experts can tell head or tail of them, but they enable the corporations to impress the public with the monstrous fiction that capital is being sacrificed for the welfare of employés, and the trick is played so dexterously as to extort the exclamation, "Certainly, capital is doing all in its power for labor."

Money in large "blocks" has for years been down to 3 per cent. interest per annum, but suppose we allow 4 per cent. for the rate of interest and dividends as before stated; then tabulated, the account would stand as follows:

\$8,500,000,000 at 4 per cent. is	\$340,000,000
\$4,000,000,000 at 4 per cent. is	160,000,000
Difference	\$180,000,000

Now, then, this difference, \$180,000,000, is paid on water, on fictitious capital that has no existence whatever. It is one of the most stupendous frauds of this or of any other age, and it is just that much wrested from labor and paid to capitalists.

It is authoritatively stated that the employés of the railroads of the country in 1889, were as follows:

General Officers	4,737
General office clerks	20,817
Station agents	24,171
Other stationmen	58,037
Engineers	30,217
Firemen	31,993
Conductors	20,953
Other trainmen	53,160
Machinists	25,214
Carpenters	33,244
Other shopmen	75,669
Section foremen	25,539
Other trackmen	115,101
Switchmen, flagmen and other watchmen	33,011
Telegraph operators	16,337

Deduct General Officers	601,423
	4,737

Total workingmen 596,686

We have before us as we write an exhaustive analysis of the wages paid railroad workingmen on the railroads of a Western State, officially reported by the officers of

each corporation to the Bureau of Statistics, and the average is \$1.84 a day. We do not doubt that this average will hold good throughout the country. As a result 596,686 men, working 313 days at \$1.84 a day, would receive \$343,643,326, an average of \$576 each.

These 596,686 workingmen made it possible for the railroads of the country in 1889 to earn \$988,597,095. Of this amount they received \$343,643,326, leaving a balance of \$644,953,769.

Loud mouthed ranters are continually charging that labor and capital are at war, when, in fact, but for labor not a railroad train would move an inch, and the capital invested in railroads would be as dead as an Egyptian mummy.

Let us see where the trouble lies. All agree that capital should have its fair dues. Labor does not and never has objected to the proposition. Labor simply asks for fair play, a fair deal, an honest distribution of the wealth it creates. This has been denied from the beginning, is denied now. It is denied under cover of a system of chicanery and is robbery pure and simple. There is about \$4,000,000,000 *honest* cash invested in the railroads of the United States, but interest and dividends are collected on \$8,500,000,000, and this stupendous swindle lies at the bottom of what is termed the "war" between capital and labor.

Of the earnings of the railroads in 1889, capital, representing \$4,000,000,000 at 4 per cent., should have taken \$160,000,000, but instead of that it claimed an investment of \$8,500,000,000, \$4,500,000,000 of which is water, and took \$340,000,000, \$180,000,000 of which was pure and unadulterated robbery. The \$180,000,000 belonged to labor. If the employés of railroads had received it their average pay, instead of being \$576 a year, would have been \$877, a gain of \$301; or instead of \$1.84 a day, workingmen would have received \$2.80 a day, a difference of 96 cents a day.

We have written the foregoing to indicate the high and noble purposes of federation. It is to do what is possible by legitimate influences, to maintain wages, because, say what we will, wages are the foundation of the prosperity, education, independence

and happiness of workingmen. Workingmen do not desire to rob capital, nor do they intend to be forever the victims of robbery. All they ask is fair play. They are opposed to working for the purpose of paying dividends on *water*.

There are now four federated Orders, the members of which are engaged in the train service of railroads, as follows:

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.
The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.
The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.
The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

It will be interesting to approximate the membership of the four federated Orders, which is as follows:

Brotherhood of Firemen	20,000
Brotherhood of Trainmen	17,000
Brotherhood of Conductors	5,000
Switchmen's Association	3,000
Total	50,000

It should be said in this connection that each of the federated orders is rapidly growing in membership. Those opposed to organization are being converted, and the opponents of federation are disappearing.

The benefits resulting from organization are recognized by all intelligent railroad employes, and federation is universally accepted as the one thing needful to enable railroad employes to maintain their rights against the encroachments of the corporation.

It is eminently worthy of remark that the federated Orders are alive to the demands of the times, and comprehend fully the requirements which they are under obligations to meet.

Each of the federated orders has its official organ, publications of recognized merit, which are performing a noble work for organized labor, and in the discussion of federation challenge its opponents to the arena of debate, but they do not come.

These publications are:

The Railroad Trainmen's *Journal*, published at Galesburg, Ill., L. W. Rogers, editor.

The Switchmen's *Journal*, rooms 77 and 78, 14 and 16 Pacific Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Railway Service *Gazette*, organ of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, published at Toledo, O., Wm. R. Leflet, editor.

The Locomotive Firemen's *Magazine*, pub-

ished at Terre Haute, Ind., Eugene V. Debs editor.

These four publications have a circulation widely beyond the boundaries of the organizations in whose interests they are issued. If the press, as is asserted, is an educator, then the federated Orders are doing their full share of educational work. They are discussing economic questions from every point of view, and the membership are learning to solve problems which relate to their financial welfare. They are thinking for themselves and speaking for themselves. Federation, therefore, means more than an alliance of physical force, it is a league of mind forces which is daily becoming more resolute, more confident and conquering.

We would have the federated orders feel a deep and abiding interest in each other's welfare. We would have the fellowship close and vital—so intensely alive that each would feel it not only a duty, but a pleasure to aid others in every possible way to grow in numbers and influence.

There are a thousand ways in which such fellowship could find valuable expression. Once let it be understood that federation is a union of hearts and hands, of thought and endeavor—"each for all and all for each," and it becomes invincible. It becomes a method for applying power with the least possible amount of loss, because friction is reduced to the lowest point.

That it has triumphed is a matter well worthy of rejoicing, and that more victories are to come is a foregone conclusion.

We would have the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen advised of the address of each of the federated Orders, so that in any event should they desire information to enable them to be of service to the federated Orders, they will know where to write, as follows:

B. of R. T., Wm. A. Sheahan, G. S. and T., Galesburg, Ill.

S. M. A. A., Wm. A. Simsrott, G. S. and T., rooms 77 and 78, 14 and 16 Pacific Ave., Chicago, Ill.

B. of R. C., D. J. Carr, G. S. and T., 139 Huron St., Toledo, O.

In closing this article we send our New Year's greeting to the members of all the federated Orders. We confess to special

pride in reviewing the grand army. We like its banners, its stately stepping, the animating music of its drums and bugles. It means business. It has a mission. There is room for it "on top," and that is where it is located. In the spirit of fellowship and fraternity, we bid our federated comrades God speed.

THE Boston *Globe* says "Pinkertonism must go," and adds that "these Pinkerton forces are simply private armies of hirelings, ready to do any bloody work that may be required of them for pay, wherever there is any pretense that it is in defense of the property of great corporations. The shooting of innocent persons, as at Albany during the New York Central strike, and at Fort Worth during the Southwestern strike of 1886, shows one of the evils of this kind of warfare, but the great objection to it is its utter and obvious inconsistency with the state's legitimate functions. No state can afford to tolerate private armies within its borders. Such mercenary troops are as dangerous to the public peace, safety and liberty as were the private armies of Rome in the days of Rienzi." Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the intimate friend of Mr. P. M. Arthur, and president of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., don't propose to let "Pinkertonism go."

It is conceded in some quarters, that greater safety to trains would be secured by having a man on engines as a special "look-out" for dangers. The *Western Railway* refers to the matter as follows:

If a fireman has much work to do about a furnace door he is no earthly good as a lookout. The heat and light of a furnace renders one's eyes useless for several seconds after having looked into the firebox. It is our belief that it would be a good idea for our mountain roads to have a lookout on each passenger engine. Surely if it is necessary on a straight track to take this precaution it is doubly necessary on the crooked mountain lines, where the curves are so sharp that the engineer can hardly see the fireman. Eastern runners will be surprised to learn that the card time of our mountain trains is thirty miles an hour.

Manifestly, it is asking too much of a fireman to "keep her hot" and play lookout at the same time, and the fact is plainly set forth by the *Western Railway*.

PROTECTION.

It is a mistake of no little importance to suppose that the students of phenomena confine their observations to strange and unusual appearances in the heavens, the earth, or the waters under the firmament. There is a world of mind in which those who are at all attentive may discover many things well calculated to arouse reflections of intense seriousness. It goes for nothing to say that the great majority are unobservant—heedless of passing events. There are those who never heed the signs of the times, and who, if their attention could be arrested, would simply stare at them with scarcely more apprehension of their significance than so many sheep. They marry, and are given in marriage; they eat, drink and sleep. The skies may be red, or dark and lowering, it is all the same to them. Such people do not keep up with the procession. They are always too late for the train. We can afford to dismiss them. As forces and factors, they are as copper coins among doubloons. If rich, they are like misers, who clutch and count their gold and hide it away; if poor, they accept conditions without protest, and like asses, bear their burdens uncomplainingly.

But there are others who are wide awake and on the alert. They read, they think, they watch. They clamber to the highlands of vision and survey with eagle eyes the surroundings. They detect phenomena whenever and wherever they appear. They see the shadows of coming events. They are the *avant couriers* of all explorers—the path-finders in every wilderness. They are the Johns crying, “make straight paths” for men who have discovered at last that “God is no respecter of persons,” and who have concluded to live and be clad and fed and sheltered by Divine right, without asking permission of mortals.

Here in the United States of America the uprising is phenomenal. It is a phenomenon that creates continental amazement. A writer in a magazine calls it “The Labor Crisis.” He says, “The point to be determined is, whether capital or labor shall, in future, determine the terms upon which the invested resources of the nation are to be employed.” Not exactly. The point is,

shall the men who perform the labor and create all the capital, share in it to the extent of living like men or of living like beasts? The point is imbedded in the question, Can workmen *protect* their inalienable rights of life, liberty and happiness? If so, how? The answers are easy. First, by organization. The extent of organization is phenomenal. It extends to every trade. It is steadily going forward. It alarms those who deem it for their interests to degrade workmen—to so impoverish American laborers that they shall be content to work for such wages as satisfy Italians, Poles, Hungarians and others who, at home, have shared their huts and dens with domestic animals and vermin—who never drew a freeman's breath nor uttered a sentiment in accord with American citizenship. We accept the announcement that a “labor crisis” is at hand. Workmen are preparing for its coming. Every sign betokens its coming.

Those who are observant, will notice that workmen are not only organizing, but are reading. They take the papers, and at last labor has a press. If, therefore, those who oppose the emancipation of labor from debasing enthrallments, predicate success upon the ignorance of workmen, they are doomed to disappointment. The propositions up for debate in the councils of workmen are few and simple, but fundamental. They are not to any great extent discussing Bellamyism. They are not trying to determine what will be the condition of workmen A. D. 2000. They are not switched off to find out whether a worker in Europe receives more or less than a worker in America. The supreme purpose is to obtain such pay for their work as will support themselves and their families decently, and this, as certainly as rivers flow to the sea, they are going to have, crisis or no crisis. It is a righteous demand, and will undergo no abatement.

As matters now stand, workmen are the victims of oppression. They are overworked and underpaid, or, if in any case, justice is done them, it is the result of compact organization. That is what affords them such protection as they have. The fact is recognized and acknowledged. But

It has been found that organization is but the initial step in securing protection, hence the Shibboleth of workmen to-day is FEDERATION—an alliance of all organizations and that once perfected, labor's millennium dawns.

We must not be misunderstood. We do not mean that carpenters and brick masons are to federate with men engaged in the train-service of railroads. Fortunately, these are setting a noble example of federation, and are securing protection. So it may be with men identified with the building trades, and thus, wherever there is an identity of interests, such alliances secure the right and protect the right, and when an organization of workmen is formed, and its chief officers fight protection and hobnob with those who oppress labor, such an organization is certain to disappear. It cannot stand. It is a treasonable organization, and ought to die. All the scabs that ever existed are not equal to the malign influence exerted by a workman's organization in alliance with the Germans of the period.

The era of victory is dawning. The days of doubt and despondency are passing away. The spirit of protection is abroad. Its animating, vitalizing power is felt by the hosts of labor everywhere, and they are moving forward to certain triumph.

A CONSIDERABLE interest is being awakened in scientific circles on the cow-tail question. It is held that "every time a cow moves her tail to switch a fly she exerts a force of three pounds. In the course of the summer a single cow wastes 3,000,000 pounds of energy. The cows of America throw away power enough to move every piece of machinery in the world." To make matters still more interesting, it is asserted that the cow switches her tail when there are no flies about, switches her tail from the force of habit, and this fact, swells the sum total of wasted energies to 15,000,000 pounds during a summer. It will be seen that the cow-tail-energy-question is one which the students of horn power may find intimately associated with butter and cheese statistics and weal pies, to say nothing of udder matters.

KATE FIELD has ringing words for labor. She is as masculine as giant-thoughts can make her, and she is not afraid of millionaires. She says:

The attitude of capital toward labor is a gigantic blunder, because it is opposed to Christianity, which most capitalists profess and which few of them, or any other class, practice. Heretofore labor has been the under dog in every fight in every clime, and has submitted to its fate through ignorance and cowardice. Our republic is built upon the principle that all men are born free and equal, and are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Every man, however ignorant, is given a vote, and schools are open to his children. Thus labor becomes intelligent and manly and begins to think. "There's something wrong," says labor. So labor strikes—sometimes wisely, often unwisely, always to the detriment of individuals, but always in behalf of the brotherhood of man. Grown arrogant by the power and traditions of centuries, capital, like the Bourbons, seems to have learned nothing. It forgets that labor is no longer abject. Labor may be unreasonable, brutal, even mad at times, but it has ceased to be afraid. It has attained the dignity of self-respect. Why does not capital see the handwriting on the wall and meet labor in the spirit of Christ? Why this church-going if it lead not to the golden rule? Labor asks for arbitration. Why not?

It is a fact that labor has ceased asking permission to live in the world; it has ceased to kneel. It no longer takes off its hat; labor is erect. It has intelligence, spine, sand. It knows what it has done and is still doing for the world. It knows how it has been robbed, and it proposes a new régime. Kate Field is keeping up with the procession.

CHICAGO has a trackless street car called the "curette." This new invention cannot run on the ordinary street car track, the distance between the wheels being greater than the car track width. It avoids delays or blockades, and stops at the curb to receive and discharge passengers. It seats twenty persons, and is drawn by two horses, and has a conductor and a driver. It is said to be very popular among ladies and children.

TAKING the production of cigars and cheroots in the month of September as an average, and the total production for the year would be 4,947,634,560.

IN 1888 six persons cornered cotton for 24 hours and secured a profit of \$15,000,000.

WAGES.

In defining the term wages, a high authority says:

"That which is covenanted to be paid for work done; hire; reward; that which is paid or stipulated for services; price paid for labor; the return made or compensation paid to those engaged to perform any kind of labor or services by their employers; recompense; fruit; that which is given in return. The term is commonly applied to the payment of manual or mechanical labor, other than that performed by the more educated classes, to which the word *salary* bears reference."

The foregoing affords the reader all the information required relating to the meaning of the term "wages."

In very many regards, wages is one of the most important words in our language. It is a word that has more to do with the happiness or misery of millions of people than any other word we can think of.

The discussion of the subject brings up numerous questions, each of which is of such importance that it is difficult to select those which should have preference.

Wages is compensation for work; hence, wherever work is performed, wages has precedence. It is the bed rock, the fundamental, the supreme question. We write of the rule, not of the exceptions. We speak for the intelligent, the self respecting, the ambitious and courageous workingman, not for the scab.

We have no objection to the mottoes of labor organizations. They read well and sound well, but they seldom, if ever, indicate the pivotal purpose. It may be, indeed, it is, true that labor organizations are profoundly interested in promoting morality, sobriety, intelligence and all virtues, and yet, but for the question of wages, it is doubtful if they would exist at all.

It is well enough to extol the virtues throughout the entire list. It is an easy thing to do, and some people never weary of it. The moral reformers are exceedingly felicitous in showing how easy it is to be good, notwithstanding that the "world, the flesh and the devil" are everlastingly on the war path.

Just here it should be said that the pulpit, which thunders its anathemas at sin, has an eye to *salary*, which stands for wages, and but for the *salary* the pulpit would be as silent as the grave of Adam.

This is no reflection upon the pulpit; it is simply the recognition of the supreme importance of wages, compensation for services, which in the case of the pulpit, frequently runs up into thousands, giving the preacher a salary equal to that of a railroad or a bank president—a fact which, however much may be said about a "free gospel," makes it occasionally as high priced as any imported luxury.

The point we make is that, say what we will, the chief concern is *money*, wages, compensation for work performed. It is everywhere, and no where is it as important as in the ranks of workingmen. Their happiness, comfort, advancement, intelligence, and independence hinge upon, hang upon wages.

If it be the purpose of any man, or class of men, to degrade workingmen, the first move is to reduce wages, make it difficult or impossible for a workingman to live decently, force him into habitations unfit for the abode of human beings, compel him to insufficiently clothe himself, his wife and children, and to subsist upon insufficient and unwholesome food.

This done, and the work of degradation and demoralization goes steadily and rapidly forward. It is inevitable. No law of the universe operates with greater certainty. With advancing wages, with fair and honest wages, a movement in the opposite direction occurs; workingmen have better habitations, better clothing, better food, and in abundant supply.

But this is not all. With fair, honest wages, the workingman not only has better habitation, better clothes and better food, but he is enabled to have a few books and papers. His home becomes brighter and more joyous. There is better furniture, there may be pictures on the walls, an instrument of music may be had, and the refining, elevating influence of music felt. Nor is this all; with fair, honest wages children of workingmen are properly clothed to attend school and church and early in life imbibe ideas of worth and moral rectitude which influence their future lives for good.

Reduce wages, deny the workingman fair wages, subject him to wrong and injustice.

and the home at once exhibits the consequences, society feels the shock, and the inmates of the poor houses, asylums and prisons are increased.

The man who denies his employes fair wages is a public enemy, nor does any amount of slobbering over the ills incident to work condone the wrong or make him less a monster. To studiously rob men of wages, and take the money thus obtained to build gymnasiums and bath houses for the victims of their studied piracies, and ask the public to behold the exhibitions of their interest in poor men, is a species of Phariseism that it would be difficult for the devil to duplicate. And that workingmen should, any where, accept such duplicity for genuine interest in their welfare is a most humiliating confession of abasement.

The question arises, how can workingmen secure fair wages for work and maintain the just standard? We answer, through the influence and power of federated organizations. There is absolutely no other way to be devised in harmony with law and justice. Legislation cannot bring about such a result, nor is it desirable. Legislation can and ought to correct numerous wrongs which aid employers directly and indirectly to rob labor and degrade the workingman. Trusts, syndicates, combinations of all descriptions, organized for the accumulation of wealth at the expense of workingmen, can be and ought to be abolished. Men who water stocks and seek to declare dividends on values which do not exist, can and ought to be squelched, but no law can fix the standard of wages. Workingmen can do that if once they can be persuaded to act in concert.

Nothing is more common than reference to the "labor market," to the "supply and demand" of labor.

When wages go down the "labor market" is referred to as being over-stocked—the supply of labor being greater than the demand.

Labor is referred to as a "commodity," to take its chances like hides or hair, guano or jute, or any other article of trade.

Take the "labor market" and supply it with Poles, Huns and Dagoes, and wages go down to a level which would not furnish

subsistence to a millionaire's poodle or parrot. In such an event, the American workingman has one hope, and only one, and that is to organize and federate, and say to employers that the standard of wages is thus and so, and all the Huns and Poles and Dagoes on top of the ground, backed by the American scab, cannot lower the standard. It is the American standard, and organization and federation is the American way to maintain the standard. Let others do as they may, American workingmen should say, "we will not be degraded nor enslaved."

Is this to be the outcome? Have organizations made up their minds to federate and resist all encroachments upon their right to live as becomes human beings? Manifestly, the trend is in that direction.

The discussion of the eight-hour day is well enough, as also the single tax, currency and tariff reform, but the question of wages towers above them all. It is an ever present and vital question. It brooks no delay. With fair, honest wages the workingman advances in intelligence, power and influence. Deny him that, and as certain as the law of gravitation, the work of degradation begins, nor ceases until the strand is lined with wrecks.

It is well said "that a system of social and political economy which compels the laborer to toil daily to keep want from his door, and is so inflexible that the sickness of a week entails want and destitution upon his family, is one of the worst species of slavery." Admit the truth of the declaration, and then estimate the number of slaves there are in the United States, and the number is simply appalling. And it will be noticed that as the number of men increases who toil to keep want from their doors, who are defrauded in ways that would make a bunko steerer blush, the number of millionaires increases. The robber class grow fat as their victims grow lean.

THE world's production of pig iron a year is now placed at 28,000,000 tons, of which the United States produces 10,000,000 tons. At the present annual rate of increased demand not less than 56,000,000 tons will be required A. D. 1900.

OUR LAND.

Hitherto, people of the United States have taken little interest in the land question. There has from the first been a surplus of land. Some one gives the grand sum total at 2,298,282,240 acres. How to get rid of the land, that is, how to make it available for agricultural purposes, has for many years engaged the attention of Congress and State Legislatures. The "Public Domain" has been given away and sold until the people, once so unconcerned, are awakening to the fact that comparatively little is left, and that within a few years all will be disposed of that can be cultivated profitably, or at all. As a consequence people are trying to find out what has become of the land, and are obtaining some startling facts.

The New York *Standard*, reproduces an article from the New York *World*, entitled "England's new invasion," which is an invasion of capital. Neither England nor continental Europe offer English capitalists satisfactory inducements to invest their surplus money that flows to them in a steady stream from the four quarters of the world. The writer says that "The Land Restoration Leagues of England and Scotland, have reached such proportions that the future holding of real estate is of doubtful value, while the social democrats, who seek the establishment of a social republic, are enlisting the workingmen and poor of both countries, and a general uprising is only a question of time. The nations of continental Europe, although more backward, are moving along the lines of socialism and republicanism, and in Germany, especially, the downfall of imperialism must occur at no distant day. Thus the capitalists of the old world have sought new and sure fields in which to invest, and the United States furnish all the requirements desired by the most careful money lenders of the world." And "while the favor with which these farsighted capitalists regard the United States may be accepted as a just tribute to the greatness of the country and the people, the fact must not be lost sight of that their appreciation is entirely selfish. Their willingness to own land, to invest in business enterprises, to possess the patent rights of

machinery, to run breweries, to tunnel bridge rivers, to build houses, to work mines, or to operate railroads, is not from any love for this country. It is altogether that they may lay every man, woman and child under tribute—not only the present but all future generations; that every one here who toils may pile up for them riches to be spent in their own countries; that they may perpetuate here the conditions against which their own countrymen are about revolting. They would fasten on the people of the United States the curse of 'absentee landlordism.'"

Such statements are well calculated to attract attention, and the people once aroused it is fair to assume, that by some process known to the ballot, England will not be permitted to reproduce to any extent in the United States, her rule in Ireland.

We are told that Lord Scully has thousands of miles of rack rented farms in Kansas and Illinois, and that the Dundee Investment Company, of Dundee, Scotland, own 48,000 acres in Arkansas; that Alexander Cross, of Glasgow, has 30,000 acres, and an English syndicate 100,000 acres, making a total of 178,000 acres owned in Arkansas by three foreign concerns. The *World* writes as follows:

This is a bagatelle compared with that held in the neighboring state of Texas. At present the land owned there by foreign capitalists is mainly used for cattle ranches. The greatest holding is by the Capitol syndicate, amounting to 3,000,000 acres in Haskell, Graham and Gallatin counties. This grant was made by the state to Contractors Abner Taylor and John B. Farwell, of Chicago, on condition that they would build the capitol at Austin. They placed the immense tract with a London syndicate. The Dundee investment company, referred to by a previous correspondent, holds the Kings and Kenedy ranches in Nueces county—the former 500,000 and the latter 278,000 acres respectively. The Franklin land and cattle company, of which Lord Roseberry is a large stockholder, has 638,000 acres in Hudson, Robert Carson and Gray counties in the Texas Panhandle. This makes a total for the three concerns of 4,416,000 acres. Of course this is not by any means all the land held by or controlled by aliens in Texas. There is probably another half million acres or more held in smaller quantities. The enterprising Briton does not always desire, however, to be actually possessed of the land, but sometimes prefers to reap the fruit therefrom without the trouble of ownership. So it happens that in Austin there is an Edinburgh firm of money lenders, holding a million dollars worth of mortgages on farm lands, and advertising

and it has \$7,000,000 more to lend on improved property.

Florida has within the past twenty years been very attractive to the British investor, and the state authorities claim that there is more foreign capital invested there in various ways than in any other southern state.

The *World's* correspondent at Tallahassee furnishes a list of a few British subjects' holding land in the sunny state. Sir Edward J. Reid is credited with 99,000 acres and the Duke of Sutherland with 425,000 acres; a Scotch syndicate, 500,000; Lord Houghton, 200,000; William McCabe, 25,000; William Little, 10,000; H. M. Grenrede, 8,000; Florida Estates Company, London, 5,000; Grenrede & Ashton, 5,000; F. A. Williams, 2,000; J. W. Williams, 2,000; J. W. Phillips, 2,000; E. H. Ronalds, 1,638; John McNichol, 884 acres—a total of 2,000,000 acres.

A dispatch from Pensacola, informed the *World's* readers that the Southern States Land and Timber Company (an English corporation) had purchased property in the section aggregating five acres with 400,000 acres of yellow pine land and about forty miles of railroad, for which over a million and a half of dollars had been paid. This respectable deal does not, however, cover all the holdings of aliens in that state.

In Mississippi and Alabama a similar state of affairs prevails. While an English company (represented by Close Brothers) controls 110,000 acres in Alabama, the Missouri land company, of Edinburgh, Scotland, 465,000 acres, and Mr. Ellerhauser, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is said to possess 600,000 acres in West Virginia, and other aliens property amounting to nearly a million dollars. The notorious Maxwell grant in New Mexico, of which the original grant was for only 96,000 acres, but which was surveyed and patented for 1,714,000 acres, is in the hands of aliens.

The California Redwood Company, a Canadian corporation composed, however, of Scotchmen, secured by false entries under the timber claim laws redwood forests in California estimated to be worth over \$6,000,000. The Schenley family, of Pittsburgh, British subjects, draw \$100,000 a year in rents from Pittsburgh tenants.

Concluding, the writer says:

Leaving out of calculation those who have not been located in this country, but of which there are no doubts, we have the locations of about eleven million acres owned by British subjects. This immense area is more than equal to the combined states of Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Rhode Island, which to day support a population of over 4,000,000 persons, and which are not by any means fully developed.

Here we have about twenty-five English capitalists, owing 11,000,000 acres of land in the United States, equal to the area of New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware. The question arises, is this alien ownership of land in the United States to continue, quietly admitted, and that no protest is to be heard? It would be

far wiser to come to a different conclusion. Investigation shows that the home landed aristocracy is quite too numerous and too powerful, and laws should be passed requiring the foreign landlord to sell out and quit business. He may not like to do it, but eventually it will be required and he will have to submit to the "American way." Buying up dukedoms in the United States will prove in the end a hazardous business, and that it should be attempted at a time when England and continental Europe are getting ready to smash thrones and dynasties, scepters and crowns, evinces such stupid ignorance of American institutions, as to stagger credulity. In due time, like the British Landlord in the United States, like "Poor Lo," will have to go, move on, and the sooner he comprehends the fact the more profitable it will be for him.

THERE are eight express companies in the United States, and their mileage is as follows:

Adams Express	24,330
American Express (including Western Division National Express)	38,730
National Express	1,369
Northern Pacific Express	5,058
Pacific Express	21,042
Southern Express	21,740
United States Express	21,345
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express (railroad mileage)	22,801

AND now comes the flour trust to advance the price of bread because the wheat crop is a few bushels short. A little more for bread, a little more for blankets, a little more for clothing, and a little less pay or no pay at all; the ice king getting ready to leave his Arctic home for a raid. God pity the poor.

THE income of the Church of England is estimated at \$52,000,000 a year. When the Prince of Wales becomes the head of the establishment it will be a dandy.

SOME one says an insect has been discovered with 11,000 eyes, and strange to say as soon as discovered it was named the "Spot-ter."

Poor's Manual places the number of locomotives in the United States at 31,062.

JAY GOULD.

During the month of November there was great disturbance in the money and stock market in London and New York. For a time everything was chaos. In London, the great house of Baring Brothers went under with liabilities amounting to \$105,000,000. As a matter of course New York felt the shock, and down went stocks, pell mell. The one man, of all others, who was calm and serene while the cyclone was raging was Mr. Jay Gould. It did not seem to matter to him what went down. He simply looked on. Why? Well, all sorts of surmises were rife. Some said that Mr. Gould had conjured up the storm, that the wizard of Wall street, by processes of enchantment, by jugglery, had created the panic. Such stories gained credence from the fact that while Mr. Gould was out of Wall street everything went on lovely. For a time Mr. Gould's health was infirm, and he was under the doctor's care and constant surveillance. He had to choose between New York, his beautiful villa at Irvington, and kingdom come. If he wanted to remain on this mundane sphere, he must quit Wall street and speculation. He must cease shearing lambs and playing with bulls and bears, and go to sea. As a result, Mr. Gould built himself a sea-going yacht. He sailed across the ocean. He visited the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and sang:

"O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip.
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew."

In this way Mr. Gould regained his health. He returned to America; he went into Wall street again, and when things came his way, as they were pretty certain to come, he took them in.

Again it is said, that on getting ready, Mr. Gould "tied up money;" that he tied up several millions. Some put it as \$10,000,000. No one knows how much he had in his "strong box" when the cyclone began its gyrations, but when stocks began to tumble, and had gone down to the required point Mr. Gould bought—bought the best, bought largely, that his "joys might be full;" and now, Mr. Gould holds all the railroad

stocks he wants, and is confessedly the "Railroad King of the Continent." He has all he wants. His mighty hand is on the old Gould Southwestern system, on the Santa Fé and the Union Pacific, and he is master of the situation. What is more, Mr. Gould has a son George. George is a very large chip of the "old block." He is immensely bright. His capabilities in managing "properties," are of the highest order. Millions do not confuse him, and father and son make a whole team, as New York admits.

On November 15th, Mr. Jay Gould wrote for publication in the New York Sun the following letter:

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR—I have read with some interest your recent articles in reference to the railway situation west of Chicago and St. Louis.

A group of roads known as the Western and Southwestern systems, traverses the most fertile and the most rapidly developing territory of the United States. The stock and bonds in these properties are held by thousands of investors in New York and England and the Western States, the stockholders in some of the corporations numbering over 12,000 and probably aggregating 100,000 stockholders, and upon the prosperity of these roads many small investors depend for dividends upon which to live.

THE PRESIDENTS' AGREEMENT.

Something over eighteen months ago, during a period of great depression, the great banking houses Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Messrs. Brown Bros., invited the presidents of these roads to meet at Mr. Morgan's residence. The result of the meeting was the formation of the so-called "presidents' agreement," and may interest you to know of the difference in the net earnings of this group of roads as between the rates which were established and maintained for several months after that agreement and the rate that have prevailed under the loose and disorganized state of affairs that has existed since the agreement was broken, each road looking out for itself.

A STARTLING FIGURE.

I estimate the total number of tons moved on mile annually by this group of roads to be 16,000,000,000. The auditor of one of these roads has furnished me a statement showing the difference between the rates under the "presidents' agreement" and the present rate, which amounts to a decrease of 1.4 mills per ton per mile. Applying this difference of 1.4 mills to the 16,000,000,000 gross annual tons, one mile gives the startling figure of \$22,400,000 annual decrease in the net earnings of this system of roads as between their operation under the presidents' agreement and the loose methods now prevailing.

Under this condition of things it is hoped that the bankers can be induced to call the presidents to

other again, with the assurance that they have the whole mass of investors behind them.

JAY GOULD.

New York, November 14, 1890.

It will be observed that the so-called "presidents' agreement" was simply *federation* with a big F. It was inaugurated for a season and succeeded, and the moment the *federation* was bursted, things went prodigiously to the devil, footing up a loss of \$22,000,000 annually.

Now we surmise that the "presidents' agreement" will be reinstated, and *federation* will again prevail.

In this we learn the power of alliance. Mr. Gould can make money by *federation*. The Federated Orders may, at least, learn the lesson that in *federation* they can maintain their rights.

The flurry in New York has subsided, and now Mr. Gould and his son George can sit down at their frugal board and count up the profits. That they will have an immense amount of surplus wool on hand, there can be no doubt.

ELECTRICITY IN RAILROAD SERVICE.

It is universally accepted that the vast resources of the inventive genius of the age are not only not exhausted, but as yet are in the initial stage of development. At any rate, in so far as electricity is concerned, there are none so foolhardy as to gainsay the proposition. Recently Dr. Lewis Bell read a paper on the "Progress of Electrical Traction" before the Scranton Science Club, which will be of interest to our readers. The doctor, among other things, made the following argument for electricity in railway service:

"The possibilities of electric traction are by no means exhausted in its application to street cars. I do not hesitate to say—and I say it deliberately—that to operate an ordinary railroad train by an electric locomotive is a far simpler problem, electrically and mechanically, than the operation of the street cars here on the streets. The slow speed necessary for street cars is, as I have already said, a disadvantage in that it compels us to gear down the motor. In running at railway speed no such difficulty is encountered, for the four or five hundred revolutions per minute made by the drivers of an express locomotive is just about the proper speed at which an electric motor of corresponding power could be advantageously run. We should then be

enabled to dispense entirely with the obnoxious gearing and to put directly upon the axle of the driving wheels an armature big enough and powerful enough to generate the required speed. Nor is there any practical difficulty in building motors big enough to do the work. There are plenty of 100 h. p. dynamos now running, and the increase of size sufficient to duplicate the power of a locomotive is the simplest sort of mechanical operation. I do not think there is a prominent electrical company to-day that would hesitate to take an order for a 500 h. p. machine, and guarantee its performance. I certainly know of several that would be glad of the chance, and would accomplish the task successfully.

There is no sort of difficulty in conveying the current to one of these big motors moving at railway speeds, for it has been established by experiment that the method of running contacts such as is in general use will work admirably up to the speed of 130 miles per hour, at which speed an electric car of respectable dimensions has been actually operated. The question, then, of using the electric motor for railway work is not a question of mechanical or electrical difficulties, but of economy. It is worth while noticing that in an electric locomotive the big machines can be given an amount of care quite impossible on our street cars, for the good reason that while the street car motor is exposed to the wet and dust and dirt to an enormous extent, in an electric locomotive the whole can be boxed up inside of a clean car and given practically as careful attention by the engineer as is now possible in a dynamo operated in a central station.

Now as to the question of economy. The steam locomotive, in its present stage of development, is a remarkably successful machine. Nevertheless, it does consume more coal proportionately than is used, for instance, in the engines of a big steamship like the *Umbria* or the *City of Paris*. It burns, in fact, between two and three times as much coal per horse-power of output. This is not due to any radical defects in the locomotive, which, all things considered, is a good and economical machine, but arises from the fact that the huge engines of the transatlantic liners are condensing engines, nearly always triple expansion, while the locomotive is a simple engine of a class that has been generally abandoned for steamship use. The principal advantage that we should gain by using large electric motors supplied from a central station, instead of the present steam locomotives, would be a much more economical use of coal. It is safe to say that the consumption of fuel for a given number of horse-power produced by big engines in an electric station could be reduced to less than half what is now used to supply a similar amount of power in the locomotive. To offset this advantage, there is the necessary loss of power in conveying the current generated to the running motor. If the length of line to be operated from a single station is great, this loss may be considerable; but it is unquestionably smaller than the gain to be made in the way I have suggested. Beside this, the electric locomotive does not have to drag around its supply of coal and water.

In view of such theories, the question

will be asked, when will the powerful dynamo appear? Manifestly, the inventive genius of the country is aroused; nor is it prudent to believe that it will down until a test has been made demonstrating the superiority of one or the other of the contending forces, steam and electricity, to move railway trains. The test is coming—how soon, it is not necessary to conjecture; but those who are keeping abreast of movements do not doubt that the time is approaching when the locomotive will speed along on iron tracks by the power of electricity.

THE SEVENTY MILLIONAIRES.

Thos. G. Shearman named seventy persons who had managed to gobble \$2,700,000,-000. Here is the list:

- \$150,000,000: J. J. Astor, fur trade and real estate; Trinity church, real estate.
- \$100,000,000: C. Vanderbilt, railroads; W. K. Vanderbilt, railroads; Jay Gould, railroads; Leland Stanford, railroads; J. D. Rockefeller, standard oil.
- \$70,000,000: Estate of A. Packer, coal mining and railroads.
- \$60,000,000: John I. Blair, railroads and banking; estate of Charles Crocker, railroads.
- \$50,000,000: Wm. Astor, real estate; W. W. Astor, real estate.
- \$50,000,000: Russell Sage, railroads and speculation; E. A. Stevens, real estate; estate of Moses Taylor, railroads and trade; estate of Brown & Ives, trade, real estate and cotton manufacturing.
- \$40,000,000: P. D. Armour, provisions; F. L. Ames, railroads, principally; Wm. Rockefeller, standard oil; H. M. Flager, standard oil; Powers & Weightman, chemicals; estate of P. Goelet, real estate.
- \$35,000,000: C. P. Huntington, railroads; D. O. Mills, railroads; estate of T. A. Scott, railroads; estate of J. W. Garrett, railroads.
- \$30,000,000: G. B. Roberts, railroads; Charles Pratt, railroads; Ross Winans, railroads and engineering; C. B. Cox, coal and mining; Claus Spreckles, Hawaiian sugar; A. Belmont, banking; R. J. Livingston, real estate; Fred Weyerhaeuser (?); Mrs. Mark Hopkins, railroads; Mrs. Hetty Green, speculation and banking; estate of S. V. Harkness, railroads; estate of R. W. Coleman, manufacturing (?); estate of I. M. Singer, patents.
- \$25,000,000: A. J. Drexel, banking; J. S. Morgan, banking; J. P. Morgan, banking; Marshall Fields, dry goods trade; David

Dows, flour and speculation; J. G. Fair, railroads and silver; E. T. Gerry, real estate; estate of Governor Fairbanks, patents; estate of A. T. Stewart, dry goods; A. Schremerhorn, real estate.

\$22,500,000: O. H. Payne, oil; estate of F. A. Drexel, banking; estate of I. V. Williamson, real estate and general trade; estate of W. F. Weld, trade, commerce and real estate.

\$20,000,000: F. W. Vanderbilt, railroads; Theo. Havemeyer, sugar refining; H. O. Havemeyer, sugar refining; W. G. Warden, standard oil; W. P. Thompson (?); Mrs. Schenley, real estate; J. B. Haggin, speculation; H. A. Hutchins (?); estate of W. Sloane, retail carpet trade; E. S. Higgins, real estate, principally; estate of C. Tower, coal land speculation; estate of Wm. Thaw, railroads; Dr. Hostetter, patent medicine; Wm. Sharon, railroads and speculation; Peter Donohue (?).

It will be noticed that of the seventy, twenty have their fortunes credited to railroads, and the average is about \$39,000,000 for each of the royal seventy.

Take the twenty whose fortunes are credited to railroads, and the average shows they have absorbed \$780,000,000 of the surplus earnings of their employes, or of labor, and the fact proclaims the reason why railroad men are poorly paid. The 700,000 railroad employes barely live; the owners by hook and crook appropriate their earnings.

It has been ascertained that the United States has one lawyer to every 900 of population, or a total number of 72,222½ lawyers—and the funny thing about it is, that the ½ths fellow is painfully numerous in every little town in the country. He goes to the Legislature, to Congress; is often made judge, and whether he makes laws or construes them, he is always the same little ½ths of a lawyer. The lawyers, who are full measure, are generally employed by corporations, trusts, monopolies, etc., and as a result they always find a hole in the law large enough for their clients to go through without a scratch.

THE Czar of Russia requires three sets of police to keep his miserable soul in his miserable body.

Our Danger.

"An injury to one is the concern of all."

We're told our brother's grave to dig,
And in the shadows of its dept'
Its bulging sides make hugely big,
That all our rights may there be kept.

What, fling within the tomb's abyss,
A brother's right, a nation's glory,
That we a tyrant's hand may kiss,
Who'd rob us of our freedom's story?

AN organization to exist must have a government. The government is the constitution. This instrument should be clear, brief and intelligible; while it may lack the diction of *Paradise Lost*, it should have the strength and force of sincerity in every line, and be absolutely free from absurdities and technical terms. The letter of a constitution should be its spirit. One must not contradict the other. When it does, it is diseased and the parts so affected must be cut out, as you would apply the surgeon's knife to a cancer to restore or preserve the health of the body. If this is not done it is subject to a severe cauterization of ridicule from the multitude. The whole fabric should rest upon the principles of justice and equity, and with these it must be harmonious in its every section. When such a document is secured, only the veriest slave will refuse to defend it.

A constitution is a curbing of the king; its insignia is the *fascia*, so strongly suggestive of democracy—it was this school that gave it life. The crown is the badge of royalty, a decoration of self, a meaningless bauble as empty as a title, that means anything or nothing, generally nothing. These are the two great forces of ancient and modern governments. That of the crown is arrogance and usurpation, springing from ambition and supported by tyranny. Constitutional government is fascine-like in its construction, binding the interests of the whole people in a common cause, and maintained by their suffrages. As one advances the other falls back. If democracy will not advance, it will recede; like the tide, when it is not ebbing it is flowing. The progress of democracy means the retreat of monarchy. It is the shrinking of kingly power. A fallacy exposed. It is the clothing of our children before we pay the landlord. It is the reign of His Majesty, the People.

The illustrious Abbe Fenelon, poet and theologian, says in that beautiful poem, the *Adventures of Telemachus*, whose publication and sale was forbidden within the kingdom of France by Louis XIV., and the author held in disgrace during the life of the king if ever there lived a spirit, a soul of divine and human nature, since the closing scene on Calvary that suggested itself, by the possession of the necessary attributes, to the brilliant Hugo, from which to form that

sublime character, Bishop of D—, in *Les Miserables*, it was the chaste and noble Abbe Fenelon: "Neither can the inhabitants of Boetica comprehend how those who by subjugating great empires, obtain the name of conquerors, come to be so much the object of admiration. To place happiness in the government of others, say they, is madness, since to govern well is a painful task. But a desire to govern others against their will is madness in a still greater degree. A wise man cannot without violence to himself submit to take upon himself the government of a willing people, or who apply to him for guidance and protection; but to govern a people against their will, is to become miserable for the false honor of holding others in slavery."

We all have the king within us to a greater or less degree, and here is where the warfare commences. Labor is the only king worthy of a crown. He that is given a power and wields it to advance his own interests, against those whose labor and intelligence has not only created but maintains his authority, is a miscreant. We have many examples, and tolerate far too many. One of the vilest and most flagrant is that which is illustrated by the cowardly tyranny of Webb in his action against organized labor upon the New York Central. Out upon such infamy, and out upon the people who, inheriting the Constitution of a great nation, will permit such an outrage. Organized labor must come in their might, shoulder to shoulder, in defense of their liberties, and rebuke the arrogance of this Dictator. To stand idly by and allow such atrocities to be perpetrated is proof of their unworthiness. Hear me, you toilers, your Thermopylae is approaching, your Leonidas is federation. Your independence is at stake. Nurse your jealousies, and strengthen the hands of your tyrants. Eternal vigilance is not eternal apathy and indifference to the attacks of Webb and similar creatures upon the vitals of your constitutional guarantees. If the Knights of Labor are denied the rights and privileges of citizenship, who is secure in their exercise? How long will it be before the whole army of organized labor is destroyed piecemeal? It is their turn to day, it will be our turn to-morrow. I hold it a violation of every law, human and divine, to remain passive in this struggle. A manly and fearless stand of every branch of labor is demanded, and I feel confident that their patriotism and intelligence will be equal to the occasion. This is your fight, enter it like a man. Let the fawning coward who stands aloof from the responsibilities of organization, but who accepts its favors, live in the ignominy of his disgrace. Let the false teacher accept the price of his treachery, and ride in the luxury of a palace-car,

haunted by the frowns of honesty and the contempt of sincerity; but men whose toil has made the Republic great and whose spirit and energy has held aloft the arc-light of its education, are now called upon to preserve its integrity. If organized labor fail to recognize this present danger, and heed not the position of their kindred, tamely permitting the yoke to be fastened upon them, then their independence is a sham, and the days of their existence are numbered. The pathetic *Song of the Shirt* will again be sung in poverty and humiliation; the privileges, respect, dignity and power of labor will be swept away as the mist of the morning, leaving, like the Guilds of the 14th century, but the memories of its grandeur and influence.

Tim Fagan.

The Shifting of Land Rents under the Single Tax.

TO many minds earnestly in search after truth, in *economics*, the single tax on land values presents as yet the following obscure point: That tax would increase the national and local revenues by at least 25 per cent., and, since all taxes must come from labor, it would increase the burden on labor by 25 per cent. The answer to that obscure point is as follows: Labor is already burdened by that single tax, in the shape of land rents paid to 100,000 men, more or less, who directly or indirectly are the real owners of most of the valuable land in this nation. Let us estimate the annual land rents of this nation at *one billion dollars*. The real sum is larger. About 60,000,000 working population now pay one billion dollars to about 100,000 men in the form of land rents or interest in the land value of mortgages on their homes, and through increased prices on all they buy, from land rents or interest in the land value of mortgages on factories, stores, shops, railroads and other corporations where goods are manufactured and are handled in their way from producer to consumer. That one billion dollars land rent per annum, in this nation, call it 5 per cent. on 20 billions land values, would form the national and local tax fund, under the single tax, to be used for all national and local expenses, instead of being used, as it is now, to unjustly enrich 100,000 men to whom we give the ownership of the soil that God created for the mass of workers. These workers would then be relieved from the \$800,000,000 national and local taxes they are now paying, every year, in addition to the one billion just referred to. That relief would be but a small fragment of the advantages that the mass of workers would derive from the single tax. This tax, being not a tax on labor, but a tax on monopoly,

would make land speculation unprofitable, and hence it would give to labor the whole supply of land and its treasures with which the creator has enriched this planet, while now, through land speculation, land monopoly, labor has but access to a small part of the land supply in nature, and it has to pay a heavy fine to the few, one billion dollars per annum, in our nation, for permission to live and work on God's planet. If the masses should have at their disposal the whole supply of land, in nature, by simply paying to themselves, the community, for their common needs in governmental administration and general improvements, the land values collectively created by themselves, (because land values are the result of the presence of population) with no taxes whatsoever on their productive or commercial activities, production would greatly increase. Then, again, the distribution would be normal, because of a normal distribution of land, the source of all wealth.

Since all public revenues must come from labor, the producer of all wealth, so must labor be left free from all restrictions, and hence with free access to that natural element, land, indispensable to labor, created by God for labor, not for any set of landlords or mortgage holders.

Give to labor free production and free commerce, and labor shall have no trouble in paying all public revenues, because the fullness of God's wealth on this planet shall then be within reach of all men.

Under such conditions, an increase in production and wealth would not need to imply an increase in taxation, as it is with our taxes on labor products. The single tax could only increase in proportion as population increases—that is, in proportion as the land enables each worker to obtain higher prices for his products or services, and the people need greater local improvements conducive to general happiness.

The economics of the single tax imply a radical change in fiscal and industrial conditions. All radical changes must be attained by stages—through a process of evolution. The first natural stage towards a single tax is a low tariff, with free raw materials.

Any kind of tariff is, after all, but an extension of land monopoly to the land of the nations with whom we deal, thus placing the workers at home at the mercy of the large home manufacturers, sheltered by the tariff from competition with the manufacturers abroad.

When the tariff is about gone, we should work for the single tax, limited, and the suppression of the internal revenue, which is but an internal tariff. Then we should attack all state and local taxation on personality and buildings, and gradually establish the single tax, unlimited, approximately representing the whole annual rental value

of the land which may have any value. Lands beyond a certain distance from markets or railroad depots convenient to markets—such lands have only a monopoly value. The single tax, unlimited, would suppress all monopoly value. Hence, such lands would be free from all tax, because, in the order of nature, they have no economic rent as soon as King Land Monopoly rules the industrial fabric no longer!

And let us remember that the single tax, unlimited, would not only shift into the coffers of nation, states and townships that one billion dollars now paid by the many to the few, but would suppress all monopoly rent, which must exceed by 20 or 30 per cent. that economic rent of one billion. (Of course, the figures given are mere approximations, for the sake of illustration. But, if economic rent in this nation is to-day \$1,000,000,000, the monopoly rent with which our laboring masses are loaded is at least \$1,300,000,000, according to my estimates, resting on all reasonable data, carefully collected.

J. Gros.

NOTE—If the number of 100,000 men I fix as holding the bulk of the valuable land of our nation is too low we can multiply it by 5, 10, or 20. That would not improve, by a single atom, the general conditions of the 90 or 90 per cent. of the people.

Roundhouse Sermon.

BY REV. EMORY POLISHER, DEE, DEE.

MY brethren, I have looked forward to this appointment with as much interest as if it were to be an annual or a biennial convention, and I, gavel in hand, were to preside as Grand Master or Grand Chief.

You see, this is my first sermon for the New Year 1891. It may be my last. Nobody knows. The call may come to go out on a hearse instead of old "93," and whether ready or not I shall have to go.

There is a peculiarity about such calls, my brethren. The "caller" knows exactly where you are, at home or out on the road. He knows every "sample room" on the continent. He knows where you play pool, or poker, or sevenup, faro, or throw high dice—knows where you get your liquor, fire water, liquid lightning, benzine, rough on rats, the stuff that takes the bones out of your legs, transforms your spine into gristle, glazes your eyes until they look like peeled onions or patches of red flannel, thickens up your tongue, until you talk as if your mouths were full of hasty pudding, and finally, as limp as a dish rag, rolls you into the gutter to be rooted around by the snouts of four-legged garbage hunters. But it don't make any difference with the caller, who wants you to take a ride in the hearse o the bone yard. You have got to go. It's

just the same as if you were found in church, at Sunday school, in a library, in the lodge room, at home, or in the cab. I know this, and therefore I say, I don't know but this is my last sermon to you.

But I'm no croaker,
I aint no hooting owl,
I don't wear a white choker,
I didn't come here to howl.

You see, before beginning the regular exercises, I love to prelimate a little; "oil up," as it were, "shake up" the fire, start combustion and see that things are in order for a "run." Having said this, please sing on page 47 of our hymn book, P. M., and Bro. Airbrake will pitch the tune.

O, the flowers, they are thankful when kissed by the dew,
Just as thankful as the engineers when listening to Depew:
And bless the Lord, we are thankful, because we're not dead,
With a Pinkerton dagger in our heart or a bullet in our head.

O, yes, we are thankful, and our thanks we'll rehearse.
Because H. Walter Webb don't run the universe;
And we're going to shout a little because we've often felt,
That God didn't make the world for Gould and Vanderbilt.

That's a good song, and has got a heap of theology in it, and you sing it my brethren as if you meant business. There's a power of inspiration in a good song when all join in and create a sort of a cyclone.

Take a man when he's singing a good religious song and the devil fights shy of him. That isn't a good time to get him down, and the devil knows it, but let him strike up a bacchanal song and the devil chimes in every time; squats like a toad close to his ear and offers him the world if he will fall down and worship him, and too many of us listen to his honeyed words. Then some one puts our eyes in mourning; we paint our noses beautiful crimson and go on dress parade with ragged clothes and a shirt that sings the song of "Dirt." Of all the acquaintances a railroad man ever made the devil is the meanest.

But I guess it is time for me to tell you my text. We will sing and pass around the hat.

Our hymn will be found on page 175 of our book. Bro. T. Rail will pitch the tune.

The poor are always with us boys,
This truth doth make us sad;
Give liberally to-day boys
And, God bless you, you'll be glad.

The poor are always with us boys,
And winter's cold and drear,
We'll warm the widow's home boys,
And the orphan's grateful tear

For weeks, shall make us happy boys,
And wherever we may roam,
A widow's prayer for us boys,
Will make a heaven of our home.

That's why we pass around the hat. You know where the money goes. If you don't, go with me after we adjourn, and I'll escort

you where your eyes will take a tear bath, and if you have not helped swell the little charity fund you will want to get into some dark alley and kick yourselves for meanness.

I'll take you where Tim Slater languishes from the effects of a wreck in which he went down. Ah, you say he was not a member of the Brotherhood. It is true, and Tim sees his mistake and never ceases to tell the boys who are out of the fold to get in as quick as possible, and stay in. But Tim is a fellow mortal and poverty makes his home dark, and sometimes his wife and children suffer. But firemen, thank God, permit the rose bushes of their charity to climb up the fence and blow over on the other side. There are, thank God, brotherhood bonds and ties which reach beyond the mystic circle; and locomotive firemen, members of the Order, help the fellow workmen in distress.

Really, my brethren, what's the use of a text any how? I hardly know—except it is the fashion—and I suppose I must be in the swim, so here goes:

"All for each, and each for all."

You will find the text floating around in books and papers. I don't know who is its author. I don't know who said it first, but he loved his fellow men and I guess his name has been written long ago by an angel in a "book of gold," as one who loved his "fellow men," and therefore loved the Lord.

My text sounds very much like the "Golden Rule," "As ye would that others should do to you, do ye also to them." At any rate, my text is "straight goods, all wool and a yard wide." Pure gold without alloy. There is good music in its ring. Adopt it, act upon it, and there shall be a ceaseless song in your soul; a fountain of joy that will never go dry. Act upon it and, though poor, you would not swap possessions with all the Vanderbilts this side of hades.

"All for each, and each for all."
O, brethren, 'tis a grand refrain,
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
The shepherds heard on Judea's plain.

Yes, "All for each, and each for all,"
Means help for men when in distress.
Workingmen who hew their ways
Through labor's howling wilderness.

Yes, "All for each, and each for all,"
Will do for cab, for Lodge and home,
'Twill do for all, except the scab,
And those who want to go 't alone.

Brethren, them's my sentiments, in prose and verse. I'm no poet, like Sandy Maguire, Mother Jones and Nellie Bloom, whose throats are as full of melody as a nightingale's or a mocking bird's. If I could boast of their genius I would so thrill the world with songs and symphonies and oratorios about my text, that the B. of L. E. would prefer one of my poetical productions, or one of my sermons, to a dozen orations by Chauncey M. Depew.

In conclusion and lastly, let me say, be of good cheer and stick to the text. We will now close with one of our doxologies.

We are members of the Brotherhood,
And don't you forget it.
We're trying to do each other good,
And don't you forget it.
For federation we always shout,
And we know what we're about—
And don't you forget it.

We're going to have an honest deal,
And don't you forget it.
In a fight we never squeal,
And don't you forget it.
Our creed is all for each,
Each for all is what we preach—
And don't you forget it.

Always Young.

"Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy—
When I was young."

WHY not always be young? Why grow old? "It seems to me that," as Kate Field says in her *Washington*, "people grow old unnecessarily."

Those who are familiar with David's poems, called the "Psalms," will remember that he says, in referring to the blessings God bestows upon men, among other things, their "Youth is renewed like the eagle." The poet evidently refers to the long life of the eagle; to its great strength and vigor at a very advanced age, and to the fact or fable that when eagles are near a hundred years old they cast their feathers and become bald like young ones, and then new feathers come, and the eagle again soars away towards the sky.

"With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye."

Physically, there is doubtless much to be said about "old age, growing old," etc.; but, however appropriate such reflections, there is, nevertheless, such a thing as retaining our youth.

I shall not be understood as meaning that we can arrest the flight of years, that we can postpone the coming of gray hairs and wrinkles. There will come the bent form and the tottering step, the dimmed eye; and yet I contend that men and women may remain youthful, for

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The poet, in the foregoing, sounded a key note. We live in deeds and thoughts, aspirations; at least, those do who retain their youth, who have found the miraculous spring, the fabled fountain, whose waters rejuvenate the old, and preserve youth in perennial beauty and vigor.

"To think is to exist," and men may have

thoughts productive of smiles or frowns, joy or gloom, high aspirations, or earth-born despondency. Men talk of the "twilight of a weary life," of "going down to the grave." They will not have it that men mount upward as the years advance. The idea widely prevails that at a certain period in life men must begin to reflect upon death—of bier and pall. They do not adopt the philosophy that they should

Live for the present moment, but live so
As they might live forever; let the cares
And toils of this poor transient being go,
And pluck the fruit the tree of knowledge bears,
And gaze upon the charms which virtue wears
Till her eye's light has filled and warmed your
breast.

No, the great majority, at a certain time of life deem it wise to destroy the flowers that blossom in beauty for their delectation. They have no harvest home songs. The trees of knowledge and wisdom, of joy and pleasure, are barren of fruit. The songs of the brooks and the melodies of bird and bee become an annoyance. They look upon the clouds as shrouds, and the winds as forever singing a dirge for them. The music of laughing, romping, rollicking childhood makes them morose—their hearts are cemeteries where they bury their joys, and delight in reading inscriptions on memorial slabs. Such people are old, no matter what their years may be. They cultivate wrinkles in their souls, and in the mournful cadence of Poe's Raven, croak "nevermore."

It is just as easy to be youthful. The soul snaps its fingers at years. Its imprisonment extorts from it no protest against the charms of virtue. It has no farewells for the haunts of youth. The rose-wreaths it wears are as fadeless as the stars. It is eternally linked to harmony, and would have its possessor, regardless of years, as youthful as its unchanging self. Longfellow sang:

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

That is the point I make. The soul-life; since it is not dust, since it does not die, since it never grows old, since it lives in perpetual youth, teaches the lesson that men may be, if they will, perpetually youthful in thought, in spirit, in all things that distinguish men from beasts.

Like the kingdom of Heaven, the fountain of youth is within us.
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

To live in the present, and less in the past, is the one thing needful if men and women would retain their youth. Sighing for the days that are gone to return no more breeds mental decrepitude, dries up all the fountains of joy, and makes life a Sahara.

This thing of relegating men and women

to old arm chairs when all their mental faculties are in full force has been in vogue too long. True, the old need not join in quadrilles, nor play foot ball, but they may enjoy the merry pastimes of the young, and sing and dance in spirit with all the delight of youth.

There are those who, like Gladstone, though carrying the weight of four score years, do it as gracefully as when but forty constituted the burden, and in the thought of the world are in the advance column. Not every one can be a Gladstone in the affairs of nations, but it is possible for any man to keep up with the procession of mind forces, live with the active present, sing rather than croak, and add to his own joys and to the happiness of others, and thus fulfill his mission.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

Will B. Young.

The Single Tax.

OUR present method of raising revenue for the defraying of the expenses of government is of a multiform character. The federal authorities levy on imported articles, also on domestic productions—that is, on the manufacture and sale of liquors, beer and tobacco, and various other products. The State authorities have power to raise taxes from various other sources: real estate, that is, from both land and improvements, such as buildings, drainage, fencing, and in fact, all improvements made upon a given piece of land. From licenses governing the sale of liquors, and from venders and dealers in other commodities.

Each and every one of these methods is open to the same objection, namely: that they are restrictions and a hindrance to production. I use the word production here in its broadest sense—the bringing into existence by means of husbandry and of manufacture, also by importation of all useful commodities of whatever nature or kind they may be.

What makes a nation rich is the abundance of useful things within its borders. If those useful things can be obtained with the least possible exertion so much the better. It matters not how or by what means they are brought into usable form, so long as they are at the command of a certain community, the members of which obtain them as cheaply and easily as possible.

If a community or a nation wishes to obtain such a state wherein it can best subserve the interests of all, it must enact such laws as will not be favorable to some at the expense of the rest. Evidently, the means by which to obtain such an end is the enactment of just laws with regard to taxation.

A law which restricts the production of wealth is an unwise law; so, also, is a law restricting the free interchange of commodities. But a tax levied upon *land values* is not open to the above objection, because such a tax does not restrict production. It is simple and more easily applied, more just to the common heirs of nature's bounties. The holders of the richest soil, the *most valuable sites* in cities, the *richest mines*, and, in fact, all those who have possession of the *most valuable* parts of the common heritage, would pay taxes in proportion to the value of the parts they hold. Such a system of taxation, namely, the one and only tax, to the exclusion of all other taxes, would be what is known as "The Single Tax."

Henry J. Wingardner.

"Lo! The Poor Indian."

WITH here and there a bright spot, the records of the white man's dealings with the aborigines of America is one continuous infamy. A nobler race of men than the American Indians never inhabited the earth from equator to poles. Savages they were, and they fought for their lands and wigwams like savages, but with less savagery than has characterized any Christian (?) or civilized war, of which legend or authentic history affords any account. As a consequence of a continuous system of injustice, Indian wars have occurred with every advance of the Anglo Saxon race on the continent, until it has passed into a proverb that "dead Indians are the only good Indians."

What is the crime of the American Indian? Simply this, he has fought for his home. That is it in a nut shell, and it is all there is of it, or in it. The Indian loved his hunting grounds, the burial grounds of his fathers. He absolutely owned the land, if there be such a thing as ownership of land. William Penn recognized the fact. He dealt squarely with the Indians. It was not enough that he had a royal grant from the King of England to the land. He purchased it of the Indians, and lived in peace with them. In a certain sense the white men generally recognized the ownership of the Indians to their lands and the various treaties with the tribes embody the fact, but it is well known that these treaties, as a whole, have been a series of robberies with scarcely a redeeming feature. Driven from their hunting grounds, pressed back to unknown wildernesses to starve and die, the Indian, proud, independent and daring, with savage hate on fire, has been almost ceaselessly on the war path and his deeds of cruelty have been such that no wealth of exaggeration could portray their horrors. But in all of this we forget that they were savages, we forget they were fighting for their homes,

that they regarded all men who took possession of their lands as their enemies.

Such facts are now on many tongues and find expression in all the papers, and the nation seeks, as best it can, to make some reparation.

The tribes are required to receive missionaries; churches and schools are established. Children are taken from their homes and educated and then returned to the tribes in the hope that their influence will be potent in carrying forward the work of civilization. It don't work. There has been on the continent not one properly civilized Indian. A few are brought forward and exhibited as specimens of what may be done, or what might have been done, but in the light of recent events, the discovery is made that the American Indian cannot, or will not be civilized. He will not adopt the white man's mode of life. He will not work, he cannot be enslaved. Here and there are remnants of tribes which for centuries have been in the very centers of our civilization, and what are they but specimens of the lowest degradation? And even the tribes living in what is called the Indian Territory, though they have lost some of their savagery, are Indians still, with no love for the white man or his ways.

Sitting Bull is denounced as a "Bad Indian." Why? Because he hates the white man. Let some one tell why Sitting Bull should love the white man. Even now, with the mutterings of a possible war, what are the facts? It is stated that the Indian Agents constantly and studiously cheat the Indian in giving him his treaty rations. If he should have a beef weighing 1200 pounds, he is compelled to take one weighing 600 pounds. He sees that the agents of the "Great Father" are engaged in robbing him. It is a species of robbery that makes him hungry and cold and naked, and he has no redress. He can only be silent and nurse his hates and hope for revenge.

Sitting Bull believes that the white man has oppressed and defrauded his race, and such is the verdict of all honest white men. Old, savage, full of venom, he would fight if he were younger, but though infirm he can and does encourage the braves around him to fight. It is not wise, but let any foreign foe invade these American Shores, and seek to drive Americans from their homes into the wilderness, and every gray haired American would emulate Sitting Bull and cheer on the braves to eternal resistance, nor would there be any exhibition of conscience as to the means of rescuing homes from the invaders.

What, we ask, are the patriot Irishmen, who denounce English rule, oppression and tyranny, and cheer on their countrymen to resistance, but so many Sitting Bulls in spirit and purpose? An Indian evicted from

his hands, from the streams where he fished and the forests and plains where he hunted, feels the injustice as keenly as does an Irishman. His methods of resistance differ from those which the Irish patriots adopt, but they are strictly in consonance with his savage nature. In the wide world there are none to plead the cause of "Lo" the poor Indian. The white man wants his fertile lands and will have them. It were as wise to attempt to shackle the tides, as to seek to restrain the white man's greed.

The "Messiah Craze," which seems to have grasped nearly all the Indian tribes, is strange, because the savages anticipate a deliverer—a big Indian who will give them back their lands and destroy their enemies. The Jews had a similar "craze" and were mad when their King did not appear in all the pomp of royalty. The poor Indians are doomed to a similar disappointment, but unlike the Jews will fight when the grass grows again if not disarmed.

There is still another view to be taken of the subject. This fair land cannot be given up to savages. If the Indians cannot see it there is but one remedy—the Indians must go.

His mission is ended if he will not work. That he shall dwell upon the confines of civilization as a ceaseless terror will not be tolerated, and the one thing in order is to disarm him, and now is the time to do it. Let this be followed by reducing the chiefs to the ranks and breaking up all their tribal relations. The thing is gone too far to admit of sentiment. In some way the savage is to be reduced to docility. A tame Indian is not picturesque. He is exceedingly commonplace. But to read of flying men and women from their homes to avoid the scalping-knife at once and vividly maps out the course to be pursued.

As a nation, we have marched across the continent regardless of the future of the Indians. They had a splendid heritage and we have taken it and appropriated it, and it is too late in the day to blubber now. If the Indian will surrender, adopt the ways of civilization, let him stay; if he prefers savagery send him over the border to the happy hunting ground where the buffalo has gone. *Sic transit* etc. Tom A. Hawk.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Tommy, a wee small boy was he,
That his mamma had said, was only three;
Yet his eyes saw everything on the train,
From the long bell-cord to the window pane.
But his look though strange, was not of fear,
That fell on the porcelain chandelier,
And he watched the hanging reflectors bright,
That made such great holes in the night;
Then out to his mother he loudly call'd,
And pointing above he fairly bawld:
"See,"—he knew it wondrous soon,
"See, where they've put the white splittoon."

Tim Pagan.

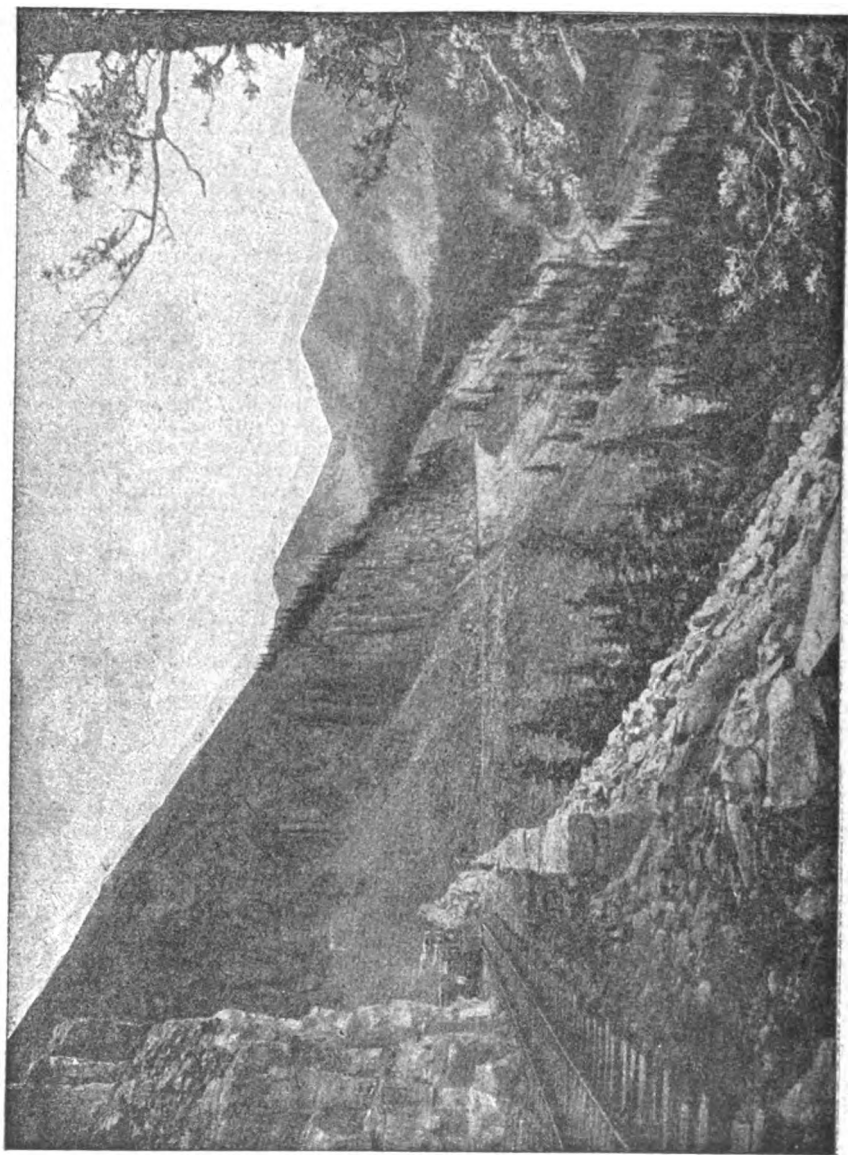
Views on the Union Pacific R. R.

Thousands and tens of thousands of our countrymen visit foreign countries in search of scenic wonders, when, in fact, their own country is the wonderland of the world, of which these tourists know little, and all too often, nothing at all.

It may be said, however, of the great army of Americans, who annually visit Europe, only a limited number are capable of appreciating the beautiful and sublime in nature. They esteem it fashionable to make the tour of England or the Continent, and the great majority of them purchase a guide book and start on their journey. The few are tourists in all that the word means. They are familiar with the grandeur of the contributions of their own country to the scenic sublimities of the world, have sailed on its inland seas, heard the roar of its mighty cataracts and spouting geysers, have climbed its mountains above the clouds, threaded their gorges and cañons, and realized the awful silence of its wildernesses. When such people go abroad, it matters not where, their own great country is their pride and boast, and they view other lands with American eyes, and by their intelligent and patriotic comparisons, endear America to Americans. But the others usually "do" Europe in sixty or ninety days, and are never more pleased, than when they can report that they were permitted to approach so near some spawn of royalty that they could count the buttons on their coat with the aid of an opera glass. Such tourists (?) having more bullion than brains, bring back foreign airs and ideas, and claiming to be "travelled", are followed wherever they go with the sounding guffaws of all sensible people.

Such people never dreamed of crossing the continent via the Union Pacific R. R. They may have heard of the great artery of travel and traffic, but they do not dream of the wonderland it penetrates, nor of the grandeur of the scenery which, on every hand and for every mile, excites the amazement of the tourist and becomes a source of satisfaction and pleasure so great as to defy exaggeration.

This *Magazine*, would, if it could, describe the majestic scenery the tourist is permitted to behold from Omaha to the Golden Gate. This we shall not attempt. Even the limitless plain between Omaha and Denver, in which the sun rises and sets as he does in the ocean, challenges a more graphic pen than we wield, and if such a picture exceeds our abilities, how impotent must our pen become when the mountains come into view. It is then that words are shorn of their power; it is then that the imagination returns from its soaring flights to confess that metaphor and hyperbole do not meet the requirements, and that one must take a ride through Nature's art gallery, via the Union Pacific, if they would fully comprehend the sublime truth that God made the world.



ALPINE PASS. Elevation 11,569 feet.

The tourist in his journey, among other notable sights that will extort exclamations of surprise, will be permitted to see Alpine Pass, above the Palisades, in Colorado, on the South Park branch of the Union Pacific Railway.

The view of Alpine Pass, or, more properly, Alpine Tunnel, though giving the reader some conception of the grandeur of the scenery, like all other attempts of a similar character, at best can scarcely do more than to awaken anxieties to behold it with the "naked eye." At an elevation of 11,596 feet the picture shows a section of the road which has wound its way around the mountain to Arctic elevations, when it suddenly plunges into the mountain, and for 1,773 feet continues its way in darkness. With one exception—in the South American Andes—Alpine Tunnel is the highest railroad elevation in the world, and the view at the point where the locomotive enters the tunnel is superlatively magnificent.

Another of the wonders the tourist is permitted to see, who crosses the continent over the Union Pacific, is "The Loop," above Georgetown, Colorado.

This triumph of engineering commands universal interest and is one of the many wonders the tourist is permitted to view, and in traveling over "The Loop" the tourist is treated to a succession of surprises, the cause of which he vainly strives to comprehend. He sees a road above him on the mountain side and wonders what road it can be. The engine whirls along and is soon upon the elevated highway that but a few minutes below excited the curiosity of the traveler. Now he looks down and sees the road over which he has just come, and again wonders what road it can be, and in this bewilderment he is kept until the last turn is made, when the road, having made its crossings and doublings, has overcome the difficulties of the situation and the traveler proceeds on his journey where other wonders await his coming.

CALIFORNIA.

Beneath the canopied cypress a lotus-bud eating,
While watching an idle sail fanning the deck,
His bark in the offing, a sea-gull was greeting,
And the white surf with its song on the sands
Threw a flick
Of the foam, that the swell had been meeting.
To the fragrant magnolias the oriole sung,
Filling the grove with the joy they created,
And the ripening rays on the fan-palms flung
The blushes of loves that are mated;
Like the day with the morning's memories hung,
Down through the long row'd vineyard wide,
The returning pickers their carols singing,
Having luxuriant loads hung side by side,
Of the amorous grape they are bringing,
And their laughter loud in the roses hide.
In the creamy shadows that the sun is taking
Such luscious tints of an orange bright,
And the vicerra's crest that the clouds are raking,
Looks out on the bay where downy night
On salt-air wings like the tide is making.

Tim Fagan.

THE STATION MASTER OF LONE PRAIRIE.

[UNION PACIFIC R. R., 1880.]

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and beyond that stretch-
ing,

Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.

North, south, east, west—the same dull gray persistence.

The tattered vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance,
Or break the columns of the far off rain.

Naught but myself—nor form, nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.

Nothing beyond. Ah, yes! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air,
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness and unspoken care;

Each following his own thought—around us, darken-
ing.

The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track;
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long-lost voices that will not come back;

Until, unasked—I know not why or wherefore—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seem to thicken there for
Some dull down dropping of their care at last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had started
From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face;
Heard the wolves' howl the wearying waste that
parted
His father's hut from the last camping place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the
reaping
With scythe of fire of lands he once had sown;
Sent the tornado—round his hearthstone heaping
Rafters, dead faces, that were like his own.

Then came the war time. When its shadows beck-
oned

He had walked dumbly where the flag had led
Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, un-
reckoned—

To famine, fever, and a prison bed;

"Till the storm passed, and the slow tide returning
Cast him, a wreck, beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Some means to live—who won the right to die."

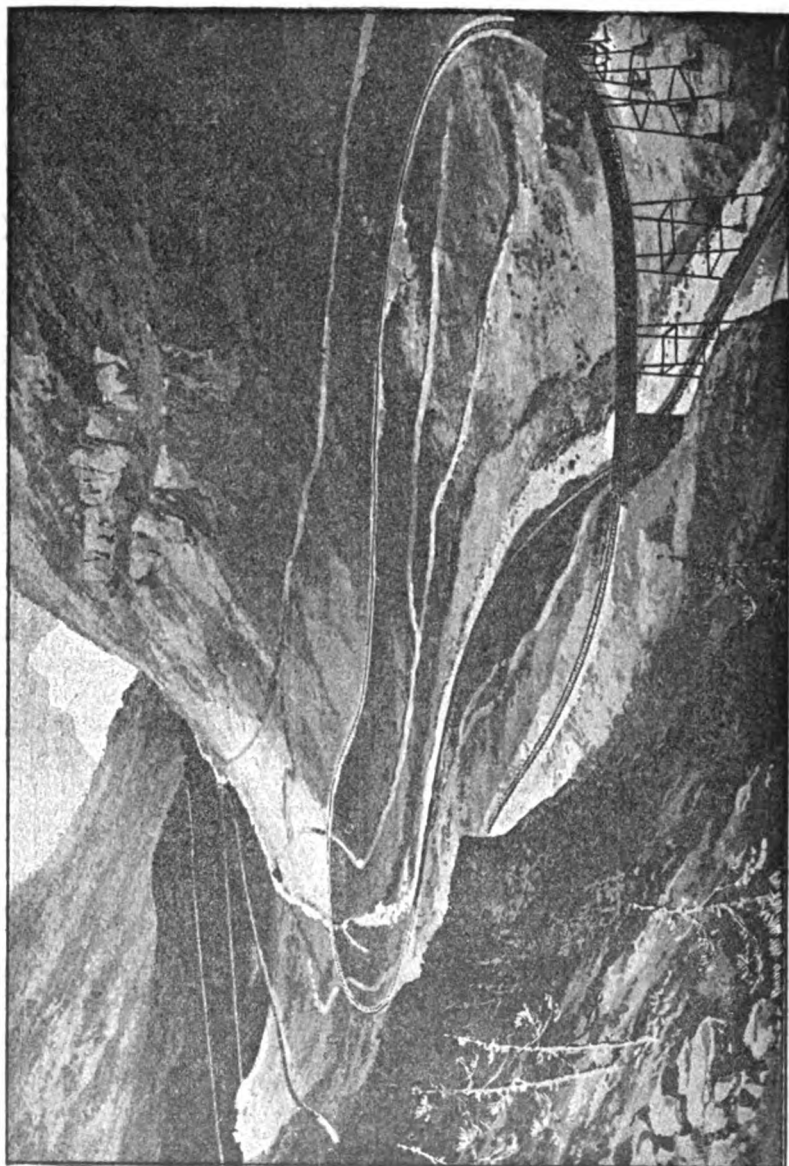
All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half blending
With the low murmur of the coming breeze,
The call of some lost bird and the unending
And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and far off cry,
The coming train! I glance around the station,
All is as empty as the upper sky.

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless haste!

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what! The station
master?
That's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down-train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"

Bret Harte.



THE LOOP.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *truth day* of each month.

Velocity of Steam.

The utter absurdity of Dr. Wilson's claims as to the probable velocity of steam, coupled with the entire absence of any scientific basis for such claims, induced me to place before the readers of the mechanical department, the recognized rules governing the subject. These rules have been established through a course of elaborate experiments, by the world's most eminent scientists and philosophers, and are sanctioned and used by all engineering authorities that write on the subject. I had written an article on the subject, but before sending it in I stumbled onto the article by Mr. Atkins, which seemed to me to express all the salient points of the principle, in much plainer and better language than mine. I therefore concluded to use his article in lieu of my own. I expected some comment on this article from certain sources, but I certainly did not expect to be compelled to explain the benefit of one so immeasurably my superior in mechanical knowledge, as "Vulcan." I am at a loss to understand "Vulcan's" non-success in finding some treatment of the subject. If he will procure a copy of *Bourne's Hand Book of the steam engine*, he will find the subject treated both ably and exhaustively in an article commencing on page 100. He will also find on page 104, a table giving the velocity in feet per second of steam at different pressures from one pound up to 130 pounds. I will here state that while the article by Mr. Atkins expresses the principle correctly, his adherence to round numbers renders results arrived at only approximately correct. The constant multiplier should be 8.021, instead of 8. "Vulcan" intimates that my indorsement of this rule is in conflict with statements I have made on the injector question. I will be pleased to have "Vulcan" point out to me just what intimate connection exists between the injector principle, as explained by me in December *Magazine*, and the laws relating to the velocity of falling bodies. No, "Vulcan," I can admit that the velocity of efflux of any fluid, vapor or gas is governed by the law of falling bodies without affecting, even remotely, any statement I have ever made concerning the injector. "Vulcan" questions the correctness of this rule because it does not show the

velocity of 140 lbs steam, to be seven times as great as 20 lbs steam. I don't believe "Vulcan" has given this matter proper thought; if he had, he would not have committed himself to any such statement. I should look with extreme suspicion upon any rule that would give the velocity of 140 lbs steam at 10,500 feet per second. If the rule of proportion could be applied to these matters, our calculations would be greatly simplified. It would not be necessary to go through the process of determining the height of a column that would produce the given pressure, extracting square root, etc., for we could take the velocity of 1 lb steam as a constant multiplier, and multiplying any given pressure by that constant, would give velocity at such given pressure. Let us try now, and see what result we will get by this method. Steam of 1 lb pressure will flow into the atmosphere with a velocity of about 482 feet per second. Now, we will say, if the velocity of 1 lb steam is 482 feet per second, the velocity of 140 lbs steam would be 140×482 feet, or 67,480 feet per second, it will readily be seen that this is not a logical conclusion, nor would it be even if steam of 1 lb and 140 lb were of like density; for a column of steam that would produce a pressure of 1 lb (above atmosphere) on its base, would require to be, in round numbers, 3,619 feet high, and a column of steam of like density that would produce a pressure of 140 lbs upon its base, would require to be $140 \times 3,619 = 506,660$ feet high. Now, the velocity due to fall from the lesser height, would be 482 feet per second, and that from the greater, instead of being 140×482 , would only be 5,696 feet per second, or less than 12×482 ; or try it another way: A heavy body falling from the top of our 1 lb steam column would require 15 seconds to reach the earth, and a heavy body falling from the top of our suppositious 140 lbs column, instead of requiring 140×15 seconds would only require 178, or less than 12×15 seconds, so you see, "Vulcan," that even if steam was of the same density at all pressures the rule of proportion would land us a long distance from the truth, and when we consider that the density of steam increases as its pressure increases, we must see that the rule of proportion will land us still farther from the truth, for *the greater the density of a body the less will be the height of a column that will produce a given pressure upon its base*, and the less the density the greater the height, also the more dense the fluid the larger becomes the mass of matter which a given pressure has to move. To more thoroughly understand the relation between density and velocity, let us suppose two boilers, one containing a steam pressure of 140 lbs per square inch, and the other containing a hydraulic pressure of 140 lbs per square inch. Now, the velocity of efflux from the boiler containing the hydraulic

pressure would be about 144 feet per second, while that from the boiler containing the steam pressure would be over 2,000 feet per second. Now, as the same pressure exists in each boiler, there is no possible reason why the velocities should not be the same, except the difference in density between the two bodies. I hope these few explanations will open the way to a more thorough understanding of this subject. If I knew the address of Mr. Atkins I would request him to give us an article, as he could no doubt explain things much plainer than I can. If there is any other point not entirely clear, I will try to explain it.

Before closing this article I want to submit a question of the conservation of the energy, for the wise ones to ponder. I quote from the *New Orleans Picayune* of a recent date: A correspondent writes: "It is a well known law that energy is indestructible, but a case came to my notice a short time ago in which it is hard to tell in what form the energy appears. A metal spring is placed under tension and while in this state is fastened and placed in acid until it is completely dissolved. What becomes of the energy stored up in the spring? Is it turned into heat, and if so, how?"

Vacuum.

Eccentric's "A Few Problems."

MR. EDITOR:—As the new year and January *Magazine*, 1891, will soon come to hand, they remind me of my first article, *Magazine*, January, 1886, page 36, "A Few Problems." It was the answers to these six inquiries that led to the establishment of the Mechanical Department; *March Magazine*, 1886, page 146. If I rightly understand the answers to these six questions as they have appeared during the last five years in the Mechanical Department, it is, as to my first question, that our modern locomotive is a most defective piece of mechanism, because it is bad mechanics to attempt to balance rotating and reciprocating parts in combination with rotating only, at great or varying speeds, or at any speed.

Second. Is it or can it be true that in one movement, the piston, &c., &c., moves through the cylinder, and on the return movement the cylinder moves over the piston?

Third. Has the question as to the measure of the disturbance been measured?

Fourth. Is it true that the top of the wheel moves twice as fast as the bottom, and the bottom stands perfectly still?

Fifth. Is it true as to the difference in speed of the various parts of the wheel as indicated in my fifth question?

Sixth. Can a single valve be made to operate two cylinders?

About some of these questions I am fully convinced, and of others I am not. I feel

sure the first question is properly answered. The answer should be, it is bad mechanics.

Second. The answer to this seems to be that the movement which takes place therein described, is correctly stated, but this I am not so fully convinced.

Third. The reasoning about this is that it is still an undetermined theoretical question, not practically settled.

Fourth. This question seems to have been modified by Mr. Lockwood, (see *Magazine*, December, 1888, pages 893 to 89) "that the bottom of the wheel is at rest at a point above this point of rest which you can neither see, conceive or measure has commenced a movement as compared with the top, the top is moving at four times the speed." This seems conclusively proven and I must accept it as a fact.

Fifth. If I accept the fourth as true then I must concede this, also.

Sixth. This I concede is true, because have seen it and know it to be true.

One main object I have in renewing this matter here is to inquire if all these questions of wheel leverage and movement are accepted as definitely settled by the Brotherhood? If questioned, I should like further discussion until they are settled. Once settled, and that accepted by all, we can then go on and settle questions of the application of power to such wheel leverage and wheel movement. So long as this is in doubt we cannot correctly apply power to such movements.

Eccentric.

The number of passengers carried on the railways of the United States during the year was 472,171,343; the aggregate number of miles traveled was 11,553,820,455. This shows an average of 24.47 miles per passenger. The number of tons of freight carried was 549,639,583. The aggregate number of ton-miles was 68,727,223,146.

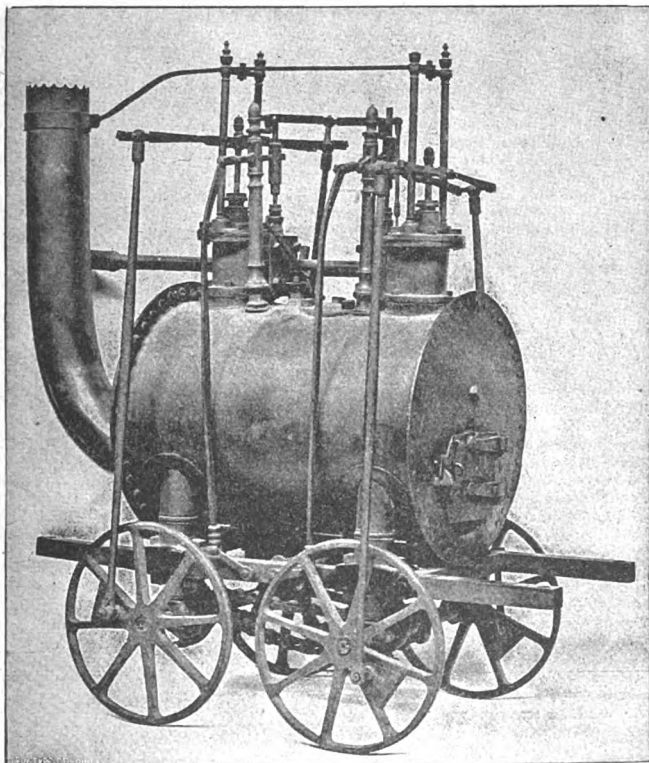
A Valve Model.

A valve model has recently been prepared by Bro. Wm. Weiler, of Port Morris, N. J., to show the link valve motion in common use on locomotives. It shows the left hand side with its cylinder, steam-chests and ports, and the valve with its steam, actuated by means of the usual rocker which, in its turn, is moved by the eccentric cams on the axle of the driver through the usual rods and link. It has the main-rod attached to an extended crank-pin at one end and to the cross-head at the other, thus moving the piston in unison with the other parts. By means of the reverse lever, the motion may be changed, or point of cut-off altered. By special arrangement the eccentrics can be "slipped" and readjusted. The frame and working parts are constructed of brass, and the whole is supported on a neat wooden stand, 3x7 inches. Its length overall is 9½ inches, height, 5½ inches and thickness of works, 1 inch. Its driver is 3¼ inches in diameter, its piston has 1¼ inches stroke and valve ¼ inch travel. Its miniature size makes it convenient for home study, and the low price (\$4.00) places it within the reach of all. Orders can be addressed to Wm. Weiler, Box 25, Port Morris, N. J.

Pioneer Locomotives.

In the December *Magazine*, just to hand, I am pleased and gratified to see your correspondent from South Wales, Mr. James Argyle, has given us an illustration and descriptive article on one of the early workers in the "Evolutions of the Locomotive," Richard Trevithick.

"We come, it is true, the representatives of forty millions of free men by ways our fathers never dreamed of, from religions of which they never heard. We come, in the midst of plenty, under a sky of peace, power in our right hand and the keys of knowledge in our left. But we are here to learn, rather than to teach; to worship, not to glorify.



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE UNDER STEAM TO RUN ON AN IRON RAIL IN NORTH AMERICA.

This working model Locomotive is now in the possession of the Franklin Institute, at 15 South 7th street, Philadelphia, Pa. This is said to be the working model of Oliver Evans' Locomotive, for which he applied to the Penna. Legislature for a patent in 1786. Others contend that it is the outgrowth of the efforts of the Pennsylvania Society in 1824 for the "Promotion of Internal Improvements in the Commonwealth," having been ordered by their representative, William Strickland, Esq., from England 1824 and 1826. See Mr. Strickland's illustrated report, published by himself 1825. In the Franklin Institute Library, and "Transportation Systems in the United States," by J. Luther Kilgus, 1888, page 70. From the best data at my command this seems to have been the first Locomotive that ran upon a rail in North America, antedating the "Stourbridge Lion" three (3) to five (5) years, and possible as above stated, thirty-three (33) years.

We come to contemplate the sources of our country's greatness; to commune with the honored past; to remind ourselves and to show our children that joy can come out of sorrow, happiness out of suffering, light out of darkness, life out of death." These were the words of the late Henry Armitt Brown, spoken in his oration at Valley Forge, June 19th, 1878, being the one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge by George Washington and the continental army.

Much of this seems appropriate to the men who for the past, now near three hundred years, 1602 to 1891, have given their best efforts to the perfection of the locomotive. In my article on the "Evolutions of the Locomotive," *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, June, 1890, pages 513 and 514; *Locomotive Engineer's Journal*, June, 1890, pages 444 and 445, I made mention of the fact that in 1786 Oliver Evans applied to the Pennsylvania legislature for a patent for a locomotive; Cugnot having patented one in France in 1784. Some years ago the model room of the Franklin Institute became so filled that in order to make room for the new and incoming, the directors decided to classify and preserve those worthy of it, and then to destroy the balance. This work was delegated to L. L. Cheney, Esq., an aged yet still active member of its committee on the sciences and arts. Mr. Cheney tells me that among these was a working model of a locomotive, and attached thereto a card, old and stained with age, reading "Oliver Evans' Locomotive," and he classified it as such. Within a year or two it has been moved to a more conspicuous position and newly labeled, "Locomotion in 1825." Mr. Cheney says he was further confirmed in his view of this being Oliver Evans' locomotive by finding in an old number of the *Scientific American* an illustration of this model, and calling attention to the fact that it was Oliver Evans' locomotive. It is said that the late M. W. Baldwin, after whom the great Baldwin Locomotive Works, the largest in the world, are named, first saw this locomotive under steam in Peale's Museum, Philadelphia, 1824 and 1826, he at the time being an engraver of copper calico printing rolls. We hope to have, with the permission of the Franklin Institute, this model on the track and under steam at the Chicago exposition of 1892. As my contribution is in the line of that inaugurated by Mr. Argyle, I send you a fac simile from a recent negative of the Franklin Institute's model herein referred to. This was prepared for me by the Leveystype process in their very best manner, and I trust its illustration and description will prove acceptable to all readers of the *Magazine*.

LOCH ARIE, December 2, 1890.

William E. Lockwood.

Lap Table.

The following table gives the proper outside lap to nearest sixty-fourth of an inch, to give slide values to effect average cut-off* at various points from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ stroke, and with different travels. Only a very small portion of it has ever before been published in any form or place.

The amount of lap, when there is no lead, is equal to the natural sine of half the angle which the crank makes with the centre line at the instant of cut off. That crank angle has for its versed sine the period of expansion (supposing no exhaust pre-release). Assuming a piston stroke of 20" if cut-off took place at $\frac{1}{8}$ stroke or 12" there would be $20 - 12 = 8$ " of expansion; and the angle which has a versed sine of 8 with a radius (the crank length) of 10, is $78^{\circ} 28'$. Half this is the angular advance, $39^{\circ} 14'$, and its sine is 6.3248 when the radius is 10.

If the valve travel was 2 inches (eccentric 1 inch out of center) then this sine would be .63248, and if the valve travel was 1 inch the sine or lap, to cut-off at $\frac{1}{8}$ piston stroke, would be .31624.

To build up our table we set down the various proportionate periods of full steam; opposite each setting its versed sine (the rest of the stroke; the expansion period if there is no exhaust release); then opposite these put the angles which have those versed sines when the radius is 1; then the angles of advance (half the crank angle at cut-off); then the sines of those angles of advance, and then, halving those sines, we will get the laps when the valve travel is 1.

Such a table is here shown:

Position of Piston at Cut- off.	Expansion Period.	Versed Sine when Radius is 1.	Crank Angle Correspond to Versed Sine.	Angle of Advance.	Sine of Angle of Advance when Radius is 1.	Lap when Valve Travel is 1.
.625	.375	.75	75 31'	37 45'	.61222	.30611
.667	.333	.667	70 32'	35 16'	.57738	.28869
.7	.3	.6	66 25'	33 12'	.54736	.27378
.75	.25	.50	60	30	.5	.25
.8	.2	.4	53 8'	26 34'	.44724	.22362
.85	.15	.3	45 34'	22 47'	.38725	.19362
.875	.125	.25	41 24'	20 42'	.35347	.17673
.9	.1	.2	36 52'	18 26'	.31620	.15810

*Average of both ends of the cylinder, where a connecting rod is used (making no allowance for the slight error of the eccentric rod).

Where the travel is 2" the lap required will be double that needed for 1" for the same cut-off, and this being the case it is easy to construct a table giving the laps in inches, for various proportionate cut-offs, and different valve travels.

The table is given here:

Valve Travel. Inches.	PROPORTIONATE POINTS OF CUT-OFF.								Valve Travel. Inches.
	.625	.667	.7	.75	.8	.85	.875	.9	
1	.306	.289	.274	.25	.224	.194	.177	.158	1
1.1	.383	.361	.342	.313	.280	.242	.221	.198	1.1
1.2	.459	.431	.411	.375	.335	.290	.265	.237	1.2
1.4	.536	.505	.479	.438	.391	.339	.309	.277	1.4
1.6	.612	.577	.548	.5	.447	.387	.353	.316	1.6
1.8	.689	.650	.616	.562	.503	.436	.398	.356	1.8
2	.765	.723	.684	.625	.559	.484	.442	.395	2
2.2	.943	.794	.753	.688	.615	.529	.486	.435	2.2
2.4	.918	.866	.821	.75	.670	.580	.530	.474	2.4
2.6	.996	.938	.900	.812	.727	.629	.574	.514	2.6
2.8	1.071	1.010	.958	.875	.783	.678	.619	.553	2.8
3	1.146	1.083	1.027	.938	.839	.726	.663	.593	3
3.2	1.224	1.155	1.096	1.000	.894	.774	.707	.632	3.2
3.4	1.301	1.227	1.164	1.061	.950	.823	.751	.672	3.4
3.6	1.378	1.299	1.233	1.125	1.006	.871	.795	.711	3.6
3.8	1.454	1.371	1.301	1.188	1.062	.920	.839	.751	3.8
4	1.530	1.443	1.369	1.25	1.118	.968	.884	.791	4
4.2	1.604	1.508	1.436	1.315	1.180	.965	.872	.779	4.2
4.4	1.677	1.572	1.493	1.36	1.242	1.022	.920	.820	4.4
4.6	1.749	1.634	1.551	1.425	1.306	1.085	.972	.870	4.6
4.8	1.821	1.696	1.610	1.487	1.368	1.148	1.030	.925	4.8
5	1.893	1.758	1.669	1.548	1.430	1.210	1.088	.980	5
5.2	1.965	1.821	1.729	1.615	1.500	1.280	1.155	1.045	5.2
5.4	2.037	1.883	1.788	1.680	1.565	1.350	1.223	1.107	5.4
5.6	2.109	1.945	1.848	1.745	1.630	1.420	1.291	1.173	5.6
5.8	2.181	2.007	1.908	1.810	1.700	1.500	1.369	1.248	5.8
6	2.253	2.069	1.968	1.875	1.770	1.580	1.447	1.325	6
6.2	2.325	2.131	2.029	1.940	1.840	1.660	1.525	1.402	6.2
6.4	2.397	2.193	2.090	2.000	1.900	1.740	1.603	1.479	6.4
6.6	2.469	2.255	2.151	2.060	1.960	1.800	1.661	1.538	6.6
6.8	2.541	2.317	2.212	2.120	2.020	1.870	1.729	1.606	6.8
7	2.613	2.379	2.273	2.180	2.080	1.930	1.789	1.666	7
7.2	2.685	2.441	2.335	2.240	2.140	2.000	1.857	1.734	7.2
7.4	2.757	2.503	2.397	2.300	2.200	2.070	1.926	1.803	7.4
7.6	2.829	2.565	2.459	2.360	2.260	2.140	1.996	1.873	7.6
7.8	2.901	2.627	2.521	2.420	2.320	2.210	2.066	1.943	7.8
8	2.973	2.689	2.583	2.480	2.380	2.280	2.136	2.013	8
8.2	3.045	2.751	2.645	2.540	2.440	2.350	2.206	2.083	8.2
8.4	3.117	2.813	2.707	2.600	2.500	2.420	2.276	2.153	8.4
8.6	3.189	2.875	2.769	2.660	2.560	2.480	2.336	2.213	8.6
8.8	3.261	2.937	2.831	2.720	2.620	2.550	2.406	2.283	8.8
9	3.333	3.000	2.893	2.780	2.680	2.620	2.476	2.353	9
9.2	3.405	3.062	2.955	2.840	2.740	2.680	2.536	2.413	9.2
9.4	3.477	3.125	3.017	2.900	2.800	2.750	2.606	2.483	9.4
9.6	3.549	3.187	3.079	2.960	2.860	2.820	2.676	2.553	9.6
9.8	3.621	3.250	3.141	3.020	2.920	2.880	2.736	2.613	9.8
10	3.693	3.313	3.203	3.080	2.980	2.950	2.806	2.683	10

Robert Grimshaw.

Mechanical Studies.

When these lines appear in print it will be in order to wish all our readers and writers a "Happy New Year," and many more to follow, but the question naturally arises, how can we be happy when we are obliged to work hard every day, and have hardly leisure enough to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with our families, to say nothing about taking part in the various amusements or diversions that are enjoyed by others? The Good Master tells us that "Life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which man possesseth," and we find in the events of each day that this is only too true, for whenever the curtain is drawn and we are permitted to behold some faint glimpses of the true inward life of many of our "upper crust," we draw back with a shudder of dismay and would not exchange lots with them. The poor German after a hard day's work, breaks out into song when he hears the bell that announces the day's work ended, and comes to the conclusion that "God has so ordered it for his good," and pities his rich neighbor who could not enjoy his supper for a lack of appetite, and who "amidst his abundance even got tired of resting." If, therefore, riches do not give happiness we will have to look in other directions to find it, and we again turn to the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Let me illustrate the point by a story from

the *Detroit Free Press*: "A waif of a boy was eating a stale half loaf on the corner yesterday with the air of a starving, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eye, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said in a friendly way: "Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!" The dog moved off a little, and again crouched and looked wistfully at the food. "Say, do you want this wus nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?" The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf. "Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously; "I ain't the fellow to see a pard in trouble." And the boy went one way and the dog he befriended, another, both the better for the encounter."

No one will doubt that the boy went his way feeling far happier over this act of kindness to the animal than he did in receiving or finding the loaf, for it gave him a new sense of usefulness in the world, in being able to confer favors on others worse off than he. And so let our writers find a measure of happiness in having given in the past, and let them continue to bring the crumbs, the crusts, the stale and the fresh loaves, and the fruit cakes and mince pies, for the Editor wants all kinds of food for all kinds of readers.

I was greatly interested in the sketch, description and history of that Welsh engine

FIRST
STEAM MOTOR.

which certainly establishes its priority to Stephenson's Rocket, but it seems that the machine was not improved so as to overcome the grades and curves, and, in fact, proved to be ahead of the age and the world not ready for it yet. But what will our Welsh brother say to the idea that the Prophet Job is said to have alluded to the locomotive in his description of the Behemoth and Leviathan. Do not laugh, but read the following, captioned "Job as a Steam Engineer," from the *Scientific American*:

The last place in which one would naturally look for a description of the modern steam engine would be the book of Job. Yet a recent author has presented in a large octavo volume of 362 pages his conclusions on this very point. They are to the effect that the entire steam plant, railway organization, boiler and engine practice are treated of by the inspired writer. We allude to the work of Mr. Samuel O. Trudell, entitled "A wonderful Discovery in the Book of Job." If the author's view of the case were adopted, a new chapter in the history of the steam engine would be supplied, and the Marquis of Worcester would have to yield to Job as the pioneer in steam engineering.

Behemoth and the Leviathan have always been fertile subjects of controversy. The whale and hippopotamus respectively have been adopted by many commentators as the animals referred to. But Mr. Trudell goes beyond the most daring innovator, and in a revised version of the passages relating to these monsters finds allusions to the steam engine of today. A description of the method followed in his new interpretation will give the best idea of this most striking effort in the field of biblical criticism.

The author, fully to support his theory, has been compelled to furnish a new rendering of the parts of the book of Job which he uses. Accordingly we find a translation given of the passages in chapters xl and xli, which relate to the Behemoth and Leviathan. The claim is made without reserve that it is the modern steam engine in its different forms that is there described. It is evident that our space does not permit us to give the full bases for the argument. The separate verses are made subjects of as many chapters, and the analogies traced between the descriptions in the poetry of Job and the more prosaic steam motor are really surprising. The most curious details are traced out, such as the supply of water to the boiler, the upright smoke-stack, and even the manipulation of the stock of railroad companies is found described. The size and number of pages in the volume give the best evidence of the work bestowed by the author upon his labor of love.

It may be worth while to cite from the special translation appended to the book some of the most striking passages. The account begins chapter xl., v. 15, "Behold now one with great heat, he will consume fodder as well as cattle do," which is a pretty fair description of a steam engine. A little further on, v. 17, it says, "His tail will set upright like a cedar." This, the author concludes, refers to the smoke-stack. In v. 18 we find, "His hollow bones are tubes of brass, his solid bones are bars of iron," which is a very good embodiment of modern engineering practice. In v. 21, which the special translation renders, "He will rest beneath light shelters and within a covering of fibrous reeds and clay," the author finds an allusion to non-conducting covering for boilers and steam pipes. Going on to the next chapter, we find v. 6 thus rendered: "Companies will feast upon him, they will share him among speculators," which it is needless to say fits the case of modern railroad companies and speculators exactly. This is one of the extraordinary parallels of the work. It is perhaps equalled by v. 2 of the same chapter, where the hook (ring) in the monster's nose is construed as an allusion to the piston rings of a locomotive, and where the jaw bored through with a thorn supplies an allusion to the piston head bored through with its piston rod. The bad effects of an engineer allowing his water to run down is given in the same chapter, v. 26, "From

dryness rendering him furious, he will not have power to withhold, the curved vault being caused to break up, and also the armor." This, of course, means that the engineer must watch his water gauges or there will be an explosion.

For a portion of v. 23, chap. xl., and for v. 24 immediately following, the author furnishes the following translation: "Behold, he will absorb a river and will not fret; he will gather it up in his fountains by means of traps and with a perforated nozzle." Our author in this finds described the action of a pump with its valves (traps), and the perforated suction pipe with a screen at its end to exclude solid particles. Even the coupling together of a train of cars is found in v. 1 of the next chapter: "Thou wilt extend Leviathan with a hook, or with a snare which thou wilt cause his tongue to press down." The tongue, our author believes, is the representative of the coupling link, and the hollow drawhead and pin is the "snare." The caulking of the seams of the boiler is found in v. 15 of this chapter: "His strength depends on courses of shields closed up tightly with a seal." Our author finds nothing clearer than that the "shields" are boiler plates and the "seal" the caulking iron. He reserves, however, the possibility that the steam riveter is the sealing mechanism.

This much is enough to give an idea of the book. The author has been his own Hebraist. The Semitic student and author, Rabbi Benjamin Szold, of Baltimore, testifies to his high opinion of Mr. Trudell's translations. It must also be said in conclusion that the subject is treated throughout with full evidence of critical discernment and laborious investigation.

Some time ago I called attention to the fact that some of Job's descriptions were more applicable to the locomotive than to any beast that ever lived, but dismissed the thought afterwards as probably far fetched and untangible, but now find that the same idea has also struck others, and that it has been worked out in book form, and as our esteemed contemporary the *Scientific American* endorses it, in so far as to deem it worthy of notice, there may be something in it for all. Any way it will do no harm to read and think on the subject, for it would seem as if the ancients could not have built the massive structures, the ruins of which are yet the wonder of the world, without the potent agency of steam.

STRAIGHT OR "Pan Handle" asks about the difference between straight and automatic air as applied to brakes. Straight air is the first form of air brake invented, and had a large air cylinder on the locomotive only, from which the compressed air was allowed to rush to each brake cylinder of the train, and by forcing the pistons out to apply the brakes; to release the brake all that was required was to allow the air in the pipe and the brake cylinders to escape, when the brake shoes would be forced from the wheels by the springs. As this brake depended for its efficiency upon its full connection with the air cylinder of the engine, and would not operate without it, the "automatic" was invented, which, in addition to the main air cylinder on the engine carries an air reservoir on every car, out of which air is taken to apply the brake of that car. The train pipe and all the reservoirs, both on the engine and the cars, will be subject to one pressure as

long as all are in free communication, but when the brakes are to be applied instead of having the brake pipe full of air as in straight air, the communication between the main reservoir on the engine and the main train pipe is stopped, and the air in the pipe is allowed to escape. As long as the pressure in the pipe and in the reservoir is equal, the triple valve, which really does the automatic work, is open to the main pipe, and permits air to flow through it to the reservoir, but when the air is allowed to escape from the main pipe, the greater pressure in the reservoir of the car forces the triple valve to move, and to close the passage by which the air entered from the main pipe, and to open another which leads to the brake cylinder, and the brakes are thus applied. If a train is broken in two, and has the automatic in good shape, both parts should come to a stop at once, because the air in the main pipe is then liberated, and hence its name as automatic. To release an automatic brake on a car detached from the train, it is necessary to let the air out of the reservoir, or, in other words, to "bleed it", but if attached to the engine, the admission of air from the main reservoir and pumping up till the pressure in the pipe again equals the pressure in the reservoir, when the triple valve will move to its former position, shutting off the air from the brake cylinder, opening the exhaust and opening communication between the train pipe and the reservoirs, will release the brakes.

AIR SIGNALS. As "Pan Handle" does not specify the air signal regarding which he wants information, we will have to wait to hear from him again with name or place where made or used.

PRIMING. Priming and foaming mean a rising of the water above its real level in the boiler, and its passage through the valves and cylinders mixed with steam and commonly called "working water." The terms foaming and priming are often used in the same sense, as the symptoms are the same, but priming is the result of carrying water pretty high or having the engine blowing off, which in addition to the open throttle causes such a rush of steam to the dome as to carry the water with it. **FOAMING.** properly speaking, is the result of impurities in the water, such as oil, mud, or alkalies.

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS. The article on the work done by the Franklin Institute to promote a higher knowledge of mechanics is likely to arouse attention, for the fact is as stated, that only too many collegians prepare themselves for so-called learned professions, and go through life without remunerative employment, while men with a good technical knowledge

of mechanics are at a premium and in constant and ever increasing demand.

These tables are very well **SPEED TABLES.** as a study, but an engineer on the road does not have time to look down and count the revolutions of the driver, having to depend on his knowledge of the road and its distances and grades for the ability to make time.

INJECTORS AGAIN. "Vacuum" gives another installment on the injector question, which I have duly considered, and also compared with Forney and Sinclair, and still I find nothing that explains why it should act so. In his explanation "Vacuum" says: "If by any means the column of steam can be reduced in bulk without impairing its velocity, etc." That if was well put, for the steam when condensed is not near so lively a body, and will by no means have the velocity it had as pure steam, and for proof "Vacuum" need only be referred to an engine "working water," for he will at once see the difference even a small percentage of water will make. The question still is, while this velocity is generated outside, what is the water at the check doing? Is it devoid of all energy, and is it not as ready to come out as the other is to get in? And why don't it? *Vulcan.*

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, Room 26, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of December, 1890, and are now free to be used by anyone, viz.:

Lubricating device for car axles, W. J. L. Moulton.
Car coupling, J. C. Maloy.
Sleeping car, G. H. Lindner.
Car seat, P. W. Nolan.
Safety attachment for trucks, G. O. Offen.
Utilizing old rails, G. Futz.
Railway time signal, Fend & Stevenson.
Car brake, J. G. Whiggin.
Pneumatic signal, W. E. Prall.
Rail joint, W. G. Dunn.
Electric signaling apparatus for railways, F. L. Pope.
Elevating and transferring arrangement for cars, W. T. Beekman.
Car ventilator, M. T. Hitchcock.
Car wheel, A. C. Fletcher.
Railway crossing, J. Brahn.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

If a railroad line were laid straight for 3,000 miles across the United States, it would be found by measurement that the rails would, on the whole, be two miles shorter in winter than in summer, owing to the contraction on account of the change in temperature.

Queries and Answers.

In a late issue of the *American Machinist* I find the following queries and answers which I thought it well to reproduce for the benefit of our readers:

"Locomotive, Waterville, Me., asks: What is the fastest time on record made by a locomotive? A.—Perfect records of locomotive speeds are not kept, hence it is difficult to answer your question with reasonable confidence. If our memory is not at fault, 86 miles per hour have been made for a short distance. 2. Where is the largest locomotive? A.—The largest locomotive is used in the mountain service of the Union Pacific road. This engine and the others of its class are the heaviest in regular freight service. It has eight coupled wheels, and a two-wheeled swing bolster truck. Gauge, 4 feet 8½ inches; cylinders, 22 inches diameter, and 28 inches stroke; driving wheels, 4 feet 3 inches diameter; fuel, soft coal; rigid wheel base, 14 feet, total wheel base of engine, 22 feet 3 inches; total wheel base of engine and tender, 49 feet ½ inch; length of engine and tender over all, 62 feet 7½ inches; weight on drivers, two gauges of water, about 138,000 pounds; weight of engine, two gauges of water, 153,000 pounds. Heating surface of fire-box, 178 square feet; heating surface of tubes, 2,144 square feet; total heating surface, 2,322 square feet; and area of tube openings, 833 square inches. 3. Why do European locomotives have such small cabs? A.—There is no reason for the use of the small cabs. 5. What is a pony truck? A.—A two wheeled truck. 6. Can you tell me of a good book for young firemen? A.—Locomotive Engine Running and Management, by Angus Sinclair.

"H. D. B. says: Please inform me through your columns of Answers to Queries whether it has been proved or not by experiment that an engine can start more cars when the couplings are made so as to allow no jerk between the cars, or in other words, does the play between the cars help an engine to start a train? A.—The proof is of every day occurrence on our leading railroads, where heavy freight trains are stalled when an attempt is made to start on a dead pull, but start easily when producing slack by backing before starting the cars.

"R. F. N., Aurora, Ill., writes: Please give me a rule for obtaining the necessary throw of an eccentric when the width of the steam port is known. A.—Add to the lap the width of the steam port; the sum will be one-half of the throw, or eccentricity of the eccentric. With this throw the port will be fully opened—in some cases it is desirable not to open the port fully; in such cases the throw must, of course, be reduced.

One-half of the throw should be equal to the lap plus the amount of opening. 2. Can you tell me what the effect will be on one eccentric by moving the other in a locomotive? A.—If both eccentrics are correctly set, then, in moving one of them a distorted valve motion will be the result. In ordinary American locomotives the evil effect will not be so much noticed when the link is in full gear and the center of the link block is direct in line with the center of the eccentric rod pin, which is actuated by the eccentric correctly set; but, as soon as the link is moved towards mid-gear, the incorrectly set eccentric will influence the motion of the valve, and will either destroy the lead or increase it so as to be detrimental, and the maximum of this increase or decrease will take place when the incorrectly set eccentric is in full gear, and the other eccentric has ceased to have an influence on the motion of the valve. 3. On a locomotive the lead is $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch at the front port, and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch at the back port. What is the trouble? Is there any way of setting the eccentrics correctly at once? A.—Assuming that the valve rod is of the correct length, it will be found that either one or both the eccentric rods are too short. The first thing to do is to adjust the eccentric rods so that the lead will be equal at both ends of the cylinder, and then move the eccentrics so as to obtain the correct amount of lead at each end of the cylinder. A practical example of setting the valve gear of a locomotive has been given in an article on Modern Locomotive Construction, in our issue of April 30, 1887. You may possibly place the eccentrics in the correct position at once, but generally, in the erecting shop, it will require more than one setting. If the whole valve motion is correctly laid out on paper, the eccentrics can then be set according to the drawings in their correct positions at once, but it is doubtful if any labor will be saved by this method."

As the topics treated in the foregoing clippings relate directly to the locomotive, I have no doubt they will be of interest to the readers of the *Magazine*, most of whom are employed as locomotive enginemen and are, or should be, students of the machine in all its parts. It is the ambitious fireman who devotes his leisure time to study and investigation and familiarizes himself with the whys and wherefores of things who is to make the engineer of the future and hence anything and everything that is calculated to increase his knowledge of the locomotive arrests his attention, nor does he abate in his inquiry and investigation until he comprehends the mooted points. *

WITH average wear a steel rail will last about eighteen years.

Frozen Steam Gauges.

The following query and answer are copied from the *American Machinist* for the purpose of relating an experience I once had with a steam gauge:

F. C. says: After a steam gauge freezes, what action has the frost on the spring to cause the pointer to be on the wrong side of the pin? and if you steam up, the pointer will come back and show how much the frost has weakened the spring. I can't see how a steam gauge can freeze until the steam goes down in the boiler and the pointer comes back to the pin. It seems a mystery to me how the pointer can get on the other side of the pin. And when you find out how much it is weakened, what is the best way to get the spring in its right position again without sending it to the factory where it was made? A. The pipe leading to a steam gauge is or should be filled with water, and is liable to freeze by exposure. In the freezing of a steam gauge the pointer may be thrown clear around against the pin by the expansion of the water in the pipe, supposing it to have commenced to freeze at a little distance from the gauge first. You can take off the head and reset it, but the probability is that the relation of the gauge to the dial marks will be changed, and the gauge become unreliable. Better send it to be repaired and tested.

About seven years ago I was employed as hostler, and on a certain Sunday morning in early winter a number of engines that had just come in were standing outside of the round-house, the house being full. One of these engines came in about six o'clock, had a good fire, about 100 lbs. of steam, and was full of water, so after adjusting the heaters to the pumps and turning a little steam on all the pipes (as it was freezing), I left her to attend to some other duties. About an hour afterward I returned to try the water and found her full as before, with steam issuing from the various heaters, but looking at the gauge I found the pointer at the pin, and, it being not quite light in the cab, I thought she showed no steam and concluded to shove the fire down and get more steam on. After shoving the fire down I thought I would turn on the blower, but I did not expect that it would help much; however, on turning it on I found that it blew quite strong. I then shut it off and began to look around, and as it had become light in the cab, I found that the pointer instead of being on the light side of the pin was on the other side. This staggered me for awhile, and I could not imagine what ailed the gauge; that a steam gauge, in full connection with a boiler full of live steam, should freeze, did not seem possible to me. As I could not think of anything else I held a lighted torch to the gauge pipe, and soon saw the pointer leave the pin, but instead of coming around and going up the light side, it went the other way, and the first figure it had on that side was 240; it did not stop at this figure however, but went around to 75 pounds, and remained there. The gauge was not damaged in the least, but I suppose that the pipe had not gotten real solid yet. A keen northeast wind was blowing that morning

which had opened the door on the fireman's side, and then impinged directly on the steam gauge pipe, and as it was of the usual syphon shape, the cold chilled the water in the pipe, and produced the phenomenon described.

The Compass in the Watch.

A correspondent of the *London Truth* sends the following: "A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. 'All watches,' he replied, 'are compasses.' Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII, on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that every one else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveler whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen."

Passenger Travel on German Railroads.

The statistics of the German railroads for last year show a considerable increase in passenger travel, the total number carried rising from 295,758,906 in the previous year, to 315,991,747. The increase in mileage of the roads was not large, the average in 1887-88 being 39,261 kilometers, against 38,261 in the preceding year. The first class alone decreased, all the other classes having increased in number. Germans travel much, but in this, as in all other things, they are thrifty, and spend as little as possible. The great bulk of the passengers on German roads take the cheaper class of cars, so that the first class are very little patronized. The division of passengers for two years past was as follows:

	1887-88.		1886-87.	
	Number.	P.c.	Number.	P.c.
First class . . .	1,897,647	0.4	1,864,596	0.6
Second class . . .	32,869,910	10.4	31,724,493	10.7
Third class . . .	206,624,435	65.4	193,131,225	65.3
Fourth class . . .	67,559,874	21.4	62,081,560	21.0
Military	7,329,881	2.4	6,957,032	2.4
Total	315,991,747	100.0	295,758,906	100.0

mitted entirely. I have no copy farther back than 1883, and the only two familiar names I find in these numbers are those of our valued contributors "Irene" and Mrs. Hinchcliff. There are some very readable letters signed "Mrs. Sigourney," Denver, Col. Can any of our readers tell us what has become of her? Many of the letters contain the same old "chestnuts" that afflict us at the present time, "Having seen nothing from Lodge No and No," "Thought I would break the ice," "If this escapes the waste basket," &c., &c. The range of topics seems very limited and, altogether, the Woman's Department is a small affair, so timid and unassuming no man would think of raising his voice in opposition to it. Every year has marked a gradual improvement and, while we feel highly gratified over this fact, I am sure all of our readers and correspondents will agree that it has not by any means reached a standard where it can afford to stop. We want the following year to prove no exception to the general advancement and to this end we invite a cordial co-operation. We particularly ask our friends to write in a helpful spirit. Whatever lessons you learn from your daily life, recite them for the benefit and encouragement of others. Speak a cheerful word if possible, but if you are "weary and heavy laden," we trust you may find sympathy and assistance among those of our circle who have suffered even as yourself.

It is said that a proneness to indulge in reminiscence indicates advancing age. We must accept the imputation. The close of the old year seems a fitting time for retrospect and, whether we will or not, our thoughts wander back, not alone over the year just passing away, but over the many which have preceded it. Every history contains both sad and happy chapters, and both are as necessary to the symmetrical development of character as lights and shadows to the perfect picture. It is a small soul, indeed, that is satisfied with the year's record when he sums it up, but the angel I hope within whispers that upon the fair, fresh pages of the new volume may be written another story which a twelvemonth hence will give us more pleasure in the reading.

A DISTINGUISHING feature of the last campaign was the participation of women in New York City. Feeling that something must be done to redeem the city from a corrupt government, the so called "better element," led by the ministers of various large churches, organized and conducted a vigorous campaign. To their assistance they called the women, and among them we find the names of Mrs. Bishop Potter, Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge, Mrs. Heber Newton, Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. R.

W. Gilder, Dr. Emily Blackwell, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, the list running into thousands, representing the wealth, education and culture of the city. These ladies organized, raised money, electioneered and made a strong fight for a "law and order" ticket. The leading newspapers complimented them in the highest terms and they gained many laurels by their brave fight. But they were obliged to stop just at the point where their work would have amounted to something definite. After going through the campaign they were not permitted to drop the one little ballot that would have counted for more than all their labor and all their influence. The "law and order party" was defeated, but if to the votes of the men had been added the votes of the women they would have carried the day. Law abiding, patriotic and conscientious people will some day wake up to the fact that it is not best for the country to disfranchise the greater part of its intelligence, morality and religion.

CORRESPONDENTS will please bear in mind the suggestions in the December *Magazine* in regard to the form of communications, the subject matter and the necessity for giving the correct name of the writer.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, October 14, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

One of the writers to Woman's Department a few months past asked for a receipt for plain cake. I thought at the time of reading her request I would give her my receipt by which I bake cake for my husband's lunch. One good feature is, it does not soon dry out, and in warm weather, if kept from the wind will keep several days quite fresh, and is really cheap.

Take 2 or 3 eggs, as you choose (I usually take 3); $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar; beat well together; add one half cup butter, beat again; then add two-thirds cup water or sweet milk, and stir; then to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour; add 1 tablespoon baking powder and beat all together with seasoning. (I find vanilla to be a flavor of which one does not easily tire); beat until quite light, bake in a quick oven. The same receipt makes a very good layer cake.

I have a good receipt for ginger snaps that are good for lunch, as one can always keep them on hand for you know the older they are the better they are. Boil 1 pint of sorghum or baking molasses and let it cool (no, I forgot, you boil two thirds pint of lard with the molasses, then you let it cool), then make a hole in a pan of flour and pour it in and add 1 teaspoon of soda; mix quite stiff, roll very thin and cut, bake a light brown in a quick oven. You will not think them good when fresh, as they are too hard and snappy, but if kept a few days they are very nice.

A good receipt for rolls, and you will find them nice for lunch, is to take 1 quart of sweet milk, let it come to a boil, let it cool, then make a hole in one quart of flour and stir into the milk one-half cup yeast, one-half cup sugar and butter the size of an egg, pour all into the flour and set to rise over night. In the morning mix it stiff with the flour in which it was raised, set to rise again. When light, roll and cut with as little handling as possible, spread butter on each, and double when well risen bake in a quick oven. I have used all these receipts for ten years and know if carefully followed they are a success. A certain blonde engineer on the I. and G. N. can testify as to the cake.

I have some pretty patterns for crochet lace. I will perhaps give some of them in another letter.

Just now I want to tell "May" if I were in her place I should take Mr. Fortune's advice. I should go out with my friends and make the best of life and have a good time. I should first ask my husband to stay at home. If he refused I would then tell him I was going out, and ask him to accompany me. If he refused I should quietly tell him that I would go with Mr. and Mrs. "Smith, Jones or Brown" and I should go. I feel like telling those who write about always having meals ready and the house tidy and in order to keep husbands in a good humor, that they do not understand true men. Is it always possible to have the house in order and everything right at hand for them? Besides that I could not love a man whose first look on entering the house was to see if his dinner was waiting for him, then to see about the order of the house, and if he found everything to his satisfaction then turn and smile—or grin. I think a husband who truly loves his wife will, on coming home, say, "How are you all; is everything all right?" By that he will show his wife that he cares for her, and how she has been getting on while he has been away. Of course his wife should not then start in, "O, Johnny has a sore toe, and Mary cut her finger and I am just as tired and discouraged as I can be. I am the most miserable woman in town, always something happening in our family," etc., etc. But she should, unless something really serious has occurred, assure him that all are well, then inquire concerning his trip and tell him to come and have his dinner. If it is not ready, tell him in as few words as possible and without complaining the reason, then make haste to prepare it, saying something pleasant to him while she is working. There are always two sides to everything and as much can be said on one as the other, and I would like to hear the men tell what they would like a woman to do on their return. I don't believe all men expect their wives to stand in the door with a smile or a grin on their face. Now, I suppose you will think I am an old sober sides who does not believe in laughing or joking or making things pleasant for one's husband. But those who know me know my face is seldom straight, and I am usually in a good humor. I take things as they come, and try to please my husband, but some times he is hard to please, then just do that which suits myself and is the most convenient.

Wishing success to Woman's Department and all husbands and wives their rights, I remain

A Fireman's Wife,

Belle.

[A very sensible letter.—Ed.]

FORT SCOTT, KAN., NOV. 15, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having been a reader of your valuable *Magazine* for the past six months, and not seeing a single letter in the Woman's Department in that time from Fort Scott, I thought I would venture timidly forward with a few words of kindly meant advice or suggestions, whichever you are pleased to call them, and a few words of praise and honor for those noble, energetic, true-hearted boys of the B. of L. F. who so cheerfully leave their warm, pleasant homes these cold, stormy nights to go out on the dark and dangerous road in the service of a rushing, mighty public. I am sure that we sisters are very proud of the noble fellows, and should spare no pains to make home pleasant for them when they come in. I think there need be very little trouble in managing a husband, if love reigns supreme in each heart it will be quite easy. Poor May's husband is thoughtless and wayward. Now, dear, have you tried real hard to bring him back to his former self? Little acts of kindness that cost us nothing may work wonders. A good, tastefully arranged supper-table, with a neatly dressed, smiling faced wife presiding will fetch a man generally when other things fail. The husband who can look forward to such a state of things every time he comes in will never tire of home, and the wife who studies his comfort will have little difficulty in managing him according to her will. Some men will wander in spite of all allurements, but they are selfish enough to realize where they are treated best, and by taking a

little trouble for the first year of married life the years that follow will, as a rule, find the husband always glad to get back to the pretty home where loving smiles await him, and the good supper is all ready, or as near so as possible. There are some women who say they won't be "bossed," as they sometimes call it. Many irreparable mistakes are made in the home by this one thought. My dear ladies, you can always be "boss" if you take the trouble and go at it the right way. By giving in you get your own way, as you never would by fighting for it. And after all it is better to feel that you respect your husband so much that to give in to him is not a difficulty. Nine men out of ten are manageable if you go the right way about it, and one great point is to act after marriage exactly as you did before. Argument and contradiction are vital enemies to married peace. Should you wish for anything particularly, don't insist upon having it after refusal, but bide your time. Some women are persistent and ask, "Why may I not? Why won't you never do as I ask you to?" and so irritate the man. Rather bide your time, make an extra good supper of his favorite dishes, put a bow on of the color he likes best, make home and yourself sweeter than ever, and he will get you just what you wanted if you did have to wait a little. He'll love you all the more for it. If hubby wants you to go for a little outing, a walk or any place of amusement, always be ready to leave your work at any time, as it will be a great pleasure to him, and nine times out of ten he will help you with the delayed housework when you return. Anyway you have plenty of time to do most of your work while he is away. Give your society to him as much as possible. He'll appreciate it. I think B. L. E.'s letter to "Fireman's Wife" is perfect, and just what she needed. She is carrying a heavier burden than one woman's shoulders are able to bear. If her husband knew the amount of work she has to do in one day, he could possibly suggest to her some way out of her difficulties. Now, this is my first attempt at writing for publication. If my letter is accepted, I may come again. With a host of good wishes for the Brotherhood and its interests, I will stop at once.

Anna, a Fireman's Friend.

[Come again, you are welcome.]

JUDD, COOK COUNTY, ILL., NOV. 6, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am not a constant reader of the *Magazine*, but when at leisure I love to look over letters in the Woman's Department, and find them very interesting. But as I have a letter of thanks to write, I must not dwell longer on this subject. I must, I think, tell you my trouble, and why I should thank our boys of 249, Calumet Lodge.

My husband was overtaken, in July, with nervous prostration and pain around the heart of neuralgic character. I was away in New York, and they telegraphed me to come home. He was not able to work till the weather was cool; and not only our boys of the B. of L. F., but engineers, and all our friends, were very kind and helped my mother care for him till I came home. And as we have had sickness, more than less, changing the expression a little, for over three years, we had no bank account and one of the B. of L. E., Mr. Christopher Schron, presented him with forty dollars from friends, and after about six weeks or less the B. of L. F. boys of 249 gave him forty dollars, and how like a Godsend it came, for he had worked just seven days and that morning I had asked him to fix the curtain so it would roll up and as he was getting down his foot slipped from the little foot board on the high chair and he fell, his whole weight striking his breast almost at the base of his lungs on the back of the high chair and I thought he was killed. He caught his breath again after a few minutes but was not able to go to work again for a long time and I was ill then and am still too ill to be out of bed. You will know how kind our friends have been and why we are very grateful to them all and join in thanking them great and small, for kindness. Even our babies, we have three, have learned to be thankful to these dear friends.

Mrs. Lillian Keeter.

AUTUMN.

The autumn leaves all brown and sere,
 Lie crushed beneath our tread,
 The flowers that bloomed in summer time,
 Are withered now and dead.
 The chilly winds, whose low, sad wail,
 Falls on the listening ear—
 The dead leaves rustling on the ground
 Proclaim the autumn here.

The robin that so sweetly sang,
 In summer days now gone,
 Has taken flight, where in fairer climes
 He warbles forth his song;
 The leaflets on the maple boughs,
 Are touched with golden sheen—
 The sumach's fruit is red where once
 It hung in clusters green.

I wait and watch in a weary way,
 For the autumn of life to come,
 Like autumn winds it will bring decay,
 When the summer of life is done;
 The hoary frost and winter snow,
 Will follow the autumn blast
 That has chilled the vigor of manhood's years,
 And a blight on age has cast.

I watch and wait for a day that must come,
 When I shall hear the Master's call
 That shall summon me hence to that land of rest,
 To that heavenly home for all;
 And I muse with tears on the fleeting years,
 That have brought decay in their train,
 While the autumn winds sing a mournful dirge—
 A sorrowful, sad refrain.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, Oct. 14, 1890.

[Mrs. Bloom's poetry is acceptable in all seasons, but she must remember that articles for the *Magazine* do not appear for two months after they are written. Her spring poem must be prepared in February. This may require some effort of the imagination, but that will be an easy thing for a poet.—Ed.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., November 11, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have reason to believe that many of the brothers read our "Woman's Department," and I would like to ask, how many of them like pie and cake? How many of them remember the pie and cake which their mothers made, and how many of them would ever have married if they had had to give up all pie and cake, and live on meat, potatoes, sauer kraut and pickles? I fancy I hear each one exclaim and say that he would stay with mother, and do without a wife if he had to live that way and do without pie and cake.

But, my dear brothers, you are married, and that dear, little wife of yours makes just as nice pie and cake as your mother ever did. Her doughnuts are just as sweet; her pie crust just as tender, and her cake just as good. She does all for you that your mother ever did, and so far as work is concerned she does more. Your mother washed your little pants; your wife washes those dirty, gray overalls of yours; she takes care not only of you, but of your children; she is everything to you; wife, companion, nurse, seamstress, washwoman, scrubwoman, cook, and general helper to you and your children, and do you ever give her a piece of pie and cake?

O stop. This pie and cake is not made of such stuff as fills your dinner bucket. Almost any woman can make that, and give you a good dinner, but you and you only can give that dear wife of yours the pie and cake for which she is starving. She had plenty of it when she was a girl. Her father's affectionate words; her mother's loving kiss; her brother's proud glances; and her sister's sweet confidences. Those were her pie and cake from which you took her. Then later on the little pieces that you gave her; that stolen kiss; that little pressure of the hand;

those little, loving, nothings were all so sweet to her. Do you remember that first kiss, a lover's kiss? How long has it been since with your two strong arms around her, you have given her a loving husband's kiss? You told her then that she would be a dear, little wife. How long has it been since you told her that she is a dear, little wife? You told her then that she would make you happy. How long has it been since you told her that she has made you happy? You promised then to love and cherish her. How long has it been since you have loved and cherished her with fond, loving words? Do not think that the honor of having your name, of raising your children, and the privilege of making your pie and cake end your obligations. Just as you need a good dinner every day, Sunday included, with plenty of pie and cake, just so your dear wife needs loving words, and kind attentions from you every day, and plenty of them, and they do not cost you nearly the labor that your pie and cake costs her to make.

Try it, brothers if you have been thoughtless in this matter. Give an extra loving kiss and see how her face will brighten up; it will lighten her burdens, and not end there. The next day when you are thundering along on the road, with the remembrance of that kiss on her lips she will clasp her child in her arms, and with tears of joy in her eyes, in her ecstasy she will cry out "O, darling, your papa loves me! He loves me!"

Perhaps I hear some of you say that your wife has all the pie and cake that she could wish. Blessed indeed is she, and doubly blessed is the wife and mother who gets a large share from both husband and children. Brothers, with the beginning of the new year, don't forget to give, each one, his dear wife a loving share of pie and cake.

A Fireman's Mother.

[A happy, timely and valuable suggestion. Many a woman who reads this department is starving for such sweetmeats and confections as our correspondent refers to.—Ed.]

ROODHOUSE, ILL., Nov. 10, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I always read the *Firemen's Magazine*, and always read the *Woman's Department*, I thought I would write a few lines, and express my opinion of waiting on a man. My ideas of waiting on a man don't go very far. I always try to be at home when my husband comes, always try to have something good to eat, his clothes always mended and clean for him to put on. We have been married three years, and I have never blacked his shoes yet. A man will always find time to go down town, and I think it only detains them a little longer to polish their shoes. When a man feels badly and tired he "lays off," and in the meantime he does nothing but eat and sleep, and lie around on the couch, or go down town. I want to ask the ladies, does the time ever come when you lay off and do nothing, and if you sit up all night with a sick baby who takes your place the next day?

Husbands speak kind words to your wives as you did in your courtship days, and when you come home leave some of the cares behind you; come home with a smile on your face. It always takes two to make a bargain. A wife cannot make a home happy if her husband don't help her.

I will give you a receipt for a fruit cake. A cup of butter, two of white sugar, one of milk, four of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, nine eggs, beaten separately, one pound of raisins, half pound of currants, a quarter pound of citron. Cream, butter and sugar together, add milk gradually, then the beaten yolks and lastly, while stirring in the flour, add the whites. Flavor with vanilla and lemon. Have chopped raisins or seeded raisins, have citron sliced thin, wash and dry currants, before using flour all fruit slightly. In putting the cake in the pan put a layer of cake, and sprinkle some of the three kinds of fruit and so on till all is used. Always finish off with a thin layer of cake. Bake in moderate oven for two hours. Tested by many and never failed.

Minna.

WHAT IS LOVE ?

Love's no irregular device.

No sudden start of raging pain
Which in a moment grows a fire,
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer

That sings of darts, despair and chains,
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear
He wants not heart alone, but brains.

Nor does it centre in the beau

Who sighs by rule, by order dies;
Whose all consists in outward show,
And want of art by dress supplies.

No: love is something so divine

Description would but make it less;

'Tis what I feel, but can't define;

'Tis what I know, but can't express.

Elta Witt.

THE FARM KITCHEN.

Editor Woman's Department:

The farm kitchen, what an awful amount of rubbish and gush is written about it. Sentimentalists quote Whittier's touching description of building the huge kitchen fire, how the rude, old-fashioned room burst flower-like into rosy bloom; the apples, nuts, and mug of cider between the andirons straddling feet—and mighty fine reading it is, too, as you sit toasting your feet on the warm rug before a glowing grate while "the storm raged on." But the Prohibs, the Drs. and the law have proved there is death in the mug, tho' they have still left us the apples and the nuts. But the poet didn't have to tell how many times they turned to warm the other side, nor how soon that fire burned down and had to be replenished with snow encrusted logs, nor how chilly the home was until the fresh fuel caught, nor how disagreeable was the melting snow on floor and hearth, nor how many times his mothersaid, "Boys, I wish thee would not carry in so much snow." How long would a farmer's wood lot stand such a drain now, to say nothing of having to hire a man to do the chopping. It's all right and very picturesque for a wealthy city man to build his country house with a sixteen foot fire place, as I read of the other day, to drive out the damp of summer, but he takes care to flit back to his furnace before he is "snow bound." But for a farm journal to advocate a big kitchen is little short of heresy. Our grandmothers could afford to keep such an instrument of torture; they always had a remarkable hired girl, or rather kind friend, that lived with them from choice, did all the cleaning, turned a cold shoulder to all aspirants for her hand, and when she got too old to be slightly, vanished, like Mr. Haggard's "She." But in these modern days hired help reminds one of the dissolving views that used to be on exhibition, "they cost too much and are too hard to keep." Tho' I never had one that I wasn't glad to say as I bidd her a hurried good bye, "God be with you till we meet again" (equivalent to an everlasting benediction). Who wants to spend all the time scouring the floor and keeping the stone jar full of doughnuts?

My ideal of a farm kitchen is a square room; so you won't have to walk so far, but too small to spread the dining table in; furnished with a good stove, not too large nor too much adorned with extras, either coal or wood for winter, an oil stove for summer, no buttery, two large cupboards, windows galore, and as many other conveniences, as one can command, not forgetting a dumb waiter to the cellar; but no lounge, as I do not intend to stay there one minute longer than I have to. As for eating in it, nothing would induce me to; I'd sooner cook in an open shed the year round, for I despise the steam and smell of cooking and think a fresh room to eat in much healthier, and I have yet to see the first hired man that, instead of rushing from the hot kitchen before he had swallowed the last bite, did not tip his chair and look around the cool, neat dining room with an air of satisfaction. He might not have been able to tell the reason, perhaps he was not clearly conscious that a cheap fruit piece adorned the wall, a lambrequin the mantle shelf, or that it was only

cheese cloth that fell in such pretty folds as the cool breeze lifted them from the open window, but he felt it all the same. I don't believe in parlors, but I do believe in dining rooms, drawing rooms, sitting room, music room, library, or whatever name it may have, but do let the big, roomy farm kitchen go with the loom and spinning wheel, that did often occupy an honored corner in the olden time. But to supplement my ideal kitchen there must be a good out house where butchering, washing, soap making, etc., can be carried on.

Joanna Ploughman.

[Very sensible ideas; the big kitchen that compelled miles of walking has had its day.

—Ed.]

DENVER, COLO., NOV. 17, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

We take the *Fireman's Magazine*, and I have just finished reading the November number. I like the *Magazine* better than the *Engineer's Journal*, which we also take, as my husband is a member of the B. of L. E.

It is now 7 o'clock P. M., and my boy has gone out on the road to night, left here just thirty five minutes ago, with a clean suit of overclothes under his arm—bless his dear, brave heart. Sometimes when I see him start off my courage almost fails, and I can hardly refrain from bursting into a flood of tears, but it would do no good, only make my eyes feel dim, and he would go away with the memory of "beauty" in tears, and I am sure the poor boy would be miserable day and night, so I try, to look as happy as possible when he starts out.

A great number of ladies seem to be "putting their heads together" trying to solve the problem, viz: "How to manage a husband." It's my opinion they don't need managing. Any sensible man can manage himself, and make the little woman at home happy too, if they love one another, which they certainly ought to do. My motto is: "Treat your hubby just as you would wish to be treated if you were in his place," and if he is a level-headed man he will treat you just as he would like to be treated were he in your place. They should always show one another the same differential respect that they did before the matrimonial knot was tied. Be attentive, kind to each other, never allow yourself to grow indifferent nor savage. It is just as easy to maintain this respect for one another, as it is to allow yourself to lose it. Always use kind words. Neither need be the other's slave I am sure I don't want to make a mental of my husband, and equally as sure that he has never acted as though he wanted to make one of me, and I am sure none love better than we. I think it the easiest way to manage one another. If manage we must.

I think the article, "Moving the Household Gods and Goods," in November number must touch the heart of every woman that reads it. It is so perfectly true.

Well, as this is my first venture into your bright circle, I must not make this letter too lengthy.

With best wishes and earnest prayers for all the brave boys that shovel coal, as my bonny boy once did, I am ever the fireman's friend,

Vernia.

[Come again.—Ed.]

LOUISIANA, MO., NOV. 4, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

For the past few months I have been an interested reader of your *Magazine*, and I like it very much. I have never seen any communication from any of the lady friends of West End Lodge, No. 18, of which my husband is a member. When he is out on the road I always feel uneasy, but my prayer is that he may return home safe to myself and little one. I think the Woman's Department is grand, and as instructive as it is interesting. I have often thought I would write, but was too timid. If this does not find its way to the waste basket, as it may deserve, I will come again. A fireman's wife and well wisher,

Mrs. H. B. S.

LETTER FROM ASHLAND, WIS.

The Editor takes the privilege of printing the following extract from one of the numerous pleasant letters received from time to time.

In spite of all woman has done and is still doing, and there are many men unable to realize that a woman is their equal. And I really get furious when I hear and read that old story of wives weeping and meekly enduring a man's tantrums.

I fully believe that one theory we have always had lined up to us has caused an endless amount of trouble between married people. I think I can be very patient and brave but I never can smile if I do not feel like smiling, and I see nothing to admire in a woman's grin, and trust I am never guilty of making one. I would like ever so much to have a photograph of yourself and daughter. (Cannot you send me one?) It seems as if the Department grows better every month. I envy you your field of labor. It is grand to be able to influence the army of women who read your sensible articles. Some day I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you. Stranger things have happened.

Winter will soon be here and I dread its coming in the cold region. Mercury drops down almost from eight sometimes but the climate is invigorating and then we have so many sunny days. It is beautiful here in the summer. When next you take a trip around the lakes include old Superior in it and make me a visit.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. M.

ELMIRA, November 23, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I do so enjoy to read the *Firemen's Magazine*. I am the daughter of a fireman and have never ventured to write for any paper or magazine before. I am not married but I may be some time. I have read in the *Magazine* about managing husbands, but I think if you marry the right man, that is, if he truly loves you and you love him the same, he will need no managing at all, and if husband and wife work together they will be very happy.

The pleasures and comforts of home depend mostly upon the woman. She should be neat clean, and busy about her housework and also about herself. She should try as much to look charming to her husband as before their marriage. She should also be saving and let him see that what he earns is taken care of. She should manage her work, as far as possible, so that when he is home she can be free to visit with him and be interested in his work and welfare. When he comes home tired, sleepy and hungry, a warm supper should be awaiting him with many other comforts. She should be very happy and thankful that he is once more safe at home and should meet him with a kiss and a smile. I intend to "practice what I preach," if I ever have the chance. I remain

A Fireman's Friend, Ida.

LARAMIE, WYO., NOV. 8, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

Unless something is heard from Wyoming I fear the readers of this *Magazine* will think as did an English gentleman, who recently asked Mrs. Stanton Blatch, of London, "Is not Wyoming a very insignificant state?" She told them that "It exceeded Great Britain and Ireland in size, and promised to be one of the richest states in the union." To-day the eyes of the world are upon us, for here is being tested in the truest sense, Longfellow's idea.

"As unto the bow the arrow,

So unto man is woman—

Useless each without the other."

In Wyoming no "management" is needed, because of the equality of intellect and rights.

In the last issue of the *Magazine* was a short article on the wonderful uses the Japanese made of paper.

It brings to our mind how nearly indispensable paper is in our every day work.

Nothing so quickly and nicely polishes glasses and mirrors as a piece of soft paper.

If house plants are near a window, instead of mov-

ing them every night, drop a paper bag over each plant and there will be no danger of freezing. When the kitchen stove, in spite of all care, becomes spattered with grease, rubbing with paper removes all evil.

Comforts are both warmer and lighter with a layer of paper between the cotton and covering. Those who suffer from nausea when traveling should try placing a sheet of writing paper across the chest. It is said to possess some magic power through which all sickness is avoided. We have paper under the carpet to protect it. A piece of black paper deftly adjusted mends the hole in the sunshade. Two square pieces of pasteboard, covered with satteen or silk, having between them several dozen slips of paper and hung in a desirable place, are very convenient for the "guide man" of the house when he decides to have himself "and swear and swear and swear."

A pillow for the hammock may be filled with tiny bits of writing paper (a good place to dispose of old letters). This makes a light and cool head rest for the summer. If cake be wrapped in paper before putting away, it retains its freshness much longer. Most any housewife can add to this list.

Now, according to Owen Meredith, "we can live without poetry, music or art, friends, books—anything but 'cooks.'" I will close with this recipe: Rice Soup—Boil two cups of rice till tender, add a cup of seedless raisins, which have been stewed, three pints sweet milk, thicken with two eggs and a teaspoon of cornstarch stirred into a little cold milk. Season with a spoonful of sugar, a bit of butter, salt and pepper. Carefully prepared, this is one of the best of soups. After partaking one can safely say "fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

Excelsior.

[A very good letter. Call again and tell us how the "equality" works in Wyoming. Ed.]

MEMPHIS, November 28, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I am a constant reader of the *Magazine*, and having read so many letters from your charming circle, I have at last summed up courage enough to knock for admission into this same circle.

I do not remember of having ever read about or heard from Ft. Pickering Lodge, No. 206, so I am going to tell you about them. This Lodge is one of the best in the city and is composed of some of the best and truest hearted boys you could find. Lodge No. 206 gave a ball Thanksgiving eve, at the Y. M. H. A. Hall, which of course was a grand success. All of the Brotherhood men, especially Messrs. W. E. Owens, J. J. Quinn, Thos. Hoey and G. A. Robinson, tried to make the evening pass as pleasantly as possible for their friends. The stage in the hall had an engine built on it. When we first arrived at the hall, the curtain was down, but after awhile it raised and there stood Engineer Owens and Fireman Quinn oiling and cleaning their engine, and the conductor was there ready "to take the train out." It is needless to say that this was a beautiful sight.

I will close now, hoping to hear from you soon. I remain,

Yours truly, Ethel Mau,

A Fireman's Sister and a Fireman's Girl.

EAST CLEVELAND (late COLLAMER), OHIO, }
November 3, 1890. }

Editor Woman's Department:

In looking over the *Firemen's Magazine*, I have never seen a word from any of the "old or young" concerning the Nickel Plate Lodge, No. 37. I would be very much pleased to see a letter from Kittie Burrow, as she has a brother that fires the 61.

I was once "stuck" on engine 37, but as there is no familiar face on it any more, it does not attract my attention.

I am the sister-in-law of two firemen on the "Lake Shore," therefore take great interest in everything concerning the Lodges etc.

I like to read your *Magazines*, as there is some very nice reading in them.

Wishing success to the *Magazine* and good luck to the firemen, I am yours truly, Nettie Hatley.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS, NOV. 4, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I ask admittance again. Through the kindness of some good friend I receive the *Magazine* regularly, and honestly, I would rather read it than any other that I have read. I have been entertained, benefited, cheered and comforted by reading the many excellent articles in this Department. It is so nice for the ladies to exchange ideas, but as I have no ideas to exchange, I will be content to take all good advice, but I won't promise you any benefit from my letters. "M. E. J., a fireman's sister," of Clifton, Va., wrote a splendid letter. I would like to correspond with her, especially as she is from Virginia, for my father often speaks of that beautiful state.

My feeble pen can add nothing to what has been said of my native state, Texas. I am proud that I am a Texan, and a country girl, too! I love the country, not only for its pure, fresh air and healthfulness, but also because it produces our grand and noble men, while the women are the standard of purity and strength. It seems that I would tire of the busy, bustling city and long for the sweet air of the country. Texas is a state for all things. We have all kinds of weather, and the soil and climate are adapted to most all kinds of vegetation. All nations under the sun have representatives here, from the high and noble Englishman down to the wandering Arab. Emigration is ruining America, and I trust the day is not far distant when it will be stopped.

I learn that the Alamo Lodge, at Taylor, Tex., will give their semi-annual ball, November 25. Perhaps I will go. I do not dance, but as I have never been to a ball, I may go. I belong to the church—do any of my readers think it will be wrong to go?

We do not play cards in our family. I do not know one card from another. I have six living brothers, and I trust they will all reach a mature age, and know nothing of drinking or playing cards.

Georgetown has no lodge. This town is at the terminus of the I. & G. N. R. R., ten miles north of the main line. We may have a new road through here soon. Taylor is the nearest railroad town, and, indeed, it is a busy, bustling city.

This is election day and, of course, Hogg will be our next governor. He is a friend to the laboring class, but an enemy to the railroad monopolies, trusts, etc. Yours, "Dad a Girl."

[As "M. E. J." did not give her correct name and "Dad's Girl" omitted hers, it is not clear how a correspondence can be arranged, but perhaps both will write again over their correct signatures.—Ed.]

ELDON, IOWA, December 1, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am an earnest reader of the *Magazine*, especially what the women have to say about managing husbands. I think it is a grand insult to our husbands. Not that I have any fault to find with the letters, they all seem to be managing them very well, but have any of you ever read anything about managing wives? No, a woman never could do anything that her husband would put in print anything about managing them. No, sir, they would hide our faults, and they would die before they would tell them to a neighbor. But let your husband be a little cross, every woman in town knows it. Dear sisters, let us pick the mote out of our own eyes. If our husbands do come home a little cross, remember they have been out all night, while we have been in our warm beds; hungry while we have been enjoying a warm breakfast. But finding fault with husbands is something I despise, and if mine should go away and never come back, my mouth should be sealed to his faults.

In regard to card playing, I beg leave to disagree with sister H. C. Perkins. We must draw a line between right and wrong. This grand and glorious government is founded on the Bible. So should our homes be. Card playing belongs to the gambler, drinking to the drunkard, swearing is disobeying God. The three belong to one class of men.

I would like to hear your boys

say they learned to play cards at home? Who wants to hear your boys say they learned to drink at home? Who wants to hear that your boy's last words were an oath? Mothers are responsible for their early training, so keep all appearance of evil out of your homes. One sister says if husband and children are fully satisfied at home, they won't go away from home for amusement. In the first place children can't be satisfied. Take them when babies, you can give them everything to play with all the way from a top to the clock, and they will want something else. I think if a woman will be more contented with what she has, it will keep her family at home. I think a woman is the cause of many a man's ruin. She thinks if her husband draws \$75 a month she can have a plush coat, silk dress and a new hat every three months. Well, it looks like lots of money, but when everything is settled there is not much left. If you are wanting everything new yourself, what can you expect of your girls? Teach your daughters the value of a dollar; have them planning how to earn it, for how can anyone that never earned a dollar know how to spend it? Then if they are so lucky as to get one of those unruly husbands they will know how to take care of his hard earned money.

I will close with best wishes for the Brotherhood
Fannie.

[The Woman's Department must be expected to represent all shades of opinion and we trust no one will be offended at criticism.—Ed.]

MEDICINE HAT, N. W. T., CANADA, NOV. 5, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

It is with pleasure I take up my pen to write these few lines for the *Firemen's Magazine*. It is a splendid book, and I like it more every time I read it. As I am writing this, I hear the familiar whistle of engine No. 146, coming down the hill. I guess the fireman and engineer are glad to reach the Hat again, to have a little rest. I should think the poor firemen have a hard time of it shovelling the "black diamonds." We have some fine engines here; they have been repairing some of them lately. Engine No. 155 has just come out of the shops and she looks very nice now. They all look nice and clean when they go out, and the firemen well may be proud of them; I know one, in particular, who is, when his engine is all cleaned up. My brother, as I have said before, is a fireman, but I have not the pleasure of seeing his engine, as he does not run out of here. We have been having beautiful weather here up till now, and it is snowing to night. There is a fine reading-room being erected in connection with the English Church here. As the Woman's Department is not so crowded now, I hope this will find a space in it. I will now close, with God bless the noble boys of the B. of L. F.

I remain, a fireman's sister,
Helen Beatrice Miller.

WINFIELD, KAN., NOV. 16, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am still an interested reader of the *Magazine* and read the letter in the last *Magazine* signed "Bell" with pleasure. I think her idea of exchanging patterns for fancy work and receipts a good one, and as I have a good receipt for washing fluid I will send it to you. One pound of Vebblitt's potash, in five quarts of boiling water. When nearly cold add two ounces salt of tartar and two ounces of ammonia. Directions for using: Soak the clothes over night, and to a boiler of clothes add a cupful of the fluid and a half a bar of soap cut up in the water. Put the clothes on in cold water and let them come to a boil. Wash through the suds they are boiled in and rinse through two waters and they are ready to hang out. When putting more clothes on to boil always cool the water and add more soap and fluid. The ladies will find this will save them a great deal of labor in washing, and I would judge it would be a useful article in washing their husband's overclothes.

Wishing the B. of L. F. success, I remain
A Fireman's Sister, Little

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

More than a decade of years has passed since I became a member of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, my induction into the office of Grand Secretary and Treasurer having occurred July 16, 1880, and at the same date I became the Editor and Manager of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*. These honorable and responsible positions were conferred upon me by Grand Master F. W. Arnold. At Chicago, in September, 1880, I was elected for one year to fill an unexpired term. At Boston in 1881, I was elected Grand Secretary and Treasurer and Editor and Manager of the *Magazine* for a term of three years. At Toronto, in 1884, I was elected to the same offices for a term of two years. At Minneapolis, in 1886, I was again elected to the offices named for a term of two years. At Atlanta, in 1888, I was again elected for a term of two years, and at San Francisco, in September, 1890, I was again elected Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and Editor and Manager of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*; in all, six times I have been, without an opposing candidate, or the loss of a single vote, the recipient of the unwavering confidence of the Brotherhood.

Such exhibitions of unflagging trust in one who had no claims upon the Brotherhood, whose duties as a member of the Order had been confined to the narrow limits of one Lodge, have from the first burdened me with a sense of gratitude, which defies all words at my command to express.

How well I have met the obligations which such faith in my rectitude imposed, is a matter for others to debate. But this may be said, that when I entered the Grand Lodge, the Order was bankrupt and had about 2,000 members. It is now rich in financial resources and can boast of more than 20,000 members. When I entered the Grand Lodge the *Magazine* had 3,500 subscribers. Since then its monthly editions have expanded to 33,000 copies.

In saying this, I am not so foolish as to intimate, that it has been because of my connection with the Order—and the statement is made simply to show the splendid growth of the Order—and to emphasize the fact, that with this growth, the duties of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and the duties of the Editor and Manager of the *Magazine*, have even more than proportionately increased, grown to a *sum total* of responsibility, of mental and physical wear and tear, which leaves little, indeed, no time at all for recreation or recuperation. It is one ceaseless demand upon mental and physical energies, which, if discarded one day, only doubles the burden for the next, and this sapping of the vital forces, like Tennyson's brook—"goes on forever."

Having reached the accepted "half way station" in the years allotted to man—"three score and ten"—and other and less exacting business pursuits offering, I have come to the unalterable conclusion, during my present official term to surrender all the trusts committed to my hands, to the Brotherhood, and retire from all official positions in the Order.

It must not be understood that this conclusion has been arrived at without a mental pang of regret. Ten years of uninterrupted fellowship with thousands of brothers beloved, cannot be broken off without producing in susceptible minds feelings of sadness, and in a special sense is this true when, as in my case, these associations have been fruitful of personal satisfactions of boundless proportions.

Between myself and the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen not so much as one incident has occurred to dampen my ardor for its success; to abate my devotion to its principles, or to weaken my fraternal friendship and good will for my brothers of the scoop and throttle, and whatever fate or fortune may have in store for me, the members of the Brotherhood, one and all, will have a warm place in my heart until its pulsations cease.

As I have said, during my present term I shall resign the positions I now hold, nor will I, under any conceivable circumstances, be a candidate for re-election for any other office in the gift of the Order.

Having determined to go into other business, I have deemed it prudent to make this early announcement of my purpose for a variety of reasons, the more important of which is that it enables the Brotherhood without unnecessary haste, to select from the great number of competent members the one most likely to meet the onerous requirements of the positions.

I have no desire to magnify the duties of the offices which I shall resign, nor will I underestimate their importance. Closely identified with the duties they imposed for

more than ten consecutive years, my conviction is that the Brotherhood will esteem it a favor to have ample time for deliberation.

As through the *Magazine*, or otherwise, opportunities will offer to refer to this subject again if required, I close by subscribing myself, in all that fraternity means, the Brotherhood's friend and well wisher,

Eugene V. Debs.

BIENNIAL CONVENTIONS.

At the late convention of the B. of R. T., held at Los Angeles, Cal., it was voted to submit to the membership of the Order, a proposition, substituting biennial for annual conventions.

The movement we regard as specially wise and prudent, from a number of considerations.

At the Minneapolis convention, held in 1886, the B. of L. F. decided to hold biennial, instead of annual conventions. It was an experiment, but there were cogent reasons for making the change, and though four years have passed since the innovation was decided upon, there has never been an objection to the change, on the contrary, the departure from the old order of things has grown steadily in favor with the Order, and any movement looking towards annual conventions would be regarded as simply preposterous.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen saw very distinctly that financially, annual conventions were a great burden, each costing the membership not less than \$40,000, and when the matter was subjected to investigation, it became transparently clear, that some method should be devised to save a portion of this large outlay.

Necessarily the investigation prompted the inquiry—are annual conventions expedient? are they required for the good of the Order? and if so, what are the reasons? It is not to be presumed that the old order of things was given up without a struggle, but the logic was on the side of biennial conventions, and the new departure was adopted.

As we have said, an annual convention costs not less than \$40,000. Since 1886, the B. of L. F. has had two conventions instead of four, and has saved thereby \$80,000, and, since neither Locomotive Firemen nor Railroad Trainmen find dollars growing on bushes, the saving of \$80,000 in four years, \$20,000 a year, is an argument that working-men can afford to heed.

But the question naturally and legitimately arises, Has any interest of the B. of L. F. suffered because of the change? We know of none, not one. On the contrary, we believe that it is the universal conclusion that every interest has been promoted.

It may be said with prudence, that an organization, in its initial years, should hold its conventions once a year. It is then or-

ganizing, feeling its way. The members, to use a phrase, "are getting the hang of the school house," getting acquainted with each other, mapping out policies, methods, laws, etc., but this once accomplished, the necessity for annual conventions ceases.

We commend the movement of the B. of R. T., because the B. of L. F. has found that biennial conventions, in the full-st measure, answer every requirement and are in fact a decided improvement over annual conventions.

And here it may be said that nearly all the States in the American Union hold biennial sessions. States have found that with annual sessions, there was a lack of stability in the laws; that what one Legislature enacted, a succeeding Legislature could amend or repeal, and that as a result, little, too little, time was afforded, to test either the efficiency or deficiency of a statute, and as a consequence the people were always in a state of unrest and uncertainty, since it often occurred that by the time a law began to be understood, it was repealed, or modified.

What is true of States, is equally true of organizations. The principle underlying the question is in both cases the same—as the case now stands with the B. of L. F., the laws stand for two years. The Lodges become familiar with them, the membership have ample time to test and to discuss them, to note their workings and decide upon them understandingly.

We imagine, if the B. of R. T. decides to hold biennial conventions, the Order will never go back to annual conventions nor for a moment tolerate such a proposition. So far as the B. of L. F. is concerned, it votes for biennial conventions unanimously.

HOTEL DEL MONTE.

At Monterey, Cal., a tourists' home, called the "Hotel del Monte," has been built for the accommodation of guests. Monterey is the most famous seaside resort in California, or, for that matter, on the Pacific Coast. The Hotel del Monte is the finest hostelry in the Pacific States, outside of San Francisco. It is built in modern Gothic style, and the grounds which surround it, 106 acres, are enclosed and are beautifully wooded. The hotel accommodates 400 guests, and is in all regards equal to the best in any land.

We are indebted to Mr. A. N. Towne, General Manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, for a magnificent picture of the Hotel del Monte, which includes the matchless scenery that surrounds the building. The Southern Pacific enables tourists to reach Monterey, where the climate and the sea-bathing are so health-giving that thousands go there to renew their youth. The picture is fully six feet long, and is a gem which we prize highly.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

Unprecedented Increase of Membership.

The purpose of this article is to give the membership of the Order, a clear conception of its recent unexampled growth, a matter in which every member of the Order takes the liveliest interest. In making this showing, let it be distinctly understood that we deal in actual facts, which, were it required, could be verified by affidavits—in a word the figures do not lie—and they relate to active members in good standing, and do not include honorary members. The following shows the membership on the dates named and the gain:

May 1, 1890, membership	17,842	
Aug. 1, " "	18,637	
Gains		815
Aug. 1, 1890, membership	18,637	
Nov. 1, " "	19,770	
Gains		1,113
Total gains in six months		1,928
A monthly average of		321.3

This gain is over and above all deaths, withdrawals and expulsions, it is *absolutely* a *net gain*. If this rate of gain is maintained for twenty-four months, up to August 1st, 1892—and there is no good reason why it may not be maintained—it will show an increase of 7,880, in which case the total *actual* membership at that date would be 35,557.

Now then it must be apparent to the most superficial thinker, that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has so legislated, has adopted such laws and policies as to meet in the largest degree practicable, the requirements of Locomotive Firemen.

The Brotherhood lays no claim to infallibility, it does not assume perfection, it indulges in no vain boasting, it simply solves such problems as exigencies force upon it, as it has ability, but it has a right to boast, as the figures and facts warrant, that it has been so fortunate in managing its affairs as to win the approval and confidence of Locomotive Firemen.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has the best insurance scheme known to any labor organization, and its laws relating to the payment of dues to meet death and disability emergencies cannot, we verily believe, be improved. And say what we may, when questions relating to finances, the *paying in* and the *paying out*, are satisfactorily solved, the Order, which is so fortunate, has laid the foundation of permanency, that only *high treason* to obligations can disturb. All other matters, however important, are comparatively unimportant.

The figures we have submitted demonstrate not only that our Brotherhood is on the high road of prosperity, but that its membership has an abiding confidence in the principles it advocates, and that locomotive firemen who are still out are flock-

ing to its standard and becoming members.

Such is the outlook, January 1, 1891, and it is a cheering prospect. The *Magazine* congratulates the Brotherhood; it felicitates each member in all our Lodges. We are pulling together; in every good word and work, we are a unit.

We appreciate federation, and with a loyalty that knows no variableness nor shadow of turning, we stand by, first, last and all the time, in shine and storm, our brothers of the Federated Orders.

Nor is this all. We have words of cheer for every organization of workmen, without regard to name, and as we can, we will do them good. Such is our order on January 1, 1891. As we write, its skies are bright; but let it be remembered that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty!"

DRAMATIC.

Chauncey Mephistopheles Depew, is always as spectacular as a trick mule of a circus. He loves to tell of wonders of which he is the central figure. Amidst the awfully sublime wonders of the Alps or the Andes, should Chauncey Mephistopheles take them in when taking an "outing" he would expect beholders to notice him more particularly than Chimborazo or Mount Blanc. Were he in Yellowstone Park, he would want to be known as the greatest geyser, and standing beside Pike's Peak, he would like to have it rated as a gopher hill compared with his own towering grandeur. Chauncey rates himself as A. 1., and don't you forget it.

In telling of his popularity as a politician, he is a Munchausen of superior ability. As an instance, he related the following scene which he said occurred at Chicago:

Chauncey Mephistopheles was a candidate for the presidential nomination, and got most beautifully knocked out. The news of his defeat, Mephistopheles would have the world believe, knocked railroad employes silly.

Mephistopheles, lays the scene in his room in a Chicago hotel. He is alone with his great thoughts; his great schemes had gone where the woodbine twineth and the whangdoodle mourneth. His ambitions, like a car load of shooting crackers in a collision, had exploded. The mighty measures he was going to recommend to Congress in his message, had taken to their heels and gone under like prairie dogs. He was alone. He was walking up and down, hands clasped behind him, and head bowed. At this supreme juncture, a locomotive fireman, just from the cab, with his working clothes on, with all the grime of his work on hands and face, unannounced and uninvited, and with dinner bucket in hand rushed in upon Chauncey Mephistopheles and putting his arms around him, sobs like a water plug because Chauncey Mephistopheles Depew had

been knocked out. This locomotive fireman hugged and bewailed—bewailed and embraced. He deplored the ruin that would come upon the country because Mephistopheles had lost the nomination.

Such balderdash, Mephistopheles tells of himself, and expects railroad employes to believe it. As a matter of course, such trash, such drivel and drivel could only be expected by a man who conjures up a "shoemaker" to precipitate a strike on the New York Central, and who makes an imaginary committee of workmen say to him "we propose to break up the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers."

It will be observed that Mephistopheles never gives names or locations in reciting his wonderful experiences. How stupid he must imagine workmen to be to try to palm off such flapdoodle upon them, in order that he may more successfully administer his taffy. According to this same trafficker in fairy tales, one is required to "spend two nights on a sleeping car" to travel from New York to Pittsburg.

MAGAZINE PRIZES FOR 1890.

Late in 1889, it was decided to offer Magazine Agents, two valuable prizes as an incentive to obtain *paid up* subscriptions, during the year 1890, the lists to be perfected on the first day of December, 1890, when the awards would be made.

This has been done, and the piano and the gold watch have been forwarded to the two fortunate agents.

These two efficient agents are Bro. Charles W. Maier, member of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, Parsons, Kansas, and Bro. S. W. Seelinger, member of Mount Ouray Lodge, No. 140, Salida, Colorado.

Neither of these cities is large, but the Magazine Agents named are *large*—that is to say, they are equal to the tasks, they undertake to accomplish. They are fruitful in resources, zealous and tireless. They went in to win, and succeeded. The following table shows the splendid work they performed:

NAME OF AGENT	No. of Lodge.	Prizes.	SUB- SCRIBERS.			Total, equal to yearly subscribers.	Amount (Cash paid.
			Yearly.	6 months.	3 months.		
Chas. W. Maier.	24	Piano	97 25	399 51	328		\$328 00
S. W. Seelinger.	140	Gold watch	130 19	...	144 1/4		124 00

It will be observed that while Bro. Maier's subscriptions are equal to 328 yearly subscribers he obtained for the Magazine 572

subscribers, and Bro. Seelinger 149 subscribers—the total for the two being 721 subscribers.

There are 430 Lodges of our Brotherhood. Now, suppose the Magazine Agents had worked as zealously to extend the circulation of the *Magazine* as did Bro. Maier, then in that case, the subscription would have amounted to 235,900; or, if they had matched Bro. Seelinger's zeal, the subscriptions would have gone up to 64,070. But, suppose each had obtained fifty subscribers, which we assume could have been done, or that that average could easily have been secured, then the subscriptions for the year would have been 21 500.

There were two other brothers, Magazine Agents, who did good work for the *Magazine* and are deserving of honorable mention. We refer to Bro. Charles Cowdrick, of Just in Time Lodge, No. 149, of New York, and Bro. G. W. Adams, of Robert Andrews Lodge, No. 165, of Andrews, Ind. Tabulated, their record is as follows:

NAME OF AGENT.	No. of Lodge.	SUBSCRIBERS.			Total, equal to Yearly Subscribers	Amount Paid.
		Yearly.	6 Months.	3 Months.		
Chas. Cowdrick	149	169 1	5	...	174 3/4	\$33 00
G. W. Adams	165	88	2 102	...	140 1/2	114 75

It will be observed that had Bro. Cowdrick forwarded the subscription price of the *Magazine* for which he obtained subscribers. \$174.75, he would have been entitled to the GOLD WATCH, and it will be noticed further that Bro. Adams fell below Bro. Seelinger only \$9.25, and now comes the sum total of subscribers obtained by those four active Magazine Agents. The record is well worth preserving.

Bro. Maier	572
Bro. Seelinger	149
Bro. Cowdrick	175
Bro. Adams	192

Total 1,088

We congratulate these brothers most heartily. They have done a noble work, which we appreciate, a noble work for the Order in extending the circulation of its official organ, than which, and we say it with becoming modesty, there is none more worthy of support.

The Piano which has been forwarded to Bro. Maier, at Parsons, Kansas, is a superb. Upright instrument, from the great manufacturing house of Kranich & Bach, New York, and was purchased through the

agency of L. Küssner, proprietor of the "Palace of Music," Terre Haute, Ind., and we hope that the home of Bro. Maier will for many years, be made joyous by its superb tones.

The Gold Watch, forwarded to Bro. Seenger, will mark the fleeting hours as they pass, whether out on a run, attending the lodge meeting, or "tripping the light fantastic" at an annual ball.

From the foregoing, a splendid lesson may be learned. Our Agents can, if they will, roll up for the present volume, which begins with this number, a splendid subscription list. Will you do it, brothers?

The *Magazine* is worthy of your best efforts. Begin the work early, and keep at it. Your labors will cheer the Editor in the exhaustive drudgery of his work, and nerve up his energies to make the *MAGAZINE* still more worthy of the high encomiums it receives—not only from Brotherhood Firemen but from all who peruse its pages.

RAILWAY OFFICE EMPLOYEES.

The first annual session of the National Brotherhood of Railway Office Employés was held at Evansville, Ind., October 26, 1890, at which time a constitution, a code of laws and special rules were adopted, to take effect November 15, 1890, so that now the new order is under full headway, having the following grand officers:

B. M. Hopkins, Grand Chief Director, Fort Branch, Ind.

J. W. Luther, Assistant Grand Director, Olney, Ill.

W. W. Casto, Grand Chief Secretary and Treasurer, Washington, Ind.

W. S. Sears, Grand Chief Organizer, Princeton, Ind.

N. M. Drennon, Grand Senior Director, New Pittsburg, Ind.

W. W. Chance, Grand Junior Director, Terre Haute, Ind.

E. B. Gunckel, Grand Inside Watchman, Petersburg, Ind.

A. W. Grizzle, Grand Outside Watchman, Evansville, Ind.

A. G. Matthews, Grand Chaplain, Newton, Ill.

This new order starts out with the following declaration of the purposes in view:

Recognizing the fact that unorganized labor is not appreciated at its true value, and that some means must be taken to effect said recognition, we now offer to the railroad station agents, train dispatchers, telegraph operators and clerks the National Brotherhood of Railway Office Employés, believing that it will supply a long felt want.

Our purpose is to raise the standard of services in our departments, protect our rights, defend our members, assist a brother in distress, to better our morals, and to advance our interests both morally and financially—effecting, if possible, a kindlier feeling between employer and employé.

The latest compilation at hand of the

railroad employés of the country, gives totals as follows:

Station agents	58,037
Other station men	30,958
Telegraph operators and dispatchers	16,937
General office clerks	24,171
Total	130,098

It will be observed that the National Brotherhood of Railway Office Employés contemplates organizing this vast army of men under its banners. The idea is grand. They ought to be organized. Their interests demand it and evidently the new brotherhood has an important mission. That it has come to stay we do not doubt. There is a place for it and a field for it, and this *Magazine* wishes it the largest possible measure of success.

Any desired information can be had by addressing the Grand Chief Director, Mr. B. M. Hopkins, at Fort Branch, Ind. He is a gentleman whose views relating to the importance of organization are fully abreast of the times, and he is determined to give the new brotherhood the benefit of his time and his talents.

MACHINE WOODWORKERS.

We have on our table, No. 1, Vol. I, of the *Machine Woodworker*, the "official journal of the Machine Woodworkers' International Union of America," published at Denver, Colo., by Thomas J. Kidd. In its "introductory" the *Machine Woodworker* says:

Agitation and education are absolutely necessary for the organization of a class of producers who, by their apathy and neglect, have allowed themselves to glide to the lowest possible position of all the mechanical callings, and whose future, consequently, appears not of the brightest under existing conditions. It therefore behooves us to make strenuous efforts to create among machine woodworkers a greater interest in the welfare of our craft, and this can be done more effectually through the medium of a trade paper than by any other means we know of.

The declaration that "agitation and education are absolutely essential" to arouse machine woodworkers, applies with equal force to every other class of workmen, and whenever, or wherever man is found, opposing "agitation" in labor affairs, no matter who he is, he is in league with the oppressors of workmen—in league with corporations and trusts and the millionaire fraternity, all of which devise schemes to grow rich from the earnings of labor unrighteously withheld.

This *Magazine*, hails with special satisfaction the advent of every new labor paper. May they continue to increase in number and influence, until the labor literature of the country shall be equal, aye, superior to that of the subsidized press which ceaselessly magnifies labor's mistakes and dwarfs its rights and interests.

This *Magazine* wishes the *Machine Woodworker* all anticipated success, from No. 1, to the end of a hundred volumes.

THE GREAT DEAL.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams is no longer President of the Union Pacific, Mr. Sidney Dillon now having possession of the gavel and the President's private palace car. Mr. Jay Gould would have it that way. Of late quite as much has been said of Jay Gould as of Sitting Bull. Mr. Gould instituted, some time ago, in Wall street, a ghost dance in all regards wilder, more weird and frenzied than anything of the kind the red man has inaugurated. The bulls and the bears, in many instances, danced themselves to death. Some called it a "shearing frolic," in which Mr. Gould played shearer, greatly to his satisfaction. It went so far that Mr. Rufus Hatch, "Uncle Rufus," declared in Boston, where he was interviewed, that Jay Gould was the "Messiah of Wall street."

Mr. Hatch is a great admirer of Mr. Gould and says that such epithets as "pirate" and "Wizard," applied to Mr. Gould, do him great wrong. In the interview reported from Boston, Mr. Hatch is reported as saying:

Everybody on the street looks on Jay Gould today as a savior. He came to the rescue of the market when it was in a pretty bad condition, and set things right. I get it from the best authority that Jay Gould had \$19,000,000 locked up outside of the banks. When you come to deduct \$19,000,000 from the bank account of New York you make a pretty big hole. Money was tight—tighter than a drum. There were three or four big houses—it isn't necessary to mention any names—that had lots of railroad stock, among which was a good deal of Union Pacific. These houses had to have money. They had to trade, treat or travel, as the phrase goes. One house did actually fail. These people had the kind of goods that Mr. Gould wanted. He bought it in large quantities. He bought Union Pacific stock in job lots. By a combination of himself, Russell Sage, C. P. Huntington, Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Company, and others, 400,000 shares of railroad stock were bought up. Mr. Gould has the Union Pacific. Everybody on the street seems to know that.

Mr. Gould's ambition, continued Mr. Hatch, is to be the greatest railway man of the world. That's what he lives and works and thinks for, and he is now the greatest railway man in this country. You see Mr. Gould has been working this thing up for two or three years. One of his plans is to do as Commodore Vanderbilt did, build up an immense fortune and power and leave it to his son. Mr. Gould will rest in peace in his grave if he knows that his son George is carrying on the work that he built up. George Gould will be what Bill Vanderbilt was when his father died. The combination now between Gould and Huntington and the other parties to the arrangement is pretty perfect. Mr. Gould has either already secured or he will secure the control of Rock Island. He hasn't anything to fear from the Vanderbilts, because they never cut rates, and they take care of their property. The same can be said of the Burlington and Quincy, and Huntington, who is with Gould, represents the control of the Southern and Central systems.

Such talk is mighty interesting reading to railroad men, but not as important as when Mr. Gould concludes to talk for publication himself, and this he has done lately with more than ordinary freedom.

What we desire in making reference to Mr. Gould, is to show our readers that he is strongly in favor of the federation of rail-

road systems for the purpose of advancing and maintaining rates. On November 26th Mr. Gould was interviewed in Boston, and among other declarations of his at the time, the following was telegraphed over the country as a part of the interview:

"It has been assumed, Mr. Gould, that your taking possession of the Union Pacific has for its object a coalition of the interests of the roads west of the Missouri?"

"That is true: I am a firm believer in concentration, and all my investments in the West latterly have had that object in view. The rates in the West have been exceedingly low. You would be surprised to see the depth to which figures have fallen. This has all resulted from unnecessary competition. By concentrating the roads under one general management, not only may a large saving be made in operating and executive expenses, but the dangers occurring from rate-cutting may be entirely done away with."

The foregoing foreshadows coming events. The point now made is to advance rates by an alliance of a large number of roads. We do not say the next move will be to make money by a reduction of wages, but such a contingency would not be remarkable, and the federation of the roads, if such a course should be adopted, would be relied on to achieve success.

If federation is good for the railroads, and Mr. Gould is clearly of the opinion that it is a desideratum, it must be good for the organizations of employes, and Mr. Gould indefinitely strengthens the arguments that have been advanced from time to time in favor of federation as it exists under the laws of the Supreme Council.

It is well for railroad workmen to note with care what is going on in the councils of railroad magnates. Money talks, and when it does talk, it is well enough to take notes.

"OLD FAITHFUL."

We are under many obligations to Mr. Wm. S. Mellen, general manager of the Northern Pacific, for a superb picture of "Old Faithful," one of the renowned geysers of Yellowstone Park. Those who have read descriptions of the unparalleled grandeur and beauty of the scenery of the park, have not failed to note the fact that "Old Faithful" is not eccentric in its movements, but is always doing its best to please tourists who visit this particular part of our national wonderland. And now that the Northern Pacific enables tourists to see "Old Faithful" throw a column of water 150 feet high, surrounded by the "Beehive," the "Giant-ess," the "Grand," and spouters of less merit, all doing duty for the gratification of beholders, the conclusion is that visitors will annually increase in numbers.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way towards the value of the thing itself.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Order Held in the City of Detroit, Commencing December 8th, 1890—The Delegates Welcomed to the City by Acting Mayor Hon. S. A. Gregg—President Gompers' Address.

REPORTS AND ACTION OF THE CONVENTION ON SOCIAL-ETHIC MATTERS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

The tenth annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in the city of Detroit, Mich., was a most notable event in the current history of labor organizations in the United States.

However ancient may be the history of trades unions, guilds, or whatever name was adopted, the movement resulting in the American Federation of Labor is of recent date, and the rapid strides made to greatness and influence is one of the marvels of the times. A writer in the *Chicago Times*, who has given the matter special attention, says:

The dawn appeared November 15, 1881, when 107 delegates, representing nearly 125,000 workers, met in convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., and established the "Federation of Organized Trade and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada." At the second convention, held in Cleveland, O., November 21, 1882, the Federation issued a document urging, not political, but industrial unity as the prime object to be aimed at. "Not," was added in the document, "by prescribing a stereotyped, uniform plan of organization for all, regardless of their experience or necessities, nor by antagonizing or aiming to destroy existing organizations, but by preserving all that is integral in them, and widening their scope so that each, without submerging its individuality, may act with the others in all that concerns them."

It was at that convention that the Federation declared among other things: "We want an enactment by the workmen themselves that on a given day eight hours shall constitute a day's work. Let us, as union men, work in harmony for those issues we comprehend and upon which we are fully agreed, and ignore all questions likely to divide us."

In 1885 measures were taken to prevent the abuse of the boycott. The next year a more perfect plan of organization was decided on, and the title of the Order was changed to its present one—the American Federation of Labor. At that convention twenty-five affiliated national organizations were represented, with an aggregate membership of 319,469 workmen. One year later the membership was nearly doubled. The Federation consisted then, as it does now, of the affiliation of the international, national, and local trade unions, federal labor unions, state federations, central labor unions, and trades assemblies of cities and towns. The organizations are entitled to representation in conventions on a basis of one delegate for every 4,000 members; consequently the attendance of delegates at conventions is not so large as in other orders.

The readers of the *Magazine* will doubtless be interested in knowing as much as possible of the man who stands at the head of the American Federation of Labor, an organization which now represents close on to one million of workmen.

Referring again to the *Times* we find the following:

Samuel Gompers, who was born in London, England, in 1850, was compelled, through the poverty of his parents, to leave school and work in a factory before he was 11 years old. He continued his studies in a night school, however, and when he left stood highest in his class. He left the factory to work at

the shoe trade, but was soon afterward apprenticed to a cigar-maker. When, in 1863, he came to this country a boy of 13, he was already a skilled journeyman, and, as there were no age restrictions then, he joined a cigar-makers' union which had just been organized, and he has been ever since a union workman. He declined the presidency of the Cigar-Makers' International Union in 1877, and has since declined to run for political office. He was the first vice-president of the Federation, in 1881, and at the second convention was elected its president, a position he has held ever since. During the first six years he served without salary or any other emolument, although the period included the time of the great eight-hour movement of 1886. For years he has been the champion of the trade-unions, and, as editor of the *Picket*, fought the Knights of Labor almost unaided at a time when that order threatened to destroy every trade union in the land. His published articles first aroused the trade-unions to the dangers that threatened them, and undoubtedly led to the formation of the present Federation. He also edited the Federation official journal, the *Union Advocate*, and has written many articles for various publications on labor topics.

He is a clear, forcible writer, who never finds himself at a loss to make his meaning apparent. As a public speaker he is in much demand. His cool conservatism has had a large influence in keeping the Federation out of all considered strikes as well as out of political and other pitfalls. When the time seems ripe to act, however, he is bold and unwavering and shows himself a natural leader of men.

A busy life, with every waking hour of the day fully occupied, has not apparently worn off the edges of a naturally pleasant and cheerful disposition, and if you can obtain a five or ten minutes interview with him—as you certainly can if you wait your turn and have something to say—you will find Samuel Gompers a man of quiet, courteous manners, who grasps your suggestions with quick intelligence, says what the occasion may call for with neither hesitation nor unnecessary vehemence, and gives you the impression that, despite other anxious callers with claims upon his ear, you are, for the time at least, commanding his undivided attention. He carries his courteous habits into the most heated public controversies. "It seems to me," he said the other day when he found not only his position in a certain matter, but himself personally, bitterly assailed, "that men in the labor movement can honestly differ with each other without finding it necessary to indulge in abuse," and in that spirit he conducts even his fiercest combats.

Such is a brief outline of Mr. Samuel Gompers, who is directing the destinies of a great and powerful organization, upon which are centered the hopes of a vast number of toilers of the country.

The convention, in beginning its labors, was welcomed to Detroit by Hon. S. A. Gregg, Acting Mayor of the city, and later on by Gov. Luce, of Michigan, whose address is reported in the *Free Press* as follows:

The Governor was introduced to the president, who requested the discontinuance of the debate and presented Gov. Luce to the convention. The Governor expressed his pleasure at greeting the assembly and his regret at the mistake by which he had arrived so late. He said that he was heartily in accord with the labor movement; in fact, that he was a member of one of the earliest labor organizations himself. He had labored all his life up to his ascendancy to the gubernatorial seat four years ago. He went on to review his labors; how he had gone into the woods a young man, and penetrating to the wilds had cleared his own farm and built a small cabin.

"Then," he said, "as my next step I married the finest girl in the world, and we together built and furnished our home."

He could get no further, for the cheers that rang through the room.

It was several moments before the applause died down so that he could resume. When he could, he

said, with a pleased expression, "Every word I said is true and I meant it." This brought another storm of applause. The Governor concluded by welcoming them heartily and expressing again his sympathy.

It will seem that the Governor struck the right chord, and received an ovation of applause.

Following the address of Governor Luce, Mr. Gompers delivered his annual address, as follows:

Delegates to the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor:

FELLOW WAGE WORKERS:—Pursuant to the requirements of our constitution, we meet to-day again in annual conclave as the representatives of the bonafide labor organizations—the Trades Unions of this Continent. We meet to review the past and to take counsel of and with each other as to the best course to be pursued in the interest of the whole wage-earning class. We have the opposition of interested antagonists who recognize in the success of our movement a diminution in their rates of profit or interest, a curb to their avarice and greed. There are those who, failing to comprehend the economic, political and social tendencies of the Trade Union movement, regard it as entirely "too slow," "too conservative," and desire to hurl it headlong into a path which, while struggling and hoping for the end, leaves us stranded and losing the practical and beneficial results of our efforts. I maintain that the working people are in too great a need of immediate improvements in their condition to allow them to forego them in the endeavor to devote their entire energies to an end, however beautiful to contemplate. I maintain further, that the achievement of present practical improvements for the toilers places them on so much vantage ground gained and renders them more capable to deal with the various problems it is in their mission to solve. In the language of that foremost of economic and social thinkers, Ira Stewart, "The way out of the wage system is through higher wages, resultant only from shorter hours." In working upon this line it is not necessary to oppose any school of thought upon the labor problem, but to carry out the solemn duties imposed upon us is imperative.

EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

When the last convention adjourned and the delegates returned to their respective homes, the great movement outlined had to be put into execution. I called the Executive Council together several times for consultation and advice, and after great deliberation, on March 17, selected the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America to make the first demand. The organization in question responded with alacrity to the Executive Council's decision, and of its own accord put a number of lecturers in the field. The call for the assessments was ordered, and the entire machinery of the organization put into motion to secure the best possible results.

Of the immediate results of the movement I prefer to quote Secretary P. J. McGuire's official report to the Convention of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, held in Chicago last August. Among other things he says: "A summary of the situation shows that the trade movement for shorter hours among the carpenters this season has been successful in 137 cities, and it has benefited 46,197 workmen in that trade, and countless others in every branch of the building trades have also been the gainers." Not only among the carpenters and the building trades, but in almost every trade and calling the movement was taken up and fought to a successful termination.

From statistical blanks issued within the past two months to the Trade Unions, I learn that there are few trades or callings throughout the whole country that have not obtained a reduction in the hours of their labor, or an increase in their wages. In some, where formerly it had been held that the enforcement of the eight-hour rule was entirely incompatible with the interests of the industry, notably among the iron and steel workers, a few of the largest concerns have made a test of the three-shift system with entire success.

There is no question but that the near future is

bright for the eight-hour movement, if the organized wage-workers will but concentrate their efforts upon its achievement.

I am fully aware that the establishment of the eight-hour work day will not be the end of the efforts of the working people for economic and social improvements and reform, and that many things demand our attention in the meantime; yet the great good a substantial reduction in the hours of labor will bring to the toilers of our country, the hundreds of thousands it will save from poverty and degradation, will clear the path and prepare the working people to see the wrongs and injustices practiced upon them in subtle and ingenious ways.

I therefore fervently hope that this convention will continue to carry on this battle for a shorter work-day until victory is assured, and eight hours inscribed upon the banners of the Trade Unions of our country as a limitation of a day's work.

THE NEXT TRADE.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor last March selected the coal miners of the country to make the demand for the enforcement of the eight-hour work day immediately after the contest of the carpenters would close, and so notified the officers.

The time was deemed unpropitious, and they declared for its enforcement May 1, 1891. In consequence of that decision, it upset the plans of the Executive Council to continue in the selection of one trade after another, since none other of a national character was in a position of preparation to enter the contest upon so short a notice, hence we have decided to refer the entire subject to this convention for further consideration and approval.

OUR GROWTH.

The past year has witnessed our expansion in the greater recognition on the part of the wage-workers of America, that the trade union form of organization is the best to protect and advance their interests. The National Trade Unions reported having established 913 local branches throughout the various parts of the country, while 274 charters for local unions were issued from the office of the American Federation of Labor to such wage-workers who have no national union of their trade or calling.

The membership of all organizations, except one, has increased from 5 to 35 per cent.

STRIKES.

From the statistical blanks before referred to, the national organizations reported 1,163 strikes having taken place authorized by them.

Of this number 389 were successful, 76 lost and 98 compromised.

Many were the concessions gained without the necessity of resorting to a strike, and in most cases the answers came too numerous to mention, "Can not mention them all," etc., etc.

The strikes were generally for a reduction in the hours of labor and increase of wages, or the maintenance of the rights of the workers.

All report an increase of wages from 7 to 25 per cent., except one, the silk-workers, who report lesser earnings, owing to dullness of trade.

The increase in wages and improved conditions were shared in proportionately by those who were not members of the organization.

Thus it will be seen that our organizations are continually succeeding in making their members larger sharers in the product of their toil, and doing that work for them which no other organization on earth think it worth their while to deal with.

I am more than convinced that as the working people learn to appreciate the necessity of organization and the federation of all, steadier and larger gains will be forthcoming as the result of our joint efforts, and we shall be so much nearer the end—justice to all mankind—for which we so earnestly strive.

ASSESSMENTS.

With the last convention a new era was opened up in one of the methods of our organization.

We inaugurated a system by which all the National Trade Unions affiliated were required to assess their members or pay directly a certain sum towards helping affiliated unions in conflict to maintain their rights in difficulties with their employers.

Most of the organizations responded to the call at once, while others were bound to await the decision of their convention, and then responded, and a few others from various causes (mainly their own poor condition), have not yet been able to remit them.

The amounts received will be reported to you by the secretary. That the nearly \$112,500 paid by the Federation to the carpenters in their struggle was of great assistance in aiding them to victory, the secretary of that organization frankly acknowledged with appreciation in his report to their convention.

I submit to your consideration the advisability of a continuance of this system, and the extension of it to the local trade unions directly affiliated to the American Federation of Labor, and which have no national trade unions. I propose, however, that if this proposition is approved, the fund when created be kept separate from the National Trade Union assessments in order that practical assistance may be given to both, and neither have cause to complain of encroaching upon the moneys appropriated or paid by the other.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONGRESS.

Immediately after the United States Congress devoted upon the city in which the World's Fair should be held, in compliance with the resolution of the last convention, I issued an invitation to the organized wage-workers of the world to be represented at an International Labor Congress, to be held at Chicago in 1893. I urged that no other International Labor Congress be held that year, and asked for the appointment of temporary committeemen for the purpose of making the preliminary arrangements.

I cannot say that the invitation has met with much encouragement. Whether this is due, that for a time all were in doubt that the World's Fair would be held at all, or whether it is due to the fact that since our resolution was adopted several separate innovations, emanating from wholly different sources independent of each other, have led to confusion in the minds of the wage-workers of other countries, growing to the great distance, cost, or indifference to the whole scheme, is more than I can say. I am convinced, however, that if we are desirous of holding a successful International Labor Congress in 1893, we must be very energetic and by all means be represented at the one previously held in Europe.

In connection with this subject, it becomes my duty to call to your attention, that a bill was introduced in Congress looking toward the holding of a World's Congress of Labor, under the auspices of the United States Government. The matter has not received the endorsement of the Executive Council, nor has anything been done to commit the American Federation of Labor to it. The circulars, bills and other papers are herewith submitted for such action as you may deem most advisable to take.

CHILD LABOR.

Of all the ills that mankind suffers from the unjust and cruel tendencies of modern methods of wealth producing, the one that seems to me to rise to horrible proportions is that of child labor.

Our centres of industry, with their mills, factories and workshops, are teeming with young and innocent children, bending their weary forms with long hours of daily drudgery, with pinched and wan cheeks and emaciated frames, dwarfed both physically and mentally, and frequently driving them to premature decay and death. The innocent smile of youthful happiness is soon transformed into wrinkles and other evidences of early decay. The life blood of the youth of our land is too frequently sapped at the foundation.

The hope of a perpetuity of free institutions is endangered when the rising generation is robbed of the opportunity to enjoy the healthful recreation of the play grounds or the mental improvements of the school house.

The children of the workers have none to raise a voice in their defense other than the organized wage-workers, and I appeal to you to take such action as will protect them from the contemptible avarice of unscrupulous corporations and employers.

BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics of the general gov-

ernment and the several states should devote more of their investigations to the influence of the labor organizations upon the moral and material welfare of the wage-workers in particular and the whole community in general.

I have been in correspondence with the chiefs of all the bureaus with this object in view. I am pleased to say that several of them show a readiness and have complied, while others have been working in on this line since their inception.

I am satisfied that if the organizations will but make manifest their desire for its enforcement, the Bureau of Labor will be more than willing to respond with cheerfulness.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

At the request of the International Typographical Union, the Executive Committee endorsed the bill pending before Congress for an International Copyright Law, and insisted that one of the laws shall be the protection of the compositors and other wage-workers in the printing trade.

The bill is still pending before Congress, and we have reason to believe will be enacted into law.

BALLOT REFORM.

In several states a reform in the method of voting, by which the citizen is protected from scrutiny and open coercion in casting his vote, has been enacted into law.

I trust that we will not relax our energies to extend its beneficial effects until all the states in the Union are brought into line upon this question.

In speaking upon this subject to bear in mind that notwithstanding all the safeguards that human ingenuity can devise for a secret ballot, political intimidation and freedom of action can only result from economic independence.

COMBINATIONS.

Recently the movement among the corporate and employing classes to combine has taken more rapid strides than ever before.

We frequently hear of the formation of organizations among them with the avowed purpose of antagonizing and thwarting the efforts of the working people. This movement has not only been going on in any one country, but the efforts have been directed to give it an international character. Many an expression have I heard of fear of such a growing power, and it becomes my duty to call attention to the fact that, as wage-workers, we have nothing to fear from such combinations, providing we have the intelligence, the energy and the courage to meet the combinations of our employers with the organizations of labor.

There is no greater power to deal with the exactions or to curb the tendency to injustice of corporations than the well disciplined and prepared grand army of organized labor.

To extend the beneficent influences of organization to the wage-workers throughout the entire length and breadth of our country should be our first purpose, and to ally our forces with those of the organized wage-workers of other countries appeals to our best judgment and deserves our best efforts.

The working people of the world suffer from the same ills and have a common interest in the struggle to remove them. Patriotism, love of country, is one of the noble traits of the human character, but a recognition of the fraternity of all mankind is the highest aspiration of the human family.

Acting upon this thought, I have continued the correspondence with the active men in the labor movement of other countries, and have opened up relations of amity and good will with many new ones.

I suggest that this policy be continued in order that the near future may witness a triumphant phalanx of the world's toilers.

C. L. F. CHARTER.

Some few moments ago the Central Federation of New York City made an application for a certificate of affiliation. It was accompanied by a list of the organizations attached to that body. At the head of the list was the name of the American Section of the

Socialist Labor Party. The matter received my keenest thought and best judgment. I consulted the constitution and saw there clearly defined which organizations were entitled to affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. The Socialist Labor party or any other party or section of a party is not included among the number. But apart from any constitutional considerations, I believed then and am convinced now that the Socialist Labor Party, *as a party*, is not entitled to representation in a purely trade union organization.

I informed the Central Labor Federation of the above fact, and they declared their determination not to ask the Socialist Labor Party to withdraw, and renewed the request for the charter. I reiterated the opinion expressed in my former letter and resolved to refer the entire matter to this convention to decide whether the position I took was correct.

Since this matter was first broached a number of people, glad to clutch at anything that promises something to "talk about" and sow the seeds of dissension, have ascribed to me all sorts of opinions and motives. It has been charged that I am trying to drive the Socialists out of the movement; that I am intolerant of others' opinions, and other insinuations equally ridiculous and untrue, and too numerous to mention. I desire to take this opportunity of saying that I have ever held that the trade unions were broad enough and liberal enough to admit of all shades of thought upon the economic and social question; but at the same time the conviction is deeply rooted in me that in the trade union movement the first condition requisite is good standing membership in a trade union, regardless of which party a man might be a member of.

Those who have had any experience in the labor movement will admit the great work and forbearance, tact and judgment requisite to maintain harmony in organization. The trade unions are no exception to this rule. In the trade union movement I have ever endeavored to attain that much desired end, and recognize that in itself is of a sufficiently important nature and requirements as to preclude the possibility of jointly acting with organizations based upon different practical workings or policy.

I am willing to subordinate my opinions to the well being, harmony and success of the labor movement; I am willing to sacrifice myself upon the altar of any phase or action it may take for its advancement; I am willing to step aside, if that will promote our cause, but I can not and will not prove false to my convictions that the trades unions pure and simple are the natural organizations of the wage-workers to secure present material and practical improvement and to achieve their final emancipation.

During the proceedings of the convention, the employment of Pinkerton thugs was denounced in the severest terms.

The "sweating system," as practiced by some of the great clothing houses of New York City, was condemned, and Congress is to be petitioned to correct the evil. The fight for the eight-hour day will be conducted by the miners, and every member of the Federation will be taxed two cents a week, for five weeks, to create a campaign fund to help secure a victory.

President Samuel Gompers was re-elected President of the Federation—and the convention, one of the most important in the history of organized labor, closed its session in a perfect storm of mutual good will.

Do the grand officers of the B. of L. E. want a chance to discuss the superior advantages of system over general federation? Will they name the time and place? They can have the opening and closing speeches. Will they accept the invitation?

THE B. OF L. E. JOURNAL AND FEDERATION.

We note that in the columns of the *Engineers' Journal* the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employés, to which we are proud to acknowledge allegiance, is alluded to as the "Supreme Chestnut," and, considering the source from which it emanates, we fully appreciate the compliment.

It is very generally conceded that had the idea of "General Federation" of railroad employés engaged in the train service of the country, been launched at Cleveland instead of at Chicago, the B. of L. E. *Journal* would have favored it. The difficulty, which could not be overcome, was that the *Journal* had no ideas to launch upon federation, or anything else—the lack of ideas being the missing "link," which from the first, has pre-eminently distinguished that publication. During the entire time occupied in the discussion of the great subject of federation, and until federation took form and became an established fact, the *Journal* was dumb as an oyster, nor did it ever so much as allude to the subject without a sneer.

The B. of L. E. *Journal*, as we are advised, has never represented, in any regard, the intelligent element of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The publication is supposed to have four editors, whose names appear on its title page, and who monthly mass their intellectual gifts in producing "links." They are opposed to general federation, but not one of them ever formulated or expressed an argument against federation as it exists under the laws of the SUPREME COUNCIL.

A number of intelligent members of the B. of L. E. have been able, occasionally, to squeeze in a communication favoring general federation, but when these engineers made P. M. Arthur's vacillations conspicuous, when they *fraternally* arraigned his inconsistency and dissimulation, and logically demonstrated the benefits of federation, their communications were ruled out, and the editors proceeded to run their "link" machine, forgetting the scientific fact, that a chain is not stronger than its weakest "link"—and of all the "links" manufactured at the B. of L. E. *Journal* factory at Cleveland, its federation "link" is the weakest.

The "links" supplied by the *Journal* are so weak and vapid that at last they have become the synonym of anything jejune, anything suitable for a kindergarten or a baby's nursery.

It must be exceedingly interesting to enter the *Journal's* "link" factory and notice the manipulation of the raw material. It would, doubtless, be seen that the G. C. Editor handed over to F. G. Editor such rare bits of "link" material as the following, to be placed in the "link" machine:

"Tell all the orders of railway employes to mind their own business. Give this special prominence. I am tired and disgusted with this ceaseless yell for federation."

"It shall be done as Your Majesty desires," responds the F. G. Editor. The material is thereupon placed in the machine by the S. G. Editor, and the T. G. Editor turns the crank, and the "link" bobs up and takes its place in the chain of "links."

The cry goes up, "More material," and the G. C. Editor says, "Stick in that I do not want and will not have any *entangling alliances* with any other organization of railroad employes," and the "no-entangling-alliance," "link" follows the "mind-your-own-business" "link." Still, the demand continues for more material, and the Grand Chief Editor hands to the F. G. Editor the following startling announcement: "A \$4.00-a-day man and a \$1.00-a-day man have no interests in common;" and thus the "link" business proceeds.

But our subject leads us to the consideration of facts and figures of greater gravity than such phases of the *Journal's* "links."

In the December issue of the B. of L. E. *Journal*, two "links" are found to which we call special attention. The first is found on page 361, as follows:

The form of system federation adopted by the Denver Convention, which has been in effect during the past year, ceased to be a law at the Pittsburg Convention. The plan adopted by the Pittsburg Convention allowing divisions of the B. of L. E. to enter into a certain system of federation, will not become a law until after January 1, 1891. At the present time there is no law allowing the members of the B. of L. E. to form any federation that will be recognized by this Order.

In the foregoing "link" we have the announcement that the B. of L. E., at its Pittsburg Convention, "adopted" a plan of "system federation;" and this in spite of P. M. Arthur's hostility; it was adopted in defiance of his vindictiveness and his influence; it was a notable triumph of that large and influential element in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers who treat with becoming disdain P. M. Arthur's oft-repeated insult to other organizations of railroad employes, "To mind their own business." It was a stinging rebuke of that pompous declaration, "I want no entangling alliances;" and it was an act which, whatever may be its scope, voices a stern rebuke of P. M. Arthur's repeated aristocratic announcement that "a \$4.00-a-day man and a \$1.00-a-day man have no interests in common." In these regards the action of the Pittsburg Convention on federation expands to splendid proportions.

In this connection, it suits us to demonstrate that Grand Chief Arthur has, first, last, and all the time, been the implacable foe of any system and of every system of federation. To do this we reproduce from the *Firemen's Magazine*, January, 1889, page

5, the following action of the B. of L. F. and P. M. Arthur's words, verbatim:

"Three years ago the B. of L. F., at its Convention, held in Philadelphia, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this body that we do all in our power to create and maintain a harmonious feeling between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Resolved, That we place ourselves on record with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and that the Secretary of the Grand Lodge be authorized and directed to make a statement to the said organization, under seal of the Grand Lodge, to the effect that our Order is now a labor organization, made such by the action of this convention, and that we are desirous of cooperating with them in all their grievances, and that we shall expect the same from them in our troubles; knowing the fact that in union there is strength, we are ready to meet them half way.

Resolved, That these resolutions be presented to the annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, at New Orleans, October 21, by a committee of one, who shall endeavor to bring about a proper recognition of this body, in order that we may be enabled to carry out the purposes of these resolutions by a friendly understanding during times of trouble."

In the foregoing the reader has an official statement of the spirit of fraternity which animated the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Further:

A delegate was commissioned to present the foregoing resolutions to the B. of L. E., in convention assembled in the city of New Orleans. The resolutions were presented to the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood, P. M. Arthur, who stated to the delegate that

The B. of L. E. never had and never would cooperate with any other labor organization, that it was amply able to take care of itself, and that other organizations must do the same.

We have italicized the language used by Grand Chief Arthur for the purpose of showing his selfishness and exclusiveness, and to show further that the action of the Pittsburg Convention totally disregarded his narrow-mindedness, his illiberality and lack of comprehension of the demands of the times and the importance of federation for the welfare of railroad employes.

It has been said by P. M. Arthur, on many occasions, that the B. L. E. "never would affiliate with other labor organizations, while he was Grand Chief," and that should such affiliation ever occur by the action of the Order, "he would resign." It has occurred, as is seen by the "link," which we reproduce, but P. M. Arthur has not "resigned."

To break the force of the Pittsburg blow, which fell with crushing force upon Grand Chief Arthur and upon the B. of L. E. *Journal*, a "link" was manufactured for the December number, page 362, for the occasion, as follows:

The complexion of the Pittsburg Convention was one of general conservatism throughout the entire sitting. It was a noticeable fact and in direct contrast to the Richmond and Denver sittings. General federation had few advocates, and was considered but three times during the sitting. It was seemingly

a dead issue. In the entire delegation of 406 members present not over 35 were in favor of general federation as proposed at the two previous conventions. Many delegates who favored and were extremists in their ideas as to general federation at the Richmond and Denver sittings, were also representatives at the Pittsburg Convention. They were opposed to any form of federation of a general character. Neither did they hesitate to place themselves on record whenever an opportunity presented itself, as advocates directly the opposite of that which they consistently thought their duty at the Richmond and Denver sittings. A change of sentiment has taken place among many of our members who are the recognized leaders in their localities from that which they entertained during the past. As the tidal wave brings them back to their sense of duty, they stand shoulder to shoulder with their brothers in their devotion to the time-honored principles of our Brotherhood. This must certainly have a tendency to place it upon a more substantial foundation than ever. The public is familiar with its principles. It has from time to time honored us for our devotion to what we have at all times considered and advocated as worthy of our best efforts. Not only during the twenty-seven years of its existence has the B. of L. E. brought solace to its members, but others in railway service. Members of other associations have received benefits that have placed them under lasting gratitude.

Every line of the foregoing is designed expressly as a poultice for P. M. Arthur's wounds, and as a sort of a vindication of the stupid course pursued by the *Journal*.

In analyzing "link" No. 2, which we print for the benefit of our readers, it will be noticed that the *play* is upon the term "general federation," and it will be borne in mind that P. M. Arthur and the B. of L. E. *Journal* never favored any sort of federation or coöperation, or alliance of any description with other organizations of railroad employes. P. M. Arthur's pet phrases have been: "Let other organizations mind their own business;" "We want no entangling alliances;" "The B. of L. E. never has and never will, while I am Grand Chief, coöperate with any other labor organization;" and these pet phrases have been the platform of P. M. Arthur and the *Journal* in fighting federation in the past, no matter in what form it was presented. At Richmond, P. M. Arthur's hostility to federation prevailed, but its influence grew less by degrees as the discussion went forward, and the question of "general federation" was submitted to a vote of the Order, and to succeed, the friends of federation were required to obtain a two-thirds majority of the members of the order. To the extent possible, the press engaged in fulsome laudations of P. M. Arthur's opposition to federation. That portion of the press known to be the enemies of labor organizations, put forth their utmost energies to defeat the engineers who favored federation. But the vote was taken, and we invite the B. of L. E. *Journal* to make a statement of that vote. If it will do this, then we are persuaded that "link" No. 2, which we print, will require no further comment.

We are advised that more than 7,000 engineers voted for "general federation," and that more than 7,000 voted against general

federation. In neither case did the vote reach 8,000. The vote against federation, by a small number, exceeded the vote in favor of it—but had the higher number been cast in favor of federation, the defeat of its friends would have been accomplished, because all who did not vote, were counted, necessarily, against federation; but the point we make is this, that the vote absolutely cast showed that, within a small number, as many engineers favored general federation as opposed it. With this convincing fact in view, what becomes of the "link" drivel about the "change of sentiment," and the "tidal wave" which has brought progressive engineers "back to their sense of duty"?

At Pittsburg, the case stood about as follows: The friends of "general federation" acquiesced, as they were bound to do, in their defeat on the main question, and there came to the front other propositions embodying the principles of federation, *absolutely*—propositions which knocked the life out of P. M. Arthur's "mind-your-own-business" arrogance; propositions that everlastingly crushed P. M. Arthur's pompous pronouncements, "I want no entangling alliances;" propositions which totally repudiated P. M. Arthur's declaration that "a \$1.00-a-day man and a \$1.00-a-day man have no interests in common;" propositions which said to P. M. Arthur, that "the B. of L. E. would affiliate with other organizations of railroad employes in spite of his manifestoes, and if he didn't like it, he could step down and out."

As a result, the friends of federation signally triumphed. Like wise and prudent men, they took what may be called "system federation"—the scope of which will be learned when put into operation—and being the best that could be had, which governs in all deliberative bodies, this *Magazine* most cordially congratulates them upon their signal victory. It was a triumph of the principles which this *Magazine* has contended for. It is the recognition of the right and the might of federation. It is a gigantic advanced step of the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers over selfishness, stupidity and aristocracy. It demonstrates that the great heart of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is beating responsive to the righteous demands of labor, that its sympathies are warm, generous, manly, noble and true; and that P. M. Arthur's fulminations cannot swerve its members from the duty they owe their fellow workmen in the train service of railroads.

A youthful bicyclist, alighting from his wheel with the grace of a circus rider, hailed Kennedy, the cycle repairer: "Say, Ken, I want a small spring." "Certainly," replied the wag, "which do you want, a mineral or a soda spring?"—*Tim Fagan*.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth day of each month.

Brotherhood of Railway Employees' Home.

MR. EDITOR—Shall the railroad men of this nation have a "Home" which they can call and feel to be indeed a "Home," and know it to be *their own*?

The mere asking such a question of such a class of men as do the railroad work of this country is to answer it. All admit now, that theirs is the most hazardous, and results in more disabled men, while in the prime of life, than any other employment. Then, again, the general public is beginning to realize that these men are, in a very broad sense, not only public servants, but public benefactors. They have become an indispensable help to our civilization. The fearful price paid by these men that the great traveling and business public may have the facilities of railroad travel and transportation, is just beginning to be realized.

If Congress, in its just action, gives millions of the people's money to sustain crippled and disabled soldiers, what is not due to our railroad train and yard men who, in following an occupation honorable, and of imperative necessity to the great commercial business of this nation, are exposed, as President Harrison justly says, "to greater danger than a soldier in time of war"?

While we are not now asking Congress to take care of disabled railroad men by pensioning them, we are proud to think we can appeal to the railroad men themselves in behalf of their unfortunate "brothers of the rail," and feel that such an appeal will meet with a ready response from their proverbial greatness of heart, and well known sympathy for the distressed, especially those of their own calling.

Already has the *Magazine*, Mr. Editor, and journals of the several orders, made very kindly mention of the "Home" enterprise, but I have thought a few words of explanation would be acceptable to your readers. As is already known to many, the name of the writer stands at the head of the enterprise as its president. Allow me to say, I do not have the honor to be the originator of this worthy project. Some two years ago I did write to the grand officers of the Brakemen's Order, asking for such information as they might give me as to the necessity for a home for the orphan children of trainmen, thinking I might, with God's blessing, be able to start such a home. Whether this request was father to the

thought of the friends in Chicago who conceived the idea of this Home for Disabled Railroad Men, I do not know.

I have been invited to come to Chicago several times in the last nine months, to meet with those who are working for this project, for the purpose of consultation, and from the first was urged to assume the presidency of the board.

At first it did not seem possible for me to give the matter the time such a great undertaking would demand, but finally reluctantly consented to act for the present, but only on the condition that I should first be at liberty to give all the time necessary to this other work, which is so very important, viz.: The securing proper legislation for greater safety to these very railroad men. Here, in this line, the old adage is surely true, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The first great work is to stop this terrible amount of the disabling of these men. There will be enough crippled and injured railroad men, at the best, from accidents which no present human foresight seems able to prevent. At least 50 per cent. of this awful work can be prevented, and my duty at present leads in that direction. But pardon this much of allusion to myself. What I want to say to every railroad man who belongs to any of the orders, about this "Home," is this: I am willing to do all in my power for its success. I am not willing that any of its officers shall make anything out of it, or make it a place for some soft job. I shall do what I do for it *gratuitously*. I shall take no pay for my work or time. If the auditing board shall see fit, by and by, after the enterprise is on its feet, to allow me my reasonable expenses, well and good.

Speaking of the auditing board, let me say, as this home is to be a home for Brotherhood men of all orders of railway employes, I would like to have a grand officer of each order to be a member of that board, so that every act and every expenditure, would be known to every order. I will have nothing to do with it only as everything is open as the sunlight.

At as early a day as practical, I would like a time set for a meeting of the Grand Chiefs, or Masters,—whatever the title may be,—of each order, and I would like to meet with them and have a consultation as to the objects, aims, plans, the best way of carrying on the work, and everything connected with it.

It is a great undertaking. "In the multiplicity of counsel there is wisdom." The heads of the several orders of railroad men have gained for themselves a name for candor and wisdom. With the counsel and advice of such men we can not go far astray.

Unless we have the friendly advice and aid of these men, I shall not feel I can stand at the head of so great and responsible an en-

terprise. Railroad men never do things by halves. If they all take hold of this, it will in the end be one of the greatest and grandest benevolent institutions of this country.

Let us once get under good headway, and show that we mean business, that everything is straight and honorable, then the railroad companies themselves will, beyond a doubt, do much for us. They could not well refuse to help us. There are no less than 200,000 men in this nation engaged in railroad work, and about one half of this number are doing train and yard work. A small amount from each one of these would give us a working capital of large proportions. That this small amount will be readily given, there is no doubt, when once it is fully known that every dollar given will be *sacredly* used for the purpose for which it was given. That this shall be done will be the aim and design of the writer as long as he has a vote and voice in the management.

Remember that this is not a hospital scheme, nor is it connected with any hospital. We want to provide a place where a disabled brother can go and feel that he is at home, be cared for, and if able, taught some light work so that he can again make his own way in the world, but if incapacitated from any or all of these things, he can feel he has a roof over his head, is in *his own* home, where, if motherless, if fatherless, and otherwise friendless, he will find friends to help smooth and cheer his pathway down to the silent river, with a sure hope that on the other side there awaits him a still brighter, sweeter and more happy home, from which he will go away no more forever.

When 20,000 of our strong young men are annually more or less crippled, why, oh why, has not this work been done long ago?

Blessings on the good hearts who have launched forth the idea of a HOME for disabled railroad men. Let every railroad man in every order take some interest in this good work, and the blessings of the poor fellows who have to seek its quiet retreat will be upon you.

L. S. Coffin,

President, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

[The writer of the foregoing communication, Mr. L. S. Coffin, is Ex-R. R. Commissioner of the State of Iowa, a gentleman of the highest standing, who has given special attention to the interests of railway employes in matters of legislation and otherwise, and his views in reference to the Brotherhood of Railway Employes' Home, recently established at Chicago and described in detail in the December issue of the *Magazine*, (Page 1102) are entitled to careful consideration. The project is eminently wise and humane and if properly directed, will, undoubtedly develop one of the most philanthropic institutions of the times. We commend the subject as worthy of special and profound consideration.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

TO GEORGE W. HOWARD,

G. C. C. Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.

Worthy Howard, here is at you
In a rhyme of measured ease;
Just a sort of ready ramble,
To be scribbled as I please.
I have meditated often
To inflict you with a strain
Full of sprightly, gleesome fancies,
Such as sometimes fill my brain;
Yet, the words I'll pen are honest—
George, you know me well enough,
And you're satisfied I never
Would insult you with a "puff."
Now, attention, and I'll tell you
One or two things in a song;
And excuse my homely language
As I move the lines along.
You're a daisy! You're a dandy!
You're a thoroughbred, I swear!
You're a rattling organizer,
And ferocious as a bear;
For you jump at opposition
With a confidential grin;
Holding cards in hand full ready,
Which the pot is sure to win;
And you play them most successful—
Just as skillfully as Hoyle—
Winning games in every instance
For the honest sons of toil;
Always leading, always trumping,
Never passing by a trick.
Slapping down the little joker
Which can make opponents sick.
Out beyond the Rocky mountains,
At Los Angeles, I've heard,
There was born a little urchin.
The wisecracks all averred
That he'd never cut his eye-teeth,
But would fill an early grave.
Where the winds of disappointment
O'er his lonely mound would rave.
He was called "a local baby,"
But the little brat has sprung
Into national proportions
For a kid so very young.
He's as gritty as a badger,
And determined in a muss.
He goes bravely at a scrimmage
With a smile upon his puss.
And, dear George, he calls you father;
You're entitled to the name—
The pugnacious little codger
Owes you all his worldly fame.
I have heard you dwell delighted
On how rapidly he grows,
And how tenderly you nursed him
With a bottle 'neath his nose,
Sucking in the milk of freedom
To his manly little breast.
Till the natives grew astonished
At your offspring of the West.
You encouraged him with precepts
Which you found in Holy Writ,
Till he blossomed out delightful,
With the true get up and git;
Now he's weaned and out of short clothes,
And he smiles upon his dad
With a filial devotion,
Like a manly little lad.
In a year or two that urchin
Will be fit to tramp alone,
But he'll never crawl in baseness
To get near a human throne;
If he can't succeed in honor,
He will die before he'll sneak,
Like a lackey, humbly flunking,
Cringing, beggarly and meek.
"Oh, begorra, he's no bosthune!"
As my country people say;
And, dear Howard, you have reason
To be proud of him to day;
For he imitates his parent
Every moment of his life.
Faith, I'll bet the little codger
Has his eye upon his wife!

New another year is dawning,
Known as eighteen ninety-one.
May its womb be stored with glory
For yourself and darling son;
May its days be fraught with wisdom,
And its nights bring peaceful rest;
And the God of love watch over
That young giant of the West!
The rivals all his brothers
In an honorable career—
Firemen, Trainmen, Switchmen—all men—
Black and engineer.
I'll close my rhapsodizing,
For my eyes are growing dim,
And my lady-love keeps bawling
To retire and douse the glim:
I must hearken to her. Bless you!
Those songs I've left unsung,
And the caterwaulings
Of her lunar caustic tongue.

Shandy Maguire.

Population of our Principal Cities.

MR. EDITOR:—The following table is taken from a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, and so much as are interested in our national growth and population, is worthy of being preserved for future reference:

The new census shows the population of fifty cities as follows:

	1890.		1880.
New York	1,513,501	1.	1,206,209
Chicago	1,048,576	4.	503,185
Philadelphia	1,041,894	2.	817,170
Brooklyn	804,377	3.	566,663
St. Louis	460,357	6.	350,518
Boston	448,507	5.	362,839
Baltimore	433,517	7.	332,313
San Francisco	287,990	9.	231,959
Cincinnati	286,309	8.	255,139
Cleveland	261,546	11.	160,146
Buffalo	254,457	13.	155,134
New Orleans	241,995	10.	216,090
Pittsburg	238,473	12.	156,389
Washington	228,160	14.	147,293
Indianapolis	205,669	18.	116,340
Milwaukee	203,979	19.	115,587
Newark	182,020	15.	135,508
Memphis	164,738	38.	46,887
Jersey City	163,987	17.	120,722
Louisville	161,005	16.	123,758
Atlanta	139,526	63.	30,518
Providence	138,327	22.	89,366
St. Paul	133,156	45.	41,473
Independence	132,043	20.	104,857
Indianapolis	107,445	21.	75,656
Denver	106,670	49.	35,629
Kansas city (estimated)	105,000	30.	55,785
Albany	104,967	23.	78,682
Albany	93,523	21.	90,758
Columbus	90,388	33.	51,647
Syracuse	87,777	32.	51,792
New Haven	85,891	26.	62,882
Worcester	81,536	28.	58,291
San Antonio	81,450	39.	45,850
St. Paul	82,652	35.	50,137
San Francisco	80,838	25.	61,600
San Francisco	78,300	34.	51,031
San Francisco	77,605	27.	50,475
Nashville	76,309	40.	43,350
Red River	74,351	37.	48,961
Cambridge	69,837	31.	52,669
Atlanta	65,514	48.	37,409
Memphis	64,586	54.	33,592
St. Louis Rapids	61,147	58.	32,016
Washington	61,437	42.	42,478
St. Louis	60,605	29.	56,747
St. Louis	58,926	41.	43,278
St. Louis	58,868	47.	38,678
St. Louis	58,488	64.	29,910
St. Louis	58,274	44.	41,658

Totals 11,284,633 7,750,715

One of the best criterions of the Nation's prosperity is found in the rapid growth and

increase of population of its cities, which could not take place without a corresponding development of the towns and the agricultural sections, for in the cities we behold the markets of the country whither its products are sent, and from whence they are again shipped to other points in exchange for other products or manufactures. They thus form the exchanges of the country, and if there was nothing to exchange there would be no profits in the market, but that such is not the case in our list of American cities is very evident by a glance at the table above. We find New York still heading the list, having increased her population over 300,000 in the past decade, but whether she will be first in ten years from now is a problem which the success of the World's Fair will determine, for if Chicago should again double her population as she has done, she would in that event undoubtedly lead in the race. While all the cities have added largely to their population, there have been many changes in their relative rank, but very few holding the same place they did ten years ago.

Points to be Considered.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, December 22, 1890.

MR. EDITOR:—Present conditions present certain points for consideration which give the student the headache. The question of federation is being debated by railroad men, and the general public inquires, why don't the engineers federate with other organizations representing the train service? Why don't they federate? That's the point—and the fact that they don't, suggests a number of questions—points: As for instance, have not all engineers at some stage of life answered to some other calling? That's a point and a pointer. Here is another. Do engineers lead a more moral or religious life, since they were promoted than they did when answering to some other calling in the railroad service? Once more, Have engineers more important business to transact, or is their welfare to be guarded with more care than that of other men, because they are engineers?

These are all points, and railroad men are discussing them. Again, have engineers better principles since they answer to their new calling? No mistake, these are points. They are questions for debate, and railroad men will debate them, and so far as I can learn, the conclusion is that engineers are very much such kind of men as they were when they were greasers, or firemen or hostlers, except that they have more experience, but, then, you see experience is not principles; experience isn't morals, nor religion, nor manliness, nor independence, nor courage, nor integrity. It is just experience. Now I don't believe that engineers

have better principles, because they have more of a certain kind of experience than other railroad men.

Some men imagine their rights have been enlarged and their principles improved, because they have been advanced in their calling. Remembering an article in the *Engineers' Journal*, headed "Federation," one would think engineers could not trust an important question to other organizations with which they were once identified.

Now, it may be that the engineers do not think themselves above federation, but just say to themselves, "things with us are lovely and running smoothly, and we are under obligations to no other class of men, and therefore, won't federate with them." Are they under obligations to others? Yes. Who? The firemen. Firemen have cut their own throats to right the wrongs of engineers. Now, should firemen strike, Mr. Eagle Eye, when called would be found an hour later on his seat-box waiting for his scab fireman, and chuckling in his sleeve, because he had "no grievance" and for not being mixed up in federation, which proclaims "rights for all." He is welcome to go on pounding dollars out of his old mill. So long as they receive help, as they have for the past six years, there is no need of federation on their part.

What is federation but an assurance that by it troubles can be controlled in the future in the interest of employes? It is the only salvation for railroad men.

The day is not distant when firemen runners, that is, B. of L. E. men, who have not forgotten that they were once firemen, will down the old "buckers" who have been born on one road, and their only ambition is to serve "Pa," as a child who knows nothing of the rest of the world. This done, and federation will achieve all that its friends have ever claimed for it.

I will now turn on the Westinghouse and remain ever.

Ira D. Mayhall.

INTERROGATORIES.

BY SWITCH.

Mr. Editor—I want to talk to you about one thing and another—

I want to converse with you, because you are my brother.

I want to interrogate you because I want your views

About such horny handed workingmen as the Chauncey M. Depews.

Now I have an idea that these Chauncey M. Depews are the sort of workingmen who always put the screws

To the other sort of workingmen, just because they can.

And I want you to tell if you think they're worth a d—n.

[Take a figure 9 and cut its tail off, and you have our estimate of the Chauncey M.

Depews, as workingmen, or as the exponents of workingmen's interests.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

Mr. Editor—If you are disposed to be obliging, would you care to tell,

When H. Walter Webb hands in his checks, where you think he ought to dwell?

Do you think he ought to browse around in the fields of Paradise?

Or be sent to some other place, where they have no ice?

You know he hired the Pinkertons—murderers from the slums.

You know he supplied these murdering thugs with powder, ball and guns.

Now, by all the gods at once, known to heathen mythology,

If he were sent head first to hades, would that be good theology?

[We are not a theological student, but at the first glance, we should say, if there is a hades, Webb and his Pinkerton thugs ought to find it, and remain there long enough to fry the venom out of them.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

Mr. Editor—While walking around my engine and polishing up the brass,

In a meditative mood, I wondered what would come to pass.

I had read that Chauncey M. Depew, addressed the engineers.

And that the engineers greeted him with the wild sort of cheers.

And now, Mr. Editor—Can you give me any news as to the policy of the Chauncey M. Depews?

Will he permit the Federated Orders to remain in this firemen's land,

Or like Wm. H. Vanderbilt, will he say "federation be dam'd?"

[We think federation will stand, in this firemen's land, in spite of Mr. Depew and all of his band. It looks that way. Such is the drift—the trend. When Mr. Depew reposes in his grand mausoleum, federation will flourish like a banyan tree. The H. Walter Webb and the Pinkertons will be extinct, and future scientists will wonder from what reptiles they were evolved. Of this *Switch* may feel assured while polishing his machine.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

A NEAT little surprise party was recently given Bro. Wm. E. Burns, of Chicago, as will be seen by the following clipping:—

The locomotive firemen in the employ of the Chicago division of the Illinois Central Railroad presented W. E. Burns, representative-elect for the Fifth Senatorial District, with a gold watch and chain and an emblematic charm of the Brotherhood last night. The presentation took place at Winwood's Hotel, Fourteenth and State streets. Thos. Deegan, an engineer of the road, made the presentation. Mr. Burns was greatly surprised, as he had been summoned from his home on the West Side by telegram, and, being chairman of the grievance committee, thought he was wanted on a matter of business. He made a suitable reply, and afterwards a pleasant time was spent. Mr. Burns will leave to-day for Baltimore for a short holiday before commencing his legislative duties.

The foregoing incident evinces not only friendship and brotherly love, but an abiding faith that in the Legislature of Illinois, Representative Burns will stand by the rights of workingmen.

WHEN "NUMBER EIGHT" COMES IN.

often sit by the kitchen fire
 When my studies hard have been.
 And my books seem dull as the strong desire
 For slumber my eyelids win;
 And the clock's dull tick from the other room
 Seems to throw around me a sense of gloom;
 But a far-off sound on the solemn night
 Brings with it memories fond and bright,
 As "Number Eight" comes in.

Far over the hills I hear the sound
 Increasing; and I begin
 To feel the thrill, as perchance around
 The point of a hill, the din
 Is heard more plainly; and sweet and clear,
 The tones of the ringing bell I hear;
 And to warn benighted man or team
 Or the crossings, I hear the whistle scream,
 As "Number Eight" comes in.

I hear the clear wh-o-o-t, wh-o-o-t, whoot, whoot,
 And the clash as the great wheels spin
 Along the rails, the exhausts that shoot
 Miniature meteors, till within
 A half a mile when the long, loud blast
 Is echoed, re-echoed and dies at last,
 As over the trestle the hollow roar
 Seems to add to the grandeur more,
 As "Number Eight" rolls in.

Twixt the headlight's glare and the cab's dark shade
 I can see friend Blanchard grin,
 As with steady hand the stop is made.
 When the brakeman draws the pin,
 I hear just a few short puffs and know
 That the iron horse now to its rest may go;
 And distinctly I hear the "tunk" and "tink"
 As the wheels are tried by inspector "Brink,"
 When "Number Eight" gets in.

"music to me, these wonted sounds!
 And I feel a joy within;
 For each echo that through the night resounds
 Has something that seems akin
 To the lullabies sung me when but a child,
 For even then as my mother smiled
 Above me, I would hear a passing train,
 And it all comes back to my wearied brain
 When "Number Eight" comes in.

Geo. W. Hall.

STANBERRY, Mo., December, 1890.

Literary Notes.**CATECHISM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.**

We are indebted to the *Railroad Gazette*, published at No. 73 Broadway, New York, for a copy of the second edition of Matthis N. Forney's superb book, entitled, "Catechism of the Locomotive."

The book contains 709 pages, and is divided into thirty-seven chapters, and we do not know how we can better indicate its value than to refer to the subjects treated, as set forth in the table of contents, as follows:

- | | |
|------------|--|
| Chapter 1. | Force and motion. |
| " 2. | Resolution of motion and force. |
| " 3. | The principles of the lever. |
| " 4. | The forces of air and steam. |
| " 5. | On work, energy and the mechanical equivalent of heat. |
| " 6. | The steam engine. |
| " 7. | The expansive action of steam |
| " 8. | The slide-valve. |
| " 9. | The action of the piston, connecting rod and crank. |
| " 10. | General description of a locomotive engine. |
| " 11. | Different kinds of locomotives. |
| " 12. | Locomotive boilers. |
| " 13. | The boiler attachments. |
| " 14. | The throttle-valve and steam pipes. |
| " 15. | The cylinders, pistons, guide-bars, cross-heads and connecting rods. |
| " 16. | The valve gear. |
| " 17. | Action of the pistons, cranks and driving wheels. |

- | | |
|-------------|---|
| Chapter 18. | Adhesion and traction. |
| " 19. | Internal disturbing forces in the locomotive. |
| " 20. | The running gear. |
| " 21. | Miscellaneous. |
| " 22. | Friction and lubrication. |
| " 23. | Screw threads bolts and nuts. |
| " 24. | Tender. |
| " 25. | Water tanks and turn-tables. |
| " 26. | The Westinghouse air brake. |
| " 27. | The care and use of the air brake. |
| " 28. | The Eams vacuum driving-wheel brake. |
| " 29. | Proportions of locomotives. |
| " 30. | Combustion. |
| " 31. | Resistance of trains. |
| " 32. | Performance and cost of operating locomotives. |
| " 33. | The care and inspection of locomotives while in the engine house. |
| " 34. | Running locomotives. |
| " 35. | Responsibilities and qualifications of locomotive engineers. |
| " 36. | Accidents to locomotives. |
| " 37. | Accidents and injuries to persons. |

The foregoing demonstrates with special emphasis the value of the book, and its importance to every locomotive fireman and engineer. Every subject named is treated exhaustively and scientifically, and better still, the information is given in the form of a catechism—questions and answers.

We know of no way that we can render firemen and engineers a better service than to urge them to purchase and study the "Catechism of the Locomotive."

THE COLUMBIA CYCLE CALENDAR.

By far the most valuable business calendar for 1891 is the Columbia Cycle Calendar and stand, issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, Mass. It is in the form of a pad containing 366 leaves, each leaf having on it date, day of week, day of year, and number of days to come, a paragraph pertaining to cycling or some kindred subject. The leaves are fastened only on the end, so that each entire leaf can be exposed. The stand is made of stained wood, brass mounted, with pencil holder and pen rack. Although this is the sixth year of the calendar, the matter is fresh and new, the larger number of paragraphs having been specially written for this purpose.

NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Elsewhere in our columns appears the advertisement of the National Mutual Building and Loan Association of New York. The following named gentlemen constitute the Board of officers: Mr. C. B. Peet, the President, was the founder of the great clothing house of Rogers, Peet & Co., and is also President of the United States Mutual Accident Association of New York; the largest of its kind in the world. James R. Pitcher, the Treasurer, is the Secretary of the same Association, and is known well and favorably all over our country. J. Edward Simmons, Second Vice President, is the President of the Fourth National Bank of New York, one of the largest of the down town banks, and his name is familiar to bankers everywhere. Joseph J. Little, First Vice-President, is the senior partner of the extensive printing and book binding house of J. J. Little & Co. The Secretary, Geo. R. Sutherland, is President of the Bank of Campbell, in New York, and is a financier of marked ability and high character. The General Attorney, George J. Peet, has had twenty years' experience in practice before the courts of New York, and is amply equipped for the responsible duties of his office. The Association began business in June, 1888, and it loaned to its members during the first year only \$17,000. From July 1st, 1889 to November 1st, 1890, its loans to members have increased to \$311,000. The loans to date are now in excess of \$320,000, and loans are being made to members on an average of from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per working day. The business of the Association is conducted on very conservative lines, and in the interest of its shareholders.

Acknowledgments.

AUGUSTA, GA., December 4, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN :—I wish to acknowledge with heartfelt gratitude the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred (\$1500.00) dollars, being the full amount due me on the policy held by my late husband, Willie B. Haws. As the B. of L. F. was cherished by my dear husband, so it will always be remembered by me. May God, the father of the widows and orphans, bless the B. of L. F. in all their undertakings, is the earnest prayer of

MRS. WILLIE B. HAWS.

PINE BLUFF, ARK., November 10th, 1890.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN :—With heartfelt gratitude I desire to return my sincere thanks to your noble order for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred (\$1,500.00) dollars insurance due me on the death of my beloved husband, S. M. Lowman, who met his untimely death while in the faithful discharge of his duty on the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas R. R. I also wish to thank the members of Lodge 304, Argenta, for their brotherly kindness to me while in my greatest trouble. I pray God to spare your dear ones the great bereavement that I have had to suffer. May God bless and prosper your noble order is the prayer of your bereaved sister and sincere friend.

ALLIEN C. LOWMAN.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., November 27th, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS :—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,500.00 in payment of my disability claim, allowed by the convention, for which I return my grateful thanks. Words fail to express my obligations to the good members of Truckee Lodge, No. 19, for their kindness and attention during all my misfortune. Hoping that the brotherhood will always prosper and with best wishes for all its members, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

J. F. RICHARDSON.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, December 4th, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS :—I have received through Bro. C. F. Reneman, Receiver of Garfield Lodge, No. 203, Garrett, Ind., a draft for \$1,500.00 in payment of my disability claim as allowed by our late convention. For this and for past assistance please accept my sincere thanks and with best wishes for the welfare of the Order, I remain,

Your friend and brother,

MICHAEL SULLIVAN.

BRIGHT, IND., November 25th, 1890.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS :—I desire to return my sincere thanks, through the columns of our Magazine, for the payment of \$1,500.00 on my disability claim; also to the brothers of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, and Hinton Lodge, No. 26, for their uniform kindness and help through all my suffering and sorrow.

May no brother be stricken as I have been, is the wish of your afflicted brother.

J. A. NORTHWAY.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., October 22, 1890.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS :—I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude, for the manner in which my case has been handled, from the time of my injury, something over two years ago, until the present date. I wish especially to thank the members of Blooming Lodge, No. 40. By their untiring efforts, through Bro. Ed Spreen, my claim was allowed and an order for the sum of \$1,500.00 was handed to me by the Receiver last night at Lodge meeting. I wish the Brotherhood at large and Blooming Lodge, No. 40, unlimited prosperity.

Yours fraternally,

JOSEPH BURKE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 1, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN :—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the payment of \$1,500.00, the amount of insurance due me on the policy held in your Order by my late husband, W. C. Davidson. I also desire to thank the officers and members of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, for their kind attention to my husband.

Yours truly,

MARGARET F. DAVIDSON.

SAN JOSE, CAL., November 20th, 1890.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS :—Words cannot express the gratitude I feel as I acknowledge the receipt of a draft for One Thousand Dollars, for injuries which I sustained in the accident which occurred at Mayfield, Cal., on the 3d day of April, 1890. I also tender to the members of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 91, my warmest thanks for their kindness during my long period of sickness. Hoping that the Brotherhood will continue to prosper and be successful, I remain

Yours fraternally,

MATTHEW HOWARD.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, November 19th, 1890.

To the Members of Banner Lodge, No. 56 :

GENTLEMEN :—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars the insurance due on the policy held by my late husband, A. C. Johnson, who was killed near Silver City, June 23d, 1890. I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown him at his burial. I have not words to express the gratitude I feel toward your noble Order. May the blessings of God rest upon you, one and all, is the fervent wish of

Yours respectfully,

MENA JOHNSON.

WELLINGTON, November 26th, 1890.

Mr. D. L. Forsyth, Receiver Fort Pickering Lodge, No. 206, B. of L. F. :

DEAR SIR :—Your favor containing a draft for \$1,500.00 for the payment of the policy of the late C. A. Crane has been received. I take this opportunity of thanking the officers and members of Ft. Pickering Lodge, No. 206, for the care of my son Charles during his sickness and death and especially do I thank you, Mr. Forsyth, for the manner in which you settled up my son's affairs in Memphis and for the long and wearisome journey in accompanying the remains from Memphis to Wellington. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon all Lodges of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and may brotherly love prevail and every moral and social virtue cement you together is the wish of

Yours respectfully,

W. C. CRANE.

Addresses Wanted.

R. W. BECKLEY—Was last heard from in July, 1890, and was then located at Walla Walla, Washington. Anyone knowing his present address will please advise his mother, Mrs. Eliza Beckley, Eldorado Springs, Missouri.

CHARLES C. LIVINGSTON—Information is desired in regard to the whereabouts of Charles C. Livingston, who was formerly located at Moberly, Mo., and was employed as locomotive fireman on the Wabash railway. For several years he followed the occupation of house painting. Address, Theo. C. Livingston, 1016 Howard street, Omaha, Neb.

MRS. HILL—Widow of the late James S. Hill, who was killed in a railroad accident in October last, near West Superior, Wis. He was formerly a fireman on the Northern Railway out of Toronto, Ont. Her address is earnestly desired by Mrs. G. Sutherland, Essex Centre, Canada.

EDDIE DU PLESSIS—A locomotive fireman, who went from Yellowstone Park to San Francisco, and was seen at the latter place in December 1889. Any one knowing his whereabouts will confer a great favor by advising his brother, C. O. Du Plessis, 108 Madison St., Chicago Ill.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

JANUARY, 1891.



Assessment Notice for January.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE B. OF L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 1, 1891. }

Assessment No. 17, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and total disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the Order,

CLAIM No. 342. Wm. J. Fuller, of Lucky Thought Lodge, No. 232, was killed in Railway Accident, July 1, 1890.

CLAIM No. 343. Fred Kaufman, of Pacific Lodge, No. 173, was killed in a Railway Accident, September 3, 1890.

CLAIM No. 344. Gust. J. Eigstaid, of Calumet Lodge, No. 249, was killed by Railway Accident, September 1890.

CLAIM No. 345. A. E. Blanchard, of Evening Star Lodge, No. 112, was scalded to death by Explosion of Arch Pipe, October 26, 1890.

CLAIM No. 346. Murt. Fernan, of Lackawanna Lodge, No. 263, was killed by Railroad Accident, November 3, 1890.

CLAIM No. 347. Patrick Walsh, of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, was killed by Railway Accident, November 1890.

CLAIM No. 348. B. F. Haly, of Alamo Lodge, No. 2, was killed by Engine Falling Through Bridge, November 5, 1890.

CLAIM No. 349. John Werkoff, of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 36, was killed by Pistol Shot Wound, November 8, 1890.

CLAIM No. 350. Henry Whitley, of Lake Erie Lodge, No. 241, died of Typhoid Fever, November 11, 1890.

CLAIM No. 351. Clark R. Thayer, of D. J. Chase Lodge, No. 259, died of Typhoid Fever, November 13, 1890.

CLAIM No. 352. Eugene Rogers, of West End Lodge, No. 18, was killed by Falling Under Moving Train, November 14, 1890.

CLAIM No. 353. Wm. A. Toohy, of Wm. Hugo Lodge, No. 166, was killed by Engine Jumping Track, November 15, 1890.

CLAIM No. 354. James J. Harlee, of Congaree Lodge, No. 427, died of Typhoid Fever, November 16, 1890.

CLAIM No. 355. John Minke, of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, was declared totally disabled by Amputation of Leg, November 18, 1890.

CLAIM No. 356. Arthur J. Grant, of Eastman Lodge, No. 134, died of Typhoid Fever, November 19, 1890.

CLAIM No. 357. James F. Phelps, of Monte Sano Lodge, No. 279, was killed in a Collision, November 21, 1890.

CLAIM No. 358. Fred L. Dexter, of Mt. Tacoma Lodge, No. 192, was killed in a Collision, November 29, 1890.

CLAIM No. 359. Robert Kennington, of Santa Rosa Lodge, No. 308, died of Small Pox, December 3, 1890.

An assessment of Two Dollars (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls January 1, 1891, as provided in Section 52 of the Constitution, said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than January 20th, 1891. Any Lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all the benefits of the Order, as per Section 54 of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Notice to Secretaries.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 1, 1891. }

To Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 51 of the Constitution, you are required to report to the Grand Lodge as expelled all members who fail to make payment of their Quarterly Dues for the quarter ending April 30, 1891. The names of said members must be reported to you by the Collector of your Lodge not later than February 2d, and by you reported to the Grand Lodge immediately thereafter. Failing to report the names of expelled members as herein provided, the Grand Lodge will hold Subordinate Lodges liable for their assessments, as per Section 55 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 1, 1890.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of November, 1890:

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$158	74	\$36	147	\$80	220	\$84	293	\$42
2	18	75	194	148	92	221	90	294	74
3	428	76	66	149	286	222	56	295	48
4	92	77	278	150	150	223	44	296	54
5	192	78	140	151	100	224	54	297	72
6	112	79	76	152	94	225	30	298	68
7	76	80	56	153	54	226	108	299	32
8	180	81	204	154	64	227	68	300	66
9	140	82	222	155	70	228	254	301	58
10	140	83	136	156	64	229	50	302	34
11	152	84	142	157	40	230	102	303	32
12	356	85	148	158	156	231	104	304	68
13	242	86	146	159	104	232	60	305	46
14	320	87	68	160	126	233	40	306	120
15	98	88	132	161	36	234	76	307	92
16	186	89	10	162	231	235	118	308	48
17	64	90	92	163	68	236	62	309	82
18	104	91	82	164	106	237	138	310	64
19	100	92	82	165	120	238	102	311	42
20	72	93	122	166	90	239	82	312	52
21	154	94	120	167	96	240	150	313	54
22	22	95	232	168	82	241	232	314	96
23	34	96	72	169	302	242	218	315	32
24	116	97	174	170	81	243	34	316	102
25	148	98	76	171	48	244	122	317	82
26	138	99	200	172	112	245	150	318	56
27	148	100	82	173	98	246	104	319	48
28	130	101	10	174	174	247	108	320	120
29	56	102	88	175	108	248	94	321	34
30	60	103	190	176	46	249	82	322	64
31	56	104	58	177	72	250	208	323	396
32	52	105	74	178	136	251	186	324	44
33	106	106	44	179	54	252	160	325	42
34	74	107	156	180	44	253	70	326	88
35	52	108	54	181	22	254	132	327	76
36	102	109	94	182	255	255	52	328	30
37	78	110	62	183	114	256	64	329	22
38	114	111	144	184	46	257	330	330	64
39	54	112	78	185	40	258	42	331	52
40	118	113	128	186	100	259	106	332	116
41	64	114	24	187	58	260	72	333	161
42	36	115	58	188	174	261	56	334	58
43	126	116	120	189	90	262	96	335	66
44	146	117	92	190	38	263	122	336	30
45	132	118	50	191	90	264	104	337	128
46	94	119	48	192	134	265	126	338	66
47	160	120	168	193	60	266	132	339	78
48	112	121	106	194	134	267	82	340	62
49	88	122	58	195	70	268	36	341	56
50	218	123	208	196	124	269	342	342	56
51	98	124	80	197	96	270	194	343	38
52	134	125	54	198	70	271	60	344	70
53	82	126	74	199	90	272	38	345	30
54	208	127	90	200	32	273	112	346	34
55	64	128	54	201	90	274	48	347	46
56	72	129	204	202	94	275	348	348	112
57	334	130	116	203	120	276	52	349	84
58	68	131	106	204	34	277	21	350	62
59	174	132	112	205	106	278	24	351	32
60	22	133	120	206	88	279	38	352	82
61	146	134	94	207	152	280	42	353	64
62	106	135	78	208	68	281	72	354	106
63	72	136	52	209	88	282	58	355	62
64	86	137	58	210	50	283	82	356	16
65	80	138	88	211	116	284	206	357	76
66	98	139	40	212	80	285	134	358	44
67	152	140	140	213	36	286	116	359	43
68	86	141	212	214	62	287	102	360	60
69	78	142	196	215	118	288	38	361	122
70	62	143	116	216	289	289	66	362	46
71	144	144	217	217	60	290	16	363	130
72	182	145	96	218	50	291	66	364	46
73	80	146	114	219	92	292	46	365	46

Balance on hand November 1, 1890, . . . \$28,616 75
Received during month . . . 38,014 00

Total . . . \$66,630 75

DISBURSEMENTS.
By claims 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306,
307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316,
317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326
and 327 . . . 43,500 00

Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1890, . . . \$23,130 75

Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DERS, G. S. & T.

Quarterly Dues Notice.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 1, 1891. }

To Members of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 50 of the Constitution, you are hereby notified that the dues for the quarter ending April 30, 1891 (such an amount as may be determined by the several Lodges, provided in no case it shall be less than five (\$5.00) dollars), are now payable, and must be paid to the Collector of your Lodge on or before February 1, 1891. This amount will be in full payment of all Subordinate Dues and Beneficiary Assessments levied by the Grand Lodge for said quarter, as provided in Section 134 of the Constitution. All beneficiary members now enrolled, and all those admitted prior to April 1, 1891, are liable for the full amount of Quarterly Dues for said quarter. All members initiated during April (from the 1st to the 30th, inclusive), are exempt from payment of Quarterly Dues for said quarter, as provided in Section 131 of the Constitution. Any member failing to make payment as above provided, will be expelled from the Order, as per Section 51 of the Constitution, said expulsion taking effect February 2, 1891, and the Secretary is required to make due report thereof to the Grand Lodge.

Yours fraternally,
F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DERS, G. S. AND T.

Application Fees, Initiation Fees, and Grand Dues.

At the late Convention held at San Francisco, some material changes were made in the laws relating to Application Fees, Initiation Fees, and Grand Dues, and an emergency being declared for the immediate taking effect of said laws, the same were declared in force and effect from and after their passage. Other changes were made in the laws of the Order, but these do not take effect until February 1st.

The Application Fee was reduced from \$2.50 to \$2.00, and the Grand Dues were increased from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

The Initiation Fee may be fixed by Subordinate Lodges at any amount not less than \$3.00.

Upon the admission of an applicant, the Application Fee of \$2.00 is applied to his Grand Dues, and the Receiver is required to forward the same to the Grand Lodge with the first regular returns made after the admission of said applicant.

Receivers will take notice that from this time forward they are required, under the provisions of the new law relating to Grand Dues now in effect, to remit \$2.00, instead of \$1.50 as heretofore, for each newly admitted member.

All applicants for membership admitted after May 1st, will be exempt from Grand Dues until the following fiscal year.

Grand Lodge.

- F. P. SARGENT** Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
J. J. HANNAHAN Vice Grand Master
56th and Dearborn Sts., Englewood, Ill.
E. V. DUNE Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
E. V. DUNE Editor and Manager of Magazine
Terre Haute, Indiana.

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES.

- Wm. F. HAYNES** Chairman
885 Eleventh St., Denver, Col.
JAS. L. E. BARRY Secretary
552 Swan st., Buffalo, N. Y.
CHAS. W. MAIR Box 514, Parsons, Kan.
GRAND EXECUTIVE BOARD.
HARRY WALTON Chairman
317 Bell St., Philadelphia, Pa.
C. J. SINGLETON Secretary
L. Box 835, Mattoon, Ill.
JOHN F. O'REILLY Port Townsend, Wash.
T. P. O'ROURKE Pocatello, Idaho
EDGEMAN A. BALL Stratford, Ont.

Subordinate Lodges.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.

- Meets in Deerpark Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
James H. Fordyce, 18 Church st. Master
Chas. W. Snyder, 62 Hammond st. Secretary
Chas. W. Snyder, 62 Hammond st. Collector
John Walsh, 1 New York st. Receiver
James H. Fordyce, 18 Church St., Magazine Agent

2. SPARTAN; Nansen, Ind.

- Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Sunday evenings.
Thos. F. Doran Master
Chas. N. Hill, Box 145 Secretary
Arthur Holmes Collector
Eliz J. Shields Receiver
Clint Williams Magazine Agent

3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.

- Meets in Germania Hall, 140 Newark ave., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
James E. Welch, 201 Pavonia ave. Master
Chas. W. Martin, 121 Academy st. Secretary
J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St. Collector
J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St. Receiver
S. Simpson, 109 Irving St., Rahway Magazine Agent

4. GREAT EASTERN Portland, Maine.

- Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 53 Temple St., 1st and 3d Sunday.
Joe. E. Cook, St. John st. Master
C. D. Getchell, 249 York st. Secretary
A. E. Dennison, 23 Merrill st. Collector
F. A. Huff, 47 Hanover st. Receiver
F. H. Pember, 98 India St. Magazine Agent

5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.

- Meets in Engineer's Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. W. Dyer, Box 1273 Master
James W. Finney, Box 1273 Secretary
M. McCarty, Box 1273 Collector
Wm. Couse, Box 1273 Receiver
Thos. B. Burke, Box 1273 Magazine Agent

6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; DeSoto, Mo.

- Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and Boyd Sts., every Monday at 2 P. M.
F. Gratiot, Box 298 Master
Alexander Williams, L. Box 212 Secretary
Henry Hort Collector
Fred. Showman Receiver
Wm. H. Wonder, Box 4 Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in McCaulley's Hall, between 2d and 3d Sts., Pennsylvania avenue, southeast.
R. M. Smith, 129 Carroll St., S. E. Master
H. B. Clagett, Jr., 625 6th st. S. W. Secretary
W. Ball, 417 G St., S. E. Collector
J. B. May, 12 D st. S. E. Receiver
Wm. Baldwin, 324 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md. Magazine Agent

8. RED RIVER; Deason, Texas.

- Meets in Brakemen's Hall, Main St., alternate Saturdays at 2 P. M. and alternate Saturdays at 7 P. M. next.
Jerry Scott, 200 E. Munson st. Master
M. L. Hand, 326 Hull st. Secretary
T. W. Weaver, 700 W. Munson st. Collector
J. F. Cramer, 614 Owing st. Receiver
Chas. Fullington, 403 E. Day st. Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.

- Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, 80 1/2 High St., alternate Mondays at 8 P. M.
F. J. Kistler, 212, 214 S. High St. Master
C. C. Coit, 996 Pennsylvania Ave. Secretary
Geo. H. Landon, Pan Handle nud house, Collector
F. J. Kistler, 212, 214 S. High St. Receiver
Leonard Lawrence, 860 Arsenal Ave. Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.

- Meets at 182 Ontario St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. Manzelman, 12 Tremont st. Master
S. R. Tate, 374 Jefferson st. Secretary
A. G. Laubecher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Collector
T. P. Curtis, 41 W. Madison St. Receiver
A. G. Laubecher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Magazine Agent

11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.

- Meets in Grimer's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Nathan Strouse Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box, 106 Secretary
Elvin E. Teel Collector
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 96 Receiver
Abram Vanatta Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.

- Meets at 198 Seneca St., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
W. R. Driscoll, 75 Pine st. Master
Geo. E. Chamberlin, D. & L. W. Round House, E. Buffalo Secretary
Wm. J. Stone, 6 Seymour st. Collector
P. J. McNamara, 70 Michigan St. Receiver
Geo. Hawthorn, 227 Cedar St. Magazine Agent

13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.

- Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Maple St. and Pacific Ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
Alpheus Galloway, Suydam ave. Master
Joe. F. Neiman, 140 Pacific ave. Secretary
Edward F. Jones, 111 Pacific ave. Collector
Wm. J. Lewis, 225 Whiton St. Receiver
A. Neigert, 15 Hamilton St., Newark Magazine Agent

14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.

- Meets at 34 W. Washington St., fourth floor, every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
Wm. J. Hugo, 79 North Noble st. Master
Geo. P. Kern, 77 E. Morris St. Secretary
E. J. Kline, 631 North West St. Collector
W. J. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Receiver
Henry Zink, 410 So. Illinois st. Magazine Agent

15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.

Meets in St. Charles Club Room, Point St. Charles, every alternate Sunday.

Thos. Wilson, 238 Magdalen st. Master
James Ashcroft, 240 Magdalen St., Point St. Charles Secretary
Samuel Edwards, 118 Grand Trunk St., Point St. Charles Collector
H. J. Clarke, 154 Charron St., Point St. Charles Receiver
A. Blair, 32 Favard St. Magazine Agent

16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.

Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays, at 7:30 P. M.

Frank Dupell, 928 N. 9th st. Master
J. F. O'Reilly, 624 N 5th St. Secretary
Henry Balesdorf, 621 N. 8th St. Collector
C. A. Bennett, 1004 N. 9th St. Receiver
Wm. C. Pearce, 1604 Chase st. Magazine Agent

17. PINE RIDGE; Chadron, Neb.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

O. E. Collins Master
L. V. Bowman, L. Box 545 Secretary
M. Devaney Collector
J. E. Platner Receiver
M. M. Shirley Magazine Agent

18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Saturday night.

Albert Disney Master
John Reid Secretary
J. J. Day Collector
Rufus McCormack Receiver
W. W. Golladay, Box 196 Magazine Agent

19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.

Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, every Friday at 7 P. M.

Jesse W. Swaney Master
Tom. J. Giffen, Box 83 Secretary
Henry Bowers Collector
Robt. B. Middlemiss Receiver
Fred. L. Rose Magazine Agent

20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

Robt. Hoag Master
George C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
J. W. Taylor Collector
John F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Receiver
John F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Magazine Agent

21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets at 902 South 4th St., 2d and 4th Tuesday at 8 P. M.

Wm. Merkle, 810 Chambers St. Master
D. R. Martin, 944 Chouteau Ave. Secretary
Eli Giclas, 21 So. 16th St. Collector
Wm. C. Linck, 2803 St. Louis Ave. Receiver
Hart H. Webb, 2511 Quincy Place Magazine Agent

22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.

Daniel O'Connor Master
Scott Busey Secretary
S. Gibson Collector
Jno. T. Heller Receiver
S. Gibson Magazine Agent

23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Brook and Main Sts.

Joshua Proctor, Box 60 Master
John S. Ott, L. Box 523 Secretary
A. P. Josselyn, L. Box 563 Collector
Joshua Proctor, Box 60 Receiver
Joshua Proctor, Box 60 Magazine Agent

24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.

Meets in Brotherhood Hall, Forest Ave., every Wednesday at 1:30 P. M.

I. B. Melville, Box 221 Master
Wm. Morris, Box 810 Secretary
Curtis Parsons, Box 206 Collector
Lot. Brandenburg Receiver
Charles W. Maier, Box 514 Magazine Agent

25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

H. C. Barron Master
James Rogers, Box 722 Secretary
James Rogers, Box 722 Collector
W. H. Cummings, Box 426 Receiver
N. Burlingame Magazine Agent

26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays

Henry Wettstein Master
Fred VanLeshout, Box 896 Secretary
Geo. B. Williams Collector
Thos. Williams, Box 908 Receiver
Chas. A. Rich Magazine Agent

27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Meets in Room 13, O'Hara's Block, 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

W. W. Coffey, 436 A ave W. Master
Jos. R. Byerly, 408 G Ave., West Secretary
Frank Hunter, 202 Second at W. Collector
W. C. Byers, 332 G ave W. Receiver
Chas. B. Kimbro, 588'W Ave Magazine Agent

28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.

Thomas Burney, Box 235 Master
Ralph O. Chamberlain, Box 267 Secretary
Lewis Clark, Box 105 Collector
Howard F. Jeffrey, Box 267 Receiver
F. J. Doran, Box 623 Magazine Agent

29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month, corner Second and Main Sts.

John Humphrey Master
J. H. Fulton, Box 706 Secretary
Alex. Mothershead Collector
Lewis Leitner, Box 826 Receiver
C. F. Larsen, Box 301 Magazine Agent

30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.

Meets in Select Knights' Hall, Sycamore and 4th streets, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

W. E. Penn Master
R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Secretary
A. Livingston Collector
R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Receiver
H. J. Reynolds Magazine Agent

31. B. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M. in Woodman's Hall, cor. 6th and Kansas Ave.

Jno. O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe st. Master
Jno. V. Higdon, 1531 Commercial st. Secretary
Chas. Bennington, 1418 Santa Fe St. Collector
John O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe st. Receiver
C. M. Noble, 1501 Main St. Magazine Agent

32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

John McKenna Master
Gus. A. Ebeling, Box 143 Secretary
Gua. A. Ebeling, Box 143 Collector
George M. McClure, Box 205 Receiver
Harry Stigall Magazine Agent

33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, over Union Bank, 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.

Thomas E. Torpey Master
C. H. Torpey Secretary
Chas. W. Gallup Collector
Wm. C. Gallup Receiver
Frank L. Cox Magazine Agent

24. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 4th St., 1st and 3d Sun-
days at 2:30 P. M.

J. M. Wright Master
Chas. W. Koons, Chaney Secretary
Frank A. Kinch, 8th and Stockholms sts. Collector
Thomas E. Bulen, 619 4th Ave Receiver
Jos. F. Butler, 1705 S. 5th St Magazine Agent

35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.

Meets in Khrel's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.

Thos. Monahan, Box 458 Master
J. F. Underwood Secretary
Chas. F. Reijer, Box 205, Galena Collector
James Lavell, Box 490 Receiver
J. W. Meyer, L. Box 77 Magazine Agent

36. TIPPECANOE Lafayette, Ind.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 5th and Columbia Sts, at
2 P. M., Sundays.

Charles Ernst, U. S. Express Co Master
Albert H. Kelley 98 Green St. Secretary
Geo. E. Smith, Carrier No. 4 Collector
W. R. Johnson, 110 S. 4th St. Receiver
Wm. H. Fox, 2d St Magazine Agent

37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Thursday at 8 P. M.

H. G. Cormick Master
W. D. Holton Secretary
Elmer C. Fabin Collector
O. C. Cairns Receiver
W. H. Meng Magazine Agent

38. AYON; Stratford, Ontario.

Meets in Foresters' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2
P. M.

Thomas Dolan, Box 318 Master
J. Burke, Box 318 Secretary
William O'Brien, Box 318 Collector
Wm. Brown, Box 318 Receiver
Alfred C. Sauls, Box 318 Magazine Agent

39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 2d Sunday and 4th
Monday at 2 P. M.

J. C. Kane, 2701 6th ave Master
Daniel H. Moroney, 8th Ave. & 27th St. Secretary
J. T. Doly, 6th Ave and 27th St. Collector
Daniel H. Moroney, 8th Ave. & 27th St. Receiver
J. T. Doly, 6th Ave. and 25th st. Mag. Agent

40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.

Meets at 910 W Chestnut street, Tuesdays at 7:30
P. M.

W. E. Sage, 1110 N Mason st. Master
James Kerr, 712 W Locust st. Secretary
James Kerr, 712 W Locust st. Collector
Ed. Spreen, 509 N. Chestnut St Receiver
J. W. Dowdy, 101 N. Allen St. Magazine Agent

41. ONWARD; Dickinson, N. Dakota.

Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, every Thursday at
7:30 P. M.

Peter Tueson Master
Geo. W. Poor, Box 181 Secretary
D. A. Walker, Box 105 Collector
W. W. Poor, Box 181 Receiver
Ivan W. Lee Magazine Agent

42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.

Meets in Sharps' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
2:30 P. M.

Byron B. Wilber, 207 Park St Master
F. Lawrence, 416 W. Midlin St Secretary
John Harrington, 520 W. Main St. Collector
Byron B. Wilber, 277 Park St Receiver
Frank Lawrence, 416 W. Midlin St, Magazine Agent

43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.

Meets in Gewitz Hall, 10th and Olive Sts., 1st and
3d Thursdays.

W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. 8th St Master
W. E. Bristol, 516, cor 5th and Maple Secretary
W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. 8th St Collector
C. B. Ricker, 705 So. 10th st Receiver
H. E. Slater, 904 Pacific St Magazine Agent

44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.

Meets in Jackisch Hall, corner Missouri and
Main Sts., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.

Phil. C. Cramer, Box 68 Master
W. W. Gillis, Box 523 Secretary
Jacob Youngmans Collector
Phil. J. May Receiver
I. E. Goodin Magazine Agent

45. MOONE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.

Meets in Quasap Hall every Monday night.

T. P. Homard, 1106 W Fourth st Master
A. J. Bailey, 104 Ringo st Secretary
William Smith, 206 S. Cross St. Collector
George Emery, 1006 North St Receiver
Mathias Loux, 1018 Water St Magazine Agent

46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 217 South 5th St., 1st
and 3d Sundays, at 2 P. M.

E. W. Row and, 901 Capitol ave Master
C. G. Brittingham, 513 So. 7th st Secretary
F. Magers Collector
S. A. Fudge, 1120 Jackson St. Receiver
C. G. Brittingham, 513 So. 7th st. Magazine Agent

47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Prosperity Hall, N. E. corner State and
18th Sts., 1st Monday evening and 3d Sunday
afternoons.

Lawrence Murphy, 1474 Indiana Ave. Master
James Mulqueen, 45 E. 1 th St. Secretary
Geo. P. Lockyear, 229 4th Place Collector
M. Jones, 1635 Wabash Ave. Receiver
S. W. F. Hynes; Peoria, Ill.

48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, 105 S. Adams St., 2d and
4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

Wm. F. Scott, 901 Glen 'ale ave Master
W. A. McMillan, 246 State st Secretary
W. A. McMillan, 206 State St Collector
George C. Watt, 617 1st St Receiver
Chas. C. Crane, 509 1st st Magazine Agent

49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, E. Eldorado St., 2d and
4th Sundays at 8 P. M.

Wm. F. Slater, 422 N Morgan st Master
Dan Dineen, 537 N Broadway Secretary
August Nalefki, Railroad ave Collector
A. H. Sutton, 915 N Water St Receiver
E. J. Wilkins, 1380 E William St. Magazine Agent

50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, corner 48th and State
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

Calvin M. Wolcott, 5001 State St. Master
W. H. Greene 4800 Dearborn st. Secretary
C. D. Dickerman, 5142 Dearborn St. Collector
T. G. Berry, 377 48th St Receiver
P. Brilen, 4700 Wabash ave Mag. Agent

51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Station A, Springfield,
every Wednesday at 2 P. M.

John S. Carson, Box 437, Station A, Spring-
field Master
Michael Gaffney, Station A, Springfield, Secretary
Geo. A. Hasler, Station A, Springfield, Collector
John S. Carson, Box 437, Station A, Spring-
field Receiver
Michael Gaffney, Station A, Springfield, Magazine Agent

52. GOOD WILL; Loganport, Ind.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, corner 4th and Market
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d
and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

Roger Flaherty, 722 Miami st. Master
J. A. Holland, 2 Elm st Secretary
A. Cook, 1712 George st Collector
F. C. Beam, 202 Bate st Receiver
Jno. J. Fitzgerald, 17 Uhl st. Magazine Agent

53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner 6th Ave. and
Commercial St., 1st and 3d Monday at 130 P. M.

George F. Cheshire, 16 Neosho st Master
H. M. 'eagondollar, 118 Congress st. Secretary
Ira M. Hadley, 110 Neosho st Collector
Howard Galey, 882 Congress st. Receiver
R. Wolcott Magazine Agent

54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.

Meets in Supplies Bros.' Hall, Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 J. H. Stannard, L. Box 242 Master
 T. J. Clayton, L. Box 1451 Secretary
 T. J. Clayton, L. Box 1451 Collector
 T. J. Grimes Receiver
 A. E. Cotty Magazine Agent

55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.

Meets at K. of H. Hall, cor. 4th and Lewney St.,
 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Ed Dwyer, L. & N. Shops Master
 A. S. Klyce, 115 Hill st Secretary
 J. H. Davis, L. & N. Shops Collector
 A. S. Klyce, 115 Hill St Receiver
 Wm. Shanley, 298 High st Magazine Agent

56. BANNER; Stanberry, Mo.

Meets in B. L. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 T. Sanford, Box 33 Master
 W. E. Baldwin, Box 400 Secretary
 J. H. Burk Collector
 E. W. Fisher, L. Box 424 Receiver
 W. M. Collacott, Box 143 Magazine Agent

57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.

Meets in Templar Hall, 724 Washington St., 3d
 and 4th Sundays at 10:30 A. M.
 W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charles-
 town Master
 Sheridan Bisbee, 202 Harrison ave Secretary
 Wm. E. Wyman, 13 Union st., Charles-
 town Collector
 W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charles-
 town Receiver
 H. E. Stevens, 5 Davis St Magazine Agent

58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Monday and Thurs-
 day at 1:30 P. M.
 A. C. Thyle Master
 W. D. Stevens Secretary
 Walter Brinton Collector
 Andrew F. Brennan Receiver
 Wm. Myers Magazine Agent

59. ROYAL GORGE; Pueblo, Colo.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. High St. and Union
 Ave., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. S. Walker, 124 Mechanic st Master
 E. S. McAlpine, 26 Block 8 Secretary
 Eolt. Willmunder, Block U Collector
 M. C. Donnelly, 216 E 3d St Receiver
 Wm. H. Trout, 118 W Fourth st Mag. Agent

60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Dover Hall, Marshall St., above Susque-
 hanna Ave., 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Frederick O. Metzger, 1815 Adams st Master
 Howard Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St Secretary
 James Wertz, 2013 N 3d St Collector
 B. F. Petit, 1833 Marshall St Receiver
 B. F. Petit, 1833 Marshall St Magazine Agent

61. MINNEHABA; St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in Druid's Hall, corner Jackson and E. 7th
 St., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 J. V. Piper Master
 H. E. Kemp, 117 Granite st Secretary
 Geo. W. Klinefelter, 106 Lithfield st Collector
 Theo. T. Hart, 709 Tuscarora St Receiver
 J. Johnson, 176 Penna ave Magazine Agent

62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. 7th and Church
 Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.,
 A. M. Banks Master
 Ellsworth B. Gardner, 31 N. Washing-
 ton st Secretary
 W. H. Brokenshire Collector
 John McCawley Receiver
 D. N. Swan, 78 S. Wyoming st Magazine Agent

63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.

Meets in K. of H. Hall, West Main St., 1st and
 3d Sundays.
 B. M. Manion, 202 Collett st Master
 John Tracie, 801 Collett st Secretary
 Charles C. Stevens, 801 Collett st Collector
 E. Kyger, 515 N Hazel st Receiver
 Charles C. Stevens, 801 Collett St.,
 Danville Magazine Agent

64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30
 P. M.
 L. Lampton, Ill. Central Joint Office Master
 Thomas F. Dolan, 103 So. Wall st Secretary
 D. L. Davenport, 1521 East 8th st Collector
 James Griffin, 419 Clark St Receiver
 D. M. Price, 615 Iowa st Magazine Agent

65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 G. F. Bennett, Box 3 Master
 W. B. Mitchell Secretary
 A. Johnson Collector
 F. Chambers, Box 50 Receiver
 J. W. Foster Magazine Agent

66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, Station St., 2d and 4th
 Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 T. Daly, Jr., Belleville Sta., Box 99 Master
 Ed. H. Jones Secretary
 Wm. J. Logue Collector
 Wm. J. Logue Receiver
 Jas. Williamson, Belleville Sta-
 tion, Box 99 Magazine Agent

67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at
 2:30 P. M.
 Thos. N. Modeland, 80 Woolsley st Master
 Geo. E. Crowhurst, 80 Woolley St Secretary
 Phil. Richardson, 148 Farley Ave Collector
 James Pratt, 172 Huron St Receiver
 D. Bracken, 669 King St. W Magazine Agent

68. KAU CLAIRE; Altoona, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
 2 P. M.
 Mart Duggan Master
 Richard Hall, Box 61 Secretary
 S. J. McCauley, Box 24 Collector
 E. Brogan, Box 127 Receiver
 Richard E. Swann Magazine Agent

69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.

Meets in the Merrill Block, every Thursday at
 7:30 P. M.
 J. B. Hislop, Box 620 Master
 George Purvis, Box 620 Secretary
 J. M. Phillips, G. T. R Collector
 W. J. Dowell, Box 183 Receiver
 J. Goodison, Box 206 Magazine Agent

70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Monday at 2
 P. M.
 J. H. Doan, Box 411 Master
 Charles S. Weller, Box 392 Secretary
 W. W. Miller, Box 392 Collector
 T. A. Watts, Box 351 Receiver
 Wm. W. Miller, Box 392 Magazine Agent

71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
 3 P. M.
 A. E. Loucks, 9 Ernst st Master
 W. W. Rowe, 23 Franklin st Secretary
 Willard Robinson, 6 Mackley ave Collector
 Irvin Baker, 38 Grove St Receiver
 Chas. Simmons, Camden, N. J. Magazine Agent

72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.

Meets at 2d and Federal Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Bayard T. Wells, 501 So. Third st Master
 James L. Gibbs, Collingswood Secretary
 Geo. Austermyhl, 437 Mickle St Collector
 James L. Gibbs, Collingswood Receiver
 Geo. W. Tash, 238 Senate St Magazine Agent

73. DAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.

Meets at Stationary Engineer's Hall, 302 Main St.,
 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
 James W. Mead, 75 Prospect st Master
 Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st Secretary
 James H. Crawford, 20 Harrison st Collector
 Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st Receiver
 W. N. Holland, 9 Cutler St Magazine Agent

74. KANSAS CITY; Argentine, Kan.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, alternate Thursdays.
 Thomas Donohue, Box 421 Master
 Edwin J. Pearce, Box 421 Secretary
 G. B. Campbell, Box 421 Collector
 Edwin J. Pearce, Box 421 Receiver
 Chas. Justice, Box 421 Magazine Agent

76. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Erickson's Hall, 2047 Lancaster Ave.,
2d and 4th Sunday afternoons
John E. Vannatter, 336 N 31st st Master
C. W. Reeves, 750 N 36th St Secretary
J. F. Findley, 3004 Fairmount Ave. Collector
C. W. Reeves, 750 N 36th St. Receiver
J. F. Findley, 3004 Fairmount Ave., Magazine Agent

76. NEW ERA; Breckenridge, Minn.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2
P. M.
Wm. Pannon, Box 67 Master
W. C. Hall, Box 253 Secretary
C. B. Hurd Collector
Joa. Shinsky, Willmar Receiver
Geo. W. Adkins Magazine Agent

77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.

Meets in Neef's Hall, 15th St., every Thursday at
7:30 P. M.
Thos. N. Worth, 1,110 Converse St., N.
Denver Master
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St. Secretary
A. L. Kanaga, 2811 Market st. Collector
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St. Receiver
A. L. Kanaga, 2801 Market St. Magazine Agent

78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.

Meets in Hart's Hall, E 13th St., every Thursday
at 7 P. M.
Frank Bollinghouse, 1,108 E. Third St. Master
E. C. Hendrickson, 1400 E. 5th st. Secretary
J. P. Alcorn, 1223 Engineer St. Collector
Henry Ankeltner, 1108 E. 5th St. Receiver
J. P. Alcorn, 1223 Engineer st. Magazine Agent

79. J. M. SUGGE; Reedhouse, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays
and 2d and 4th Sundays.
Richard Carroll Master
Charles E. Stone, Box 255 Secretary
Frank I. Carr Collector
Daniel O'Donnell Receiver
John Underwood Magazine Agent

80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.

Meets over 2d and 2d Broadway, every 2d Sunday.
John S. Slick, 474 Sexton St. Master
Geo. J. Waters, 202 Fifth St. Secretary
Geo. J. Waters, 202 5th St. Collector
C. O. Spencer, West Lake st. Receiver
C. H. Kelley, 306 Fox st. Magazine Agent

81. FIRE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 6th St., South, 2d and
4th Sundays 2 P. M.
W. J. Bain, Box 1768 Master
C. T. Dubois, Box 1831 Secretary
D. C. Warne Collector
J. F. McGinnis, Box 1871 Receiver
Fred. W. Dunlap Magazine Agent

82. NORTHEASTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 14 Washington Ave., 1st
Saturday at 7:30 P. M. 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
Ernest B. Mayo, Oak Lake Eng. House Master
W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave. Secretary
Robert J. Watson, 1725 So Logan ave. Collector
W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave. Receiver
Ernest B Mayo, Oak Lake Eng.
House Magazine Agent

83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Wednesday, at
8 P. M.
Geo. H. Tucker, Box 590 Master
Geo. A. Browne, 1811 Crump st. Secretary
I. M. Dean, 501 Crawford st. Collector
Geo. Y. Lee, 1811 Crump st. Receiver
Nick Phaler Box 590 Magazine Agent

84. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.

Meets in B. L. E. Hall, 256 E. Main St., 2d and 4th
Sundays at 2:30 P. M., and 1st Monday at 7:30
P. M.
Thos. J. Scanlan, 56 E Hall st. Master
J. E. Williams, 167 South ave. Secretary
Frank Winshall, 88 Bennett st. Collector
John Tighe, 79 Hart st. Receiver
L. J. Zang, 41 Beach st. Magazine Agent

85. FARGO; Fargo, N. Dakota.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 8 P. M. in I. O. O.
F. Hall, corner Robert St. and 2d Ave.
W. W. Sturman, 1804 16th St. Master
Wash. Terrett, 17 16th St. Secretary
Silas Zwight Collector
G. L. Autherland, 1414 5th Ave. S. Receiver
A. J. Thometz, Jamestown Magazine Agent

86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, Friday evening at 7:30.
George W. DeForrest, Box 455 Master
William N. Roth, Box 458 Secretary
George W. DeForrest, Box 455 Collector
William N. Roth, Box 458 Receiver
Thos. J. Farrell, Box 261 Magazine Agent

87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Thursday, at 7:30
P. M.
Chas. E. Sullivan Master
O. H. Rehmyer Secretary
Miles Scallan Collector
Adam Robertson Receiver
Miles Scallan Magazine Agent

88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Sunday afternoon at
1:30 P. M.
Joshua Kirkman Master
E. R. Hall Secretary
Henry J. Cramer Collector
Wm H. Ward Receiver
Joe C. Dunsmore Magazine Agent

89. CHEHAU; Montgomery, Ala.

Meets every Sunday at 8 P. M. in K. of P. Hall,
over National Bank, Commerce St.
D. C. Hair, Box 435 Master
Collector
E. L. Cranford, 79 Water st., Selma Receiver
W. H. McLeod, Atlanta, Ga. Magazine Agent

90. SAN DIEGO; San Bernardino, Cal.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, every Sunday at 7:30
P. M.
Jas. C. Sharp, Box 704 Master
Wm. Fleming, Box 645 Secretary
Wm. Fleming, Box 645 Collector
J. M. Walker, Box 645 Receiver
J. M. Walker, Box 645 Magazine Agent

91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.

Meets corner Valencia and 16th Sts., 2d Tuesday
at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 2:00 P. M.
Thos. D. Manhire, 123 Julian ave. Master
J. L. Mayne, 231 Fifteenth st. Secretary
W. S. Johnson, 21 Shotwell st. Collector
W. S. Runyon, 232 Shotwell st. Receiver
W. S. Runyon, 232 Shotwell st. Magazine Agent

92. FRONTIER CITY; Owego, N. Y.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in Frontier City Hall,
Jefferson Block.
Jasper E. Dowd, 10 W Willow st. Master
M. Counsell, 16 E. 5th St. Secretary
James Whalen, 230 W. 7th St. Collector
James Whalen, 230 W. 7th St. Receiver
Thos. Bradley, 123 W. Cayuga St. Magazine Agent

93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.

Meets in Horn's Hall, corner 8th and Main St., 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
John Crimmons, 1128 Bluff st. Master
E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St. Secretary
John Burns, cor. 7th and Carroll st. Collector
E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St. Receiver
J. Stanley, Walsh Magazine Agent

94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner Tool Ave. and
Pennington St., every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
F. W. Callaway, L. Box 218 Master
F. G. Church, L. Box 218 Secretary
Robt. Gael, L. Box 218 Collector
W. D. Anderson, L. Box 218 Receiver
Geo. T. Latimer, Box 248 Magazine Agent

- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets at 237 Milwaukee Ave., 2d Tuesday at 8 P. M., and last Sunday of each month, at 9:30 A. M.
D. M. Leavitt, 36 Temple St. Master
John J. Doyle, 165 W. Chicago ave. Secretary
Irwin W. Stettler, 234 N. May st. Collector
David M. Leavitt, 36 Temple st. Receiver
Allen Webb, Woodstock. Magazine Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St.
Isaac Cable, Box 695 Master
James A. Russell, Box 695 Secretary
Albert S. Askew, Box 695 Collector
Joseph Quinn, Box 695 Receiver
M. R. Kerr, Box 635 Magazine Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, at corner Leroy and New Main Sts., every Friday evening
L. A. Hayes, 143 1/2 San Fernando st. Master
H. C. Forsyth, 536 Washington st. Secretary
D. A. Eagan, 126 Bloom st. Collector
C. F. Fluhr, 978 Buena Vista st. Receiver
J. S. Gates, Mojave Magazine Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday.
J. H. Downey Master
N. N. Blachy Secretary
H. Grubnau Collector
Ed H. Line Receiver
J. H. Taylor Magazine Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall at No. 33 Market St., every Friday evening.
E. E. Pruyn, 41 1st Ave. Master
W. P. Couch, 24 Thompson Ave. Secretary
George N. Kingsley, 22 Upton Park. Collector
George N. Kingsley, 22 Upton Park. Receiver
C. A. Washburn, 9 Grand Ave. Magazine Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
Meets in Wright's Hall, corner Main and Adams Sts., every Monday at 2 P. M.
Chas. M. Moore, Drawer A Master
M. F. J. Broeffle, Box 480 Secretary
W. B. Perkins, Box 57 Collector
Wesley Alsop, Box 342 Receiver
D. J. Casey Magazine Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 222 Pine St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
John Igoe, 513 cor. of Vine and Jeff sts. Master
Frank Giltner, 409 S. V. ne st. Secretary
Frank Giltner, 409 S. Vine st. Collector
John Igoe, 513, cor. Vine and Jeff sts. Receiver
Magazine Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets in Druids Hall, 215 Walnut st., alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. S. Payne, Box 292, Stuart Master
W. L. Caras, 849 W 18th St., West Des Moines Secretary
R. E. Nash, 1412 W Grand ave Collector
T. J. Howard, 813 Mulberry st., West Des Moines Receiver
W. L. Caras, 849 W 18th St., West Des Moines Magazine Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets in Colgan's Hall, corner 10th and Walnut Sts., every Thursday at 2 P. M.
J. L. Burkhardt, 1029 Broadway Master
Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st. Secretary
Murray Cook, 912 Magazine st. Collector
Thos. McGuire, 1503 7th st. Receiver
Henry Blume, 1,000 10th St. Magazine Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
Jno. G. Stuart Master
M. J. McCarty Secretary
Charles Heimberger, Box 151 Collector
E. A. Fleming Receiver
Charles Heimberger, Box 151 Magazine Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Chillicothe, Ill.**
Meets in McLean's Hall, 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. W. Peterson Box 2 Master
Walter R. Allen Secretary
J. M. Lindemon Collector
Fred. Cornell Receiver
Frank D. Fenn, Box 8 Magazine Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets in Dofla Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Joseph Chalkoupka, 281 Queen St. Master
Edwin A. Fendler, C. M. & S. P. Shops Secretary
Samuel Schaner, C. M. & S. P. Shops Collector
Wm. D. Mason, 438 High St. Receiver
C. E. Redmond, C. M. & S. P. Shops Magazine Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets in Zimmerman's Hall every Wednesday night.
August Gerhart, Box 196 Master
P. D. Gregg, Box 677 Secretary
M. O'Connor Collector
Chas. D. Hoyt, Box 183 Receiver
H. U. Grenolds, Box 57 Magazine Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets in D. & R. G. Passenger Depot, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. Pearson Master
F. Wendell Secretary
J. L. Jones Collector
Geo. W. LaPorte Receiver
Fred A. Morse, Alamosa, Colo. Magazine Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets in Summit Hall, corner Ewing Ave. and Market St., 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Leathers, 3007 Rutger st. Master
L. Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave. Secretary
L. Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave. Collector
Geo. A. La Bee, 4222 A, New Manchester Road Receiver
Geo. A. La Bee, 4222 A, New Manchester-chester Road Magazine Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Sandusky & Mansfield St., every 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. P. Collins, Box 773 Master
E. H. M. Guire Secretary
Wm. Grimes Collector
J. W. Davis Receiver
C. P. Collins, L. Box 285 Magazine Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets in K. of L. Hall, Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
P. J. Slagle, L. Box 864 Master
W. P. Fitzgerald, L. Box 846 Secretary
Willis E. Lawton, Box 561 Collector
Victor Gustafson Receiver
Geo. W. Coen Magazine Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ill.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 1:30 P. M.
O. P. Miller Master
John C. Branham Secretary
John C. Branham Collector
S. R. Wild Receiver
W. S. Summers, Howell, Ind. Magazine Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Pocatello, Idaho.**
Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
John H. Shannon Master
Con Cadigan, Box 184 Secretary
W. J. Brew Collector
Frank Walton, Box 166 Receiver
H. H. Maguire Magazine Agent
- 114. BLACK HAWK; Keithsburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. E. Mason Master
Wm. H. Weir Secretary
Jno. Anderson Collector
F. L. Venable Receiver
Wm. H. Weir Magazine Agent

115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in the Temple of Honor.

H. L. Briggs, Cor. 8th and Market Sts. . . . Master
L. T. McNulty, ave M $\frac{1}{2}$ between 25th and 26th Sts. . . . Secretary
Wm. Powell, 80th St. & Broadway. . . . Collec or
H. L. Briggs, Cor. 8th and Market Sts. . . . Receiver
Wm. Powell, 80th St. and Broadway. . . . Magazine Agent

116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

E. G. Hubbard Box 127. . . . Master
B. J. Gee, 1804 Poplar St., Port Huron. . . . Secretary
B. J. Gee, 1804 Poplar St., Port Huron. . . . Collec or
E. G. Hubbard Box 127. . . . Receiver
E. R. Haywood, 905 Prospect St., Port Huron, Mich. . . . Magazine Agent

117. BRAVER; London, Ontario.

Meets 2d Sunday and 4th Wednesday of each month, in E. of P. Hall, Carling's Block, Richmond St.

Robt. Lister, 411 Hill St. . . . Master
B. Hornaby, 154 Clarence St. . . . Secretary
B. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. . . . Collec or
John Dickson, 367 Simcoe St. . . . Receiver
Wm. Allan, 236 Clarence St. . . . Magazine Agent

118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.

Meets in Pearson's Hall, Main St., opposite Skating Rink, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

Jas. Law, Richmond Station. . . . Master
Geo. A. Pearson, Richmond Station. . . . Secretary
Albert La Roche. . . . Collec or
John Kelly, Richmond Station. . . . Receiver
Geo. A. Pearson, Richmond Station. . . . Magazine Agent

119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.

Meets Wednesday and Thursday nights, alternately, in English School Room.

George Findlay, River du Loup Station. . . Master
Louis D. Poulin, L. C. Ry. Station. . . . Secretary
Louis D. Poulin, L. C. Ry. Station. . . . Collec or
Wm. LeBrook. . . . Receiver
W. H. Rougeau. . . . Magazine Agent

120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets in C. M. B. A. Hall, Cor. Fayette and Salina Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M. and 1d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.

Jas. Carey, 680 Gifford St. . . . Master
Simon Mangan, 730 Ulisco St. . . . Secretary
L. . . . Rouson, Ontario St. Extension. . . . Collec or
F. H. Livingston, #94 Jackson St. . . . Receiver
F. Demars, 304 Basin St. . . . Magazine Agent

121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.

Thos. Cushing. . . . Master
James F. Rowdy, 373 E. Market St. . . . Secretary
James F. Rowdy, 373 E. Market St. . . . Collec or
E. E. Everts, 56 E. Erie Ave. . . . Receiver
C. F. Ramsdell, 301 Tioga Ave. . . . Magazine Agent

122. FEDERATION; Pasa, Ill.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M.

A. C. Kell. . . . Master
W. E. Gray, L. Box 306. . . . Secretary
Charles Riley, L. Box 66. . . . Collec or
Wm. E. Gray, L. Box 305. . . . Receiver
Wm. Wolf. . . . Magazine Agent

123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 1402 Douglas St., every Wednesday at 8 P. M.

Albert Cole, 714 S. 18th St. . . . Master
F. Johnson, 21th st and 4th ave, Council Bluffs, Ia. . . . Secretary
Albert Cole, 1718 Mason St. . . . Collec or
John Nilsson, 1018 So 11th st. . . . Receiver
Wm. Mular, 401 Pierce St. . . . Magazine Agent

124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.

Meets in Red Men's Hall 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

H. A. Draper. . . . Master
Wm. Murphy. . . . Secretary
James T. Donahue. . . . Collec or
Thomas F. Pandy. . . . Receiver
W. W. Gage Jr. . . . Magazine Agent

125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 158 Center St., 2d and 4th Sundays.

Alex. Thompson, 307 S. Centre St. . . . Master
J. P. Boyce, 408 S. Third St. . . . Secretary
F. R. Davis, 311 S. 1st St. . . . Collec or
J. M. Larimer, 307 S. 3d Ave. . . . Receiver
Ed. H. Minter. . . . Magazine Agent

126. COMET; Austin, Minn.

Meets in Hays' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Sundays.

Wm. A. Brossard. . . . Master
Wm. Ryan. . . . Secretary
Harry Matthews. . . . Collec or
W. A. Brossard. . . . Receiver
Wm. Ryan. . . . Magazine Agent

127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Meets in Assiniboine Hall, 133 Ross St., 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday evening.

W. H. Woods, 451 Logan St. . . . Master
J. G. Norquay, 73 Hallett St. . . . Secretary
A. C. Craig, 47 Alexander St. . . . Collec or
Thomas Rowe, 76 Gunnell St. . . . Receiver
Geo. S. McKenzie, 14 Patrick St. . . . Magazine Agent

128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.

Meets in Coleman's Hall, every Tuesday at 7 P. M.

A. Todd, Box 106. . . . Master
T. F. Hagan, Box 55. . . . Secretary
Chas. S. Taylor, Box 55. . . . Collec or
James McKenzie, Forsyth. . . . Receiver
M. E. Colbert. . . . Magazine Agent

129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

M. A. Haring, L. Box 821. . . . Master
J. F. Burns, Box 178. . . . Secretary
Hiram C. Gibbs. . . . Collec or
Geo. H. Valentine. . . . Receiver
Ed. McLean, Box 328. . . . Magazine Agent

130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.,

Con. S. McAuliffe, 451 Walker St. . . . Master
John C. Scot, 256 Mineral st. . . . Secretary
John C. Callahan, 555 Clybourn st. . . . Collec or
John C. Callahan, 256 Clybourn st. . . . Receiver
Jas. H. Brady, 233 National ave. . . . Magazine Agent

131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.

Meets in Redfield's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

John Noonan, Box 234. . . . Master
Chas. Simpson, Box 199. . . . Secretary
John Noonan, Box 234. . . . Collec or
Chas. Simpson, Box 199. . . . Receiver
R. C. Boye. . . . Magazine Agent

132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Meets in Odd Fellows's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

W. R. Hammond. . . . Master
S. S. Coleman, Box 12. . . . Secretary
Stephen E. Calkins, Box 49. . . . Collec or
John H. Howell, Clarion. . . . Receiver
E. G. Bates, Lake City. . . . Magazine Agent

133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Wash.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.

Chas. W. Shunk, Box 101. . . . Master
Chas. A. Philhour, Box 180. . . . Secretary
Samuel Shepherd, Box 193. . . . Collec or
J. S. Burns. . . . Receiver
Samuel Shepherd, Box 193. . . . Magazine Agent

- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
 Meets in Eastman Hall, every Sunday at 3 P. M.
 L. L. Robinson Master
 H. E. Cowan Secretary
 W. C. Burney Collector
 E. W. Gibson Receiver
 Louis Lepine Magazine Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
 Meets in Firemen's Hall, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 Collin McArthur, Box 184 Master
 David F. Anderson Secretary
 J. M. Chandoin Collector
 Jos. C. Simino, Box 184 Receiver
 W. B. Sisson Magazine Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Lindsay, Ontario.**
 Meets in S. O. E. Hall, alternate Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 Thomas G. Dayman, Box 518 Master
 John A. Watson, Box 518 Secretary
 Archie S. Edmunds, Box 518 Collector
 John A. Watson, Box 518 Receiver
 Thos. R. Wilkinson Magazine Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
 Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 S. Arenschield, Box 473 Master
 H. E. Fehr, Box 225 Secretary
 Geo. W. Wright, Box 674 Collector
 A. Shunterman, Box 423 Receiver
 Geo. W. Wright, Box 674 Magazine Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
 Meets in J. H. Adam's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Samuel Shaunessy Master
 S. A. Mayall 12 Winslow St. Secretary
 A. B. Cranson Collector
 George W. Showalter, 50 N. Galena ave. Receiver
 Wm. Neidleigh, cor. Chicago and Clark Ave. Magazine Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
 Meets in Schultz's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Fridays at 2 P. M.
 Parker Barret Master
 George E. Landes, Box 298 Secretary
 Ralph Toland Collector
 George E. Landes, Box 298 Receiver
 Parker Barret Magazine Agent
- 140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.**
 Meets in Fraternity Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Hardy, L Box 599 Master
 W. S. Brewster, B x 517 Secretary
 G. E. Korn, Box 522 Collector
 Henry Wise, L Box 599 Receiver
 S. W. Seelinger, Box 517 Magazine Agent
- 141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
 Meets in B. of L. F. Hall at 79 Calhoun St., Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 A. J. Kohler, 461 Calhoun St. Master
 Chas. G. Hasler, 72 Brackenridge St. Secretary
 J. H. Westerman, 20 Buchanan St. Collector
 W. R. Frederick, 415 S Lafayette St. Receiver
 Thos. Brown, 139 Montgomery st., Magazine Agent
- 142. SAFETY; Toledo, Ohio.**
 Meets at 329 Broadway, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
 Albert S. Mead, Air Line Junction Master
 Geo. Bittman, 634 So. St. Clair st. Secretary
 Peter J. Shodt 221 O iver st. Collector
 Peter J. Miller 426 Walbridge ave. Receiver
 Ira Root, 1414 Indiana ave. Magazine Agent
- 143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.**
 Meets in California Hall, 1015 Clay St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. P. Woods, East Berkeley Master
 E. J. Brad, 1883 Chas-st. Secretary
 Chas. W. Pangburn, 1723 Goss st. Collector
 Chas. J. Selander, 903 4th ave., E Oakland Receiver
 T. J. Roberts, 1006 Pine st. Magazine Agent
- 144. SUGAR LOAF; Campbellton, New Brunswick.**
 Meets in Patterson's Hall, I. C. R. Depot, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Alex J. McDonald Master
 Wilmot Keith Secretary
 Wm. Hamilton, Dalhousie Collector
 Wm. Hamilton, Dalhousie Magazine Agent
- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
 Meets in Jonas' Hall, 601 Austin St. every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
 R. Nicholson, 319 10th St. Master
 J. C. Osten, 1213 Hackberry st. Secretary
 J. E. Norton, 10 River ave. Collector
 H. A. Donaldson, 510 Hayes st. Receiver
 H. N. Norton, 1110 Ave. D Magazine Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
 Meets in Bell's Hall, 1st and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
 C. Mortensen, 6 Providence st. Master
 Fred Ke-ler, 38 Hardy st. Secretary
 Ed. Wheeler, 29 Court St. Collector
 D. M. Moody, 101 Hardy st. Receiver
 Albert W. Brown, 105 Hardy St., 5th Ward Magazine Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
 Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
 Arthur Haines, Box 105 Master
 James Conney, Box 105 Secretary
 W. T. McInnis, Box 105 Collector
 W. W. Shortt, Box 62 Receiver
 Wm. Holden, Box 105 Magazine Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
 Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Friday at 1:30 P. M.
 John Linehan, Box 416 Master
 S. F. James, Box 416 Secretary
 Joe L. Dalton, Box 416 Collector
 M. E. Stafford, Box 488 Receiver
 J. W. Bain, Box 416 Magazine Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
 Meets at 110 East 125th St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 James Hough, 1418 Ave. A Master
 P. A. Donahue, 1201 Amsterdam ave. Secretary
 Robert T. Roscoe, 1958 3d Ave. Collector
 A. H. Hawley, 904 W 129th st. Receiver
 Frank W. Chandler, 62 E 114th st. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
 Meets in Mack's Hall, cor. Washington and 8d Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 N. A. Cooke, 123 Fifth st. Master
 F. W. Boesler, Jr., 4.3 W. Washington st. Secretary
 Frank D. Mills, 430 W. Washington st. Collector
 Geo. McK. Gibson, Division St. Receiver
 R. J. Dobson, 140 Rock st. Magazine Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Jas. R. Reid, St. Mary's Lane Master
 Jas. Morris, 91 Macaulay st. E. Secretary
 James Gaskin, Inebury st. Collector
 James D. Mills, Inebury st. Receiver
 Wm. Brounhton, 12s Cannst. st. Magazine Agent
- 152. NORTH POLE; West Bay City, Mich.**
 Meets in Royal Arcanum Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays. P. J. R each Master
 Frank Potter, Box 762 Secretary
 Geo. Martin, 805 Carrie st. Collector
 W. A. Maguire Receiver
 Frank Potter, Box 762 Magazine Agent
- 153. H. C. LOBB; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
 Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner 2d and Main Sts.
 W. B. Lane, 212 Hill st. Master
 J. B. Martin, 401 S. Broadway Secretary
 Vernon Martin, 112 Margrave st. Collector
 W. B. Lane, 212 Hill st. Receiver
 J. M. Parmley, 102 1st and Barbee Sts. Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Chanute, Kansas.**
 Meets in Masonic Hall, on every Thursday at 7:00 P. M.
 R. W. Cameron, Box 141 Master
 Ed. K. Crehl Secretary
 J. E. Flint, Box 819 Collector
 Wm. L. Miller, Box 201 Receiver
 Wm. L. Miller, Box 201 Magazine Agent

155. J. F. BINGHAM; New York, N. Y.

Meets in Schrader's Hall, 147 W 32d St., 1st Saturday at 8 P. M., and 3d Thursday at 10 A. M.

H. A. Fountaine, 1765 Columbus Ave. Master
Aug. M. Greene, 317 E 114th St. Secretary
Theo. Fry, 222 W. 16th St. Collector
David W. Bell, 218 W. 67th St. Receiver
J. L. McGrane, 2458 8th Ave. Magazine Agent

156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.

Andy Schnorr, Box 356 Master
N. F. Colbert, Box 356 Secretary
M. Byrnes, Box 356 Collector
Joe T. W. Box 356 Receiver
Henry A. Jernigan Magazine Agent

157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.

Meets in Echo Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.

G. H. Smith Master
M. E. Whetsel, L. Box 111 Secretary
L. Wade Collector
L. Scott Receiver
Geo. M. Jackson Magazine Agent

158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.

Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, 47th and Monroe sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

Joe. Nopper, 210 R. d. st. Master
D. M. Nowie, 463 Dragoon ave. Secretary
John W. Lee, 617 Congress St., E. Collector
Ed. Heidenrich, 124 Hastings St. Receiver
Jos. Nopper, 210 R. d. st. Magazine Agent

159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.

Meets in Simmons' Hall, cor. Summer and Union Sts., every Monday at 9:30 A. M.

D. J. Singleton, 171 Humphreys st. Master
R. H. Fowler, 505 Meridian st. Secretary
R. H. Fowler, 505 Meridian st. Collector
W. F. Lloyd, 1211 West Cedar st. Receiver
R. H. Fowler, 505 Meridian st. Magazine Agent

160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 3d and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

Wm. H. B. Ieman, 30 William st. Master
R. T. Skinner, 1538 Walnut St. Secretary
E. F. Skinner, 1611 Division St. Collector
Edgar Hitch, 931 Canal st. Receiver
Robert T. Skinner, 1503 Walnut st. Magazine Agent

161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.

Meets in Knights of Pythias Hall cor. Third and Jefferson sts., every other Sunday at 2 P. M.

J. A. Richards, 1117 S 8th St. Master
Lewis Penhelt Secretary
J. A. Richards, 1117 S 8th St. Collector
J. D. Hawksworth, 2003 Madison St. Receiver
Chas. O. Newell, 812 Columbia st. Magazine Agent

162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 505 Main St., every Tuesday night 7:30, and 1st Sunday at 2 P. M.

D. F. Wagner, 326 Jefferson st. Master
Henry W. Moore, 118 S. d. st. Secretary
Theo. Snader, 510 Sixth St. Collector
Ira J. Miller Receiver
Frank J. Swartz, 135 St. Joest. Magazine Agent

163. AETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Friday at 7 P. M.

Eugene Harinett, Box 212 Master
F. L. Nazor, 322 W 6th ave. Secretary
Walter S. Wilson, 321 E 6th ave. Collector
Walter S. Wilson, 311 E 6th ave. Receiver
W. H. Rice, 628 Genesee st. Magazine Agent

164. EEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.

Meets Tuesday nights in I. O. O. F. Hall, no Broadway.

J. J. Derck, Box 203 Master
C. E. Blair Secretary
Geo. Childers Collector
D. Plowe, Box 392 Receiver
Ed. Kridger Magazine Agent

165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.

Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st, 2d and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

Wm. J. Gleason, Box 169 Master
G. W. Adams, Box 166 Secretary
George B. Richardson, Box 283 Collector
Albert I. Routh Receiver
G. W. Adams, Box 166 Magazine Agent

166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Wednesday at 7 P. M.

C. M. Keller, Box 619 Master
J. P. McCaulay, Box 340 Secretary
John S. Dolan, Box 915 Collector
C. E. Wallace, L. Box 933 Receiver
A. W. Beaver, Box 529 Magazine Agent

167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Frank W. Bromley Master
Daniel Marshall Secretary
Hugh J. George Collector
Mark Dashiell Receiver
Geo. B. Avery Magazine Agent

168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 129 Rose St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

Frank Kraus, 924 Rose st. Master
J. E. Wells, 418 Avon st. Secretary
Patrick McBride, 522 Mill st. Collector
Thos. C. Waley, 522 Mill st. Receiver
Frank M. Barker, 713 George St. Magazine Agent

169. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.

Meets in Washington Hall, Broad St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

Wm. Burt, Jr., 21 Jane st. Master
V. C. Randolph, 81 River St. Secretary
A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St. Collector
A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St. Receiver
W. A. Saylor, 165 Canisteo St. Magazine Agent

170. PRAIRIE; Haron, S. Dakota.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.

Geo. E. Briggs, 451 Utah st. Master
Jas. R. McNickle, Box 573 Secretary
Thos. C. Lauters, 520 Utah St. Collector
W. Whalen, 412 Iowa st. Receiver
Ed. Sampson, 1038 6th St. Magazine Agent

171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.

Meets in Hall 1st Saturday and 4th Thursdays. Thos. W. Hennessy, Box 167 Master

Fred. M. White Secretary
Wm. McLean Collector
John J. Ferguson Receiver
R. H. Sutherland, Box 178 Magazine Agent

172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.

Meets alternate Sundays in Manchester Hall, cor. Sparks and Wellington Sts.

F. W. Morrison, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Master
W. S. Blyth, 283 Nicholas St. Secretary
E. Woode, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Collector
Hugh Handisley, Hintonbury, via Ottawa, Ont. Receiver
Tim Brennan, Mt. Sherwood P.O. Magazine Agent

173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

G. W. Greenwood Master
Wm. J. Burke, Box 4 Secretary
Henry R. McGowan, Albuquerque, N.M., Collector
Wm. C. Glover Receiver
Wm. J. Burke, Box 4 Magazine Agent

174. HARRISBURG: Harrisburg, Pa.

Meets cor. 3d and Cumberland Sts., Sible's Hall,
2d Sunday at 1 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P.
M.

B. F. Hubert, 1715 Fifth st. Master
H. S. Glinglich, 1418 Wallace st. Secretary
R. J. Seltz, 1418 N. Sixth st. Collector
William Blessing, 422 Riley St. Receiver
Wm. H. Smith, 1412 Ridge Road. Magazine Agent

175. TAYLOR: Newark, Ohio.

Meets in O. R. C. Hall at 12½ N 2d St., every
Wednesday at 7 P. M.

R. J. Hoffman, 57 Race st. Master
Edward H. Crook, 35 Mills st. Secretary
R. J. Coffman, 105 Buena Vista st. Collector
Brad. Tolben 228 Indiana ave. Receiver
Wm. Mosener 27 Spencer st. Magazine Agent

176. MAIN LINE: Clinton, Ill.

Meets in Warner's Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday
evenings.

S. J. McFall, Box 200 Master
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
Geo. J. Clark Collector
B. J. McFall Receiver
R. J. Simpson, Box 83 Magazine Agent

177. SUNSET: Marshall, Texas.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, every Thursday at 7:40
P. M.

James Finks Master
Clyde C. Leach, Box 184 Secretary
C. C. Leach, Box 184 Collector
Chas. W. Redell Receiver
H. H. Edwards Magazine Agent

178. SALT LAKE: Salt Lake City, Utah.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Main and 1st S. Sts.,
Tuesdays, at 8 P. M.

C. A. Wolf, 750 W. So. Temple st. Master
Arthur E. Koontz, 126 So. 5th W. st. Secretary
C. A. Wolf, 750 W. So. Temple st. Collector
Geo. H. Brown, 116 S. 3d st. West. Receiver
E. L. Hawkins, Blake Magazine Agent

179. BEE-HIVE: Lincoln, Neb.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3
P. M.

J. W. Barber, University Place Master
J. K. Robinson, 718 H St. Secretary
J. W. Barber, University Place Collector
J. K. Robinson, 718 H St. Receiver
A. C. Barry, 81 N. 12th St. Magazine Agent

180. THREE STARS: Cairo, Ill.

Meets cor. 12th St. and Washington Ave., 1st and
3d Saturday evenings.

M. J. Kiley, 442 Jefferson Ave. Master
Wm. O'Connell, 2017 Poplar st. Secretary
Geo. H. Shaw, 2,007 Commercial Ave. Collector
M. J. Kiley, 442 Jefferson Ave. Receiver
G. H. Shaw, 2,007 Commercial Magazine Agent

181. WELLINGTON: Palmerston, Ontario.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays
at 2 P. M.

Wilson Munro Master
James Nicholson Secretary
Alexander Dunbar Collector
James Nicholson Receiver
Alexander Dunbar Magazine Agent

182. GOOD INTENT: Erie, Pa.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, Zuck's Block, every
Sunday at 2 P. M.

H. E. Hliker, Miles' Grove Master
A. H. Gifford, 221 W 18th St. Secretary
A. H. Gifford, 221 W 18th St. Collector
T. F. Ray, 1920 Myrtle st. Receiver

183. LAKE SHORE: Collingwood, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers' Hall alternate Thursdays at
7 P. M.

G. C. Rhead Master
W. H. Cross Secretary
J. B. Calvin Collector
E. I. Miller, Box 154 Receiver
W. H. Cross Magazine Agent

184. LIMA: Lima, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in Irish Hall.

Jacob Bowsher, 496 S Tanner St. Master
M. R. Lucy Secretary
Jacob Bowsher, 496 S Tanner St. Collector
Jas. S. Lewis, 933 Elizabeth St. Receiver
Magazine Agent

185. FIDELITY: Delphos, Ohio.

Meets in Beyer's Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M.

A. T. Hogarth, Box 153 Master
C. L. Young, Box 47 Secretary
Wm. F. Lumby Collector
A. T. Hogarth, Box 153 Receiver
H. Cramer Magazine Agent

186. CHAMBERLAIN: Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Walther's Hall, 3834 State St., 1st and 3d
Sundays of each month.

W. K. Phelps, 474 Dearborn st. Master
Jas. Manning, 711 4th St. Secretary
H. S. Anderson, 441 37th st. Collector
Jas. Fveritt, 4219 School St. Receiver
Wm. Baker, 5021 Aberdeen St. Magazine Agent

187. LITTLE GIANT: Charleston, Ill.

Meets in Federation Hall, every Sunday at 7 P. M.

Geo. W. Durell Master
Alanson Gardner Secretary
Sherman S. Sleeth Collector
R. T. Cassidy Receiver
Sherman S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Magazine Agent

188. S. S. MERRILL: Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Miehe Hall, cor. Western Ave. and
Indiana St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

Dell Miller, 83 Arden ave. Master
C. H. Wheeler, 212 Emerson ave. Secretary
F. Meyers, C. M. & St. F. engine house, Collector
West ru ave Receiver
Lewis L. Gay, 675 Park Ave. Magazine Agent

189. BALDWIN: Ft. Howard, Wis.

Meets in Narris' Block, Green Bay, Wis., 2d and
4th Sundays.

Ma't n shee hy Master
R. H. Thompson Secretary
Geo. E. Wallace, Green Bay, Wis. Collector
Martin Sheehy Receiver
J. La Hole, Grand Rapids Magazine Agent

190. FERGUSON: Mitchell, S. Dakota.

Meets in I. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2
P. M.

Emmet Wentworth, Box 102, Sanborn, Ia., Master
Ed. M. Day, Sanborn, Ia. Secretary
Oscar W. Merwin (Box 189), Sanborn, Collector
Iowa Receiver

Oscar W. Merwin, Box 189, Sanborn, Magazine Agent

191. CUSTER: Livingston, Montana.

Meets in Thompson's Hall every Wednesday at
7:30 P. M.

James Martin Master
Forrest Bullard, Box 302 Secretary
Walter Jellison Collector
A. M. Gechell Receiver
Forrest Bullard, Box 302 Magazine Agent

192. MT. TACOMA: Tacoma, Wash.

Meets in Mason Block, 1st and 3d Thursdays at 8
P. M.

W. Wheeler, Box 488 Master
J. Cartwright, Box 222 Secretary
J. Cartwright, Box 222 Collector
F. Stevens, Box 488 Receiver
George E. Ames, 2314 Jefferson Magazine Agent

193. J. B. MAYNARD: East Portland, Oregon.

Meets in Ross's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2 P. M.

D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Master
J. Valh, Box 287 Secretary
E. J. Stroud, Box 287 Collector
D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Receiver
D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Magazine Agent

194. BONANZA: Missoula, Montana.

Meets in K. of P. Hall 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30
P. M.

James H. Dalley, Box 95 Master
Wm. T. Dickenson, Box 85 Secretary
L. D. Sterne Collector
George Slade Receiver
Thos. J. Burke Magazine Agent

195. RE-ECHE; Montpelier, Idaho.

Meets in Montpelier Hall, Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
 Chas. C. Hammond, Box 6 Master
 Thos. A. Asile Secretary
 Owen Buckley Collector
 L. H. Lubben Receiver
 Richard M. Cunningham Magazine Agent

196. CLONB CITY; Leadville, Colo.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 125 E 6th St., every Friday at 8 P. M.
 J. C. Bull, LaVeta Hotel Master
 S. W. Burdick, 1411 Poplar st Secretary
 Walter B. Hoff, 122 W 3d st Collector
 H. C. N. well, Box 414 Receiver
 H. S. Smith, 1411 Poplar St Magazine Agent

197. RIVERIDE; Savanna, Ill.

Meets 1st Sunday at 9 A. M. and 3d Sunday at 1:30 P. M. in B. of L. E. Hall, Law's Building.
 James Bailey Master
 G. C. Thos. as, Box 59 Secretary
 Wm. H. Young Collector
 James Bailey Receiver
 A. M. Johnson, Box 337 Magazine Agent

198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 E. A. Crane, 60 Pr street Master
 W. W. Drury, 21 Newton st Secretary
 E. C. Somers, 44 Pleasant st Collector
 W. Y. Dennis, 31 W. Seminary St Receiver
 Jos. H. Iron, 16 Courtland st Magazine Agent

199. WATERING; Youngstown, Ohio.

Meets in B. of R. B. Hall, over First National Bank, 21 Federal St., 2d Sunday afternoon and 4th Thursday evening.
 Wm. J. Reese, 133 Emma st Master
 W. R. Wiseman, 1101 Oak St. Secretary
 M. J. Hallby Collector
 W. B. Wiseman, 1101 Oak st Receiver
 A. C. Clemmons, 947 Shreeby St Magazine Agent

200. FAITH; Meridian, Miss.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M.
 Henry Schilger, N. O. & N. E. shops Master
 Jno. L. Smith, 957 2nd ave Secretary
 Jno. E. Mitchell, 313 N 1st ave Collector
 Simon F. Baker, 423 4th ave Receiver
 J. H. Mitchell, 313 N 4th ave Magazine Agent

201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.

Meets every in K. of P. Hall Saturday at 7 P. M.
 J. D. Bledsoe Master
 J. W. Briggs Secretary
 W. Quinn Collector
 James T. Gaffney Receiver
 W. Quinn, M. & O. shops Magazine Agent

202. WATUTU; Chillicothe, Ohio.

Meets in Clough's Hall, 1st Sunday at 2:30 P. M., and 4th Monday at 7 P. M.
 Ernest A. Barker, 495 2d St Master
 Lewis Gettle, Jr., 16 N Sugar St Secretary
 Wm. H. Cutler, 272 E Main st Collector
 J. H. Brand-nburg, 104 Nugar st Receiver
 W. D. Mathewson Magazine Agent

203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 H. A. Lamb, Box 233 Master
 L. B. Hart, Box 38 Secretary
 Geo. E. Campbell, Box 188 Collector
 Chas. F. Ben-man, Box, 96 Receiver
 G. W. Artis, Box 103 Magazine Agent

204. COTTON BELT; Jonesboro, Ark.

Meets in Starv Hall, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 William E. Dixon Master
 W. E. Morris Secretary
 Chas. P. Bond Collector
 W. E. Dixon Receiver
 J. H. Lambert, Box 100 Magazine Agent

205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Chris McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st Master
 Olstead Hol-lister, 60 Jefferson st Secretary
 Edward D. Powell, 40 Lake st Collector
 Chas. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st Receiver
 Jas. L. Spalding, 306 Hancock st. Magazine Agent

206. FORT PICKERING; Memphis, Tenn.

Meets in Miller's Hall, Cor. 5th and Jackson Sts. every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. Cosgrove K. C. M. & B. Round house Master
 D. L. Forsyth, 471 1/2 Georgia st Secretary
 J. J. Quinn, K. C. M. & B. Round House Collector
 D. L. Forsyth, 471 1/2 Georgia st Receiver
 Thos. Cosgrove, K. C. M. & B. Round House Magazine Agent

207. LOYAL; Headville, Pa.

Meets in Arcanum Hall, every Wednesday evening.
 Thos. W. Berry, 357 E Center at Master
 P. O'Brien, care Central Hotel Secretary
 G. T. Patton, 371 North at Collector
 George A. Oster, 247 Poplar St Receiver
 E. Frenatt, 783 Garden St Magazine Agent

208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.

Meets in Doran's Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Daniel Crecgan Master
 Chas. W. Anderson Secretary
 John Hile Collector
 Chas. W. Anderson Receiver
 C. A. Allen Magazine Agent

209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 3d story Old National Bank building, alternate Sundays 2:30 P. M.
 A. N. Stafford, Box 244 Master
 J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Secretary
 J. H. Nelson, Box 151 Collector
 Walter Johnson Receiver
 Mrs. Bradshaw, Port Henry, N. Y. Magazine Agent

210. IN-K; Schenectady, N. Y.

Meets in Mohawk Valley Lodge Room every other Thursday.
 Julius Zeller, Box 497 Master
 J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Secretary
 John W. Vrooman, Box 497 Collector
 J. E. VanVranken, Box 497 Receiver
 H. Malonev, Box 497 Magazine Agent

211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.

Meets in Bragg's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
 Wm. Gausline, 1056 Butler st., Easton Master
 C. L. McKee, 209 S 5th St., Easton Secretary
 Jes-e E. Smith, 912 W Ilkiesbarre st. Collector
 A. J. Mickley, 725 Berwick St Receiver
 D. W. Henry, 445 W Ilkiesbarre St. Magazine Agent

212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.

Meets in Good Templars' Hall 2d and 4th Sur days.
 Judson T. Ames, 96 Arsenal St Master
 W. Graham, 39 Wad-wat Secretary
 Van C. Bockus, 27 Cross st Collector
 F. C. Nichols, 28 Meadow St Receiver
 Frank E. Root, 2 1/2 Prospect St. Magazine Agent

213. WEST SHORE; Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets in Doolittle Hall, Pine St., alternate Sundays.
 Carl E. Blanchard, 142 Oak St Master
 Mill on J. Melroy, 140 Oak st Secretary
 Chas. W. Prime, 339 Elm st Collector
 Edward Davis, 140 Oak St Receiver
 J. Sullivan, 103 Henderson St. Magazine Agent

214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.

Meets in Beruyn Hall, on 1st St. 2d and 4th Sundays.
 Jas. L. Stewart, 141 Falls Road Master
 J. W. Akehurst, 442 Federal st Secretary
 J. C. Saue wald, 173 Maryland ave Collector
 Geo. C. Yeagy, 448 Federal St Receiver
 W. H. Martin, 2123 Oak st Magazine Agent

215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Newton M. Burch, 457 Broadway Master
 J. W. Reed, 105 2d St Secretary
 Wm. A. Buckbee, 52 Pine St Collector
 Chas. J. Wriker, 71 Glenn St Receiver
 V. D. Rhodes, 439 Broadway Magazine Agent

- 216. BLACK RIVER; Lorain, Ohio.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Bensor Block, 2d and 4th
Sundays at 12 o'clock noon.
J. C. Crouch, L. Box 1134 Master
Frank L. Cutting Secretary
H. A. Eddy Collector
Thomas Burns Receiver
Magazine Agent
- 217. HEADLIGHT; Brazil, Ind.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons.
Henry Schade Master
Henry Cuning, Box 606 Secretary
Chas. Davis Collector
Charles R. Gilmore Receiver
Charles Davis Magazine Agent
- 218. PIKES PEAK; Colorado City, Colo.**
Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.
Geo. Hopkins Master
Richard Griffith, Box 263 Secretary
Jos. H. McIntyre Collector
Richard Griffith, Box 263 Receiver
Fred S. Brouse Magazine Agent
- 219. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets cor. Bidwell and Pennsylvania Aves. every
Monday at 2:30 P. M.
J. L. Phillips, 203 Franklin St. Master
Geo. R. Fletcher, 354 Cal fornia ave. Secretary
John S. Martin, 213 Bidwell st. Collector
H. B. Shaffer, 307 Allegheny Ave. Receiver
E. F. McCarty, 2 Refuge st. Magazine Agent
- 220. PROVIDENT; Sunbury, Pa.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 3d St. 1st and 3d Sundays,
at 1 P. M.
Aa on V. Raup, Box 212 Master
John F. Mallick, Box 212 Secretary
H. W. Shoffstall, Box 212 Collector
C. C. Bowen, Box 212 Receiver
J. F. Walls, Box 523 Magazine Agent
- 221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at
8 P. M.
William K. Forbes Master
Wm. Holm Secretary
Geo. Crawford Collector
J. McMillan Jr. Receiver
Wm. Shortman, Box 59 Magazine Agent
- 222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. D. McKinlay Master
O. G. Anderson, Box 49 Secretary
Fred. Peterson Collector
Homer M. Rhodes, Box 499 Receiver
A. W. Nunns, Box 299 Magazine Agent
- 223. POTTAWATOMIE; Junction City, Kan.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Kane, Box 555 Master
Wm. A. Easterday, Box 555 Secretary
Frank Godd Collector
Wm. A. Easterday, Box 555 Receiver
B. S. Quick, 114 Porter St. Kansas
City, Kan. Magazine Agent
- 224. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall 2d and 4th Sundays
at 3 P. M.
Abe Vogel, 524 19th Ave N. Master
H. B. Harding, 37 Thirteenth ave N. Secretary
John Mourman, 323 19th ave N. Collector
Abe Vogel, 524 19th Ave N. Receiver
J. Upiygrove, 448 19th ave N. Magazine Agent
- 225. SUPERIOR; Fort William West, Ontario.**
Meets in Smith's Hall every Monday night.
Isaac N. Maxwell Master
Wm. T. Reid Secretary
Milo A. Bryant Collector
Joseph Fregaw Receiver
Joseph Fregaw Magazine Agent
- 226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.**
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays. 2d at 1 P. M. and
4th at 7 P. M.
James M. Brown, 511 E First ave Master
Walter M. Nicol, L Box 73 Secretary
John Barry, 902 E Seven have Collector
Walter M. Nicol, L Box 73 Receiver
J. Hyndman, H. & T. C. Shops Magazine Agent
- 227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets in Stevens' Hall, North Chenango St., 1st
and 4th Sundays afternoons and 2d Wednesday
evenings.
J. H. Fennell, 53 Griswold st. Master
T. W. Campion, 42 Robinson St. Secretary
Robert C. Rothrock, 11 Cemetery st. Collector
Theo. Haskins, 3 Birdall st. Receiver
Grant Wheaton, 95 Eldridge St. Magazine Agent
- 228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, No. 332 Lackawanna Ave.
1st and 3d Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
H. A. Cogfizer, 20 Linden st. Master
Wm. H. Brutzman, 329 Franklin Ave. Secretary
Albert I. Thomas, 317 S Hyde Park ave. Collector
Ed. H. Helden, 632 Webster ave Receiver
L. Firestin, 817 Hampton St. Magazine Agent
- 229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets in Post Bacon Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at
2:00 P. M.
J. J. Quirk, cor. Mary and Albany Sts. Master
Chas. A. Pease, 102 Broad St. Secretary
John A. Weigand, 82 Hubbell st. Collector
Chas. A. Pease, 102 Broad St. Receiver
Fred Ebensperger, 159 Catharine
Street Magazine Agent
- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets at Lehman Hall, 206 Washington Ave., 1st,
3d and 5th Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.
William H. Bagley, 541 Clinton Ave. Master
Courtland Maher, 11 Prospect Ave. Secretary
Luke F. Kelly, W. Albany Collector
Jas. J. Gill, 21 1st St. Receiver
Edw. Van Epps, 32 Hunter Ave. Magazine Agent
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner 3d and Market
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
John McKenney, 8 & 15th st. Master
G. H. Larimore, 916 Poplar Sts. Secretary
Geo. H. Lar more, 914 Poplar st. Collector
John J. Shields, 214 N Franklin st. Receiver
E. M. Sargent, 618 W. 4th st. Magazine Agent
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets in A. O. H. Hall 2d Monday and 4th
Wednesday nights.
T. F. Farrell, 19 West st. Master
Thos. Duffy, Cor. Prince and Cottage
Sts. Secretary
H. B. Weeden, 231 North St. Collector
Chas. E. Ward, 79 Wisner Ave Receiver
M. J. Quinn, Norwich Magazine Agent
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
Meets in Victoria Hall 1st and 3d Sundays.
John Stewart, Jr., Box 376 Master
F. A. Sticheil Secretary
Frank Gibson Collector
Alfred Wood, Box 376 Receiver
Geo. W. Speer Magazine Agent
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, alternate Tuesdays.
H. J. Reid Master
John R. Lynch Secretary
James T. Lindsay Collector
John Clemenson Receiver
Adolphus Christink Magazine Agent
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburg, Pa.**
Meets in Welsh Bros.' Hall at cor. 26th St. and
Penn Ave., alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M.
G. J. Gray, 38th. above Penn ave Master
John Beckwith, 3005 Penn ave Secretary
John B. Wi k, 3005 Penn ave Collector
Jos. W. Graham, 2,907 Penn Ave Receiver
Ed. F. McKe zle, 2,906 Penn Ave. Magazine Agent

- 242. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Lilly Master
T. E. Cobbs Secretary
W. E. Lyons Collector
J. F. Smith, L. Box 83 Receiver
R. P. Byrd Magazine Agent
- 243. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets in Tilton School Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Horace Brink Master
E. H. Brown, 119 So. Green st. Chicago, Sec'y
David Leavitt Collector
Thaddeus Chew Receiver
G. J. Rowbottom, 211 Harding Ave., Chicago Magazine Agent
- 244. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets in Rogers' Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. P. Wesley, 1105 Broadway Master
Lloyd Williams, 1801 Broadway Secretary
John Diviney, 820 Kentucky st. Louisville Collector
A. Mervier, 1320 15th st. Louisville Receiver
C. P. Boyd, 125 N 18th Magazine Agent
- 245. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 51 N. Lake St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. F. Parker, 281 E Central ave. Master
Fred E. Jaynes, 18 N. Liberty st. Secretary
Ed. Baker, 23 So Union st. Collector
T. E. Moloney, 219 E Central ave. Receiver
C. O. Norton, Maids Magazine Agent
- 246. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Monday at 2:30 P. M.
Edwin J. Coy, 523 E Main st. Master
M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St. Secretary
E. J. Black, N. Elm Ave. Collector
M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St. Receiver
Edward J. Coy, 523 E Main St. Magazine Agent
- 247. LAKE ERIE; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 421 S. Division St., Alternate Fridays, at 7:40 P. M.
Daniel E. Barry, 554 Swan St. Master
F. W. Springweiller, 145 Monroe St. Secretary
F. W. Springweiller, 145 Monroe St. Collector
L. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Receiver
F. H. Goodenough, 635 Eagle St. Magazine Agent
- 248. LEBERT; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets in Redmen's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
John Finlay, Jr., 505 Fulton St. Master
Harry P. Millins, 851 Magee St. Secretary
Joe Flynn, Cor. Benion and Diven ave. Collector
Harvey P. Davies, 519 Penn Ave. Receiver
Percy P. Davies, 519 Penn Ave. Magazine Agent
- 249. J. H. KELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M., in B. of L. F. Hall, Ghio Block.
C. J. Neff, Box 61, Texarkana, Ark. Master
Geo. D. abrough, Box 2 Secretary
J. N. Mayer, Box 334, Texarkana, Ark. Collector
C. J. Neff, Box 64, Texarkana, Ark. Receiver
W. F. Rowe, Box 210, Texarkana, Ark. Magazine Agent
- 250. T. P. O'BURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Schwerdtfeger Hall, 14th and Jefferson Sts. 1st Thursday at 8 P. M., and 3d Sunday 2:30 P. M.
E. W. Atkins, 2549 30th st. Master
J. O'Valley, 79 4 10th st. Secretary
J. Larkin, 110 Newerry ave. Collector
Chas. J. Lynch, 502 Mobery St. Receiver
Jan. Canty, 4029 Butterfield st. Magazine Agent
- 251. BURNETT; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, Sorrell Building, cor. of Bull and Bay Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
C. Z. McArthur, 191 4th Broad st. Master
Adam Hutton, 271 Bull St. Secretary
M. J. Barr, 193 4th harlton st. Collector
W. A. olvin, Berrien st., 3 doors from W Broad st. Receiver
C. Z. McArthur, 191 S Broad st. Magazine Agent
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets in M. & W depot every Sunday.
J. A. Morris, 1421 Third st. Master
W. H. Lolley, 704 Third st. Secretary
T. E. Jordan, Cor. 3d and Boundary Collector
E. Almy, cor. 3d and Boundary Sts. Receiver
J. I. Davidson, Congress st. Magazine Agent
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. F. Hetzel, 1928 Forsyth st. Master
Jno. M. Balld, 194 Powers st. Secretary
W. A. Woolbright, 95 Waltham st. Collector
Geo. W. Mann, 240 Marietta st. Receiver
W. H. Hollingworth, 330 Houston st. Mag. Agent
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
John S. Brown Master
H. S. Redhead, Box 236 Secretary
Wm. L. Davis, Box 454 Collector
Chas. C. Lockwood, L. Box 17 Receiver
Jas. Coutts, West st. Magazine Agent
- 249. CALUMET; South Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, South Chicago 2d Sunday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
D. G. O'Connell, L. Box 193 Master
Frank Rapp, L. Box 198 Secretary
Patrick Roa h Collector
Wm. McDonoo Receiver
Wm. J. Price, Box 118 Magazine Agent
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkesbarre, Pa.**
Meets in Room 38 Osterhout Block, cor. E. Market st. and Public Square, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
James E. Gay, Kingston Master
John W. Dreis, Forty Fort Secretary
Alex. Thompson, 414 So Main st. Collector
Charles Van Why, Box 78 Ashley Receiver
E. O. Hale, Kingston Magazine Agent
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meets in Stahl's Hall, Upper Mauch Chunk, 1st and 3d Sundays
L. Wildoner, L. Box 765 Master
N. E. Reihart, L. Box 365 Secretary
L. H. Ynter, L. Box 365 Collector
Charles Roberts, L. Box 365 Receiver
Wm. H. Spencer, Box 365 Magazine Agent
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets in Fendrich's Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
John J. Pets, 5th and Chestnut sts. Master
Harry G. Klugh, New Second st. Secretary
Joseph Dennison, 414 Chestnut st. Collector
Martin M. Hinkle, 711 Walnut St. Receiver
H. A. Bennett, Box 531 Magazine Agent
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets in Stradling Building, 131 N. Green St., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
John W. Horn, 41 Wall st. Master
Robert Stackhouse, 697 Broad St. Secretary
Thos. H. Decator, 45 Hart Ave. Collector
Frank P. Parsons, 175 Brunswick Ave. Receiver
Thos. H. Decator, 45 Hart Ave. Magazine Agent
- 254. CLIMAX; Hiwassee Valley, Iowa.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. McKinney Master
Frank Mc Innis Secretary
Thos. Hainer Collector
Daniel J. Kennedy Receiver
Pierce Welch Magazine Agent
- 255. CANAL CITY; Arkansas City, Kan.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday nights.
J. E. Drennan Master
Albert O. P. Nicholson, W Adams ave, Secretary
Andrew Craig Collector
Samuel S. Small, 1005 S. 1st st. Receiver
W. S. Ballou Magazine Agent

- 256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.**
 Meets in Slater's Hall every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M.
 Frank K. Rudolph Master
 M. D. Finn, Box 113 Secretary
 J. B. Clark Collector
 M. H. Lintz Receiver
 M. H. Lintz Magazine Agent
- 257. KIT CARSON; Baton, New Mexico.**
 Meets in Engineers' Hall, on 1st St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 J. R. Smith Master
 Patrick Deane Secretary
 Albert McCrady Collector
 James McPherson, L. Box 59 Receiver
 James McPherson, L. Box 59 Magazine Agent
- 258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.**
 Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30.
 James Bunton Master
 Chas. W. Arnold, L. Box 29 Secretary
 Frank E. Hendrickson Collector
 Oliver M. Newland Receiver
 Wm. F. Smith Magazine Agent
- 259. D. J. CHASE; Ashland, Wis.**
 Meets in Good Templar's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 William Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave. Master
 John J. Orrick, Commercial Hotel Secretary
 Ferd Godfrey, Box 92 Collector
 William Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave. Receiver
 J. M. Rummel, Merchants' Hotel, Magazine Agent
- 260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.**
 Meets in Red Men's Hall, Masonic Building, 6th and K Sts., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 F. Hurley, Box 107 Master
 R. E. Noble, Box 107 Secretary
 Richard Hintze Collector
 D. A. Smith, Box 107 Receiver
 H. C. Carragher, 321 P. St. Magazine Agent
- 261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.**
 Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Sunday and 3d Tuesday.
 Wm. Scotland Master
 Wm. H. Webb Secretary
 D. S. Gandy Collector
 Wm. R. Fisher Receiver
 John J. McInnis, Box 119 Magazine Agent
- 262. QUEEN CITY; West Toronto Junction, Ont.**
 Meets in Campbell Hall, Dundas St., alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 James Mahoney, 322 Dufferin St. Master
 Fred Drivitt Secretary
 Wm. Hyndman, Box 366 Collector
 E. M. Council, 12 Clark st., Parkdale Receiver
 Magazine Agent
- 263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.**
 Meets in Alamo Hall every Thursday at 2 P. M.
 E. P. Curtis, Box 72 Master
 T. H. Henderson, Box 298 Secretary
 W. H. Plipkin, Box 10 Collector
 S. M. Bridgewater, Box 10 Receiver
 John McElroy Magazine Agent
- 264. J. K. GILBREATH; Butte City, Montana.**
 Meets in Ozark Hall, South Butte, Mont., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 Wm. A. White, South Butte Master
 Geo. Cross, L. Box 3, S. Butte Secretary
 Geo. Boomer, South Butte Collector
 Ed E. Sweeney, L. Box 11, South Butte Receiver
 Jos. Crunican, South Butte Magazine Agent
- 265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.**
 Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 Geo. W. Dalley, 199 Wallen st Master
 Leroy A. Ogden, 233 Centre st Secretary
 H. L. Br. wile Collector
 A. A. Ogden, 233 Centre St Receiver
 S. Ide, 64 Monson St Magazine Agent
- 266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M., in Dugan Hall.
 Charles Daley Master
 J. M. Golden, Box 324 Secretary
 R. B. Nichols, Box 120 Collector
 A. Schrader Receiver
 E. Douer, Box 497, Antigo Magazine Agent
- 267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.**
 Meets in Castle Hall every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Brown, 78 Webster Ave Master
 J. E. Coyne, 8 1/2 Pacific Ave Secretary
 P. J. Coyne, 121 Pacific ave Collector
 Jno. Mitchell, 107 1/2 Chestnut st Receiver
 S. Valette, 28 Vallette st Magazine Agent
- 268. CLIFTON HIGHTS; New Albany, Ind.**
 Meets in Hadden's Hall, cor. State and Market Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Chas. T. Dillard, Box 74 Master
 Geo. L. Stein, 31 W Third st Secretary
 Belvie Ba bee Collector
 J. S. Keane, 106 W Main St Receiver
 George L. Stein, 34 W 3d St Magazine Agent
- 269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
 Meets in Eagle Hall, S. W. cor. 8th St. and Central Ave., 1st and 3d Sunday afternoons.
 J. S. Sheehan, 1110 W 6th St. Master
 H. E. Jordan, Ludlow, Ky. Secretary
 Collector
 George W. Snyder, 56 Storrs St Receiver
 Jno. S. Sheehan, 1110 W. 6th St. Magazine Agent
- 270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.**
 Meets in K. K. Hall, corner Bloomington and Franklin Avenues, 8th h, 1st Sunday at 1:30 P. M. and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Oliver Johnson, 921 11th Ave. S. Master
 Patrick Peruss, 116 Cedar ave S. Secretary
 J. D. Schewmker, 1837 22d st. So Collector
 George Cavanaugh, 24th Fort Ave. Receiver
 Chas. D. Sharrach, 325 5th Ave S. Magazine Agent
- 271. BYRAM; Port Morris, N. J.**
 Meets at Wm. Weiler's residence, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 John W. Thorpe, Newcorg Master
 William Weiler, Box 26 Secretary
 Theo. F. Ayers Collector
 William Weiler, Box 25 Receiver
 Chas. D. Leflier Magazine Agent
- 272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.**
 Meets in Wells' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 3:30 P. M.
 John S. Eveland Master
 Jeremiah Desmond Secretary
 James P. Butler Collector
 John B. Eveland Receiver
 John S. Eveland Magazine Agent
- 273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.**
 Meets in room 25 Barnard's Block, cor. Clark and 14th Ave., every Monday evening at 7:30.
 F. W. Hill, on, 6 S. 11th st Master
 R. B. Hind, 10 South 7th st Secretary
 C. H. Curtis, 840 S. 9th St. Collector
 R. B. Hind, 1024 S. 9th st Receiver
 E. A. Schlereth, 911 S. 9th St. Magazine Agent
- 274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.**
 Meets in Masonic Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7:30 A. M.
 H. M. Newcomb Master
 R. J. Hyde Secretary
 R. A. Butler Collector
 T. I. Hyde Receiver
 Magazine Agent
- 275. LEE; Richmond, Va.**
 Meets in Druid's Hall, cor. 17th and Main Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 W. R. Sanders, Box 168 Newport News, Va. Master
 C. I. Smith, C. & O. Round House Secretary
 D. C. McLeod, C. & O. Round House Collector
 W. R. Sanders, Box 168, Newport News Receiver
 W. R. Sanders, Box 168, Newport News, Va. Magazine Agent

- 16. WILKINSON; Vancouver, B. C.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d Wednesdays at 4:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Fred. Clutterbuck, Box 624 Master
Moses Cole Secretary
Chas. L. Austin, North Bend, B. C. Collector
R. Hunt, Box 58, Kamloops Receiver
James Little Magazine Agent
- 277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. Dauphin and Jackson Sts., 2d Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. J. Carney, L. & N. Shops Master
T. W. Keas, L. & N. Shops Secretary
T. W. Kerns, L. & N. Shops Collector
C. W. Barnard, L. & N. Shops Receiver
Theodore Green, L. & N. Shops Magazine Agent
- 278. WHITE BREAST; Laredo, Tex.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 8:30 P. M.
W. B. Swetell, Box 108 Master
C. S. Crawford Secretary
W. H. Mabry Collector
W. B. Metcalf, Box 108 Receiver
J. B. G'Sell Magazine Agent
- 279. MONT SANO; Tusculumbia, Ala.**
Meets in K. P. Hall 1st Saturday.
R. P. Taylor Master
H. H. Burkhardt Secretary
J. W. Smith Collector
H. H. Burkhardt Receiver
Jno. A. Johnson Magazine Agent
- 280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9 A. M., 2d and 4th at 7 P. M., in Boyd's Hall.
Jacob Myers Master
Henry Peele Secretary
James Kinney Collector
Jacob Myers Receiver
J. H. Lanahan Magazine Agent
- 281. MISSION; Yeakum, Texas.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M.
J. F. Cronlon Master
A. Miller, Box 58 Secretary
W. H. Martin, Box 38 Collector
E. L. Corey, Box 118 Receiver
F. L. Douglas, Box 38 Magazine Agent
- 282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St., between 4th and 5th Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Calvin Minnleair Master
J. D. Bevore Secretary
W. C. Christain Collector
Harry Standring Receiver
Frank H. Orland Magazine Agent
- 283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.**
Meets in Red Men's Hall, 2d Sunday at 8:30 A. M., and 4th Sunday 8 P. M.
James Hanrahan, Hallstead Master
E. Edinger, Box 67 Secretary
W. B. Trowbridge, Hallstead Collector
S. H. Wells, Hallstead Receiver
A. M. Sliker, Hallstead Magazine Agent
- 284. ELW CITY; New Haven, Conn.**
Meets in Elk's Hall, 352 Chapel St., 1st and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
Lee R. Watrous, 184 Rosette st. Master
Edw. A. Ferrill, 82 Spring st. Secretary
Edw. A. J. Kenney, Box 1124 Collector
R. A. Bishop, 180 DeWitt st. Receiver
Ed. J. Kenney, Box 1124 Magazine Agent
- 285. CHARTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.**
Meets in Bliss Hall, cor. Pratt and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.
Henry L. Stearns, 45 Bancroft St., Springfield, Mass. Master
A. M. Porter, Box 278 East Hartford Secretary
J. H. Ormond, 55 Allen Place Collector
Henry L. Stearns, 45 Bancroft st., Springfield, Mass. Receiver
A. M. Porter, Box 278, East Hartford, Conn. Magazine Agent
- 286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.**
Meets in Lester Adams Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
John McGaffran, 903 N. 6th st Master
W. F. Carle, 609 N. Washington ave Secretary
Will J. Tibbits, F. & F. M. Engine House Collector
Fred. J. Hill, 118 N. Third st Receiver
Will F. Carle, 609 N. Washington Ave Magazine Agent
- 287. ALTOONA; Altoona, Pa.**
Meets in Ramey's Hall, 12th St., between 8th and 9th Ave., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Chas. H. Rows, 416 Fifth Ave Master
J. C. Kochendefer, 1814 Union ave Secretary
J. J. Anthony, 1815 Eighteenth st Collector
J. B. Maughy, 161 Eleventh ave Receiver
J. C. Kochenderfer, 1811 Union Ave Magazine Agent
- 288. KOMET; Etherville, Iowa.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Tuesday and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
A. L. Houltshouser, Box 5 Master
P. J. Sullivan, Box 48 Secretary
A. L. Houltshouser, Box 5 Collector
R. S. Robinson, Box 102 Receiver
Frank Little, Box 35 Magazine Agent
- 289. MT. LOOKOUT; Chattanooga, Tenn.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Third National Bank, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Raimon Segesser, 220 Montgomery ave Master
J. C. Gilbreth, 818 Cowart st Secretary
John Smith, 48 Rosville ave Collector
Henry Schneidman, 28 Neeby st. Receiver
Garrie Vanarsdale, 158 Cowart St Magazine Agent
- 290. MARION; Hannibal, Mo.**
Meets in Emmet Hall, on Broadway bet 7th and 8th Sts., 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Hart, 416 Washington st. Master
C. E. Lowe, 440 Clay st., S. S. Secretary
B. E. McClain, 118 Riverside st. Collector
M. Reardon, 416 Washington st. Receiver
L. R. Hiekel, 129 3d St., S. Magazine Agent
- 291. ATLANTIC; Brooklyn, N. Y.**
Meets in Schiellein Hall, 26th Ward, 2d Saturday evening and 4th Sunday morning.
Edward Locke, Backman st. and Liberty ave. Master
Geo. W. Brun, 180 Hull st. Secretary
Wm. Youngs, E. New York ave near Sackman st. Collector
Thomas H. Smith, 788 Monroe St. Receiver
John A. Bolger, 12 Hull st (E.D.) Magazine Agent
- 292. POCAHONTAN; Poplar Bluff, Mo.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8:00 A. M.
C. W. Kidd Master
F. H. Richards Secretary
C. W. Kidd Collector
M. C. Andrus Receiver
C. W. Kidd Magazine Agent
- 293. LAFAYETTE; Marion, Iowa.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
James H. Riley Master
Henry A. Heberling, Box 646 Secretary
Frank H. Beuhardy Collector
Henry A. Heberling, Box 646 Receiver
James Thomas Magazine Agent
- 294. OHIO RIVER; Huntington, W. Va.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor 3d Ave. and 8th St., 1st Saturday and last Saturday. 1st Thursday after at Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Jas. C. Leake Master
Lee A. D. Tate Secretary
Lee A. D. Tate Collector
Lee A. D. Tate Receiver
H. A. Wells Magazine Agent
- 295. U. S.; Davenport, Ia.**
Meets in workmen's Hall, cor. 4th and Brady Sts., 1st and 3d Sunday.
J. J. Sheahan, 522 Esplanade ave Master
F. W. Duncan, 110 W 5th st Secretary
F. W. Duncan, 110 W Fifth st Collector
Martin Gillin, 813 Switz St. Receiver
Geo. H. Auslin, 804 W. Locust st. Magazine Agent

- 296. IRON RANGE; West Superior, Wis.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. T. Osborne Master
Alex Stewart, Box 471 Secretary
Frank L. Benidiet Collector
Thos. R. Taylor, 1025 Banks ave. Receiver
Dan. F. Lantry Magazine Agent
- 297. CLARK; Jeffersonville, Ind.**
Meets in Beck's Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays.
B. M. Bennett, Box, 182 Master
C. E. Ruehler Secretary
T. M. Vawter, 1713 Rowan st., Louisville, Ky Collector
B. M. Bennett, Box 182 Receiver
M. S. Bennett, 86 E. Court ave Magazine Agent
- 298. SNOW FLAKE; Glasgow, Mont.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 7 P. M., and 4th Saturday at 8 A. M.
B. L. Hardaway, Glasgow, Mont., Box 85 Master
Geo. McLean, Glasgow, Mont. Secretary
C. T. Doctor, Glasgow, Mont. Collector
Frank Miller, Glasgow, Mont. Receiver
John W. Goss, Great Falls, Mont. Magazine Agent
- 299. CENTRAL OHIO; Crestline, Ohio.**
Meets in Jenner's Block every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
George W. Reed, Box 93 Master
W. H. Zink, L. Box 30 Secretary
J. W. White, Box 303 Collector
B. W. DeHaven, Box 562 Receiver
James L. Davis Magazine Agent
- 300. HARBOR CITY; Michigan City, Ind.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall alternate Mondays at 2 P. M.
Lewis A. Wilson Master
Harry F. McLean, Box 831 Secretary
Frank Kmutzer Collector
Chas. W. Brown Receiver
P. J. Cassidy Magazine Agent
- 301. GREEN MOUNTAIN; Lyndonville, Vt.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st Sunday at 10 A. M., and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
J. C. Oakley Master
A. L. Howe Secretary
T. S. Averill Collector
W. C. Baldwin, McIndoe's Receiver
Robt. O. Renand Magazine Agent
- 302. YOUGHIOGHENY; Connellsville, Pa.**
Meets in Reisinger's Hall, Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. P. Smith, Box 261 Master
Geo. Dull Secretary
S. A. McPhee, Box 387 Collector
Geo. Dull Receiver
T. F. Hunt Magazine Agent
- 303. VILLA PARK; Streator, Ill.**
Meets in Schlitz' Hall, cor. Main and Vermillion St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. J. Corcoran, 159 N. Park St. Master
J. M. Rathbun, 180 Jackson St. Secretary
H. D. Mumaw, 32 S. Park St. Collector
Thomas Jefferson, 61 S. Illinois St. Receiver
J. M. Rathbun, 180 Jackson St. Magazine Agent
- 304. THREE BRANCH; Argenta, Ark.**
Meets in Faucett Hall every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Johnson Master
Chas. J. Jacks Secretary
J. S. Sharp Collector
Jos. J. Hicks Receiver
G. J. Scaggs Magazine Agent
- 305. UNWIN; Rat Portage, Ontario.**
Meets in Garfield Hall every Wednesday evening.
Russell Woods Master
John B. Baxter Secretary
John J. Sheridan Collector
John Bosman Receiver
Geo. Robinson Magazine Agent
- 306. GRANITE STATE; Concord, N. H.**
Meets 2d Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 4 P. M., in Temple Hall, Sanborn Block.
Clarence E. Woods, West Lebanon Master
Homar V. King Secretary
Henry P. Hutchins, East Concord Collector
Henry W. Morrill, West Lebanon Receiver
J. C. Muzzey, Box 117, W. Lebanon Mag. Agent
- 307. HAMPDEN; Springfield, Mass.**
Meets in Crescent Hall, 218 Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. E. Leikam, Box 127, Merrick Master
Chas. A. Chapin, Box 255, Merrick Secretary
John Fenton, 585 Chestnut st. Collector
F. B. Child, 87 Main st. Receiver
Frank H. Gero, 140 10th St. Magazine Agent
- 308. SANTA ROSA; Portofio Diaz, Mexico.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
E. Spradling, Box 109 Eagle Pass, Tex. Master
W. A. Moffatt, Box 109, Eagle Pass, Texas Secretary
Wm. Maynard, Box 109, Eagle Pass, Tex. Collector
E. T. Manning, Box 109, Eagle Pass, Texas Receiver
W. A. Moffatt, Box 109, Eagle Pass Mag. Agent
- 309. BARTHOLOMI; Long Island City, N. Y.**
Meets 2d Mondays and 4th Saturdays at 8:00 P. M. in Schwallenberg Hall.
Wm. Carroll, 144 Eighth St. Master
Andrew J. Walker, Wincola, L. I. Secretary
John J. Galvin, 46 Clay St., Green Point, L. I. Collector
August H. Rauttle, 70 East ave Receiver
Wm. Rooney, 129 East Ave Magazine Agent
- 310. CHESTNUT RIDGE; Derry Station, Pa.**
Meets alternate Mondays and Third Sundays in Chosen Friends' Hall.
W. J. Toole Master
H. C. Martin Secretary
J. C. Cole Collector
M. G. McKelvey Receiver
A. J. Dunmire Magazine Agent
- 311. BELLE PLAINE; Belle Plaine, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. F. Hall.
J. H. McPeak Master
Ed. Zimmerman Secretary
Milton Quigley Collector
Robert Kippin, Box 238 Receiver
J. M. Tracy Magazine Agent
- 312. MOUNT SHASTA; Dunsmuir, Cal.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Monday night.
G. E. Schuler Master
Wm. P. Haskell Secretary
Leo Martin Collector
Archie De LaMontanya Receiver
Archie De LaMontanya Magazine Agent
- 313. KAW VALLEY; Armourdale, Kansas.**
Meets in Melville Hall, alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
Oscar Kengott, 606 Colorado Ave., Kansas City Master
John M. Frain, Box 263 Secretary
J. A. Fike Collector
E. C. Haddock, Box 183 Receiver
W. J. Myers, So. G. Tremont st., Kansas City Magazine Agent
- 314. GRAND FORKS; Grand Forks, North Dakota.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Kelson ave and 4th St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Geo. W. Sebastian, Box 365, Crookston, Minn Master
G. S. Chase, Box 214 Secretary
James Myler Collector
James Hamm, 1101 Broadway Receiver
Chas. Beckers, Box 242 Barnesville, Minn Magazine Agent
- 315. TROY CITY; Green Island, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd Fellows Hall, 101 Hudson Ave.
Wm. Riley, 436 Tenth st., Troy Master
Henry O'Neil, 434 Tenth st., Troy Secretary
Willis, J. Spafford, 488 Ninth st., Troy, Collector
J. M. Williams, 20 Ingalls Ave., Troy Receiver
Eugene D. Brizee, 472 8th Ave., Troy, Mag. Agent

MS. ONEGA; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets in Siebert's Hall, cor. Jefferson and Bristol
Sts., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

Joe. Bamley, 925 Clinton st. Master
Wm. H. Walsh, 1903 Broadway Secretary
P. J. Donovan, 780 S Division St. Collector
John J. Kinney, 31 Walter st. Receiver
P. J. Donovan, 780 S Division St., Magazine Agent

MS. WELCOME HOME; Henderson, Ky.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Saturday evening
at 7:30 P. M.

Geo. A. Brown Master
A. Ingers, 11 O. V. Ry shops Secretary
Pa. K. J. Newman, Morganfield Ky. Collector
P. J. Kramer, O. V. Ry shops Receiver
Dennis Glenn, 109 Olive st, Evansville
Ind. Magazine Agent

MS. ECHO CITY; Glenwood, 23d Ward, Pittsburg, Pa.

Meets in Speck's Block, cor. 2d St., and Hazle-
wood Ave., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

J. P. Wills, Glenwood, 23d Ward Master
W. R. McMinn, Glenwood, 23d Ward Secretary
W. H. Frasier, Glenwood, 23d Ward Collector
F. Wills, Glenwood, 23d Ward Receiver
Patrick W. King, Glenwood, 23d
Ward Magazine Agent

MS. MOUST MORIAN; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Miller's Hall, 6215 Woodland Ave., ev-
ery Sunday at 2 P. M.

T. Helms, 224 Barney St., Baltimore, Md. Master
J. K. Bentman, 62d and Woodlawn Ave. Secretary
C. C. Craig, 60th above Woodlawn Ave. Collector
R. W. 6201 Woodlawn Ave. Receiver
John A. Mouldale, 62d St. and
Woodland Ave. Magazine Agent

MS. AMBINATION; East St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in Wilde's Hall, cor. 7th and Bradley Sts.,
1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30
P. M.

D. Lordan, 357 Edgerton St., St. Paul. Master
D. C. Morrison, 541 Minnehaha st., St.
Paul Secretary
Henry A. Young, 113 Arch st., St. Paul, Collector
Chas. L. Work, 911 Lawson St.,
St. Paul Receiver
P. Copeland, 241 S. Main st., Still-
water Magazine Agent

MS. SNOW DRIFT; Chapeau, Ont.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Monday at 8 P. M.

Herbert Gav. Master
Geo. B. Nicholson, Box 113 Secretary
Fred Mary, Box 117 Collector
E. W. Hilliard, Box 110 Receiver
Barney Patterson Magazine Agent

MS. JULIEN; Dubuque, Iowa.

Meets in United Workmen's Hall, cor. 13th and
Clay Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

M. D. Denmore, 260 Broadway Master
W. O. Ayers, 80 Broadway Secretary
Henry West, 260 Broadway Collector
Thos. O'Brien, 2,351 Washington St. Receiver
Ulman D. Luce, 769 W. 14th St., Chicago,
Ill. Magazine Agent

MS. Newroge; Columbus, Ga.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st ave., bet. 10th
and 11th, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m.

Geo. Wilhelm Master
Chas. A. Smith, 1617 3d st. Secretary
Henry N. Randall, 1617 3d st. Collector
Chas. A. Smith, 1617 3d st. Receiver
David B. Mitchell, 208 13th st. Magazine Agent

MS. SOUTHERN CROSS; Gainesville, Texas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

E. E. Curl Master
F. Johns Secretary
W. A. Hinds Collector
C. E. Winther, L. Box 420 Receiver
A. Goike Magazine Agent

MS. SATILLA; Wayeroom, Ga.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at
2 P. M.

G. W. Barnes Master
D. B. Coughlin Secretary
A. C. Nall Collector
Wm. L. Knox Receiver
K. E. Clark Magazine Agent

MS. FOLWELL; Bradford, Pa.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30
P. M.

Geo. E. Lovelace, cafe Model Restaurant, Master
A. J. O'Hara, 15 Davis st. Secretary
G. P. Clough, 6 Alli-on st. Collector
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison St. Receiver
M. W. Maybee, 17 1/2 Pike St. Magazine Agent

MS. SILVER MOUNTAIN; Needles, Cal.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Saturday evening.

F. B. Hardy Master
Charl. a Dffenbaugh Secretary
Jos. Schutt Collector
Edmund K. ausse Receiver
Wm. Coudon Magazine Agent

MS. SPANISH PEAKS; La Junta, Colo.

Meets in Grand Army Hall, Mondays, at 2 P. M.

John C. Cole, Box 32 Master
W. H. Bragg Secretary
Archibald Russell Collector
John T. Grier Receiver
L. W. Gilbert Magazine Agent

MS. SOLOMON VALLEY; Downs, Kansas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at
2:30 P. M.

John Milheiser, Box 102 Master
A. Dillon, L. Box 188 Secretary
John Milheiser, Box 102 Collector
R. J. Dunlap, L. Box 286 Receiver
Gns Lind, Box 147 Burr Oak Kan. Mag. Agent

MS. RIVER VIEW; Kansas City, Kansas.

Meets in Melville Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays [at
7:30 P. M.]

Thos J. Pirsch, 86 South 7th st. Master
E. H. Smcber, 568 Park ave. Secretary
J. F. Casey, 617 W. 7th St., Kansas City,
Mo Collector
Lester Rodea, Armourdale, Kan. Receiver
G. W. Smith, 11 N. 7th St. Magazine Agent

MS. CHICAGO BELT LINE; Auburn Junction, Ill.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Cor. 79th st, 1st and 3d
Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

John J. McCarthy, 8 Englewood Master
J. D. Flood, 156 Auburn Park Secretary
T. J. Hogan, 714 Englewood Ave. Collector
J. D. Flood, Box 156, Auburn Park Receiver
Wm. T. Clodiglo, Box 91, Auburn
Park Magazine Agent

MS. STONE MOUNTAIN; Augusta, Ga.

Meets in Library Building 1st Sunday and every
Wednesday at 7 P. M.

Jno. W. Palmer, 409 Watkins st. Master
J. W. Wright, 528 Walker st. Secretary
Jas. I. Roncy, 932 Taylor st. Collector
A. Rivers, 524 Walker st. Receiver
W. E. Barnes, 434 Telfair st. Magazine Agent

MS. FAIRMOUNT; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in in Erickson's Hall, 3947 Lancaster St.,
alternate Wednesdays at 8 P. M.

Geo. W. Reynolds, 498 Sloan st. Master
Robt. L. Tomlinson, 3837 Linwood st. Secretary
C. H. Maul, 830 N 40th St. Collector
John A. Boehn, 3915 Wallace st. Receiver
Robt. L. Tomlinson, 3837 Linwood
st. Magazine Agent

MS. LONG DOUBLER; East Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Rooms every Thursday night

E. S. Freeman Master
George M. Shaffer Secretary
E. J. Terry Collector
Jas. H. Fitzgerald Receiver
Joseph Gale Magazine Agent

MS. SAINT ADOLPHUS; Hochelaga, Canada.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 111 Moreau St.

Patrick McFall, 78 Chatham at Montreal. Master
Jus. C. Currie, 168 Mountain st., Mon-
treal Secretary
Alfred Pring, 89 Marlborough st. Collector
J. G. A. Brazeau, 83 Moreau St. Receiver
C. Herbert Pye, Smith's Falls, Ont. Magazine Agent

- 336. FALL RIVER; Neodesha, Kansas.**
 Meets in Pierce's Hall, 2d and 4th Saturdays.
 R. C. McClellan Master
 L. N. Baker, Box 178 Secretary
 Charles Koehler Collector
 G. C. McClellan Receiver
 E. Harman, Box 45, Monett, Mo. Magazine Agent
- 337. BIG FOUR; Kansas City, Mo.**
 Meets in Summerwell's Hall, 21st and Bellevue
 ave., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Frank Dickens, 1311 Reservoir ave. Master
 Chas. T. Largent, 1673 Madison ave. Secretary
 E. M. Reynolds, 1,23 Reservoir ave. Collector
 Homer Howa d, 1210 Reservoir ave. Receiver
 J. W. Leonard, 1641 Bellevue Ave., Mag. Agent
- 338. WEST BRANCH; Renovo, Pa.**
 Meets in Spangler's Hall, cor. 6th St. and Huron
 Ave., alternate Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 Charles E. Coleman Master
 Fred Kerby Secretary
 Fred Kerby Collector
 G. B. McManigal Receiver
 Wm. C. Robison Magazine Agent
- 339. RED MOUNTAIN; Birmingham, Ala.**
 Meets in Allen Hall every Sunday at 9 A. M.
 C. F. Barnett, Union Ticket Office Master
 W. G. Bailey, Box 703 Secretary
 W. M. Alexander, 1,694 7th Ave. Collector
 W. C. Bckel, 1721 Ave. B Receiver
 H. M. Turner, Room 19, Hood
 Building Magazine Agent
- 340. STAR OF THE WEST; Newton, Kansas.**
 Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 2d Thurs-
 day at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. Breen, L. Box N Master
 C. F. Cole, L. Box 147 Secretary
 Wm. S. Dix, L. Box N Collector
 Chas. E. Jackson, L. Box N Receiver
 W. N. Breen, L. Box N Magazine Agent
- 341. GOLD RANGE; Donald, B. C.**
 Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st and 2d Wednesdays,
 and 3d and 4th Sundays.
 Robert J. Glidis Master
 Joseph Callin Secretary
 Wm. Tomlinson Collector
 John Simons Receiver
 H. J. McSorley Magazine Agent
- 342. CASCADE; Medicine Hat, North West Terr.**
 Meets in General Hall, 2d Wednesday and 4th
 Thursday.
 Wm. Lowe, Box 66 Master
 Leonard Dobbin, Box 66 Secretary
 William Rutherford, Box 66 Collector
 Leonard Dobbin, Box 66 Receiver
 Wm. Veal, Box 54 Magazine Agent
- 343. NEW STATE; Spring Hill, Montana.**
 Meets in Engineer's Hall every Wednesday at 2:30
 P. M.
 M. L. Phillips, Lima Master
 Wm. B. Dean, Box 9 Lima Secretary
 Silas W. Nugent, Lima Collector
 Albert E. Jones, Lima Receiver
 W. B. Dean, Lima Magazine Agent
- 344. LAS ANIMAS; Trinidad, Colo.**
 Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, N Commercial St.,
 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 J. V. Dailey, 324 Park St Master
 Jas. E. Durden, Box 591 Secretary
 J. V. Dailey, 324 Park St Collector
 D. M. Lewis Receiver
 Elmer E. Perry, 931 San Pedro st Mag. Agent
- 345. FRONT END; Paris, Texas.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
 H. E. Wood, Box 24 Master
 Jno. Heine Secretary
 Joseph Gerard, Box 24 Collector
 James Lyons, Box 24 Receiver
 M. Phegley, G. C. & S. F. Shops, Dal-
 las Magazine Agent
- 346. FLOWERY LAND; Pensacola, Fla.**
 Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Monday at 7
 P. M.
 R. F. Metts, L. & N. R. R. Shops Master
 Thos. J. Williams, L. & N. R. R. Shops Secretary
 Wm. H. Stearns, Jr., L. & N. R. R. Shops Collector
 R. F. Metts, L. & N. R. R. Shops Receiver
 S. C. Donaldson 822 E. Wright st. Magazine Agent
- 347. OLD FORT; Dodge City, Kansas.**
 Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Thursdays at 8 P. M.
 Wm. A. Williams, L. Box 21 Master
 Benj. Oldham Secretary
 Augustus Falkner Collector
 B. S. Williams, L. Box 21 Receiver
 James B. Carothers Magazine Agent
- 348. BLUE MOUNTAIN; La Grande, Oregon.**
 Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M. in K. of P. Hall.
 D. M. Neldigh Master
 O. M. Abel, Box 142 Secretary
 H. M. Wall Collector
 Henry Henson, Box 811 Receiver
 E. A. Stephens, L. Box 18 Magazine Agent
- 349. HUDSON RIVER; Union Hill, N. J.**
 Meets in Concordia Hall, 2d Saturday at 8 P. M.
 and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Wm. Peoronto, New Durham Master
 J. M. Wicker, 114 Humboldt st Secretary
 J. M. Wicker, 114 Humboldt st Collector
 Harry Poynton, Box 2, New Durham Receiver
 Joe Lewis, New Durham Magazine Agent
- 350. JAMES DONNELLY; Perth Amboy, N. J.**
 Meets in K. of P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.
 T. R. Mertz Master
 C. J. Coley Secretary
 Levi M. Landis Collector
 W. J. Ditzler Receiver
 John Jones Magazine Agent
- 351. HOME; White Haven, Pa.**
 Meets in Runkey's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2
 P. M.
 Chas. F. Packer Master
 J. N. Deterline Secretary
 J. N. Deterline Collector
 Charles Prutzman Receiver
 Wm. Hartly Magazine Agent
- 352. CHAMPLAIN; St. Albans, Vt.**
 Meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at
 1:45 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 John N. Sweeney, 9 Fairfield st Master
 J. W. McGarhan, 9 Fairfield st Secretary
 H. P. Hill, 73 Main st Collector
 C. P. Kelly, 89 Foundry St Receiver
 J. W. Holland, 175 S. Main St Magazine Agent
- 353. MARBLE CITY; Rutland, Vt.**
 Meets in E. A. U. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 C. F. Whitehouse, 24 Howe st Master
 W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St Secretary
 H. Caselle, 23 Pine st Collector
 D. Toner, 6 Pine st Receiver
 W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St Magazine Agent
- 354. HOBOKEN; Hoboken, N. J.**
 Meets in Burners' Hall, cor. Bloomfield and 1st
 Sts., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 4th Saturdays
 at 8 P. M.
 John Parker, 102 Orange st. Newark Master
 John S. Kennan, 61 Jefferson st Secretary
 Patrick Ash, South Orange Collector
 John Lord, 138 Morris st, Morristown Receiver
 C. Q. Carman, Jr., Bouton Magazine Agent
- 355. STONE CITY; Joliet, Ill.**
 Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 222 Jefferson St., 1st Tues-
 day at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 Thos. B. Smith, 105 St. Louis st Master
 Jos. McGrath, 405 South Chicago st Secretary
 Jos. Cassidy, 405 South Chicago st Collector
 Thos. McHugh, 809 N. Chicago st Receiver
 Thos. McHugh, 809 N. Chicago st. Magazine Agent
- 356. CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY; Albany, N. Y.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 D. L. Ingalls, 75 Perry st Master
 R. J. Lilly, 57 1st st Secretary
 R. J. Lilly, 57 1st st Collector
 M. E. Hogan, 96 2d St Receiver
 M. E. Hogan, 96 2d St Magazine Agent

- 2. J. JUSTICE; Vancaborough, Maine.**
Meets in Plummer's Hall, Vancaboro and Main
Sta. 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
John E. Shea Master
Whitfield Nobles Secretary
Clair J. Tabor, Woodstock, N. B. Collector
R. A. Kennedy Receiver
David W. Lounder, St. John. Magazine Agent
- 210. CUOKE; West St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Fairfield and Dakota
Ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday
at 2 P. M.
Maurice Leahy, 391 Greenwood ave. Master
W. E. Perrin, 81st St. Pierre Terrace Secretary
Peter Ralston, 127 Isabel st. Collector
Peter Anderson, 38th South Wabasha st. Receiver
Fred. G. Whisten, 380 S. Wa-
basha st. Magazine Agent
- 212. BIG FLIST; Wellington, Kansas.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2
P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 2:00 P. M.
H. A. Hammond Master
S. H. Barner, 529 So 4th st. Secretary
Chas. Weddle, E. Harvey ave. Collector
Wm. T. Mahan, Chanute Receiver
Jno. Allen, Panhandle, Tex. Magazine Agent
- 220. COLD SPRING; Springfield, Ohio.**
Meets in Engineers' and Firemen's Hall 1st and
3d Sundays.
Sam. R. Purcell, 935 Camp St., Sandusky, O. Master
A. W. Binns, E High St. Secretary
James J. Jordan, 27 Scott st. Collector
Joseph A. Taylor, 1027 Market St., San-
duky Receiver
Jos. Groetham, 1204 Washington st.,
Sandusky Magazine Agent
- 261. TRICK AND TRUE; Washington, Ind.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. at Sand
Hill Hall
W. H. Cunningham Master
W. E. Ensign, O. & M. Shops Secretary
Timothy Leyhan, Seymour Collector
F. L. Nimmicht Receiver
Geo. E. Gibson, Seymour Magazine Agent
- 282. CATAWAG; Suspension Bridge, N. Y.**
Meets at Colts' Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
David Healy, 57 3d St., Niagara Falls Master
John C. White, Box 825 Secretary
Robt. J. Pitts, 56 4th St., Niagara Falls Collector
Chas. A. Baker, 141 5th St., Niagara
Falls Receiver
Robt. J. Pitts, 56 4th st., Niagara
Falls Magazine Agent
- 282. METROPOLITAN; New York, N. Y.**
Meets at Suburban Hall, 518 E. 140th St., 1st and
4th Sundays.
J. M. Reilly, 324 Mott Ave. Master
Fred E. Elliott, 535 E 140 St Secretary
A. W. Eggleston, White Plains Collector
M. J. Lynch, 645 E. 130th St. Receiver
M. J. Lynch, 645 E. 130th St Magazine Agent
- 284. SOUTHERN STAR; Sanford, Fla.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30
P. M.
C. S. Perry Master
C. T. McDaniel, Palatka Secretary
Andrew A. Holland Collector
Andrew J. Harvey Receiver
Andrew A. Holland Magazine Agent
- 285. VIOLET; Bellevue Falls, Vt.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
J. W. Stack Master
A. E. Wells, Box 568 Secretary
F. L. Darling, Windsor Collector
A. G. Firman, Windsor Receiver
F. E. Keach, L. Box 525, Windsor. Magazine Agent
- 286. OAKS; Ogden, Utah.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 24th St., Fridays at 1:30 P.
M.
G. J. Burleigh, Box 372 Master
M. P. McMillan, Box 372 Secretary
James Tomasek, Box 372 Collector
C. H. Bishop, Box 372 Receiver
Sam Ward, Box 372 Magazine Agent
- 287. MORGAN CRANE; Somerset, Ky.**
Meets in Johnson's Hall, 1st and 3d Saturday
evenings.
G. L. Pepper Master
J. G. Dikeman Secretary
M. J. McCabe, Box 200 Collector
J. P. Brown, Box 200 Receiver
M. J. McCabe, Box 200 Magazine Agent
- 368. DEEP WATER; Springfield, Mo.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall on Booneville St. (Headly
Blk.) 1st and 2d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., and 2nd
and 4th Monday at 2 P. M.
D. H. Diller, 538 W Pine St Master
Jno. Gallagher, 343 Brower St Secretary
J. R. Hambley, 824 Olive St. Collector
F. B. Squires, 737 Lincoln St. Receiver
P. F. Cahill, 738 N. Grant st. Magazine Agent
- 369. WALNUT VALLEY; Eldorado, Kan.**
Meets corner Main St. and Central Ave., 1st and
3d Thursdays at 2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thurs-
days at 7:30 P. M.
E. T. Carroll Master
G. P. Metler, Box 18 Secretary
L. O. Leimbach Collector
J. C. Wickham, Box 304 Receiver
Edward Turner Magazine Agent
- 370. NEOGHO VALLEY; Council Grove, Kan..**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Wednesday
at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Benson Master
W. C. Ferguson Secretary
C. N. Leeman Collector
Charles Torrence Receiver
Clarence G. Stone Magazine Agent
- 371. COVENANT; Nevada, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
R. S. Reardon Master
R. L. Goodrich, 823 N Elm st. Secretary
J. C. Fletcher, Joplin, Mo Collector
A. H. Page, 407 E Hickory st. Receiver
Chris Carpenter Magazine Agent
- 372. SIGNAL MOUNT; Big Springs, Texas.**
Meets in J. M. Walker Hall, 1st Wednesday after-
noon and 3d Wednesday evening.
W. D. Pettibone, Box 185 Master
L. C. Soldan, Box 33 Secretary
J. G. Berry, Box 33 Collector
W. D. Pettibone, Box 185 Receiver
Wm. J. Crawford, Box 33 Magazine Agent
- 373. PAWNEE Fairbury, Nebr.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays
at 1 P. M.
James McQuaid Master
W. F. Hackett Secretary
F. Courtney Collector
Frank McAdams, Box 223 Receiver
Willis E. Clutts Magazine Agent
- 374. McALLISTER; Herlington, Kan.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Thursday at 1:30 P. M.,
and 3d Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
L. Gay, Box 92 Master
O. L. Collier Secretary
Jno. W. Hutchinson, L Box 37 Collector
H. G. Decker, Box 35 Receiver
Edw. W. Waring Magazine Agent
- 375. FRIENDSHIP; Dayton, Ohio.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 17½ E. 3d St., 1st and 3d
Sundays at 2 P. M.
Horace Hopkins, 465 May St. Master
John Stevens, 324 Linden St. Secretary
Wm. W. St. John, 26 Simms st. Collector
N. W. Rose, 19 Galloway St. Receiver
Jas. Haney, 2 Center st Magazine Agent
- 376. J. H. KIRK; Horton, Kan.**
Meets in Mitchell's Hall every Saturday evening.
R. J. Sandilge, L Box 2 Master
H. B. Havland, Box 253 Secretary
B. L. Wheatley, L Box 42 Collector
H. B. Morgan, Box 383 Receiver
Jno. L. Slater, Box 309 Magazine Agent

- 377. NICKEL PLATE; Conneaut, Ohio.**
Meets in Harrington & Wildmar's Block, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M., and 2d and 4th at 8:00 A. M.
Jno. L. Schreiner, Box 567, Bellevue . . . Secretary
Jno. Dooley . . . Secretary
O. F. Wilkins . . . Collector
C. A. Wilcox, Box 301 . . . Receiver
Jos. Montigny . . . Magazine Agent
- 378. HOLBROOK; Chartiers, Pa.**
Meets every Sunday in Christian Hall, McKees Rocks, Pa., at 1:30 P. M.
Wm. Newman, McKee's Rocks . . . Master
Samuel Evans, McKee's Rocks . . . Secretary
W. F. Morgan, McKee's Rocks . . . Collector
Clare L. Hinsdale, McKee's Rocks . . . Receiver
T. J. McCormick, McKee's Rocks . . . Magazine Agent
- 379. WEAVER; Sayre, Pa.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall, Cornell's Block, 1st and 3d Sunday at 11 A. M.
Wm. E. Preston . . . Master
James H. Denton, Box 290 . . . Secretary
Wm. J. Stewart, Box 216 . . . Collector
Johnson Walt . . . Receiver
H. C. Beam . . . Magazine Agent
- 380. HUB CITY; Aberdeen, S. Dakota.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
A. A. Zimmerman, 123 Lincoln St . . . Master
Frank Cox, Box 691 . . . Secretary
A. A. Zimmerman, 123 Lincoln St . . . Collector
Wm. J. Aggus, 248 Seventh Ave. E . . . Receiver
Frank Cox, Box 691 . . . Magazine Agent
- 381. J. W. WALKER; Conemaugh, Pa.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. L. Williams . . . Master
E. E. Fringle . . . Secretary
J. A. Kiefer . . . Collector
F. B. Custer . . . Receiver
Jos. W. Walker, L. Box 15 . . . Magazine Agent
- 382. BETHESDA; Waukesha, Wis.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Alex. Turner, Box 890 . . . Master
J. J. Purcell, Box 1150 . . . Secretary
Wm. Doyle . . . Collector
J. M. Dowd, Box 1150 . . . Receiver
Wm. H. Cutting . . . Magazine Agent
- 383. PETROLEUM; Oil City, Pa.**
Meets in K. of L. Hall, cor. Seneca and Sycamore Sts., 2d Sunday and 4th Monday.
John H. Quirk, 1 Jefferson st. . . Master
S. C. Lowrey, 18 Warren st. . . Secretary
John Davis, 442 Washington ave. . . Collector
A. G. Sittig, 89 Chestnut st. . . Receiver
A. W. Jude, Petroleum House . . . Magazine Agent
- 384. R. H. WILBUR; Leighton, Pa.**
Meets in Reaber's Hall, 1st and Bank Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.
A. T. Henry, Box 122, Weissport, Pa . . . Master
Wm. H. Freyman . . . Secretary
Alvin Rex . . . Secretary
Alfred Dreisbach, Weissport Pa . . . Collector
Wm. F. Hoffer . . . Receiver
Magazine Agent
- 385. RAMONA; San Diego, Cal.**
Meets 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
Jas. L. Stearns, National City . . . Master
J. W. Hanford, Rox 312, Coronado, Cal. . . Secretary
Jas. L. Stearns, National City . . . Collector
R. V. Dodge . . . Receiver
J. M. Davis, Box 578 National City . . . Magazine Agent
- 387. RED ROCK; Schreiber, Ontario.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays.
Wm. T. Norris, Box 111 . . . Master
Fred. Hedge . . . Secretary
Wm. Fixter . . . Secretary
Hugh Gwynne . . . Collector
James Wilson, Box 36 . . . Receiver
Magazine Agent
- 388. PHIL. H. SHERIDAN; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 170 Reid St, 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
J. M. Groben, 942 Kinnickinnic Ave . . . Master
P. B. Fay, 345 Van Buren st. . . Secretary
Wm. McHenry, 193 Burrell St . . . Collector
Wm. McHenry, 193 Burrell St . . . Receiver
John Pier, 284 Madison St . . . Magazine Agent
- 389. LIVINGSTONE; Chillicothe, Mo.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
M. J. McCarthy . . . Master
W. M. Black . . . Secretary
W. M. Black . . . Collector
A. H. Tucker . . . Receiver
Jerry Shea . . . Magazine Agent
- 390. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall Tuesday evenings.
James H. McBride . . . Master
J. C. Doughty . . . Secretary
Frank P. Doughty . . . Collector
C. H. Oliver . . . Receiver
Wm. Winfrey . . . Magazine Agent
- 391. NAUVOO; Ft. Madison, Iowa.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, N W cor. 2d and Pine Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Wm. A. Lawrence, 2725 Kansas ave . . . Master
E. H. Pattison, 2718 Kan's Ave . . . Secretary
Robert Eyer, 2520 Hamilton st . . . Collector
James Low, 1614 Division st . . . Receiver
Chas. F. Snyder, 623 Dauphin st. . . Magazine Agent
- 392. WEST PENN; Blairsville, Pa.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall 1st and 3d Monday evenings.
M. S. Anderson, Box 219 . . . Master
John D. Davis, Box 20 . . . Secretary
Luther H. Martin, Box 39 . . . Collector
Wm. B. Ransom, Cokeville . . . Receiver
Jno. A. Rowe, Box 123 . . . Magazine Agent
- 393. DIAMOND VALLEY; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets in Kimeard's 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 P. M.
J. W. Boyer, 1220 Wallace St . . . Master
S. M. Myers, 506 Kelker St . . . Secretary
Frank Snyder, 1238 N 7th St . . . Collector
William K. Drake, 1591 N 6th St . . . Receiver
Chas. F. Snyder, 623 Dauphin st. . . Magazine Agent
- 394. PLEASANT VALLEY; Beatrice, Nebraska.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Cor. 4th and Court Sts., 2d Saturday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Riverside Hotel . . . Master
E. K. Cole, Riverside Hotel . . . Secretary
Charles E. Harris . . . Collector
Receiver
D. A. McCarter, Riverside Hotel, Magazine Agent
- 395. MILLARD FOSTER; N. Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall every Thursday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Casey, L. Box 129 . . . Master
S. C. Pearson, 1323 Topeka ave . . . Secretary
John T. Cuff, 118 Topeka av., Topeka, . . . Collector
C. S. Wilcox, L. Box 129 . . . Receiver
S. J. McFarren, Shorey . . . Magazine Agent
- 396. TIP TOP; Goodland, Kansas.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Monday at 2:30 P. M.
Paul J. McBride . . . Master
A. F. Keith . . . Secretary
C. H. Farnell . . . Collector
G. W. Seybert . . . Receiver
Amos Claxton . . . Magazine Agent
- 397. LONG DIVISION; Holisting, Kansas.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesdays, at 10:00 A. M.
N. B. Scrogin . . . Master
F. M. Rainey . . . Secretary
J. M. Gleadall . . . Collector
N. B. Scrogin . . . Receiver
Frank J. Farnell . . . Magazine Agent
- 398. CONSTANT; Olean, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays at A. O. of A. M. Hall.
J. H. Brinkerhoff, Nunda . . . Master
W. P. Branch, 22 Whitney ave . . . Secretary
A. F. Johnson, 192 Sixth st. . . Collector
Chas. P. Anderson, 81 3d st . . . Receiver
W. P. Branch, 22 Whitney ave . . . Magazine Agent

- 398. CHEMIST CITY; New Orleans, La.**
Meets in Teutonia Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
James Gordon, Jr., 588 N Rampart St. . . . Master
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. . . . Secretary
Ben. J. Meyer, 168 Clara st. . . . Collector
Jas. Gordon, Jr., 588 N Rampart St. . . . Receiver
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. . . . Magazine Agent
- 399. HARIAS DES CYGNE; Oswatimie, Kan.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday at 2 P. M.
M. C. Barker Master
E. L. Davis Secretary
George P. Reed Collector
Daniel King Receiver
Daniel King Magazine Agent
- 400. FRASCA; Two Harbors, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
O. J. Tennant Master
B. L. Seales, Box 265 Secretary
George Gylzenskog Collector
Martin Muth Receiver
B. L. Seales, Box 265 Magazine Agent
- 402. WATER LILY; Water Valley, Minn.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Gafaney, Box 65 Master
J. W. Diesel, Box 65 Secretary
Wm. G. Guess, Box 65 Collector
Jacob P. Bengtson, Box 111 Receiver
J. E. Gafaney, Box 65 Magazine Agent
- 403. ELIZABETH; Portsmouth, Va.**
Meets in K. P. Hall 3d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Walter M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddle St. . . . Master
O. W. Gaskins, 617 Dinwiddle St. . . . Secretary
O. W. Gaskins, 617 Dinwiddle St. . . . Collector
Walter M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddle St. . . . Receiver
O. W. Gaskins, 610 Dinwiddle St. . . . Magazine Agent
- 404. GRAVITY; Danmore, Pa.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Swartz Master
Chas. E. Collins Secretary
W. J. Stuart Collector
Daniel Wescott Receiver
C. E. Collins Magazine Agent
- 405. VANALIA; Birmingham, Ill.**
Meets in K. H. Hall, 3d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. H. Crise, Box 251 Master
Jacob Schmitt, Box 301 Secretary
W. H. Crise, Box 251 Collector
August Underriner Receiver
Michael R. Jones Magazine Agent
- 406. THANKSGIVING; Foxburg, Pa.**
Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, 2d and 4th Sunday at 6:30 P. M.
Robert Jones, Jr. Master
William F. Keefer Secretary
Payson J. Lancaster Collector
Jas. K. Dunlap Receiver
D. E. Thurston Magazine Agent
- 407. FUGET SOUND; Seattle, Wash.**
Meets in Brunswick Hall, cor. Madison and Front Sts., every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Blackman, C. & P. S. Shops Master
C. E. Houston, C. & P. S. Shops Secretary
James Gillyuly, care C. & P. S. Shops . . . Collector
C. E. Houston, care C. & P. S. Shops . . . Receiver
W. F. Durkee Magazine Agent
- 408. CRYSTAL; Jacksonville, Ill.**
Meets in S. of V. Hall W. State St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Gus J. Vieira, 754 W. Lafayette ave . . . Master
F. E. Morrison, 131 Hardin ave . . . Secretary
W. Watson Collector
O. P. Haingrove, 1302 S. Main st . . . Receiver
F. E. Morrison, 131 Hardin ave . . . Magazine Agent
- 409. AIR LINE; Henthapburg, Ind.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
Frank Thalmuller Master
Frank Bowen, Mt. Vernon, Ill. . . . Secretary
Geo. W. Prout Collector
Jas. A. O'Neill Receiver
Frank Bowen Magazine Agent
- 410. HERBERT P. LITTLEJOHN; Fitchburg, Mass.**
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F. L. Johnson, 21 Winthrop st. . . . Master
W. A. Clements, 99 Nashua st. . . . Secretary
A. F. Mason, F. R. E. R. and House . . . Collector
J. D. Gleason, Williamstown Station, Mass . . Receiver
J. M. Agnew, 100 Hilland ave . . . Magazine Agent
- 411. WOLVERINE; Marshall, Mich.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. H. Bourke, Box 615 Master
Jere P. Mahoney Secretary
Thomas Butler Collector
G. W. De La Vergne Receiver
Joseph Faulkner Magazine Agent
- 412. MT. BAKER; Ellensburg, Wash.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, every Saturday evening.
H. McCabe, Box 308 Master
J. A. Patchett, Box 308 Secretary
J. T. Kirby Collector
A. W. Brummitt Receiver
E. L. Brant, Box 685 Magazine Agent
- 413. TWO REPUBLICS; San Luis Potosi, Mexico.**
Meets in Hall 6, Calle De Morales No. 28, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
John McBride Master
Wylie McFarland Secretary
Walter Blount Collector
Frank O. Brantley, Box 122 Receiver
Frank O. Brantley, Box 122 Magazine Agent
- 414. ADAMANT; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, Cor. Chouteau Ave. and Old Manchester Road, 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
W. W. Reid, 3908 Chouteau Ave. . . . Master
A. A. Fortney, 877 Old Manchester Road . . . Secretary
L. A. Wilson, 1045 Old Manchester Road, Collector
A. A. Fortney, 427 Old Manchester Road, Receiver
J. G. Hynes, 1213 Old Manchester Road . . . Magazine Agent
- 415. MAYFLOWER; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets in Market Hall, Shelby St., bet. Market and Jefferson Sts., Wednesdays at 2 P. M.
B. W. Blue, 1018 Washington St. . . . Master
W. M. McKenna, 338 E. Jefferson St. . . Secretary
G. P. Enoch, 918 Spring St. . . . Collector
W. M. McKenna, 338 E. Jefferson St. . . Receiver
W. M. McKenna, 338 E. Jefferson St. . . Mag. Agent
- 416. RADIANT; Mahoningtown, Pa.**
Meets in Smith's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
F. N. Truesdale Master
J. H. McIlvenny, New Castle Secretary
Jas. G. Barrett Collector
F. Churchfield Receiver
Jacob McClain Magazine Agent
- 418. BALD EAGLE; Jersey Shore, Pa.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Allegheny and Wiley Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
H. T. Moffet Master
Thos. Snyder Secretary
Patrick Sherry Collector
C. H. Sherry Receiver
W. H. Johnson Magazine Agent
- 419. STEPTOE BUTTE; Tekoa, Wash.**
Meets in Warner's Hall, Main street, Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. S. McDonald Master
Geo. N. Smith Secretary
J. J. Winship Collector
Wm. Hair Receiver
H. K. Taylor Magazine Agent
- 420. ANN ARBOR; Owosso, Mich.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Cor. Ball and Exchange Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Geo. W. Crinklaw Master
Watson Hurst Secretary
Geo. S. Corey Collector
Frank E. Harrington Receiver
Ransom J. Antes Magazine Agent

- 421. WINDSOR, Windsor, Ont.**
 Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 John A. Finnie Master
 J. H. Hall, Walkerville Secretary
 Thos. H. Yates Collector
 C. B. Finley Receiver
 Thos. Noble Magazine Agent
- 422. LAKE VIEW, Ashtabula, Harbor, Ohio.**
 Meets in E. A. U. Hall, Harbor, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
 Rollin J. Mills, Box H Master
 E. J. Barnard Secretary
 M. C. Schram Collector
 Wm. Strong Receiver
 J. E. Fitzgerald, Ashtabula Magazine Agent
- 423. MOUNT HELENA; Helena, Mont.**
 Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Main and Jackson St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. McCarthy, 1517 Galatin St. Master
 F. W. Lenzie, 1566 Phoenix Ave. Secretary
 Jos. Wagner, care J. C. Stobbs, Depot Collector
 O. F. Whitehead, care J. C. Stobbs, Depot, Receiver
 Jas. J. Grant, 1566 Phoenix Ave. Magazine Agent
- 424. FLEETWOOD; Covington, Ky.**
 Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Madison Ave. and 5th St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 E. A. Lyman, 124 E. 11 St. Master
 Chas. E. Bass, 31 E. Robins ave. Secretary
 J. W. Kincaid, 1305 Russell St. Collector
 J. C. Green, 31 E. Robins ave. Receiver
 B. O. Chalkley, 1115 Washington St. Magazine Agent
- 425. PETER BURNS; East Nashville, Tenn.**
 Meets in Wingrover's Hall, North First st., every Monday at 8:00 P. M.
 Wm. Green, 23 North Second st. Master
 J. L. Enoch, 241 Foster st. Secretary
 L. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st. Collector
 H. P. Bledsoe, 205 Berry st. Receiver
 L. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st. Magazine Agent
- 426. TOMBIGBEE; Columbus, Miss.**
 Meets in K. P. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
 J. A. Cheatham Master
 Geo. W. Carson Secretary
 Percy W. Gardner Collector
 John W. Bealle Receiver
 Percy W. Gardner Magazine Agent
- 427. CONGAREE; Columbia, S. C.**
 Meets in Phoenix Hook and Ladder Fire Co. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 T. M. Glenn, 249 Henderson st. Master
 M. J. Boling, 164 Laurel st. Secretary
 C. A. Bigby Collector
 F. L. Outlaw, 164 Laurel st. Receiver
 W. S. Fetner, 41 Richland st. Magazine Agent
- 428. CHEROKEE; Van Buren, Ark.**
 Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 E. S. Dickerson Master
 D. H. Eakin Secretary
 J. H. Brock Collector
 D. H. Eakin Receiver
 Frank Johnson Magazine Agent
- 429. MOUNT PLEASANT; Chicago, Ill.**
 Meets in Kane's Hall, 3155 Archer ave, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
 P. Murphy, 3801 Marshfield ave Master
 Chaffey Devana, 938 31st St. Secretary
 Joseph Smith, 3551 Marshfield st. Collector
 Daniel Canney, 3029 Pitney ave. Receiver
 M. O. Ricksecker, 1513 35th st. Magazine Agent
- 430. WINCHESTER; Martinsburg, W. Va.**
 Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner Rawley and Martin sts., 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 James Cornelius Master
 Michael Sharon Secretary
 J. W. Yost Collector
 W. O. Sutter Receiver
 W. O. Sutter Magazine Agent
- 431. MUSKEGON VALLEY; Muskegon, Mich.**
 Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Clay and Tenace sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Thos. Neville, 83 Ottawa st. Master
 Henry Harvey, 38 Ottawa st. Secretary
 F. J. Hayward, Big Rapids Collector
 W. A. Lincoln, New Buffalo Receiver
 Wm. D. Ryan, T. S. & M. Ry. Magazine Agent
- 432. PATAPSCO; Baltimore, Md.**
 Meets at Mechanics Exchange Hall, South Charles st and Fort ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Fletcher B. Cassell, 1743 Hanover st. Master
 Daniel W. Eiker, 114 Giddings st. Secretary
 Harry W. Hildebrand, 1261 Johnson st. Collector
 Wm. T. Simms, 1518 Light st. Receiver
 Wm. T. Simms, 1518 Light st. Magazine Agent
- 433. ENGLEWOOD; Chicago, Ill.**
 Meets in Jackson's Hall, cor. Cloud Court and State st., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Chas. Naylor, 5520 Wentworth ave. Master
 H. F. Brooks, 5428 School st. Secretary
 Joseph Simons, 5550 Atlantic st. Collector
 J. B. Thompson, 5414 School st. Receiver
 Thos. J. Moran, 438 W. 53d st. Magazine Agent
- 434. WILLOW GROVE; Bennett, Pa.**
 Meets in American Mechanic's Hall every Monday at 2 P. M.
 P. H. Swartwout Master
 F. E. Laugh in Secretary
 C. O. Sprague Collector
 Joseph Lee Receiver
 J. F. Kearney Magazine Agent
- 435. NOTTOWAY; Crewe, Va.**
 Meets in Masonic Hall 2d and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 Albert Potts Master
 T. J. Andrews Secretary
 W. T. Wilson Collector
 T. J. Andrews Receiver
 W. W. Guy Magazine Agent
- 436. JAMES I. WATTS; McComb City, Miss.**
 Meets in Marion Hall every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
 C. B. Munn Master
 Jno. P. Campbell Secretary
 Fred. B. Heidenreich Collector
 Jerry D. Filsworth Receiver
 Jno. Carson Magazine Agent
- 437. EMERALD; Leavenworth, Kan.**
 Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 103 Delaware St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 John Conlin, 715 Dakota St. Master
 Jas. P. Garvey, 721 Dakota St. Secretary
 Will D. Guion, 304 Vi St. Collector
 Jas. Monahan, High St. and Newman ave Receiver
 Jno. Conlin, 715 Dakota St. Magazine Agent
- 438. COMFORT; Cheyenne, Wyo.**
 Ernest Heenan, 1010 Central Ave. Master
 Thos. O. Jones, Box 639 Secretary
 Jas. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St. Collector
 Thos. P. O'Neil, 407 E. 16th St. Receiver
 Jas. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St. Magazine Agent
- 439. APACHE CANON; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
 Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d Tuesday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Daniel Scully, E. Las Vegas Master
 Thos. A. Johnson, Box 116 E. Las Vegas Secretary
 Frank Swenny, E. Las Vegas Collector
 Aaron P. Day, E. Las Vegas Receiver
 Geo. B. Easterwood, L. Box 2 E. Las Vegas Magazine Agent
- 440. CHERISH; Monett, Mo.**
 Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
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On Friday evening, October 3, 1890, a freight train, rushing down a heavy grade at full speed to the entrance of a tunnel, plunged into a land-slide which had completely blocked the entrance, burying the engine and piling up the cars in a heap of ruins. To add to the horror the wreck took fire. The Engineer and his Fireman were covered in the debris. The Fireman, **GEORGE KNUCKLES**, was caught by the arm, and was not released until about daylight the next morning, while **ENGINEER MCCOY** was literally buried beneath the pile of wreckage. With his head terribly crushed and his body almost cooked by steam and water, he finally succeeded, after more than an hour, in crawling out more dead than alive.

Both men were insured in the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND CONDUCTORS' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**, and the history of their case is interesting.

ENGINEER JAMES B. MCCOY, Of Atlanta, Georgia,

was insured in the Railway Officials' and Conductors' Accident Association for \$1,000 at death and \$5 weekly indemnity. He was in a wreck on August 17th, being badly scalded and bruised. On August 26th, the Association sent him, while laid up, his first week's indemnity, and on October 2d, the morning of his death, had sent him the balance of his indemnity for seven weeks. His first run after his recovery was that in which he was killed, on October 3d. He lingered in awful suffering until three o'clock Saturday morning, when his brave soul went on from his poor, maimed body. At nine o'clock that morning the Association in Indianapolis learned of his death, by telegraph. Before ten o'clock they telegraphed to his widow \$250 *Funeral Benefit*, and it reached her four hours and a half before the remains of her husband were brought home. Saturday afternoon's mail carried the balance of his death indemnity, which was paid over to Mrs. McCoy, and her receipt in full obtained on October 5th, just five days after his death. The following acknowledgment was received October 10th:

ATLANTA, GA., October 8th, 1890.

W. E. BELLIS, Secretary Railway Officials' and Conductors' Accident Association, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I have this day received from J. D. Collins, your agent,

the sum of \$1,000, being the full amount due me on policy held by my late husband, J. B. McCoy, who was killed at Little Tunnel, K. T., V. & G. R. R., October 6th, by running into a land-slide. I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the noble Accident Association. The \$250 funeral benefit was paid to me in six hours after my husband's death occurred. The full amount of \$1,000 was settled in five days after date of death.

I remain, truly yours,
Mrs. MELLISSA MCCOY.

FIREMAN GEORGE KNUCKLES, Of Atlanta, Georgia,

had his arm badly crushed and burned, but the Association did not learn of his being in the wreck until Monday evening, October 6th. He was insured for \$2,000 death and \$10 weekly benefit. On Tuesday the Association sent him his first weekly indemnity. On Thursday they were notified that his arm had been amputated on the night of October 6th, at the hospital in Dalton. The same day, October 9th, they telegraphed to him the sum of \$250, and sent by mail the balance, \$750, due him as *Half Benefit for loss of one limb*. On Saturday morning, the 11th, they were notified that he had died from his injuries on the night of Tuesday, October 7th, and the same day (October 11th) sent to their agent in Atlanta the remaining \$1,000 having settled the full claim of \$2,000 in five days from the first information received of his injury, and within four days of his death.

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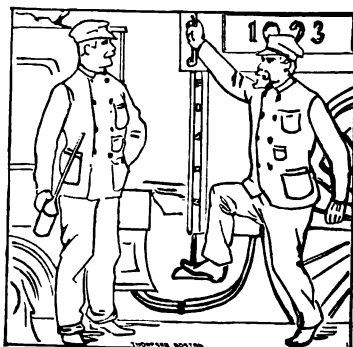
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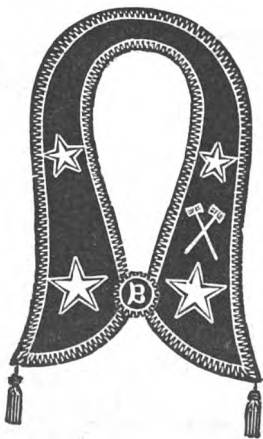
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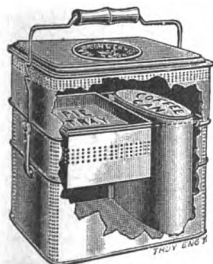
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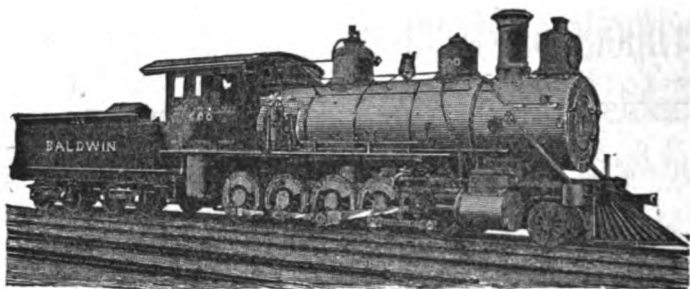
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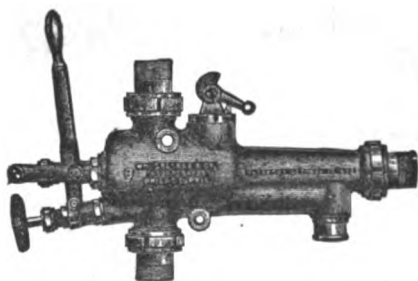
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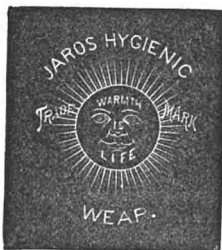
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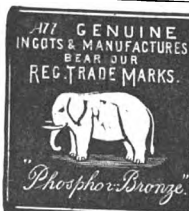
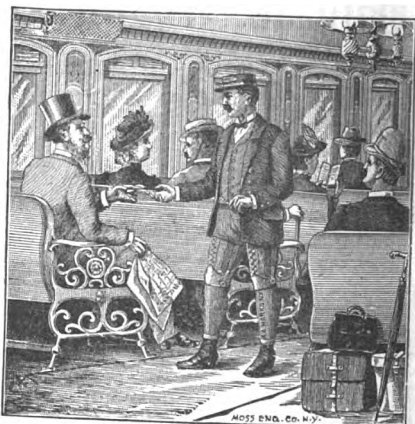
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I trust you will continue its manufacture, that all suffering humanity may be benefited. It is worth its weight many, many times in gold.

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EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . Editor and Manager.

LEGISLATION.

The season has arrived when the Legislatures of most of the states of the Republic are in session, and one of the signs of the times fruitful of cheering reflections, is, that workmen are on the alert to secure legislation, which, while of vast importance to themselves, works no wrong to employers or to society.

In this connection, the question arises, what laws are workmen contending for? It is only to a limited extent that we can answer the interrogatory, and what we have to say relates especially to railroad employes.

Some very grave questions relating to legislation important to railroad employes are up for debate and will be urged upon the attention of Legislatures.

The right of corporations to employ Pinkerton thugs to murder workmen, ought not to be tolerated in the United States for another month or year. No language, however denunciatory, does justice to the in-

famy. A moment's reflection gives the atrocity such damnable proportions as to create thrills of horror.

Take a recent instance on the New York Central, of which Chauncey M. Depew is President. On this road, or system of roads, a man, by the name of H. Walter Webb, employed these murderers, the most infamous creatures to be found in the brothels, drinking dens and slums of a great metropolis. These thugs, cut throats, outcasts and vagabonds of the lowest type were hired, armed, and sent forth to kill workmen, railroad employes, as if they were so many dogs. Did Mr. Depew protest? Not a word was ever heard from him, nor from any other railroad corporation in the land. Railroad employes everywhere, are, or ought to be aroused, and should appeal to Legislatures to enact laws which put an end to the employment of Pinkertons. Some states have already passed laws putting an end to the monstrous devilishness, and railroad employes should continue their efforts until the "damned spot" upon the escutcheon of the country, is wiped out.

The employment of *spotters*, by railroad corporations, is scarcely less disgraceful than the employment of Pinkerton reprobates. The term "spotter" is everywhere odious. The spotter is a knave. His profession stamps him as a scoundrel. He is the sneak thief who steals a man's good name for cash. He stabs character for pay. For pay he lies—defames men that he may live. The employment of such scamps to ruin the character of men, ought to be made a felony

by the law. Thousands of men have lost employment and been forced into idleness and covered all over with disgrace by the nefarious practices of spotters.

Railroad employes have a deep interest in shortening the hours of labor. Aside from the physical fatigue of their employment, men in the railroad train service carry a weight of responsibility in itself exhausting.

The Legislature of Ohio, March 26, 1890, passed a law, providing as follows:

That no company operating a railroad over thirty miles in length, in whole or in part, within this state shall permit or require any conductor, engineer, fireman or brakeman, on any train who has worked in his respective capacity for twenty-four consecutive hours, except in case of casualty, to again go on duty or perform any work until he has had eight hours rest.

The wisdom of such a statute is apparent at a glance, and such a law should be on the statute books of every state in the Republic for the protection of employes, and the safety of travelers.

Again, railroad employes should act as a unit to have on the statute books of every state, a law similar to that passed by the Legislature of Ohio, April 2d, 1890, as follows:

That it shall be unlawful for any railroad or railway corporation or company, owning and operating, or operating, or that may hereafter own or operate a railroad in whole or in part, in this state, to adopt or promulgate any rule or regulation for the government of its servants or employes, or make or enter into any contract or agreement with any person engaged in or about to engage in its service, in which or by the terms of which, such employe in any manner, directly or indirectly, promises or agrees to hold such corporation or company harmless, on account of any injury he may receive by reason of any accident to, breakage, defect or insufficiency in the cars or machinery and attachments thereto belonging, upon any cars so owned and operated, or being run and operated by such corporation or company being defective, and any such rule, regulation, contract or agreement shall be of no effect.

The foregoing provision of the Ohio statute is eminently wise. It simply preserves and protects the rights of employes. It works no wrongs to corporations or to society. To obtain work the law declares a man need not sign away his rights, and better still, if he does sign away his rights that he may earn a living, the law says such a contract shall be null and void.

Again the Ohio statute provides that:

It shall be unlawful for any corporation to compel

or require directly or indirectly an employe to join any company association whatsoever, or to withhold any part of an employes wages or his salary for the payment of dues or assessments in any society or organization whatsoever, or demand or require as a condition precedent to securing employment or being employed, and said railroad or railway company shall not discharge any employe because he refuses or neglects to become a member of any society or organization. And if any employe is discharged he may, at any time within ten days after receiving a notice of his discharge, demand the reason of said discharge, and said railway or railroad company thereupon shall furnish said reason to said discharged employe in writing. And no railroad company, insurance society or association, or other person shall demand, accept, require or enter into any contract, agreement, stipulation, with any person about to enter, or in the employ of any railroad company whereby such person stipulates or agrees to surrender or waive any right to damages against any railroad company, thereafter arising for personal injury or death, or whereby he agrees to surrender or waive in case he asserts the same, any other right whatsoever, and all such stipulations and agreements shall be void.

The purpose of such legislation is to protect the employe in all of his rights, and to enable him to maintain his independence.

Such legislation as we have outlined and much more that could be mentioned, in which life is at stake, as in the case of brakemen, switchmen, and other employes engaged in the train service—railroad employes, it occurs to our minds, could urge upon the attention of legislators with eminent propriety.

But there are questions coming up, which we doubt very much, if the organization of railroad employes, *as such*, need concern themselves. We refer particularly to legislation fixing the rates of transportation of passengers and freight. It is a branch of railroading in which railroad employes are not directly interested. To fix rates of transportation is a subject, so far as we are advised, which is never discussed in the lodges of the B. of L. F., unless it be at such times when wages are sought to be reduced, while it is known that rates of transportation remain intact.

It will be understood that we discuss this question from an *organization* standpoint, and that we do not so much as intimate that the organization presumes to influence any man's views or vote upon any subject whatsoever of a political or partisan character.

Manifestly the railroad corporation has

certain rights, and we assume none are more clearly defined than to fix rates of transportation, when the laws do not define the rates, but leave it to the discretion of the corporation. It is a financial question, a question which touches wages directly and certainly, if employes do not demand legislation fixing their wages, it would seem unreasonable that they should demand legislation fixing rates of transportation. If in such matters, others feel aggrieved they should seek such redress as prudent action suggests.

A BANKRUPT WORLD.

A Boston financier has recently declared that the "World is bankrupt;" that is to say, the world can't pay its debts. In this case the "World" stands for the inhabitants of the world—the people—therefore this, the people owe the people more than the people can pay. Or, A owes A more than A can pay. The Boston financier, might have said with equal propriety, "I owe myself more than I can pay myself, and as a result, I am bankrupt."

But the Boston financier, after saying the "World is bankrupt," asks, "Where is the government, the bank or the man, who has enough money to pay his or her debts?"

The assertion, that the "World is bankrupt," and the question relating to the ability of governments, banks and men, to pay their debts, creates confusion. Leaving out all reference to banks and men, if the question included only governments—the declaration that the world is bankrupt, necessarily involves the conclusion that governments are also bankrupt—both of which are sheer fallacies.

A contemporary, in commenting upon the Boston financier's propositions, remarks that "Aside from paper and token currency, which is part of the debts of the world, the actual amount of money in the world probably does not exceed \$10,000,000,000 all told, while the national debts alone in the principal countries amount to at least \$23,000,000,000, and the debts of states, municipalities, corporations, and individual firms, including banks, can hardly be less than that of nations, and is probably greater." Accepting this as true, or approximately true,

the debts of the world would amount to \$46,000,000,000. Deducting \$10,000,000,000 cash, and the debt would be \$36,000,000,000. Bearing in mind that the debt of the world, less cash on hand, is \$36,000,000,000, we are told that the "world is not bankrupt so long as assets are in excess of its liabilities. That they are enormously in excess may not be doubted for a moment. The realized wealth in this country in 1880 was about \$48,000,000,000, or 60 per cent. more than it was in 1870. If the rate of increase was only half as great during the last decade as it was during the preceding one the total now must be at least \$62,000,000,000. The debts probably do not exceed \$12,000,000,000, so that the country is worth fully \$50,000,000,000 clear over and above all debts, and would be if the debts were all owed to foreigners, as they are not." Here then, we have the statement that the United States has sufficient wealth, or assets, to pay the debt of the world, \$36,000,000,000, and have a remainder of \$14,000,000,000. Upon the principle, that money or wealth, or assets, "talk," the United States must be preëminently a talking nation, and as a corollary, the man who has the most money, or wealth, is the most commanding talker, if not the most convincing.

There can be no mistake about the overwhelming power of money-talk. We have daily illustrations of the fact. Colonel Ingersoll talks, and the world shouts or laughs or moans, as the great magician sweeps the chords of human passions by his matchless eloquence. Like the storm-god, riding on old ocean's foam-crested billows, Ingersoll lashes the thought of great communities into yeasty waves. The spray mounts high, as at Niagara, bearing away rainbow-fancies of thrilling beauty, pictures that live forever in the memory. But, Jay Gould talks and lo! \$40,000,000 becomes \$90,000,000. It is a miracle of stupendous proportions, and a poor deluded world, with an eagerness which defies hyperbole, thrusts its hands into its pockets and pays dividends on water. Jay Gould talks, and nineteen millions of dollars suddenly take up the line of march in Indian file, to a "lock up," like Sioux hostiles to the "bad lands" and as the last dollar goes in and closes the door it

shouts, "panic" and at once confusion reigns supreme, and Mr. Gould takes many scalps, much wool, and other plunder—certainly money talks.

There have been times when misery talked, and "history repeats itself," so say the sages, and should it ever talk in the United States, would it talk French? Who knows?

But returning to the Boston financier's fallacy, that the world owes more than it can pay. We have the profound declaration that the people owe the people more than the people can pay. The world is the people and the people are the world. When France owed Germany a vast sum of money, the French people paid it. Now France owes France. As a proposition, there can be no greater delusion than to assert the bankruptcy of the world. It may owe more than it can pay for sunshine and moonshine and starlight—a debt of gratitude to high heaven, demanding for its liquidation obedience to heaven's command; otherwise, it is not insolvent, and if it were, one tear of contrition, obliterates all the entries in the book of the recording angel.

But the proposition that the world is bankrupt is entitled to consideration, the moment the people are divided into nations and classes. There is, as between nations and individuals, everlastingly what is termed in commercial circles, a "balance of trade"—to obtain the equipoise is what keeps the wheels of commerce revolving. To collect, to arbitrate to "sue and be sued" is the great business of the world, and is as common among savages, as where the full orbed sun of civilization shines. The only difference is in methods.

And here the question comes stalking to the front, who owes? The answer is, labor. It is not true. Labor owes no one, and yet it pays all debts—has paid them from the foundation of time, is paying them now, and will pay them till the angel, with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, proclaims that time shall be no more.

There was a time when we heard much of the "seven wonders of the world," the Pyramids of Egypt; the Pharos of Alexander, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Statue

of Jupiter; the Mausoleum of Artemisia; and the Colossus of Rhodes—all monuments erected by workingmen, of which all have perished, save the Pyramids of Egypt. The seven wonders of the world have multiplied by many millions, and the age in which we live is more prolific of them than any other age since the foundations of the Pharos were laid. Workingmen have built them and perished in the buildings as do the coral insects, which lay the foundations of continents. But workingmen were never paid, nor half paid.

Taking this view of the subject the world has been bankrupt from the day that Cain, with a murder mark upon him, fled to the wilderness and built a city. If the stars, and the sands upon the sea shore and the leaves of the forest, represented doubloons and were added and multiplied until only the infinite builder could comprehend the sum total, it would not cancel the debt the princely pirates of the world have owed and now owe the workers. Manifestly, the world is bankrupt, insolvent, and workingmen are the creditors, and the sufferers.

But, says the authority from which we have quoted, the United States could pay its debts and have a surplus of \$50,000,000. If the statement is true, every dollar of the vast sum represents the surplus wealth labor has created and which has been taken by, say 200,000 of the population of the country, leaving 62,800,000 to wonder by what methods the few have secured it all.

The same authority estimates the indebtedness of the United States at \$12,000,000,000. At the mention of the fact, another fact springs into prominence. The \$12,000,000,000 of indebtedness, is on interest at, say, 6 per cent. or \$720,000,000 a year. Who pays the interest? Labor. Stop work and not one cent of interest would be paid. The annual revenue required to keep the machinery of the government of the United States in operation easily duplicates the interest account, and hence when the merry bells tell a new year is born workingmen may say, "there is a sum total of \$1,140,000,000 of interest and revenue to be deducted from our labor this year, and the outlook is gloomy, no fair division can be anticipated ;

the sharks are after us," and then they inquire, "must this robbery go on forever?"

As the question goes round, there are symptoms of resistance. It takes the form of organization—of federation—and hope revives. Prophets say a better day is coming, that Christ is coming. We think so, if men are true to themselves, and are not bankrupt in courage, bankrupt in *spine* and independence. The world is dead without work. Only work vitalizes the world, and work is not bankrupt. It is self supporting and creates a surplus. Shall it have enough of the surplus to live decently? Hitherto there has never been a fair divide. Shall the future tell a different story? If workmen will it, then their redemption draweth nigh; if not, they will wear the badge of slaves till the day that the Judgment Books unfold.

HOMESTEADS.

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside:
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The reader will be mistaken if he or she indulges the surmise that in writing of homesteads we propose being sentimental. Far from it; and yet, there is much connected and associated with home that constitutes it a never failing source of the purest, sweetest and most elevating thought that ever challenged the pen or tongue of the earth's mind nobility.

Home has been the fruitful theme of poets and orators, and will continue, while civilization endures, to arouse the noblest efforts of statesmen and philanthropists, worthy of the name, to secure to all men, to widows and orphans, homes safe from the adversities which in their vandal march, destroy the homes of the people.

In discussing the subject of "homesteads," "a person's dwelling place," we shall refer only to the policy of the government of the United States and of the states and territories, to secure to the people homes: first, by the general government, and, second, by the states and territories.

A public document says, "The homestead bill, or the granting of free homes from and on the public domain, became a national question in 1852. At the Free Soil National Convention in 1852, it was resolved—

"That the public lands of the United States belong to the people and should not be sold to individuals nor granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust, for the benefit of the people, and should be granted in limited quantities, free of cost, to landless settlers."

From 1852 to 1862, the free homestead question became national. It was in the platforms of all political parties, and in 1862 a bill was passed and became a law, that any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have declared his intention to become such, and who has never borne arms against the United States government, might enter 160 acres of the public domain for a homestead, free of cost, excepting the payment of ten dollars, and such homestead, when acquired, should be exempt from execution for debts contracted prior to the date of the patent conveying title to the settler.

This homestead legislation is justly regarded as eminently wise and beneficent. Entries of lands at once began, and steadily increased, until in the year 1883, 608,677 original homestead entries had been made, containing 75,215,104 acres, an average of 123 acres. During the same period, from 1862 to 1883, 213,486 final entries were made, containing 25,917,210 acres—that is, the parties originally entering the lands, had lived upon them the full term of five years required by law. During the year 1883, the number of original homestead entries made amounted to 56,565, embracing 8,171,914 acres, an increase of 11,234 entries over the previous year, and an increase of 1,823,769 acres over 1882.

Such is a brief résumé of the results of legislation on the part of the general government to secure to landless settlers a homestead, and as a result, the area of these free homesteads, absolutely secured up to 1883, was equal to the state of Kentucky,

and the area of the original entries was equal to the area of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

We now turn to the legislation of states and territories to ascertain what has been done to secure the homestead from sale on execution for debt.

There are seven states which do not exempt a homestead from execution and sale, viz: Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Maryland, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. These states exempt certain personal property, but the homestead has to take its chances. In all the other states homesteads are exempted. The states specifying the amount of value which is exempt are as follows: Alabama, \$1,000; Arkansas, \$2,500; California, \$5,000; Colorado, \$2,000; Georgia, \$1,600; Illinois, \$1,000; Kentucky, \$1,000; Louisiana, \$2,000; Maine, \$500; Massachusetts, \$800; Michigan, \$1,500; Mississippi, \$2,000; Missouri, from \$1,500 to \$3,000; Nebraska, \$2,000; Nevada, \$5,000; New Hampshire, \$500; New Jersey, \$1,000; New York, \$1,000; North Carolina, \$1,000; Ohio, 1,000; South Carolina, \$1,000; Tennessee, \$1,000; Texas, \$5,000; Vermont, \$500; Virginia, \$2,000; and West Virginia, \$1,000. In addition to the exemption of the homestead, the states last named are liberal in the exemption of personal property required to make a family comfortable.

The states which do not specify amounts or the value of homesteads exempt are as follows, viz: Florida, 160 acres of land, or one-half acre town lot with improvements; Iowa, 40 acres of land or one-half acre town lot; Kansas, 160 acres of land or one acre city lot; Minnesota, 80 acres of land or a town lot; Wisconsin, 40 acres of land or one-fourth acre town lot. These states also make liberal exemptions of personal property.

The territories are liberal in exempting homesteads from execution and sale for debts. Arizona exempts to the value of \$5,000; New Mexico, \$1,000; Utah, \$1,000; and Wyoming \$1,500. The territories are also liberal in exempting personal property.

In the District of Columbia, under the legislative jurisdiction of Congress, there is no homestead exemption. Personal property of moderate amount is exempt from

execution, and wages to the amount of \$100 a month are also exempt, but the creditor may seize the home and sell it for debt.

It will be observed from the foregoing that the great majority of the people of the United States are committed to the policy of rescuing the home from seizure and sale for debt, the idea being that the welfare of society, and therefore the welfare of the state, depends largely upon the home. If it is secure, all is safe.

Thomas H. Benton is credited with saying in the United States Senate that "tenantry is unfavorable to freedom. It lays the foundation of separate orders in society, annihilates the love of country, and weakens the spirit of independence. The tenant has, in fact, no country, no hearth, no domestic altar, no household god." This is strong language; but the idea is that with a home of their own, secure from adversities, the people are more strongly attached to their government and are more independent and patriotic. The free homestead, the homestead that is exempt from execution, is a guarantee of security to the family, to wives and children, widows and orphans. It is a protection against many of the ills of life, many of which may be overcome if the home is secure, but which if the home is taken, overwhelms the unfortunate in "irretrievable disaster." With a home secure, children may be kept together, may be educated, and may go forth from the parental roof to be useful and honorable citizens; but if the home be taken, families become often wanderers, children are separated and the ties of home become attenuated or are destroyed entirely.

To own a home, tho' ever so humble, is a noble ambition, and should be encouraged, and legislation which exempts the home from seizure and sale receives, as it ought to receive, the unqualified approval of the American people, and a state which refuses protection to the home is not keeping abreast of the wise and progressive ideas of the age.

The paper mills of the United States manufacture 2,250,000 tons of paper a year. About 70 pounds for each man, woman and child of the entire population.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Under the caption of "The Social Problem," Mr. Otto Peltzer, in a recent issue of the *Rights of Labor*, has something to say about "women with revolvers," and introduces the following:

The case of a woman recently arrested at Troy, N. Y., for shooting a man, is one of a class which is becoming altogether too common and which ought to be discouraged by severe penalties. The woman in the case followed the man to Troy for the purpose of shooting him, because he had seduced and abandoned her. This is the case as alleged by the would-be murderess. By her own confession she is a married woman, who perjured herself to obtain a divorce from her husband that she might marry the man she has now killed, who is a married man and the father of married children. Having secured her divorce she thereupon demanded that the man should also obtain one and marry her forthwith. When he failed to do this she followed him to Troy and shot him, and now she poses before the community as the victim of seduction, whose wrongs could only be righted by the death of the alleged seducer, and calls upon people to sympathize with her and condone her murderous purpose. There are plenty of maudlin, morbid women who will do so because she is a woman, just as there were not wanting numerous persons who sympathized with the late Mrs. Southworth after the murder of Pettus, and who are quick to take the side of any woman of the same kind whose alleged wrongs are simply ridiculous.

Take the case as Mr. Peltzer reports it, and the woman must be regarded as a hard case, but strange to say, Mr. Peltzer has no word of condemnation for the man in the case. Manifestly, the man had promised to marry the woman with all her moral deformities. And the fact that the man had a wife and was the "father of married children," presents him as a moral leper, and though it was a crime for the bad woman to kill him, he did not die an hour too soon. Such married men, the "fathers of married children," who go about the country forming liaisons with bad women who are married, or good women who are unmarried, are of no use under heaven in this world, except, possibly, as a fertilizing commodity. And though they ought not to be killed in such cases as Mr. Peltzer cites, the fact that they are dead should excite no regrets. But when these married men, the fathers of children, married or unmarried, seek for their victims unmarried women, or unsuspecting and unsophisticated girls; when their unbridled passions transform them into the most loathsome reptiles that pollute the

earth, worse, infinitely worse than asps, cobras, mad dogs or beasts of prey, then to kill them should be esteemed a public benefaction.

Mr. Peltzer in his article refers to "women with damaged affections" as follows:

A similar case, though having a different outcome, occurred the other day in New York, when a woman who had secured a divorce from her husband without cause and purely for the purpose of marrying a man who had engaged to get a divorce from his wife, brought a breach of promise suit against him because he failed to do so, and actually secured a verdict of damages from a jury, every man of whom should have been sent to some asylum for mental and moral treatment. The verdict is not only unjust but highly immoral. In both cases the action is immoral in every phase of them. There is no possible connection between the alleged cause and the crime. Neither was deceived nor had any honor to vindicate, nor had their victim violated any obligation, nor could they plead ignorance or credulity. It is a little too much for human patience that women of this sort should appeal to the sympathies of the community, whining about seduction and grieving about damaged affections and lost honor. It is a caricature upon justice that such women should be suffered to travel about with pistols and use them to enforce corrupt and degrading contracts which are not valid under any law, and which are disgusting and demoralizing to the community. It is true that these women should be made to pay the penalty of their crimes in a summary manner in the interest of public morals. The sympathy these women meet with from their own sex shows the present mental depravity of women generally, even of the morally good.

The jury in this case are entitled to the highest encomiums. The masculine miscreant, married as he was, was a twofold villain. He found a weak, if not a wicked woman, and his promises led her to wreck herself and her home; and when the ruin came, he, the lecherous, soulless and cowardly villain, sought to escape all responsibility, and, without compensation, permit the woman to bear all the unspeakable burden of obloquy. That he failed in this is proof as strong as holy writ that the jury, whose verdict was a double penalty, deserve the applause of all right thinking men, because it is calculated to throw some protection around the home, without which human beasts would forever place it in peril; in fact, in all such cases, the American home becomes the focal center where all virtuous and manly thought converges. The parties to such suits may be, in fact are, of little consequence, but the homes they wreck are

important. The infatuated woman, virtually an outcast, though she secured a verdict in her favor, will not outlive her disgrace; and, but for the verdict, the masculine dog would have escaped all penalties, except such as a guilty conscience imposes; but such moral lepers are not supposed to have a conscience.

Mr. Peltzer does himself and American ideas of home little credit when he refers to such matters in a way to leave the impression that no interests are involved save those only which attach to the individuals who, with equal audacity, violate laws, human and divine. In all such matters children, near relatives, and society at large, are profoundly concerned. It is marriage that creates the family and the home, and it is divorce and such perfidies as Mr. Peltzer sets forth that destroy the home, and the base creatures who wreck homes are infinitely worse than burglars, foot pads, highway robbers, or felons of any type—in fact, when men or women engage in the business they become the most deadly enemies that infest society.

Mr. Peltzer does himself special credit when he refers to a class of men who tolerate extravagance and then steal to make up deficits in their income. He expresses the robust opinion that such men are cowards, and adds:

The man who submits to the dictation or to the demands of a selfish, vain, greedy and extravagant wife to the extent of doing wrong to others, is as much of a coward as the one who knocks down a patient and suffering home-drudge. The former does infinitely more injury to society than the latter. The doings of the former are generally mistaken for over-kindness, and are always pardoned by women as such, while the act of the latter is at once stigmatized as that of a brute, as it deserves to be. The man, however, who in his home permits or encourages unreasonable extravagance by giving all he can earn for such indulgences, and who then, when the demands for more are to be appeased, quietly steals from his employer or swindles his customers or depositors or cheats any one who will trust him, is as much of a thief as the man who breaks into a house at night and robs an honest man of his possessions. Honesty may bar its doors against the latter, but it can not now-a-days do this against the former, who is a coward besides being a thief.

Mr. Peltzer is not too severe in his denunciations of the entire brood of thieves who steal for style, to keep up appearances, to swim in the polluted streams of fashion;

weak degenerate creatures without the courage to be poor and honest. But such detestable creatures are gentlemen compared with the base and beastly creatures who prowl about society seeking opportunities to debauch virtue and wreck homes.

"SQUEALING."

It is held, in some quarters, to be exceedingly reprehensible to exercise inquisitiveness for the purpose of determining the cause and the motive of human actions, which the *Philadelphia Ledger* calls "boring into character."

Manifestly, it is all wrong to "bore" into the private affairs of people, because they do not concern other people, and society can, if it will, impose such penalties as will remedy the evil. Paul Pryism, eaves-dropping, spying, inordinate scrutinizing, vulgar curiosity, denote always traits of character so low, mean and often vicious, that it becomes a difficult task to prudently characterize them. Such human reptiles, though differing widely in their habits and aims, belong to the same genus as sycophants, lick-spittles, parasites, the fawning breed of spaniels who are meanly submissive to the domination of those who, from considerations of self or position, lord it over their fellows.

In seeking to know the cause or motive of acts, it should first be known if the acts concern others. If it is found that the interests of the public are concerned, however much the term may be limited, then, in that case, the "boring" is justifiable, and ought to proceed until all the facts are laid bare.

The acts of a corporation are *not* private affairs. On the contrary, they are matters of public concern, and seeking to know all about the characters of the men who control and manage them, is in no sense prying into or "boring into" private character, or private affairs. It is just here that the "squealing" begins. Men who manage corporations don't want to be investigated, nor will they be, if they can avoid it. They revolt at criticism, and never with so much obstinacy, as when they know that their business is like a whited sepulchre, which they make appear fair on the surface, but which inside is full of business filth and felonies.

What is the record? Ask the authorities of Canada to name the number of the villains who have fled to their country, and whose presence befoul every city in the Dominion, from Nova Scotia to Puget's Sound—the most of them moral as well as financial scoundrels, many of them rotten pillars of rotten churches, who, like the Philadelphia *Ledger*, protested against “boring into character,” and found a subsidized press quick to “squeal” when the robberies of corporations and trusts, syndicates and millionaires, were alluded to by labor organizations, the labor press and the foully defamed “labor agitators” of the country.

The plea put forth by the millionaire press is, as the *Ledger* has it, as follows:

There is nothing in the universe, so far as we know, so complex, so intricate, so baffling to investigation, as human character. Motives and tendencies are so mingled and blended that it is impossible to lay them out in order and take an account of them. Let any one honestly attempt so to treat his own, and he will at once feel his inadequacy. Yet how much more difficult to enter into another's being, to detect his manifold propensities and weigh their power, to count up and discriminate his qualities, to estimate his temptations, to measure his responsibility. Even where the profoundest interests are involved, this is a task that may well daunt the wisest and the boldest, but where only curiosity seeks to be gratified, who that is rational will attempt to sound such depths or to solve such problems? The fact is, that if we take people as we find them, welcoming all their good points, and passing over the others, and being kind and generous to all, we shall come much nearer to the truth about them than if we labor to make a critical analysis of minds and hearts, of which we can only see a few fragments. It has been truly said that “few persons have courage enough to seem as good as they really are,” and only through sympathy can this courage be stimulated. For the good is always in the predominance: it is positive, and grows by being recognized; while evil is negative, and is dissipated by neglect.

The foregoing is the merest twaddle, an exhibition of senile drivel. It takes neighborhood gossip, the small talk of old women, and seeks to expand a vulgar habit of low bred people, so that honest investigation of the character and motives of men who manage affairs of public concern may be protected from scrutiny by the cry that private character is being invaded by critics whose motive is detestable.

We are admonished to “take men as we find them.” This is very generally done.

With men in private relations, it ought always to be done—but the moment a man assumes any public function whatever, he ought to be taken for just what he is worth in the matter of character, and to know what he is worth, “boring” is not only in order, but becomes a duty, which if neglected, the consequences are likely to be disastrous, as the people have too often realized.

As we have intimated, the lack of investigation, the absence of “boring into character,” has lined the strand with all sorts of wrecks. Misplaced confidence is but another term for a lack of scrutiny of character.

The Government, in many of its dealings with men, assumes that every man is a rascal, and requires bond and security for integrity, and the greater the responsibility, the more exacting is the law. No man can go into court and testify in the case of a dog fight without being confronted with the necessity of taking an oath subjecting him to the penalties imposed for perjury if he swears falsely. It is oath and bond all the way through. The law makes “boring into character” indispensable, but in thousands of instances, the people blindly neglect their interests and permit sleek scoundrels to rob them, and wake up, when it is too late, to the fact that a little judicious “boring into character” was just what they ought to have done—the very thing the Philadelphia *Ledger* would have its readers believe is a disreputable proceeding.

Take the railroad corporations of the country, why may not the public know fully the character of the men who control them? They deal with the public, and so outrageous were some of their transactions that Congress, after ten years of effort, passed the Interstate Commerce law to restrain them.

This “boring into character,” for that is really what it means, has proceeded steadily, until railroad employes are demanding that certain laws shall be enacted which shall restrain the rapacity of men, and inaugurate a reign of something approximating fair play.

The solicitude evinced by the *Ledger* for character is most remarkable. It says:

Then, this boring into character is always unpleasant. No one likes to feel that he is being men-

tally or morally dissected. Conscious as he may be of weaknesses and imperfections, he does not desire to have them patent to another's vision. It tends to embarrass and humiliate him, and finally to alienate him from the one who is thus peering into his nature. He becomes afraid of him, and unwilling to give him his presence or his confidence, and thus much good influence is prevented and much happiness is lost. Even though no word of reproof be uttered, if the spirit of criticism dwell in the heart, it will come to the front, and make itself felt, and will tend to separate us from those who might, by sympathy and kindness, be drawn toward us in friendliness and good-will. To stand apart and look at a man, striving all the time to look through him, will insensibly establish a kind of antagonism, which it is impossible to prevent. It puts men on opposite sides, while if they join hands in generous confidence, each trusting the other, without inquiring too closely into personal idiosyncrasies, the foundation of a good understanding, and of many a possible friendship, may be laid.

Really, the question arises, what is "character?" It is something that every man has, of some sort. It has been the theme of poets, philosophers, and writers, from time immemorial.

It is within the reach of every man and every woman to have a good character or a bad character, or what might be called a character between good and bad, which is neither good nor bad, partaking somewhat of both, but which, in fact, being neither, is no character at all. The *Ledger* fails to make the distinction between making charges against persons destructive of character and "boring into character," which is simply investigating character.

The books say: "A character is given particularly; a reputation is formed generally. Individuals give a character of another from personal knowledge; public opinion constitutes the reputation. Character has always some foundation—it is a positive description of something; reputation has more of conjecture in it; its source is hearsay.

"It is possible for a man to have a fair reputation who has not in reality a good character; although men of really good character are not likely to have a bad reputation."

A good character is like pure gold. It will stand any and every test. "Boring into" good gold is like boring into good character, the more you bore the better it is for all concerned. There is a world of difference in saying, "Your gold is spurious,"

or, "let me test your gold." The same is true of character. If the man having the gold knows it to be pure, he will reply promptly, "Test it to your heart's content." If he knows it will not stand the test, he *squeals*, and in *squealing*, he virtually says, "I was trying to pass counterfeit money." No better illustration could be found in testing character. If it is known to be *good*, the word will be, "Bore, investigate—satisfy yourself, the more searching the better."

Shakespeare said:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

But "boring into character" is not "filching" a "good name;" on the contrary, it tends to establish a "good name" if the facts warrant such a priceless boon is possessed, and those only *squeal*, who know their character will not stand the ordeal of "boring."

We make no plea for slanderers, nor yet for

"Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreants."

What we demand is, that without fear or favor, men who assume public trusts, shall have a good character; that the entire brood of impostors, pharisees and hypocrites, shall be tabooed in the interest of the people, the masses, and this thing the *Ledger* styles "boring into character" shall proceed more vigorously than hitherto.

Scoundrelism is rampant. It is everywhere. It is in the church—in the pulpit, and in the pew. It is in the courts—on the bench and in the jury-box. It is in the trust, the syndicate, and the corporation. It is in Legislatures and in Congresses, and it is in these places because men whose interests are at stake will not "bore into character." This scoundrelism is in banks, in insurance offices, on 'change, everywhere, where it can rob the people and grow rich. Let the boring into character proceed, though the squealing startles the continent.

ALIENS have secured 20,742,000 acres of our public lands, and the demand is that they shall give it up, or come over and take the obligations of citizenship.

Legend of the Montezuma Maiden.

DID you ever wonder from whence came those petrified nothings, known as Indian Legends—those fascinating waifs that drift to us from beyond the boundary lines of history? They seem to emerge from the mists and clouds of a forgotten past.

They do not pretend to be fragments of history. They are not even dignified by the doubtful title, traditions.

Within themselves and of themselves they hold the mystic charm of their own lives.

History contradicts them, reason and good sense smile at their harmless absurdities. More wonderful than all else, is the fact, that the people with whose ancestors they are supposed to have originated are profoundly ignorant of them.

It seems strange, too, that as the old and familiar tales are handed down from generation to generation and rounded to more beautiful proportions by the natural accretions of age, that new and fresh ones from time to time should spring into being.

They come into life clothed with that exactness of detail and fullness of description that would do credit to an act of Congress.

True it is, there may be a dearth of dates or a neglect to record the names of the actors in the scenes described; this, however, appears to be admissible in this peculiar realm of legendary lore.

Gathered in disjointed fragments, as the geologist collects the bones of extinct animals, they are again placed in combination and arranged so that they are supposed to resemble the original.

Another class is brought to light by the spontaneous outbreak of some former devotee of a superstition, who in a burst of confidence tells what he has long suspected to be only a myth of the past.

Among the wealth of legends that seem to permeate the air of our great Southwest, is the Legend of the Montezuma Maiden. As you stand on one of the high peaks of a spur of the Burro mountains that overlook the beautiful and fertile valley of the Gila, and also commands a far-reaching view off over the arid sands of southern Arizona, you may see at the very horizon's brink, a bright scintillating spark.

It looks like a rising star, or a huge diamond in a dark grey setting.

The traveler who is curious enough to wander that long weary distance over the dry, hot alkali sands, will be richly rewarded for his toil.

There he will find, on a slight eminence, a mammoth crystal of pure white quartz.

It stands some four feet above the surface of the plain, and from its base a small spring-like stream of water issues and flows off in a little rill for a few rods, where it is lost in the thirsty sands.

The waters of this little brooklet are clear and pure to look upon, but are bitter to the taste, and like the Dead Sea, or Great Salt Lake, they contain no living thing.

The crystal, or rather combination of crystals, is of that spar-like character known as "virgin quartz," and is perhaps among the largest and most perfect of its kind. The banks of the little stream are fringed with low-growing shrubbery and green grasses and rushes, thus forming a novel contrast to the vast expanse of brown, barren plain that surrounds it on every side.

Were we to listen to the cold, hard voice of science, we would be told that in some far distant day, when the world was young, there stood at this spot a mound or butte of some considerable size; that nature in her world building process had seen fit to form within that butte this beautiful crystal gem; that the friction of time through the long ages had worn away the more friable material and left the hard crystal standing on the little elevation caused by their decay. That the alkalis of the soil and the decomposition of mineral substances have imparted to the waters their bitter and brackish taste, and that the only thing wonderful or abnormal about the spot is the immense size and transcendent beauty of the lone crystal.

These phenomena, however, do not explain the presence of the Montezuma Maiden—as this crystal is termed—to that remnant of people who are still, with pious resignation, waiting the coming of their patron saint and prophet.

That people who worship at the shrine of the wonderful and cling to the traditions of the past, tell of a time when they were a powerful nation and ruled the western world. In those palmy days, on the banks of the majestic Rio Grande, stood a magnificent temple, the Temple of the Sun. Its grandeur was awe-inspiring to every beholder; it was the most gorgeous structure in all the world. About it lingered the quiet atmosphere of peace and plenty. Within its consecrated walls there staid a constant benediction, and through the gold-arched corridors ever sounded the low chant worship.

Its every appointment was fitting to a prophet and a king. Its spacious halls were thronged, and yet a brooding quiet reigned supreme, not that suppressed quiet of fear, but the easy, grace-like quiet of calm, subdued resignation.

Every chamber of the grand palace was open to the populace except one, the Chamber of the Everlasting Fire. Here presided the order of "keepers of the sacred fire," who had been raised to that dignity by the prophet-king as a reward of some act of merit, or for their great learning or piety.

Few were the favored ones beside who entered by permission this chamber at will.

Among the worshipers often present was

a dark-eyed maiden of peerless beauty. Her pious devotion, her modest demeanor and her vivacious wit, combined with her charms of person, had long since won the favor of the prophet-king. She was granted many favors without asking them, and ere long was instructed in the mysteries of the Chamber of Everlasting Fire and allowed to enter it. Here among the sages she often tarried long and gazed upon the sacred fires, or watched the wise men in their profound meditations; the chamber became her favorite resort, and she a favorite of the pious priests.

Growing familiar with all of the appointments of the sacred chamber, she became careless or forgetful of the never varying laws that ruled the place, the infraction of the slightest rule of which was visited by the direst punishment, even to the death of the offender.

It was a gala day in the great province; from far and near came peasant, priest and noble, robed in holiday attire and bearing in their hands the palm and fern, emblems of their south-land homes. A great feast was spread in the banquet halls, and music of the harp chorused by a thousand voices filled the air with melody.

Merry greetings and pious good wishes for the future were extended as friend met friend; and thus the day passed in feasting, song and worship, as was fitting for the greatest gala day of all the year.

Prominent amid the gay throng might have been seen the little maiden of the "fire chamber," the only of her sex that had ever entered that sacred hall, she had joined in the revelry with unusual zest.

As the blessings and farewells were spoken and the guests, light hearted and full of joy, thronged out the palace gate, she repaired to the sacred chamber to rest and con over the events of the day. Long she sat in sweet and silent meditation.

A rose dropped from the wreath at her brow. She held it dreamily in her hand for a time and then, forgetful, tossed it in the sacred flame.

An angry cry burst from the attendant keepers as they tried in vain to snatch it from the blaze. Unwilling hands seized her and bound her, unwilling feet led her before the great prophet-king. There the story of her crime was told. Unconsecrated hands had added fuel to the sacred fire.

That fire that none but those whose order gave them right should keep alive.

The prophet pondered long and prayed; but his law was as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians.

The maid must die! Thus with sorrow and deep regret he pronounced her doom.

Not before the populace's vulgar gaze, nor by the common executioner should she die but by his own hand her life should pay the

penalty of the broken law. With a sad heart he led her through the temple gates, never more to enter those halls where her brief life had shed so much sunshine.

For long days the prophet wandered with his beautiful culprit, over hill and dale and mountain pass, far out in the desert wild, away from mart or human trail. At last he rested, and as the full moon rose above the horizon he bade the maiden stand erect, and placing his hand upon her head he sealed her doom.

In life thou hast been a creature of beauty, in death I will make thee transcendent. Thus saying the maiden was transformed into a beautiful crystal gem. There in the pale moonlight he beheld the work that he had wrought, and as he placed his hand upon the cold hard stone his heart was moved afresh, and kneeling down he shed bitter tears, which ran off from the base of the gem-like crystal, and formed the little rivulet that flows from it to this day.

And thus they tell you the story of the Montezuma Maiden.

TRIOY, PA.

Chas. G. Van Fleet.

Pay as You Go.

IT is said of the eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, that on one occasion, while a member of Congress, suddenly springing to his feet, he exclaimed in tones shrill and piercing, "Mr. President, I have found the philosopher's stone—pay as you go."

No alchemist from the day his first fire was lighted ever made a more important discovery than that which is credited to the Virginia philosopher—"pay as you go." Search the teachings of all the ancient schools of philosophy, from the *academic* to the *stoic*, or from that time till Lord Bacon laid down his rules for prosecuting philosophical investigation, and nothing superior to Randolph's discovery will be found so intimately associated with men's welfare and happiness. "Pay as you go," is the panacea for more of the world's ills than alchemy or chemistry can lay claim to. In the first place, a man who "pays as he goes" is independent. The man at a dollar a day, who wears "hoddie grey," lives in a humble home and dines on "homely fare," is a more independent man, no matter what the surroundings may be, than the one who lives beyond his means, and is in debt. The man in debt is not, never was and never will be, an independent man. By being in debt will be understood to mean a man who owes more than he can pay—necessarily, not the man who may owe \$1,000 and have \$10,000 in assets with which to pay—not the man whose weekly income is \$6.00 and his expenses \$5.00, and who every Saturday squares accounts with the world, and who is in debt only for convenience; but rather,

the men who, knowing their exact income, make their expenses larger than their income, and therefore, become helplessly in debt. For such men there is neither peace nor prosperity in this world—whatever may be said of the next.

The men who "pay as they go," owing no man, are seldom, if ever, the victims of the temptations that beset the pathway of those who live beyond their means and are in debt.

It will be readily conceded that no allusion is made to debts which result from sickness or other misfortunes. I apply the philosophy "Pay as you go," to the robust, the men capable of earning a living, and who will accept nothing they do not pay for, who will owe no debt except that of gratitude, which, when recognized, as it must be by all manly men when circumstances create the obligation, and which, instead of being a burden, is a priceless benediction—a jewel on the very brow of the soul, never forgotten nor disregarded while memory holds sway.

If the reader hereof will stop to reflect, to call to mind those whom he has known to wander into crooked practices, to have wrecked their integrity, honor and good name, it will be found, in a vast majority of cases, they were the men who permitted their expenses to exceed their earnings, and who discarded the "pay as you go" philosophy.

Such reflections have no relation to a class known as confirmed "dead beats," characterless vagabonds, who prey upon boarding house keepers, and such persons as will lend them money or become surety for them when it is not possible for the law to enforce its penalties—though it is doubtless true in many such cases, that they were initiated into the ranks of petty swindlers by degrees, by permitting their expenses to exceed their earnings; who spending their money for whisky or at cards, permitted themselves to incur debts they could not pay; who, instead of reforming, drifted into the ranks of that despicable class of loafers and outcasts for whom there is no redemption. Of this class are the robbers of lodges, the meanest sneak thieves that infest communities.

If any one interested in such matters will consult social statistics, they will note that wives who seek release from their husbands by divorce, in a majority of cases assign as reasons "failure to provide" and abandonment." Such husbands are the characterless and Christless whelps, who spend their money regardless of all obligation to their wives and their children, imposed by divine or human laws, and are no more fit to marry than guerrillas in a Congo jungle. Nay! beasts are more regardful of their mates and whelps than are such human wretches of their marriage vows.

They are the depraved creatures who are expelled from lodges of workmen upon charges, such as "defrauding the lodge," "conduct unbecoming a gentleman," "dead beats," "swindling boarding houses," etc., all indicative of depravity, which doubtless had its beginning in spending more money than they earned. Such miscreants go from one place to another, always lying, always swindling; everywhere the degenerate creatures whose vulgar villainies excite abhorrence and keep them forever on the run to avoid merited punishment.

The question arises, were these knaves ever honest men? Were they once innocent and inspired by honest ambitions? In response to such inquiries, brief histories are often recited by those who happen to know something of their careers. Says one of John Doe, the confirmed loafer and dead beat, "I knew John when he was honest and respectable, a hard worker and who had a bright future before him. He had the confidence of his employer, and was in the line of promotion, but he drifted into vicious company and vicious habits, spent his earnings like a fool, swindled his lodge, borrowed money without intending to pay, and is now a confirmed vagabond." And thus, often in all circles, from cab to the general manager's office, the stories of wrecks are told, beginning in almost every instance with the fact that "Pay as you go" was unheeded, and debt and disaster followed.

Is there another side to such pictures of demoralization? Is there any plausible excuse that the outcasts can make, which in any wise modifies the severity of the popular verdict against them? Is society involved to any extent? True, it matters little what the "dead beat," the swindler, large or small, may say, the verdict will not be changed. The outcasts are doomed, and yet, men who study social problems are bound by every consideration of honesty, to investigate for causes productive of effects which create alarm.

Is it not true that society, made up of the body social, political, financial and religious, while deploring effects, is itself primarily and largely responsible for them? What is this thing styled "society" *par excellence*, with its cash and caste, its pomp and pride, its fashion and falsehood? Taken as a whole, it does not "pay as it goes." It sets the example of vulgar display and ostentation, fruitful of demoralization, from first to last.

The thing called "fashion," cruel, heartless and hollow, false and treacherous, vulgar and venal, issues its edicts and all fall down and worship, and from the millionaire to the *nickelair*, with eager step, as if their eternal salvation depended upon their worse than pagan devotion, urge their way to the shrine of the despicable goddess to swear

falty to her decrees. The one dollar a day man seeks to emulate the two dollar a day man, and thus on through all the gradations from poverty to plutocracy, "pay as you go" has no place in the thoughts of the surging mass.

To maintain *style*, stealing is universal, until the burglar proof safe has become a desideratum; no one feels secure. The few "pay as you go," the multitude *prey* as they go. Banks, corporations, insurance companies, industrial enterprises of every description, mercantile establishments, railroads, go down in the sweeping cyclones, because they do not "pay as they go." The flight of big thieves is forever going on. Some are sent to prison, others commit suicide, and others linger amidst the ruin they have wrought, to die at last and be buried like dogs.

If men pursue the subject, they will find of every law making body, from a city council to Congress, that charges are made that rottenness is the rule, and integrity the exception. And if investigation proceeds and includes the courts, it is found that in a vast majority of cases money is potent on the bench and in the jury room—that he who has cash goes free, while the poor rascal suffers. As one of the consequences, the man of small income embarks in fraud. He borrows, embezzles, commits forgery or steals, that he may shine, and thus the bad business proceeds on the down grade until the common dead beat is reached.

This thing called "Fashion" has invaded, not only the home, but the church, the undertaker's bazaar and the grave yard—where, if "Pay as you go" is to be the motto the man of small income is everlastingly tabooed.

The poor man, if honest, cannot purchase a pew, and if he would go to Heaven with the aristocratic christians, must confess himself a pauper, and be content with the crumbs of salvation that fall from the fashionable pulpit, from the lips of the fashionable divine who receives a fashionable salary.

The coffin maker takes a poplar plank, and by the magic of art, transforms it into mahogany or rosewood, and to be fashionable the poor man must pay from \$25 to \$75 for a coffin worth \$5.00. If he "pays as he goes" he can't indulge in the swindle. Fashion is autocratic, and to be in the fashion on such a *momentous* occasion, he must become a party to the fraud and receive as a compensation for the loss of his integrity the smiles of society.

But fashion and society have not yet ceased their vulgar demands. The funeral must be ostentatious. The mourners must be robed in fashionable black and trailing crape must add to the debt of the poor man. In addition to this, if in a city, a regulation num-

ber of carriages must be ordered, for a crowd of mourners (?), and in the cemetery, the home of the dead, the aristocratic idea is nowhere in the world more pronounced. The cemetery has its fashionable quarters where the rich await the resurrection, and who don't propose, when Gabriel blows his horn, to be caught in close proximity to the poor.

For such things, society, the church, our boasted civilization, is responsible, and if Heaven looks upon them with the least degree of allowance, the teachings of Christ must of necessity be a myth. To overcome such demoralizing influences there is one triumphant method—"Pay as you go."

Charles Marshall.

Apprenticeship in Telegraphy.

A NUMBER of accidents have occurred in the past six months in which life, limb and property have been sacrificed as a direct result of employing youthful operators, and in this, it is to be hoped, railway managers will realize and conclude that as a general proposition cheap service is the dearest of all service, and govern themselves accordingly. In this connection I introduce the following article, captioned "A Boy's Mistake," from the columns of the *American Machinist*:

What seems to be a new danger in railroading was developed by the accident which occurred on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road a few days ago, at a station near Syracuse. According to the published accounts, a boy telegraph operator lost his head just as a fast express train approached the station, and conceiving the idea that the switch was open, threw it, and, instead of closing it, as he supposed, opened it when the train was so close as to give the engineer no chance for stopping. The train ran into the siding at full speed, and struck a freight train which was standing there waiting for the express to pass, and of course there was a destructive wreck, and all four of the enginemen were killed.

This is a wreck which might have been prevented by the proper mechanical devices, and is one the like of which could not well happen on a British road, where all switches are so arranged that the sidings cannot be entered by a train moving on the main track except by going by, stopping, and backing in.

But aside from this, the occurrence should teach the importance of having fully developed men in all positions of responsibility connected with railroads. Boys are very rare who have developed sufficient self control to enable them to act for the best under exciting circumstances, and the risk involved in putting them in places where, by losing their heads, they can bring about a catastrophe, is too great. Of course the boy had no business touching the switch, but who shall say that any person—boy or man—who thoroughly believes that a switch which he can reach and set right is set wrong, and so as to cause a wreck, should not attempt to do what he believes to be necessary to avert the disaster? The boy's action, aside from his mistake, was a creditable one, and we cannot see that he was greatly to blame as it was. All that can be said of him is that he was in a place which should have been occupied by a man, and a man would probably have been occupying it but for the fact that the boy would work cheaper.

Also the following excellent article from the same publication:

The *Railway Telegrapher*, in an article in which

attention is called to railroad collisions resulting from incompetent telegraphers, says:

The boy telegrapher, by general verdict of the public, must give way to the man. Experience has clearly demonstrated the fact that it requires something besides a mere knowledge of the technical formation of the telegraphic alphabet and the ability to transcribe a transmitted message from the telegraph—that emergencies frequently arise requiring the exercise of a matured judgment and an active mind in order to avert the loss of life and property, and that the boy telegrapher is not possessed of these necessary qualifications.

In a recent accident caused by the boy telegrapher "losing his head," to use a common expression, resulting in the loss of life and great destruction, the evidence at the coroner's inquest established the fact that the boy, not seventeen years of age, received a compensation of \$20 per month. No reasonable person would expect that any degree of competency could be purchased for such a price. The same rule holds in the employment of labor as in the purchase of merchandise—to procure a good article you must pay a good price. Cheap prices procure shoddy goods.

There is a deal of common sense in the above. It seems strange that railroad companies should, for the saving of a few dollars, employ mere boys in positions of great responsibility, but it is beyond question that they do so, although we doubt if they save any money in the operation. One first class smash up on a road, caused by lack of experience which teaches men to act right and quickly, would pay the difference in wages between an experienced and an inexperienced operator for a good many years. But railroad companies are the only ones that work on the cheap plan. They are to be found in about all branches of trade and manufacture. The man who will work for low wages, or the boy who can do, in any way, the work of a man, is being sought for in all departments of labor. As a means of keeping down the price of labor this may be a success, but it does not always reduce the cost of the economic result produced. And it has the effect of deteriorating the quality of labor obtainable, year by year.

If the boy in question was receiving \$30 per month, as stated, and a man could have been secured for \$50, it is an easy thing to see that the \$50 man would have been the cheaper, for the loss in property alone would have paid the extra \$20 a score of years, without taking into account the four lives sacrificed, and the damage done the business of the road by the lack of faith in its management which an occurrence of this kind is very apt to arouse.

A preacher, in speaking of faith, said: "It is impossible to run a railroad without faith!" The more you think on this sentence, the more true will it appear, and in fact it seems, on viewing the matter in all its bearings, that more faith has to be used in railroading than in any other business that can be named. For instance, the engineer and fireman must have faith in the man that designed and the men that built the locomotive, or they would not risk their lives and limbs in going near her. The engineer must have faith in the fireman, and the fireman in the engineer, or they would not go out together. The crew on the engine must have faith in the train crew, that they are able and willing to do their share of the work in controlling and handling the train. The whole crew on the train must have faith in the rails on which

their train runs, and in the men who look after the track. They must have faith in draw-bridge and other signal men along the line. They must have faith in the bridges and their keepers. They must have faith in preceding and in following trains, and in others which they are to meet. They must have faith in the financial management of the road, so as to be sure of having pay day come with due regularity. They must have faith in the ability of the officials of the road and their capacity to deal fairly with their men. All this faith and many more ramifications of it are necessary in railroad life, and if any part of it is wanting the result will be discontent and trouble. Among the rest, a great deal of faith has to be placed in the telegraph operators along the line, who are often charged with important duties in the running of trains, which should not be lightly entrusted to immature hands, unless special capacity for the place should be proven. A movement has lately been started among the Brotherhood of Telegraphers, having in view the restriction of apprentices in the offices in their charge, and this is no doubt a step in the right direction, for with so many boys who have some knowledge of the first principles of telegraphy and are willing to take charge of an office at any salary, the temptation to employ cheap labor is so great as to be irresistible to some men, who ought to know better, but to whom a dollar looks very large, when it is to be paid for intelligent labor. It is to be hoped that the telegraphic fraternity will succeed in their laudable effort to secure fair pay for faithful service, and that they will have the sympathy and cordial co-operation of all our brotherhood as far as possible, not only because of their being fellow-laborers, but because better pay insures better men in whom we can have faith in every emergency. Another benefit would result by the restriction of apprentices and consequent advance in wages, and that would be that the offices would afford salary enough to make it an object worth while for some of our disabled members to qualify themselves to fill them. A fireman who has lost an arm or a leg in the service of the company could no doubt yet do effective work as an operator, for his previous life on the rail has given him such a knowledge of railroad work that he has a great advantage over the boy just out of school, who does not know anything about it, except such morsels as he has been able to pick up in the office. All that would be necessary for a fireman to do would be to rub up his knowledge of spelling and penmanship, if he has been so careless as to allow them to slip away from him for lack of practice, and to learn the manipulation of the keys and their sound, and we would have operators of a superior type—men who by virtue of

previous service on the road would be likely to be well acquainted with its rules and regulations, and with its track and switches, and thus be in better position to help to direct the movement of trains by telegraph, when it becomes necessary to do so. With men of this class at the keys, faith so sadly shaken by such calamities as are chronicled in the above clippings would be reduced to the minimum and intelligent and competent service would be at a premium.

The Ghost Dances.

Give way a conquering right I hold
To subjugate the weak,
And crush by steel or gold
The homes they seek!
Their cradle songs we'll change to songs of grief,
Then urge the work to make their sorrows brief.

WE read that the prophet Jeremiah, that magnificent figure in the early history of Christianity, who hurled his ominous threats and shook his fearful warnings at the very thrones of opulence and power, foretold the coming of the Messiah. This was the grand central figure—the triumph of all his prophecies.

Jeremiah has had thousands of imitators in barbarous and civilized life; yet it is a significant fact that the North American Indians have been comparatively free from them. The raising of the Prophet's standard amidst the nomad tribes of Arabia, in Upper or Lower Egypt, or away on the arid plains of the Soudan, has on many occasions been the signal for the inauguration of the most sanguinary wars. How often have our most populous cities witnessed the advent of alleged diviners who preached with the fire of insanity that the world was about to expire in storm and bloodshed? or that they were the Messiah come on earth to warn sinners and evil doers? These are notorious facts that need no elaboration of detail.

I have said that the Indians have suffered comparatively but little from such disorders; yet, notwithstanding this, they have running through their traditions with an antiquity antedating the Spanish invasion of Mexico, and frequently introduced into their weird and grotesque religious ceremonies, a vague and indistinct teaching that a great law giver would appear surrounded by pomp and magnificence and bringing to the sons of men a wonderful peace and harmony. It was a prophecy of this kind, and very prevalent at the time of the landing of Cortez in 1519 when he founded the city of Vera Cruz, that gave him such prestige and proved his greatest ally. The Spaniards were received as the children of the sun coming to crown the Aztec empire with the glory of their wisdom and the purity of their doctrines. I will not enter into the pathetic history of their slavery.

This worship of the sun, that at one time

dominated and directed the civilization of the world, has left many traces of its peculiar observances with nearly every people on the globe. The remnant that the Sioux retain in the repulsive practices of the sun-dance, and which in no way, except by assertion, is connected with the late fraudulent ghost-dances,

Is but the merry, white-souled glee
Of children's sport around the May-tree,
Gone rampant mad in its barbarity.

Pagan Ireland had its *Beltinne*, or Baal's fire on historic Tara. To this day, on St John's eve, the celebration of the *Beltinne* is continued by street fires in every hamlet and village in Erin. Fire or sun worship was simply a degeneration of a sublime conception that the ancients had formed of their adoration of the creator, by keeping a fire continually burning in their temples, as a reminder of God's power and greatness, knowing that all life emanates from heat.

The ghost-dances of the Sioux and other tribes that caused such unnecessary alarms, were not so much the result of would-be prophets who by the florid exaggerations of inflamed imaginations worked those untutored minds, so full of superstitious fears to the very frenzy of excitement, as it was the colored and distorted meaning that unworthy whites had placed upon them; then taking advantage of the confusion that would follow, these men would force every pretence to seize the lands of the Indians that they are so eager to obtain. Here is the boast of one of these white braves:

We are taking advantage of the impatient demonstrations to get them removed to the Indian Territory. That is the secret spring behind all these Indian scares. You remember how I went down to Jefferson barracks after the Custer massacre and plunged into a blue uniform to go out and avenge the slain? Well I was young then and full of fight. I got out to the front just in time to help chase Dull Knife and his gang into Red Rock cañon in the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming, and wipe a raft of them out of existence—in 1876. That ended the fight, but it only commenced the howl about danger, and I ascertained to my own personal satisfaction that Dull Knife was not so much to blame. He had been tortured into defence by the settlers, and the moment he showed fight they cried: "Outbreak, send us troops; run the redskins out!" You know I got into the cattle business, and when my five years were up I was pretty well fixed. I have become identified with the settlers, and it is an unwritten law with them to move everything for getting the Indians moved.

The last "Ute outbreak" in Colorado was, after a careful investigation, shown to have been a murderous attack made by some white men upon the Indians in order to secure the Indians' property. I do not mean to say that the Indians are all lambs by any means; they unfortunately have their villainous characters whose depraved natures are intensified by the wild and savage life they lead. They are the shadowy fragments of a once numerous and powerful people, now cowed by a broken spirit, reduced to absolute submission and living in

misery and want. Under all this there remain with them two of their strongest characteristics, revenge and gratitude.

I have frequently heard their medicine-men, the sages and scholars of the tribe—relate those interesting legends in which virtue was extolled and vice was frowned upon, to their youth around the camp-fire and in the semi darkness of the *teepee*, in the soft cadences of their poetical language, that with a force steals upon you like a summer breeze, so full of gesticulation, and with a warmth and eloquence of feeling, denoting earnestness and conviction. Some of their imaginative pictures were startling in the vividness of their fancied reality. I had often thought how must those tales have acted upon the young listeners, whose hearts were filled with the romance of their tribal wars, and vibrated with the ambition to distinguish themselves. It is not difficult to understand how the Indian, who is sunk in ignorance and poverty, smarting under the humiliations and abuses that the white man has heaped upon him, can find it more agreeable to his natural instincts to preach that it is not only a great law giver who is to appear, but one who is also a great warrior, that will not only deliver his country but avenge his countrymen.

We who do so much for the Hindoos, the Chinese and others so far from us in every respect, might exercise a little of that charity that commences at home.

Tim Fagan.

The Single Tax.

HERE is no subject, in my opinion, so closely related to the interests of workingmen as the one which captions this article. Only a little while ago those who advocated the theory of the single tax as the basis of reform in our governmental affairs were stigmatized as communists and anarchists, but latterly a change of sentiment has been inaugurated and many of the deep and advanced thinkers of the times have adopted the views of Henry George as embodying absolutely the best principles for the equitable distribution of wealth, which means the emancipation from the thralldom of monopoly and oppression of the industrial classes.

In a late issue of the New York *Standard* there was reproduced from the Grand Rapids *Mich. Workman*, the following excellent article which, having special reference to trades unionists, I am persuaded will be of interest to your readers:

All men in the world trades unionists should study the principles of the single tax, for its application would accomplish permanently what even the strongest unions can only hope to accomplish partially and temporarily at most, and this only at great cost and sacrifice. Trades unionism resists the encroachments of employing capital by the organization of labor; it meets combination with combi-

nation, the monopoly of capital by the monopoly of labor—and it is only in so far as the labor market can be cornered and controlled by the unions that their battle against the encroachments of the monopoly of bossism is successful. When the labor "corner" is for any reason broken, the unions are practically at the mercy of their employers who, by the fierce strife of soulless competition, cannot show mercy except at the imminent risk of being driven into bankruptcy themselves.

Monopoly in its various forms is the root of the evil industrial conditions—but the monopoly which corners and controls the bounties of nature, which furnish the raw material for all production, is, as compared to all other monopolies combined, as a mountain to an ant hill. For it is in the monopoly by some men of these bounties of nature, which belong of right to all men that all the other great monopolies are chiefly based or buttressed.

These "bounties of nature" are defined by the term "land," which, used in its economic sense, includes land, water and all the natural elements. Wherever land is monopolized so that access can be had to it only at high cost, there will be found great wealth and gaunt poverty side by side. And wherever, in a civilized country, there is free and easy access by all to fertile lands, while there may be an absence of great wealth, there will also be an absence of that worst of all want—that poverty which in these days so often comes to men and women anxious to work, but who can find no work to do.

Look at it. Under kings, emperors, czars or presidents, under empires or under republics, the condition is practically the same. Wherever the price of land is high, over wealth and abject poverty exist side by side. Wherever land is plenty and to be had for little or nothing, there involuntary poverty has practically no existence. Why? Simply because everything that goes to support life—all the necessities, comforts, luxuries, even life itself—is in the ultimate drawn from the land, and land being free, or of easy access, men cannot be ground down in mills and factories, for they would swarm out on the land to make a living from the soil.

The labor problem, the world over, is the land problem; and the solution of the labor problem must come through the solution of the land problem—and no permanent solution of it is possible in any other way. The land is the inalienable heritage of the people, the whole people, and the landed system which permits the exclusion of the great mass of the people from the God given right of access to the land for the purpose of making a living by labor, is as economically rotten, immoral and destructive of real liberty as was the accursed system of black chattel slavery.

The single tax on unimproved land values offers a simple, easy, practical method for the abolition of that industrial slavery for which trades unionism at most can afford only partial and generally only temporary relief. As you love your families, fellow unionists, and would provide for those whom you leave behind, study this great land question and the single tax.

Do not understand me as belittling trades unions. No man recognizes their absolute necessity more than I do—nor their power within certain limits. Every effort should be made to extend and strengthen them. But while doing this do not forget the wiping out of land monopoly is an absolute necessary condition precedent to any permanent solution of the labor problem. Land monopoly can be wiped out by the single tax, and by that alone. "And don't you forget it."

That the single tax is a subject deserving the special consideration of workingmen there can be no doubt. It is a vital, fundamental proposition which has in view great and permanent reforms from which shall flow blessings such as the world has never seen.

As a matter of course it is opposed by the trust barons, the syndicate sovereigns and monopoly moguls. They perceive in the

single tax the beginning of the end of their rule. They comprehend that its mission is to level up and level down and inaugurate the reign of even-handed justice.

It is to be hoped that workmen, who are most vitally concerned in industrial reform, will give this subject such serious consideration as its importance demands.

W. P. Borland.

Bethlehem.

THE name Bethlehem, at this season of the year, is intimately associated with Him whose birth and advent we have just been commemorating, and takes us to the plains of Judea, where the angels sang and declared: "Glory to God; Peace and Good will to man." But it was not of Bethlehem of Judea and the Prince of Peace, but of Bethlehem of Pennsylvania and its war weapons we were about to write. We have often read of (and some of our readers may have felt) the "persuasive influence" of a gun in preserving peace, and if the words of Col. Hope as below given in a clipping from the *Machinist* be taken in their literal significance, we may paraphrase the words of the Prophet and make him say: "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Penn, art not the least among the cities of Penn; for out of thee shall come a gun that shall defend my people:" Col. Hope, of the British army, is reported as saying:

I consider the Bethlehem gun plant to be superior to any gun plant in the world. Bethlehem is the realization of my dream of what a perfect gun establishment should be, and I believe it to be the only perfect establishment of its kind in the world. The gunshops of this place are prodigious in size, the capabilities of the establishment beyond the conception of any one who has not visited it, and the excellence of the material turned out unequalled in point of thoroughness. This I say without a shadow of exaggeration. I could only look and wonder, and I return to England firmly convinced that in America exists the greatest gun and steel-producing plant in the world.

This is a strong recommendation of an American plant by an Englishman, who has seen something of the capacity and production of European works of a similar character, and should thus be qualified to give an opinion on their merits. If the works at Bethlehem are really so "perfect" as to realize this officer's "dream of what a perfect gun establishment should be" and he "returns to England firmly convinced that in America exists the greatest gun and steel-producing plant in the world" and his words are believed in England, they ought to have a pacifying influence on the nation, for this plant at Bethlehem now becomes the principal supply for defensive armor and guns for the new navy of the United States. The logical conclusion of the whole matter is that if the American nation had sufficient sagacity to secure the services of

the most "perfect" gun and steel establishment of the world, they will also have sufficient acumen to make such use of the material furnished by the works to inspire a "persuasive influence" over otherwise aggressive nations, and thus preserve the peace.

The works at Bethlehem are located on the banks of the Lehigh, which at this point has secured a little wider river bottom than usual, and are at a distance from the supply of fuel and ore, and could not be made a mechanical or financial success without the help of the ever present and assisting railroad. In former years much of the ore used in the iron works of the Lehigh valley was mined in New Jersey, only 50 to 60 miles away, but of late the richer ores of West Virginia and the western part of Pennsylvania have been in use, so that now the ore used at the Bethlehem works is brought a distance of over 360 miles and smelted and worked with fuel brought from a distance of 330 miles; the only raw material found at hand being an inexhaustible supply of limestone from the river-bluffs.

Wm. Weiler.

The Folly of Exclusiveness.

HOW selfish and short sighted it is for men who have educated themselves up to the needs of organization to stand aloof from federation! There is strength and safety in united action; but you might as well expect the wheel, under the strain of a heavy load, to be kept together without a tire, as to suppose that separate labor organizations can hold their own against organized and federated capital. Organization is the birth of a new hope to labor; but the hope will never be realized unless crowned with the capstone of federation. The status of the laborer is immaterial to the needs of federation. As men feel the need of banding themselves together along the lines of their different occupations, contributions and benefits may be graded accordingly; but the most powerful trade organization invites disaster when, from a spirit of selfishness, it elects to stand alone.

These capitalistic fellows have a great pull on us workers. Necessity does not compel them to accept unjust conditions; they have more time to apply their mental powers to hatch out projects to oppress and fool the workers, with free access to the enormous power of the press in shaping public opinion.

We don't need taffy, but we want justice, and a fair divide on the profits of our industry. Capital is trying to keep our several organizations apart, that it may the more easily dominate us.

HESBON, Pa.

Stephen S. Brown.

The Top o' the Morning.

The bright morning's blush
That welcom'd the thrush,
When piping his lays in the dawning,
Nor Mercury's light,
Was ever as bright
As my colleen's sweet "top o' the morning."

O astore a-ma chree,
This heart beats for thee,
As the ark when the day is aborning
Kills the meadows among,
With his rapturous song,
Shure I hear but the "top o' the morning."

And the stars in their light,
Like the smiles of the night,
The grim of the darkness scouring:
So your eyes, my colleen,
Ever have been
My light from the top 'o the morning.

Then mayourneen astore,
I love you the more,
Since the cherub your knee is adorning,
That in every trace,
Is his mother's sweet face,
Ma bouchal, the top o' the morning!

Note—*Astore a-ma chree* means "love of my heart." *Mayourneen* means "my darling face." *Ma-bouchal* is "my boy," and my *colleen*, "my girl." I need hardly say that the "top o' the morning" is that old "top o' the morning" so popular in Ireland. There seems to be more warmth and sincerity in its tone than either "good morning" or "good day." It has a winning ring that makes the meaningless "how do you do" ashamed of itself.

Tim Fagan.

Ignorance vs. Knowledge.

IF it is not making too great a requisition upon your patience and consuming too much valuable space, I would be pleased to write something upon the subject of Ignorance vs. Knowledge.

I have had the pleasure of reading the celebrated address of Mr. R. H. Briggs, delivered at a meeting of the American Master Mechanics' Association, assembled at Old Point Comfort, Va. This address was probably copied by every labor organ in America, and commented upon more extensively and praised or eulogized more than any address delivered during the past year. The writer is happy to acknowledge the fact that he is serving under the jurisdiction of Mr. Briggs. In this gentleman's address he referred to the amount of information that could be had or obtained in mastering the profession in which we are apprentices, and stated that ignorance would be inexcusable when there was such a library of information to draw from. There was a day and time when the literary attainments of an engineer were not regarded as an advantage, nor was ignorance regarded as a disadvantage, in reaching the apex of his profession. But this age of enlightenment and refinement seems to be becoming more exacting in reference to this point than formerly. We do not pretend to say that men without education are unfit to become engineers, but we do say that those with good education and practical knowledge are the men who will attain the greatest proficiency and will do so in far less time than their less fortunate rivals or co-laborers.

When the mind has been trained and dis-

ciplined, its capabilities are enlarged; it becomes better equipped to grasp information of any character than a mind whose faculties have never been strengthened and enlarged; neither has it the power to retain as one which has been strengthened by thought and study.

The philosophers all concede the fact that mental development comes by mental exertion, just as physical development comes by physical exertion. Mr. Sinclair, who might be termed one of the best informed mechanics in the country, has written upon this subject, and he strongly advocates educated men being placed as apprentices for learning locomotive engine running, and he also considers the man who has learned the profession while firing, capable of giving the best satisfaction and showing the best results on the expense account.

The past twenty years have wrought a material change in the class of men who make up this profession, and the next twenty will show an improvement far out of proportion to the past march. This improvement has been largely due to the noble orders which these men have established for their social, moral and intellectual improvement.

We stand higher in the estimation of the public than we did twenty years ago, which arises from the fact that we have lifted ourselves to a higher moral and intellectual atmosphere than that through which we have groped in the past. The day is not far distant when "the oppressor's wrongs and the proud man's contumely" will be buried forever in the cemetery of oblivion. The lion and the lamb will lie down in peace together. Capital and labor will not stand arrayed against each other as malevolent foes. Justice will gather every drop that falls from labor's brow, place them in her scales, and they shall weigh as gold; and she will send the wives and daughters from the workshops and factories to adorn their homes—though they may be humble, they will nevertheless be the abodes of contentment and love. The hands upon the dial of human affairs are turning slowly but surely, until they shall register: "Ill will to none, justice to all." Labor has been groping through a long night of bondage and oppression, but the darkness is being dispelled and it shall soon behold the bright dawn of a happy day. Federation will sound her trumpet and marshal all the hosts of laboring men. Ah, what means this mighty throng! The Firemen, the Engineers, the Switchmen, the Brakesmen and Conductors and all classes and unions assembled in council together; no secrets to be kept from each other; no motive but self-protection and self-improvement. Not federated to injure capital, or intimidate it, but to protect themselves against the merciless

hands of aristocratic misers who would drive the laboring man's wife and child and himself to hunger in order to add to their coffers of gold, which are already full to overflowing.

All the wealth of our country, all things of art and husbandry, come from the hands of these uncomely knights of toil, yet how little of it do they enjoy! We hope that no one will do us the injustice to think we advocate communism, when we refer to a more equitable division of the fruits of labor. We only advocate that labor in all its branches shall receive a just proportion of the wealth it creates. There are many laboring men who receive a fair remuneration for their labor, but there are legions of others who receive hardly enough to enable them to live as becomes American citizens.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

J. G. Cary.

He Ran the Night Express.

I met a little girl, one day,
Beyond the railroad bridge,
With pail of berries she had picked
Along the bank's high ridge.

"Where do you live, my child," I said,
"And what may be your name?"
She looked at me with eyes askance,
And then her answer came:

"The house upon the bluff is ours;
They call me Bonnie Bess;
My father is an engineer,
And runs the night express."

A sparkle came into her face,
A dimple to her chin—
The father loved his little girl,
And she was proud of him.

Ten-forty-nine on schedule time
(Scarce e'er a minute late),
Around the curve his engine comes,
At quite a fearful rate.

"We watch the headlight thro' the gloom
Break like the dawn of day—
A roar, a flash, and then the train
Is miles upon its way.

A lamp in mamma's window burns,
Placed there alone for him;
His face lights up, for then he knows
That all is well within.

Sometimes a fog o'erhangs the gorge,
The light he cannot see,
Then twice he whistles for mamma,
And clangs the bell for me."

I said to her in cheery tones,
"God bless you, Bonnie Bess!
God bless your mother and the man
Who runs the night express."

James H. Daly.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The Union Pacific Scenic Route Across the Continent.

NO doubt, the saying, that "God made the country and man the city," is somewhat trite, but is not yet obsolete, and no matter from what city men go *via* the Union Pacific route across the continent, they are certain to repeat the hackneyed exclamation. To compare a city, ancient or modern, to the country, would be to liken the gush of a water plug to Niagara, an artificial frog pond to the ocean, a rocket to a comet, or, a bonfire to Vesuvius; and if there are those who desire to see how God builds a world, they should purchase a ticket, and take a palace car over the Union Pacific, and behold the wonderful works of the Creator.

As they are whirled along they will see much that man has done to challenge admiration. Why not? The "New Version" has it, "That man was made a little lower than God." And the tourist will discover triumphs of engineering skill which will occasionally absorb his attention and divide his astonishment. It will be but for a moment, for the architecture of the Creator is so wonderful, grand, sublime, so awe-inspiring, that man's triumphs sink into nothingness, compared with displays of the Creator's power.

But a few years ago, far within the memory's boundary of living men—

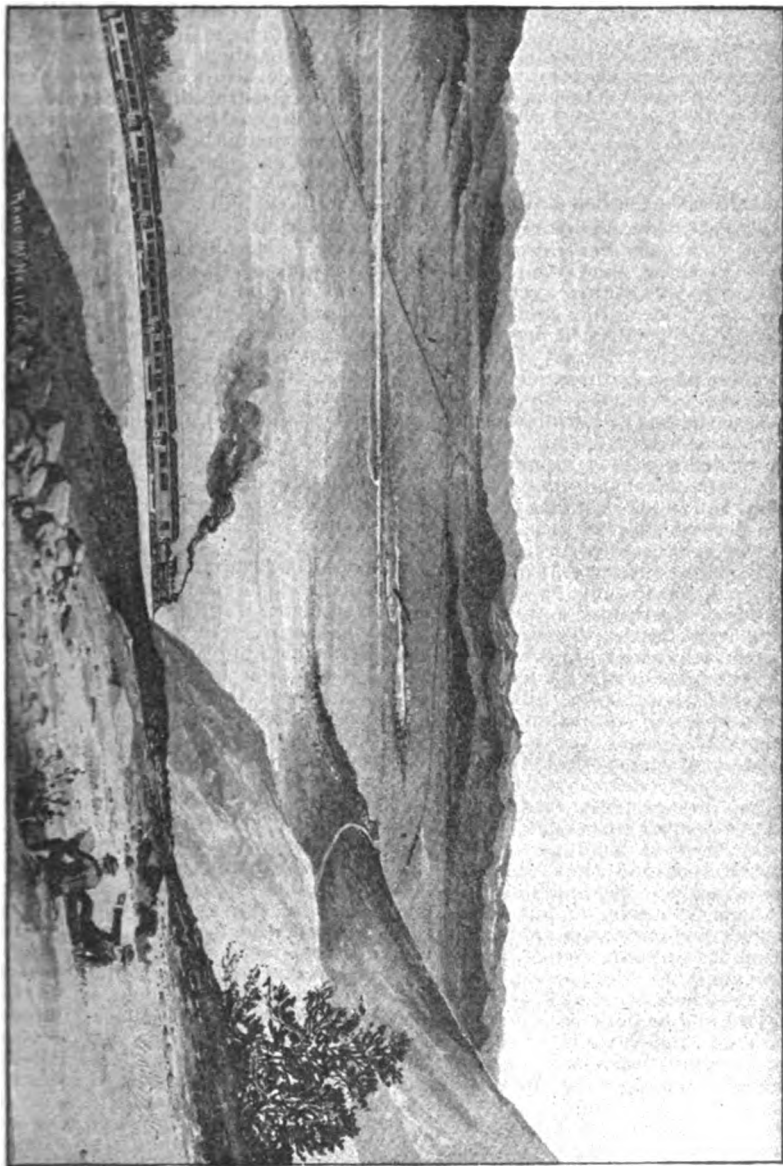
"That far, vast land that few behold,
And none beholding, understand"

was a *terra incognita*. Wild men and wild beasts possessed it. Money, science and labor grasped it in their mighty hands, blasted and tunnelled, and now *via* the Union Pacific, thousands and tens of thousands climb the elevations, goshkyward above the clouds, where Jove forges his thunderbolts and the lightning plays its fantastic pranks, and as they climb, they wonder; at every turn the panoramic pictures increase in beauty and sublimity. Man and all his works are forgotten. On the mountains God is supreme, and never till then did the tourist "dare to dream what grandeur is."

Among the splendid views to be had on the Union Pacific, is South Park from Kenosha Hill, Colorado, of which we present an excellent illustration.

Those who have had a view of South Park, pronounce the scenery of wonderful beauty. On one side the park is bordered by heavily timbered mountains, and being about fifty miles in length, the range of vision takes in the Snowy Range, and many of the highest

ROTTI PARK. From Kenosha Hill, Colorado on the Union Pacific R.R.



mountain peaks in Colorado, including the Mount of the Holy Cross, one of the wonders of this wonderland.

In closing this notice of the wonders to be seen on the Union Pacific, it only remains for us to say to those who have the cash and the leisure, to make the trip, and if there

are those who have the required funds but are *minus* leisure, we say take the time by force, and you will for all your remaining years have pictures in the halls of your memories, such as Raphael in his most inspired hours never dreamed of, and such as defy art's grandest achievements.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month.

American vs. English Railroads.

Our Transatlantic contemporary, *London Engineering*, is usually very slow to admit that any good thing should be found out or put in use in this country, yet in a recent article on the visit of the Iron and Steel Institute to this country, it has to admit that our American railroad system has some commendable features, of which we have a right to feel proud. The article goes on to say that the vast system of roads became a matter of necessity to our country in order to unite its widely separated states, and make commerce and intercourse possible. But the fact that during the 25 years since the close of the civil war, while the country was burdened with a debt of \$2,500,000,000, the South was "demoralized, impoverished, and to some extent depopulated," and the North had not yet had time to fully recover from the stagnation of her industries, and while high prices were still the rule, 130,000 miles of railroad were built at an expense of about seven billion dollars for construction and equipment, is regarded as "remarkable," and the adaptation of that "system of transportation to the requirements of the country" as "marvelous." The initial cost of these roads has been kept low, competing lines have been built, and new methods of handling freight have been introduced, and thus the average freight charges have been reduced, so that we now have "a system of low rates that has excited the envy and provoked the admiration of European traders."

In the study of the American railroad problem, the first fact that strikes the mind is, that they should be built so much cheaper per mile than English roads, when the fact that much higher wages have been paid in their construction is taken into account. The average cost per mile for our roads is only about one-fourth of the English average. In trying to account for this it is stated that the English roads had to buy all their rights of way, and sometimes at very high and even exorbitant prices; while not only the land, but much additional land, had been donated to American roads. This holds true of a few roads only, but the nearly universal rule is to exact full value from all railroads for all they get in the way of land, and hold them responsible for all damage done

to the remainder, so that this will hardly account for all the difference, but of course it will make some in the grand total. The fact that American roads are not hampered by restrictions as to the use of streets, and to crossing them and other roads at the same grade, also will help swell the saving, and it is also true that on a great many roads money is saved by a flimsy and unsubstantial construction of the road bed, the bridges, culverts, and embankments, and the use of single track. The main object of the American railroad builder is to get his road open for traffic as quick as possible, and to do this he calls to his aid all the labor saving inventions of the age, and in this will be found the key to the mystery of cheap railroad construction, and also the flimsy and unsubstantial character of some of the work, which in most all cases is replaced by better, after the road is opened and earning money. It thus happens that roads have been opened and used for years, which are not yet completed as designed by the engineer in charge, for a deep cut here, a bridge there, or a tunnel at some other point, may be needed to complete the line as surveyed, but as these are matters that take time, and Americans cannot wait, a loop is built around them if it is at all possible, and the road put to earning money even before it is finished.

The next item is the comparative low rates which prevail in this country for the transportation of freight, and the fact is pointed out that the cheapness of railway construction was not enough to account for the low freight rates, for it was shown that in 1868 it cost 42½ cents per bushel for wheat between New York and Chicago, but that at present the rate was only 13 cents, and this in spite of the fact that labor still continued to be better paid in America. The reason for this is given as the sharp competition for business, which our American system made possible, by giving any man or corporation a right to build railroads to compete with other lines, provided they had capital and chose to run the risk of the investment. As would appear by the article in *Engineering*, it is almost impossible to obtain a charter for a road which would compete with one already in existence, and hence the existing roads form monopolies, and have the public at their mercy, for they must pay the rates demanded, or do without the service, as there is no other one that can do it. Americans are usually only too ready to accuse our railway corporations of greed, but in the light of these statements, emanating from a source inclined to take the most favorable view of English affairs that it possibly can, we can congratulate the country on being in good hands, and hope that the system may still flourish and grow, until every hamlet shall be blessed

with its railway facilities, and till every valley, hill, and mountain shall have a chance to send the products of its fields, woods, or mines to a remunerative market, and receive from it in exchange the products of other sections and climes, which the advance of civilization has made necessary to our comfort and happiness.

Vulcan.

Pioneer Locomotives.

In January *Magazine* 1891, page 29, I gave what purports to be a photo-gravure of Oliver Evans' model locomotive of 1786, now in possession of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

In a paper read at a state meeting of the Franklin Institute, December 17th, 1884, entitled, "Modern Railroad Facilities," by William Barnet Le Van, I find this reference to Oliver Evans:

"Eighty years ago, Oliver Evans, who deserves at this day all the honor that can be conferred on man as one of Philadelphia's noblest sons, made the first application in the streets of this city of steam to a carriage in America, and in fact, the first locomotive engine. This experiment was more successful than any that had preceded it.

About this time, Evans publicly stated that "the time will come when people would travel in stages moved by steam engines, from city to city, almost as fast as birds fly—fifteen or twenty miles an hour—passing through the air with such velocity, changing the scene in such rapid succession, and with the most exhilarating exercise. A steam carriage will set out from Washington in the morning—the passengers will breakfast in Baltimore—dine in Philadelphia, and sup in New York the same day."

[This journey is now performed in five hours, by the means predicted, and Oliver Evans' prophecy fulfilled.—W. E. L.]

"To accomplish this, two sets of railways will be required, laid so nearly level as not to deviate more than two degrees from a horizontal line—made of wood or iron, or smooth paths of broken stone or gravel, with a rail to guide the carriages so they may pass each other in different directions, and travel by night as well as day."

Says Mr. Le Van: It is a singular coincidence that Evans should have made one of the first experiments in propelling a carriage by steam in the very city destined to become in the course of fifty years afterwards, the head centre of one of the most important railroads in the world, "The Pennsylvania."

In connection with my article herein above referred to, I find that this is not the model locomotive which the late M. W. Baldwin saw at Peale's Museum. Although he may have seen the model referred to previous to this time, he having been one of the organizers of the Franklin Institute in 1824. In this connection I quote from a memorial of

Matthias W. Baldwin, by the Rev Wolcott Calkins, 1867, Page 48.

"In the fall of 1830, it was announced that the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company had imported a locomotive which was jealously guarded from public inspection, in a store house near Philadelphia. Mr. Baldwin repaired at once with a friend, and by various devices overcame the scruples of the man in charge of the wonderful curiosity. He carefully observed the various parts of the machine, made a few furtive measurements, and at last crept under the ponderous boiler. Here he remained in absorbing study for nearly half an hour. As he emerged from his retreat his face was glowing with enthusiasm, and he exclaimed: "I can make it!"

[This locomotive was the John Bull, now the property of the National Museum, Washington, D. C. and can be seen in the department of steam engineering. To the modern locomotive engineer, if he were to see it, the "ponderous boiler" would seem a big joke.—W. E. L.]

"His companion was Franklin Peale, Esq., manager of the Franklin Museum, who had felt so much confidence in his skill, that he had given him previously an order for a working model. With no other assistance than this hurried inspection, and such drawings as the scientific journals of the day were publishing he constructed a beautiful miniature locomotive, after the plan of Ericsson, since rendered famous by the Monitors. It was placed on a circular track in the museum April 25th, 1831, and attracted crowds of visitors. This model was no doubt constructed after the plans of "The Novelty," 1829, by Messrs Braithwaite & Ericsson, one of the four entered for the Manchester and Liverpool test, October 6th 1829, at which Stephenson's Rocket took the prize of £500, (\$2500). The names of the locomotives were The Rocket, the Perseverance, the Sanspareil, and the Novelty; full description with illustrations can be seen in Growth of the Steam Engine, by Professor R. H. Thurston.

In the trade catalogue of the Baldwin Locomotive works, Page 30, they say: "In May 1848, Mr. Baldwin filed a caveat for a four-cylinder locomotive, but never carried the design into execution." Through the kindly influence of the son-in-law of the late Mr. Baldwin, Francis T. F. Darley, Esq., and the sole surviving executor, Joseph B. Townsend, Esq., I was permitted to read this caveat; it was in Mr. Baldwin's own hand writing, dated May 8th, 1848, and seemed to relate solely to dispensing with the parallel rods, by applying a separate cylinder to each one of four driving wheels, and thus making a four cylinder locomotive.

William E. Lockwood.

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DURING the year 1888, nineteen railroads, embracing 1,600 miles of lines, and involving nearly \$8,000,000 in bonds and stocks, were sold for the benefit of the creditors.

Action of the Injector.

MR EDITOR:—As I understand it, the animus of this injector argument is simply to arrive at truth. I am not seeking to exploit any new theory; nor am I seeking to gratify any feeling of egotism. If it can be shown that my position is untenable, I will certainly abandon it, for be it understood, I have not accepted this theory simply because I find the weight of authority in its favor (I yield to no man in my opposition to the mere dogmatism of authority), but because by a train of independent reasoning I am *compelled* to accept it. "Vulcan" plainly admits that the action of the injector is a mystery to him. And with his present knowledge, if he were asked the origin of the force by which the injector is enabled to work, the only answer he could truthfully give would be, "I do not know." In view of this fact, I had a right to expect that "Vulcan's" opposition to this theory rested on good grounds; and that he would show up weak points in the theory which I, with my limited knowledge, had failed to discover. But I am gradually being forced to the conclusion that if "Vulcan" has any well defined ideas on the subject, he will not part with them. He has thus far failed to present one single argument that in any way touches the real point at issue. I have placed the issue before him fairly and squarely in language that could not be mistaken, yet he persistently avoids it, and seems to be aiming to force me into the discussion of side issues, the consideration of which could only result in confusion of thought and lead to no good end, as we might discuss them till doomsday without settling the point at issue. No person who fairly and honestly considers this theory can fail to be impressed by its logic. There is absolutely no escape from it. Placed in the form of a syllogism, it is simply perfect. The conclusion follows the premises as naturally as night follows day. This point being settled, the truth of the conclusion, therefore, depends entirely on the validity of the premises. There can be no question as to the reduction in bulk which steam suffers by condensation. The whole question, therefore, stands or falls upon the truth or falsity

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couraging to attempt to argue with one who treats an argument after this manner. My dear "Vulcan," the proposition supposed to be under discussion explains thoroughly "why it should be so," and as you have accepted the negative of that proposition, will you please tell us if you found any thing in Forney, Sinclair, or anywhere else, that explains why it *shouldn't be so*? I have searched diligently for something of this kind, thus far without result. "Vulcan" next attempts to score a point upon an if he has discovered in my article. How is it possible for him to ignore the fact that the sentence he lays such stress upon was not used as in any sense qualifying any statement of what I believe to be facts, but occurred merely as an incident of the ordinary explanation of an abstract principle. I refer him to another sentence in that article, which he evidently overlooked, viz: "The contention is that these conditions (meaning, of course, the conditions following the application of the principle), are all fulfilled in the case of the injector, by the extremely rapid condensation which takes place at the nozzle." His next sentence shows a total misconception of the question. There has never been any claim that steam allowed to condense under normal conditions retained its velocity in its new form. His comparison of an engine "working water" to this principle, is far-fetched, and is but another proof that the principle is not yet plain to him. The phenomena of an engine "working water," is not due to condensation under even normal conditions. *It is the effort of two bodies of like temperature and different densities, trying to occupy the same space at once, and does not touch the question under consideration.* If "Vulcan" wants a true test of this matter, let him lead a pipe from some cock on his boiler in such a manner as to give unimpeded flow of steam to atmosphere, then surround this pipe (leaving the opening to atmosphere free) with a body of water sufficiently large to give perfect condensation, then turn on steam at the boiler, and see whether the velocity of flow from the pipe will be that of water or steam. For his further satisfaction, let him, before condensing his column of steam, have it flow out against some obstruction, placed say 3 or 4 feet from and directly in front of pipe; let this obstruction be of sufficient stability so that the full force of the column of steam will just fail to remove it; then surround the pipe with water, and see if the same column of steam, when it flows out in its condensed form, won't knock the obstruction away into the middle of next week. Then let "Vulcan" use the facts thus obtained as a basis for some good, sound reasoning; and I am inclined to think he will arrive at the conclusion that he really never had any ob-

jections to this explanation; and if some person should ask him what makes the injector work, he could tell them. "Vulcan winds up his article as follows: "The question still is, while this velocity is generated outside, what is the water at the check doing? Is it devoid of all energy, and is it not as ready to come out as the other is to get in? and why don't it?" Now with all deference to "Vulcan's" judgment, I think I have sufficiently shown that this is *not the question at all*. There has never been any claim that the water at check was devoid of energy, nor is it necessary to the truth of this principle to consider any such question. To the question, why don't the water come out of the boiler when the check is opened? I would say that the existence of a force that opens the check, against the energy opposed to it, is sufficient answer to the question and exposes its absurdity. Now as I have always found "Vulcan" in search of truth before any other consideration, I hope he will see the necessity of confining his arguments to the issue as it has been presented to him, and unless he can find a flaw in the logic of the question (which I doubt), it is useless for him to attempt to force me into the discussion of any question not decisive of the point at issue, as I positively will not consider it, for such discussion can only lead to confusion of thoughts, and I can use the space the editor is so courteous as to allow me for a better purpose.

Vacuum.

Velocity of Steam.

"Vacuum," in the January *Magazine*, says that he is surprised to be obliged to explain his previous article for my benefit, but this is a world of surprises, and the unexpected is ever sure to happen. I stated before that I had not seen any tables on the velocity of steam, and in the article by Mr. Atkins, which "Vacuum" sent in for publication, I find that the velocity of steam is reasoned out by analogy to the velocity of water, and this is the point to which I wished to direct "Vacuum's" attention, for when I, in a previous article, advanced the idea of steam being subject to the same laws as water under pressure, the idea was rejected by "Vacuum," yet now he wishes to have rules that govern water applied to the calculations of the velocity of steam. Steam is so peculiar a gas that it is very difficult to study its characteristics, and I suppose there is no way as yet devised by which the speed of steam issuing from an orifice in a generator can be accurately measured, hence the methods resorted to by our friend "Vacuum" and Mr. Atkins. Taking the rule as given: Multiply the height of a water-column that would produce the given

pressure, by the ratio of the density of steam to that of water at such pressure, extract the square root of the product, and multiply by eight, to give the velocity of the steam as correct, and it would be about 482 per second at a pressure of only one pound to the inch, or at a rate of over 5½ miles per minute. This is a speed so far in excess of our conceptions of mechanical movements as to stagger our faith in the rule, but in applying the rule to a boiler with say 140 pounds of pressure, we find that the rule would make the velocity of the steam at that pressure 2180 feet per second, or about equal to the initial velocity of a cannon-ball at the muzzle of the gun. Every person who has seen a boiler explode, or has had a chance to view the wreck after the explosion, will be ready to admit that the force which tore the boiler and scattered the parts to such distances, and with such disastrous results to any objects in their path of flight, must have been equal to the power which sends the ball from the gun. That steam at one pound pressure should have a velocity of 482 feet per second does not appear possible until you compare it with air in motion, air being in several respects very much like steam. Now we find that air in motion is readily measured both in regard to its direction, its speed, and its power on objects in its path, and that it takes a storm with a velocity of 60 miles an hour to produce a pressure of 12 pounds per square foot, and that with hurricanes, whose velocity has been estimated at near 100 miles per hour, it has amounted to about 50 pounds per foot. In discussing boiler pressure we have ever used the term per square inch and as it takes 144 square inches to make one square foot we find that even a hurricane does not exert half as much pressure on an object as one pound per square inch. It would thus appear that air would have to move with a speed of over 250 miles per hour before it would have a pressure of one pound per inch, and this would be approaching the speed before calculated for steam under one pound of pressure with some degree of approximation. Having viewed the matter both from a high and a low pressure point, I cannot find any positive proof of error in the rule and must admit that it may be as near correct as the imperfect facilities at present in use can determine.

Vulcan.

On every road since railway trains to turn their wheels began, at every station you will see a solitary man. His brow is damp with beaded sweat, his heart with woe is cleft; most earnestly he wants to go, the man that's always left. If the train due at 1 P. M. should wait till half-past eight, there'd be one man come down to go just thirty seconds late.

Eccentric's Problems.

"Eccentric's" article in the January *Magazine* could not have had a better place assigned to it than the page opposite the illustration of the "Pioneer Locomotive," because most all of the problems can be answered by simply looking from one page to the other.

If we admit that our "modern locomotive is a most defective piece of mechanism," we can look over to the other page and console our hearts with the thought that it has been greatly improved since it was first put in use, and that no doubt still further improvements may be made when the proper amount of thought and study is directed to it.

The second question also answers itself, but probably not as "Eccentric" would have it, for if the piston moves through the cylinder both ways in this "Pioneer Locomotive," it will hold good for any other locomotive, even if it should be an "imperfect modern one" with its cylinders in an horizontal plane. As "Eccentric" says, the disturbance has not been measured yet, because no one seems to be inclined to spend money enough to demonstrate the "bad mechanism" of the locomotive.

Next we have a query, which ought to be published in some comic paper, for there is lots of fun in it if you read it carefully: *Is it true that the top of the wheel moves twice as fast as the bottom, and the bottom stands perfectly still?* Now if I understand "Eccentric" aright he has a mind to believe that the top of the wheel moves four times as fast. Would it be fair to ask, four times as fast as what? As the bottom of course! But the bottom stands *perfectly still!* It has no motion! Now what is the motion of the top if it is twice or even four times nothing? Nothing in my trouser pockets; twice as much in my vest and four times as much in my coatpockets would not be much of a fortune yet: would it? If "Eccentric" is satisfied that he can produce something by multiplying nothing ever so much it would be worth a fortune to him to demonstrate it, but if he can not, then of course Nos. 4 & 5 of his problems still lack confirmation and can not be accepted as proven.

If "Eccentric" has seen a "single valve operate two cylinders" presumably with their cranks at right angles to each other, I would not hesitate to take it as a fact even if I have not seen such a thing. Mr. Lockwood did answer the question in the affirmative and had an illustration of such a valve, but if my memory serves me, it was not what might with truth be called a single valve, for I think it had two moving parts, but at the same time it took its steam from one chest, and to that extent was a single valve.

It seems to me that there is lots of dis-

cussion and *proof* needed before these problems can be considered fully settled and I hope "Eccentric" will contribute his share of it for the general good.

Vulcan.

Causes of Broken Rails.

The following is from a St. Louis roadmaster to the *Railway Gazette*: I think the number of broken rails that we have every winter on railroads could be lessened a great deal if the cause of their breaking was better understood. The greater number of broken rails comes from the use of poor steel. Of 185 miles of steel put down in 1879, 1881, 1882 and 1883, 125 miles were of one brand and 60 miles of another. In the past three cold winters of 1883, 1884 and 1885 the following broken rails have been reported, only six of them broken at bolt holes: 1883 18 rails; 1884 17 rails, and 1885 22; 58 rails in all. Of this number the brand used on 60 miles has furnished 44, while the other brand, used on 125 miles, has only furnished 14 broken rails. The steel was all of the same weight per yard and the same height, and was laid on a well ballasted road-bed.

I think if railroads were a little more particular to buy good steel that the number of broken rails could be diminished at least one-half. The breaking quality of it could be easily determined by having a few rails of every lot received sent into some yard to be used in switches and on sharp curves. There is nothing that will test the breaking quality like cutting it and curving it with a big sledge or "Jim Crow." Good steel cuts well and can be curved with a sledge without breaking. Poor steel cuts hard and breaks when the sledge is used in trying to curve it. The sledge should not be used on a rail that is to be put on main track, as the blows weaken the rail, but in a yard, where no bad results come from a broken rail, the sledge is the best and quickest.

Another cause of rail breaking is flat wheels under loaded cars. A flat wheel strikes a tremendous blow, one that shakes even the road-bed under the train. It is a traveling sledge hammer and should not be run in cold weather when frost is in the rails and the road-bed frozen.

Another cause is trying to make a steel rail do service in main track after it is worn out. A steel rail that has given good satisfaction and done service for years under heavy traffic should be taken out when it commences to break at the bolt holes and to furnish an unusual number of broken rails. The rail may have worn smoothly and look good but the fibre of the rail is gone. It then commences to break at the end where it gets the most jarring. Previously to this state the splice bar does the breaking at this point.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

WOMEN IN THE M. E. CONFERENCE.

An event of November in which all of the women of the country should have been interested in a greater or less degree, was the voting in the Methodist churches upon the question of the admission of women to the General Conference. Our readers will recall that at this great conference, held in New York in 1888, for the first time in the history of the church, five women appeared as delegates from various district conferences, among them Frances E. Willard. This General Conference, which meets every four years, is perhaps the largest body of the kind in the world, and has entire jurisdiction over matters temporal and spiritual in the Methodist church, with its millions of members. Formerly it was composed entirely of the clergy, but a number of years ago it was proposed to have a representation of the laymen of the church. The matter was hotly contested but was finally decided in the affirmative. In the natural progress of the age it was inevitable that women should come knocking at the doors for admission. They are usually at the end of the procession and have to wait until everybody else's claims have been satisfied; but, although compelled to bide their time, they make themselves heard when they believe that time has arrived.

The advent of five inoffensive women into this body of five hundred men produced something the effect of an earthquake. All they asked was the privilege of a quiet, little vote upon such matters pertaining to the church as should come up before the Conference for settlement. They had been legally selected by their home conferences to represent them at this meeting. In their own churches they were accustomed to vote upon the same terms as men; they filled various offices; they acted as Superintendents of Sunday Schools; they led the class and prayer meetings; but here in this great Christian Conference they were treated like pariahs. They were not permitted to speak in their own behalf; they were re-

fused a seat on the floor of the house during the discussion—these grand women, led by Frances E. Willard, who has done more for humanity than any minister who occupies a pulpit, the bishops not excepted. The fight raged for days. All the old stock arguments were brought forth. Woman's "sphere" was defined in the usual impertinent manner. The commands of St. Paul, uttered two thousand years ago to the heathen women of Corinth, were applied to the cultured Christian women of to-day. And above all the din and commotion could be heard the voice of Dr. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, shouting out the true reason for the opposition, "Remember, brethren, every time you put a woman in you put a man out."

But the cause of the women was ably championed. Brave and honest men fought valiantly to secure justice and to vindicate what was so clearly a sacred right. Finally, the opposition, finding that they were losing ground and that the overwhelming sentiment of the public press was against them, took refuge in the argument that the constitution which governs the Conference was opposed to it. They managed their case very cleverly, and finally succeeded in convincing a majority of the delegates that the admission of these women would be illegal, although out of twenty-five judges and lawyers, who were delegates, only eight voted in favor of this proposition. The matter was temporarily settled by referring the question to a vote of the lay members in all the churches during October and November, 1890, and then to a vote of all the ministers at the annual conferences of 1891. The first part of this vote was concluded in November, all of the churches in the country voting as to whether or not women should serve as delegates to the General Conference. A majority of the votes cast decided the question in the affirmative. The matter now goes to all the annual conferences, which meet in February, 1891. Here it will be voted upon by the ministers, and it is by no means certain that they will indorse the decision of the laymen.

If they could be sure that this advancing movement would stop with admission to the General Conference, they might possibly give a majority vote in favor of it; but there is a lurking suspicion, if not, indeed, a positive conviction, that the next move on the part of the women will be an invasion of the pulpit. Having obtained all other privileges, they will demand this last and greatest. This is not the time for a discussion of this phase of the question. The point at issue is, whether women, who compose more than two-thirds of the church membership, who do nine-tenths of the work of the church, shall be entitled to any representation in its legislative councils. Shall they devote their

means and their time and their strength to the service of the church, and then be denied any voice in questions relating to its government? And when this matter comes right down to a serious consideration, how does it happen that men have this question all in their own hands? Who delegated to them all this authority which they have held with so firm a rein these many years? Where is the justice in permitting this question, affecting the rights of thousands of women, to rest entirely in the hands of men? And if they should decide by their votes in these annual conferences that no church shall be represented by a woman, what then? Will women keep right on raising the minister's salary by fairs and oyster suppers, making his slippers and dressing gowns, forming nearly three-fourths of his congregation and keeping the church alive by their zeal and devotion? Perhaps they will. It is no easy thing to throw off the subjugation of centuries, and women are accustomed to injustice. And yet we very greatly mistake the temper of the modern woman if she does not make it quite uncomfortable for her minister if he goes to his annual conference in February and votes against permitting women to represent their church in the General Conference. But if she would make her work effective she should interview him before he starts for the conference, and let him know what is expected of him. If there ever was a subject upon which women have a right to express themselves, it is this one, and they should not hesitate to demand official recognition from the Conference.

NEARLY eight thousand women voted at the recent school election in Boston. Not a single person was elected on the school board who was not nominated and supported by some organized body of women. Mrs. Emily A. Fitch, who was re-elected a member of the board, received the largest vote cast for any candidate. The *New York Mail and Express* pays a high compliment to the three women members of the school board in that city, Mrs. Agnew, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Williams, for their excellent work, saying: "Several of the most important measures that have received attention by the board would have suffered greatly were it not for the official presence and action of these commissioners." The time will come when there will be a representation of women upon every school board in the country; it is imperatively demanded, let us hope it may not be long delayed.

THE question of adding an amendment to the constitution of South Dakota granting woman suffrage, was voted on in November, resulting in a majority of about two-thirds against the suffrage. Thirty thousand of

these votes were cast by foreigners, most of whom can neither read nor write the English language, and they voted almost solidly against the proposed amendment. The people of Dakota are largely in the power of these ignorant foreigners, whose votes are controlled by "bosses" that prepare their tickets for them. As the foreign population is mostly of the male sex, the men of Dakota, by enfranchising women, might almost wholly counteract this vote, but they are so blinded by prejudice they will not see it. How do the American-born women of this state enjoy being denied the right of suffrage by the votes of foreign-born men who have perhaps been in this country less than a year? But at the same election which refused to give the ballot to intelligent women, it was conferred upon the Indians by twenty thousand majority. In less than one month after the voters of Dakota had given the franchise to the Indians, they were petitioning Congress to send them military protection for their lives and property against the attacks of these newly enfranchised citizens.

OUR well-known correspondent, Mrs. Henry B. Jones, has been given supervision of a Woman's Department in the *American Federationist*, a new journal recently established at Mattoon, Ills. Mrs. Jones has had charge of a similar department in the *Brakemen's Journal* for the past three years. She has always something interesting to say and she says it in an entertaining manner. Her warm sympathy and appreciation have made for her many friends among railroad men. We wish her continued success in her new department.

THE Wellesley College girls have been measured and the average waist circumference of eleven hundred students was found to be a little over twenty-four inches. Physicians say that this is too small to insure health, but what an improvement it is upon the little, wasp-like, eighteen-inch waist that was formerly the ideal of beauty. We trust the next generation of girls will have a plump, healthful twenty-seven inch waist.

CORRESPONDENTS will please remember to send their names with their contributions.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Editor Woman's Department:

While reading the *Magazine* I thought I would write a few lines, never seeing anything from Mayflower Lodge, No. 415, of which my husband is a member. It is composed of as fine a set of boys as can be found. We have got a new member in the form of a bright, blue-eyed baby boy of which Bro. John Mangel is the papa, and a prouder papa never was. It is a ten pound fireman. As Bro. Mangel's engine is in the back shops for repairs he is making a splendid nurse. When any of the boys of 415 get married, just call on Bro. Mangel for pointers.

Wishing success to the B. of L. F., I remain the firemen's friend,
Deacon.

HEROISM.

Bravery, valor, self-sacrifice, courage and intrepidity are distinguishing qualities of a hero. Courage is that quality of mind which enables one to encounter dangers and difficulties with firmness and without fear. Man has, in all ages, admired true courage. Carlyle says: "The worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a great man." Alexander was worshiped in his time, and having reached the highest point of ambition, wept because he had no other world to conquer. Cæsar, Pompey, and Cicero are chief actors in the history of Rome. Joan of Arc is admired for her heroic courage, which she shows in the part she took in the defense of her country. In America, among hundreds of heroes, we often think of Hamilton, of the "never to be forgotten" Lincoln, of Grant, of Garfield, whose bravery and courage led him to the highest position a man may attain in our country. All countries, in all ages, have had their heroes. There are two kinds of heroism, recognized and unrecognized. Acts of true heroism are not always recorded on the rolls of fame. The great general who faces the foe with all the valor and courage of a lion may be wounded and die, but he has our sympathy when we know he sacrificed his life for a good cause. The sufferer from physical pain, who conceals his trials, to save loving friends from anxiety, is an unknown hero. Many a brave person occupies a lone and forgotten grave, who at one time fought and bled for his country, so that we may enjoy liberty. We never see a monument dedicated to the heroic engineer or fireman, who meets his death to save others, but in time he becomes an unknown hero. The fame of a warrior is glorious, the fame of an orator or actor may be known everywhere, but the fame of an unknown hero, there is never a word spoken to do him honor. We cannot be noble or have virtuous ambitions unless we are courageous, hence we draw a conclusion that a hero's life is always in danger, because he cannot be a hero unless he has the qualities of a courageous person, and such a person will always face the greatest dangers and risk his life and perhaps will lose it.

Christian heroes of ancient and modern times differ. Polycarp, because he refused to deny his Lord, was burned. Huss was burned on account of his doctrines. The martyred woman, Margaret Wilson, because she refused to abjure the covenant, was bound to a stake amid the flowing tides of Solway Sands. Her persecutors, thinking she would yet abjure, unbound her and once more tried her faith by asking, "Will you forswear the covenant?" "Never; I am Christ's; let me go," was the reply. She was at once plunged into the water and drowned.

John B. Gough was certainly a hero when he gave up the vice, Intemperance, in which he had indulged for years. Sin cannot be conquered or vice renounced without as much heroism as was required to enter the torture room of the Inquisition, or the arena of wild animals where the early Christian martyrs died for their faith. Wellington said, "The brave soldier is he who realizes the danger he is exposed to, and still does his duty." Again we quote from Shakespeare, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others gain greatness thrust upon them;" but we will never have true fame or true honor unless we achieve it. Every step toward it will be a sacrifice or some trial, but for the foundation we must have courage. Again, no idle person ever becomes great. Those who have achieved greatness in any way have not been idle or thriftless people. Therefore, true greatness is based on labor. Tennyson has said:

"The heights of great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

A person may be a hero in whatever he undertakes, whether in the workshop or on the field of battle. Fame seems more partial to successful aggression than to patriotic resistance, but the fame of Wallace and Washington will outlive those who tried to subdue the liberties of the people. Where is the Scotchman who is not proud of being the countryman of Wallace? Do not all the Americans extol

the name of Washington? Let these names be as a mirror to us to show us what we ought to be. Let us so work to achieve some good for mankind, let us never be a coward in our undertakings, but remember Shakespeare's words, "Cowards die many times before their death, the valiant die but once." We may never perform great acts of heroism, but if we would do our every day duty with promptness and willingness we would be heroes of peace and not of war and bloodshed.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part, there all the honors lies."

KENT, O.

E. M. L.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Dec. 22, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

Notwithstanding your friendly and encouraging little "tip" in the December No. the advance sheets for January came to hand without a word over the signature of a male contributor touching the question of wife management. Therefore I have made up my mind to present some thoughts from a man's standpoint. But at the very outset, I am constrained to say in the language of Josh Billings; "You ask us too much." To undertake to explain even a few of the many devices for managing a wife, even when the kind of wife is stated is, in itself, a very fair day's work, but when the wife is an unknown quantity you need not wonder that men are reluctant to take up the subject. Again, whatever a man may say on the topic is pretty sure to be construed as reflecting his own domestic experience, and that is belief in many cases, that one does not like to have pass current. Another reason, I think, why the husbands have not appeared more conspicuously in the discussion of this question is, that nearly all the wives who are managed are subjected to a certain carefully and patiently devised plan worked out by the husband, known only to himself and possibly one or two bosom friends, and entirely unsuspected by the lady herself. He of course dislikes to give his scheme away. Of course he could dodge behind a *nom de plume*, as I do, but if his identity should by any mischance become known he would have to go out of the wife managing business, for let a woman once realize that she is being, or has been managed, and the game's up. Now Mrs. Harper if you will change the form of your question to "How would you manage So and So's or such and such a wife?" I think you would get more replies. Don't ask how I manage my wife for I'll never give that away unless it is to avoid a fine for contempt of court. Fearing, however, that my readers may feel disposed to infer that I don't know anything about managing a wife I will just say that there are two plans of general application that I have known being followed for the above purpose. One is: Tell her the truth and fight to a finish without gloves. The other is: Lie to her like a horse thief and stick to it as though it were a religious duty. It is surprising how much some women will forgive and how much others will believe.

In the August *Magazine* "Pearl S." asks a question which so far as I have noticed, has received no reply. The reason for this may be that all of the correspondents for this department were lucky enough to get married with very little delay after deciding to take that important step and hence do not feel qualified to give advice in the case. Having once been in a similar position I will offer a few suggestions, predicated of course on the supposition that the young man in question is constituted something like myself. In the first place, then Miss Pearl, you could not be too gushing to suit me provided you selected the proper occasions.

"Tell me you love me,
But not before pa pa"

Or any one else for that matter, expresses my idea on this point about as concisely as I could state it. I need hardly tell you, for the frankness of your question implies that you have sense, that there is nothing more sickening than a lavish display of affection between a young or old couple in the presence of third parties. A young lady, however, who thinks as much of a man as she should before accepting an offer of marriage cannot be blamed for showing her fondness for him by frequent and fearless demon-

strations of endearment, and no man who has regard enough for a woman to justify him in proposing to her, will feel anything but the most exalted delight in receiving them and returning them without hesitation or reserve. No, Pearl, you couldn't kiss me once too often or call me "the best boy in the world" one time too many if the case were mine. In society I should like you to treat me much as I would if you were a very sensible and much admired sister. At social gatherings I should prefer that you paid as much attention to the entertainment and enjoyment of other gentlemen present as you did to me and if anything a little more. If we were so situated that I could not frequently be your escort I should wish you to accept the company of other gentlemen to and from places of amusement and so forth, especially if our engagement were generally known or suspected. On such occasions I should wish you to feel that the more you enjoyed yourself the better I would be pleased. With this much I shall have to tear myself away as my letter is getting long. With "Mrs. L. H." I hope the time will come when no woman will feel disposed to marry for a living.

"Friar Tuck."

[We fear some of our more sedate readers will be somewhat shocked at the sentiments expressed in this letter, but as we believe them to outline the opinions of other men besides the writer we will put them in because of their honesty, and ask "Friar Tuck" to call again.—Ed.]

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., December 9, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

In reading the Woman's Department, asking the best way to manage our wives, I will give you an idea how I manage my wife, for indeed I have a wife that in my eyes, is simply perfect. We have been married seven years, during which time two children have been born—and buried, leaving us childless, so you see our path has not been all roses. Still, I did not despair and go to hard drinking, as is often the case, but tried to comfort my wife the best I could. I did not blame my wife with their sickness or their death, which I know to be the case with some of our near neighbors. If everything does not go just right. When you come in, if everything does not suit you, and after your wife has explained why they are not as they ought to be, don't get up on your high horse and scold her. Just make the best of it. If your dinner be a little late, you would not get it any quicker by raising a racket. Just tell her to be as quick as possible. If there be a child in the case, it will not hurt a man to hold it a few moments till she prepares the meal. When a man is on the road he is away from home so much he does not know what a woman has to do. As for changing, I would not change with my wife for \$25 per day difference.

A woman is never done, night or day. She is up all hours in the night with the baby while the man is sleeping; the first to rise in the morning, the last to bed at night. If a man would only stop and consider his home a little more, there would not be so much trouble in it. I have met men before now that would say, "Do you give your wife your money?" Well, I would like to see the woman I would give my month's pay to. She would spend it foolishly. How does he know unless he tries her. Show me a woman that would foolishly spend her husband's money when all the time that he is earning it his life is in danger. I do not fear giving my wife the money. If I want spending money I either keep an amount out or ask her for it, which I am sure to get. I never lie to my wife as to how much I draw every month. Fortunately I am at home every night and I see a great deal of my home. I never go out to saloons evenings but spend them at home. My wife in my eyes is prettier to-day than the day I married her. I have never seen her dirty and slovenly looking. She is always neat and tidy. I have often heard a woman could just as easily go neat as she could dirty, which I believe, for I never see her take any trouble with herself and she always

looks well, as also does the house throughout. She is always fixing something to make home pleasant. We have nothing fine in our house, still I don't think there is a prettier home in the city.

A woman can be managed if you will only use a little consideration and kindness. Don't undertake to drive a woman. It will harden her against every one. Always use kindness. Speaking of money matters, my idea is to let the woman handle the money just the same as yourself. They have all the buying to do—clothes for the family, and house in general, often yourself. If a wife be very young she may be a little careless at first, but any wife in a short time will learn how to manage, no matter how young. My wife was but fifteen years old when I married her, and to day there is no better manager, and I don't think there is a family has less trouble than we have. I hope those who give their wives so little privilege will see their mistake and mend it before it is too late. I manage my wife with kindness, love and respect; that is, all that is necessary.

I have never read an article from F. W. Arnold Lodge, No. 44.

As this is my first article, I will close.

Yours truly,

Edward Ames, a Fireman.

[The Woman's Department has never published a better letter than this. We hope to hear from some of the other husbands.—Ed.]

MAHONINGTOWN, December 9, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a constant reader of the Magazine for some time, and am always interested in its columns. Although the Radiant 416 has been very silent, and has never let the outside world know of its existence they are all, however, endeavoring to make a success of the order. If outside indications are true, The Brotherhood of Firemen is a grand and noble organization, composed of brave, true hearted fellows, who realize their danger and are always willing to help a fellow man whenever an opportunity is placed in their reach. The 416 is composed of just such men. Bro. Truesdale, the Master, is an all over Brotherhood man. He can always be heard advocating the good of the order. There are more in the 416 just like him. Bro. Churchfield has been on the sick list for some time but is able once more to take his place on the "Low Grade." Bro. McCallin is somewhat under the weather at present, but hope nothing serious may result. Bro. Holcomb's family has been increased by the addition of a baby girl. He wears a happy smile when purchasing paregoric.

Well, as this is rather lengthy for the first, I will close, wishing a bright future for the Brotherhood.

E. M. C.

For Woman's Department:

SHE KISSED THE DEAD.

She kissed the dead, while tears of grief
Rolled down her cheeks, so pale and fair,
Then softly whispered, "Darling speak
And soothe the grief of her who weeps
For thee, with sorrow few can bear."

She kissed the dead and bade him speak,
If only once, then she might know
That he yet lived for love's sweet sake,
Though sleeping, still he might awake,
And then her tears would cease to flow.

She kissed the dead, whose cold, pale lips
Would never enclose nor breathe a sigh
For her who bent in anguish deep
Above the bier where silent sleep
Held him enwrapped so peacefully.

She kissed the dead; in vain she strove
To win from him one fond caress;
With breaking heart she called his name,
But to her cry no answer came,
And then she knew that he was dead.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WINT OAKLAND, CAL.

LETTER FROM MRS. JONES.

Editor Woman's Department:

The December number of the *Firemen's Magazine* is before me, and I am very much amused at "Nancy Lee's" letter. Poor Kicker! It is not my principle to kick a man when he is already on the floor—and, as in this case, most decidedly covered with bruises. In his letter I believe he threatened Mr. Debs unless the Woman's Department would be annihilated at the San Francisco convention. Well, I should think the knowledge that Mr. Debs was too thorough a gentleman to entertain such a thought for one moment, ought to be sufficient revenge meted out to Kicker. Indeed some of our jolly railroad boys insist that the Woman's Department is the brightest feature of the journal and, Mrs. Harper, you will know that whatever a woman finds to interest her, will also in time be an object of interest to her husband. What a woman discusses at home sooner or later attracts her husband also. I read the Woman's Department with pleasure. It is many years since I was first admitted into its circle, and if this letter goes to the W. B. I will have the consolation of knowing it to be the first that ever went that way. I have heard it said, if a letter is interesting, the writer must write just exactly as though she were talking. Well I am afraid were I to act upon that plan now, this would be a medley that few if any could understand, yet I think it is quite as bad to write on any subject in such a high flown strain that nine times out of ten none but the writer ever understands one third of it, and even he often uses words he never knows the meaning of. I was very much amused one time at one of our plain, honest, railroad boys. He came to see me with a book in his hand where there was printed a most elaborate article upon some subject, and said, in his blunt way, "Is this English or Latin?" I read it over and explained that it was English, of most fluent type and style. Then said he: "I'll quit taking this at once, for I want something I can understand in good, plain English." And he did quit for that reason alone. However in your department I often see letters in plain enough language for the veriest child to understand, and that is just what suits the home of the average railroad man. I also see the names of faithful old friends still writing for the department, and, as year by year rolls on, the tie of friendship grows stronger and stronger. The wheel of misfortune may run its round, or prosperity may clamor for admittance, it is just the same with faithful friends, nothing ever detracts from their regard. I see "Irene" asks me in the November *Magazine* to write upon the "Management of Husbands." My dear "Irene," there is quite as much difference in the disposition of husbands as there is in children, and what is good for some would be quite the contrary in others. I have read articles upon the training of children, and have, I must confess, laughed at the idea that any one should advise another how to train up his own child. While anyone who has, as I have, had experience in bringing up a family knows, that where one child can be coaxed or persuaded, another in the same family must be corrected. What is the use of my laying down a rule to govern another woman's husband; I am afraid I should be as much ridiculed as the writer of "how to train children." With good wishes to all, as ever,

Mrs. H. B. Jones.

EVANSVILLE IND., December 7, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having been a constant reader of the *Firemen's Magazine* for almost a year, and not seeing anything from C. J. Hepburn Lodge, No. 100, I thought perhaps I might say a few words in favor of the esteemed members of that lodge.

They are a set of gallant fellows, eager to lend a helping hand to any brother or friend in distress.

And as for the *Magazine*, it is one of the most interesting pamphlets I have ever read. I, being a lover of good elocution, find great pleasure in reading the many beautiful poetical selections in these books.

This being my first letter I will close, wishing the B. of L. F. good success.

Mamie Ryan, a Fireman's Daughter.

MY SWEETHEART.

Sparkling is a science; one that every man born into this world tries his hand at sometime in his life. It ought to be taught. A young man should not be left in ignorance on this all important subject. There should be some fixed rules for his guidance through the labyrinthine highways and byways of courtship. Many a man has lost a good wife because he didn't know how to court. A great many young men do an awful lot of sparking in such an unscientific way that the girl can't tell for the life of her whether the fellow is making love or trying to flirt with her. I had one of those untaught beaux when I was young. At first he entertained me with his antics; after awhile I was amused at his friskiness. I could not help laughing at him, both before and behind his back. Grandma said it was wicked to laugh at a young man's affections. But I really had to, they were the queerest lot of affections I ever saw. He followed me about like a dog. I used to walk and walk until I was all tired out just to see him follow. Then when I sat down he would seat himself as close to me as it was possible to get. When I would move away he came to me like magic. He wanted to hold both my hands all the time. His attentions became burdensome. He was forever at my elbows. If he called on me he never knew when to go. If he took me to a concert he expected me to stand the rest of the night at the gate. Oh, those courting days; they were the terror of my life. I was really thankful when they were over. I do hope I will never be a widow. I really do not think I could live through another attack. Now, if I was a man I would do my courting something after this style. I would never forget that I was a gentleman and if the girl was not a lady I would not court her. I wouldn't dog her steps; I wouldn't be too sweet, nor stay too late. When I took her home I would open the gate, let her in, bid her good night and immediately retrace my steps. I'd be afraid she would get consumption standing at the gate for an hour or two, and have the headache next day for want of rest. I wouldn't want to break her constitution down by exposure to frosty winds and dewy nights. I would try to say all that need be said before I reached the gate. If I loved her I would tell her so in a straightforward, manly way, and not be hanging on for years and years, keeping some other good fellow from marrying her. I wouldn't get too familiar. "Familiarity breeds contempt" even in love affairs. I would treat my sweetheart as if she were a delicate flower that too much handling withers. And if she be a wise and noble girl she will love you better for your carefulness of her.

MURPHYSBORO, TENN.

[If you should ever be a widow you will know how to bring him to the point without wasting any time.—En.]

BLOOMINGTON, Dec. 21, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have read the Woman's Department of the *Magazine* for some years, and with a great deal of pleasure and profit. Looking over the December number, for an answer to the question, "How to Manage a Wife?" I fail to find anything. Absolute silence reigns. Now, gentlemen, I don't think you are doing your duty, for you owe it to your fellow men (who are still single) as well as those who are married, to relate your experiences at least, if you cannot give an idea, just as much as you believe it to be your duty to give or exchange experiences and ideas of scouring. Now, for my part, I have no wife to manage, so I cannot tell how my ideas will work. There have been so many of the boys here who lately have taken unto themselves a wife, that I surely expected some of them to answer and say whether they preferred to manage or be managed.

If discretion is the better part of valor in this case, why don't some one say so? Mrs. Editor, I believe this question is like the one we had going the rounds of the press for a time: "Is Marriage a Failure?"—a great deal can be said on both sides. To my mind those who declare Marriage a Success, would be very apt to say, in answer to "The Best Way to

Manage a Husband or Wife: "Why, the idea!" he or she, as the case may be, "don't need any managing. We both work to make home, what to our minds, it should be."

Now my idea does not say to manage a wife, but to manage to find a young lady worthy to be your equal, helpmate—a wife; and if your equal, she certainly has as good a right to be a manager as the husband. If she should happen to be his superior, then let him strive to become her equal. If his inferior (let us hope he married for love), then let him strive by that love to raise her to his level, and in every case treat each other with consideration, respect, equality and love, and then the answers to such questions as "Is Marriage a Failure?" "How to Manage a Wife?" or "How to Manage a Husband?" would be: "No!" (capital N), and "We both manage." Now, again, if "How to Manage a Wife," means to carry the purse, and dole out, bit by bit, what she asks for to run the house, clothe herself and children, and act like a crazy man if it should be a little more than he thinks it should be, I think its meaning is wrong. If to tell how to do this or that about her work, or "how my mother did this or that," I say wrong again. If he wants everything done to his taste and views, why in the name of goodness, did he not stay single, and do it himself? For no man would put up with such managing as that, and certainly no woman will without rebelling. A woman is so much more sensitive than a man, that that fact alone ought to cause him to treat her kindly. Instead of saying, "Goodness, this cake is like lead," or, "This bread is sour," let him say, "Is the last coal we got any good?" "The butter must have been bad," or "The yeast poor"—anything rather than a reflection on her ability, and she will nine times out of ten, want to hug you.

I think, Mrs. Editor, I would better stop, or I'll weary you, but before I close, just let me say, God forbid that any of the members of the B. of L. F. should entertain such ideas of managing a wife as "Kicker" of Stevens Point. Again, to Mrs. Hinchcliff, in *October Magazine*, let me say, "Them's my sentiments exactly." Also to J. K. F., to W. I. F., in December issue, ditto. I would consider it a privilege and a pleasure to meet and shake hands with them, especially Mrs. H. If you will permit it and with your approval, I may come

Again.

[You may in welcome.—Ed.]

PALESTINE, TEXAS, DEC. 12, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a constant and devoted reader of your worthy *Magazine* for the past four years, and have not seen an "iota" from our dear Neches Lodge, No. 134 for I cannot tell how long, it seems a "century."

And to-day, while it is cold, bleak and dreary out of doors, I will, in my poor way, write a few lines. Neches Lodge is still prospering, as it always has, and God grant that it may still continue; we have many noble, generous, good-hearted boys in the lodge, but God has taken one of our noble men, Mr. A. J. Schnoor, from us, whom we laid to rest to-day. Last Tuesday morning, December 9th, the northbound passenger train left here at 7:30, which was derailed only about fourteen miles north of here. The engine left the track and turned over, killing the fireman, A. J. Schnoor, beneath the engine. He was a noble brother and greatly beloved by all who knew him; he leaves a wife and three children, father, mother, brothers and sisters to mourn their loss. They have the heart-felt sympathy of the brothers of the different lodges and his many friends, who will long remember this noble brother.

At the grave how grand it seemed to belong to such a grand order, each member seemed so noble and true-hearted. One can but notice it when seeing a brother drop in the grave his emblem and token of love and esteem, the arbor vitae and cross. Who could but feel proud to belong to that grand band of men, of whom my brother is one. May God bless the B. of L. F., and especially No. 134, with best regards and kindest wishes.

A Firman's Sister.

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

Written at the request of Mrs. Ida A. Harper.

I confess that for once in my rollicking life,
I am nonplussed on how to begin
To express in a song how to manage a wife,
And avoid inclination to sin,
Punctuating my pauses in language profane
At the number of failures I've had;
Well, here goes for an hour in a dolorous strain,
'Mid the sighs which I belch mighty sad.

Since the day that I first clasped her beautiful shape
At the altar, o'erwhelm'd in bliss,
Just as awkward as any old African ape,
To implant the connubial kiss,
I have tried, and I failed, and had at her again,
But at last I gave up in despair,
The most heart-broken wretch to be found among
men,
Minus courage, conceit and some hair.

I have stood like a felon awaiting his doom
Many times fronting her I dare
As she raved like a maniac, armed with a broom,
To besmear my brains on the floor,
For some trivial thing she imagined I did,
Or some few foolish words which I said,
Till in terror I'd jump from the house like a kid,
To protect my unfortunate head.

I have heard men can manage some other men's
wives
More successful by far than their own,
And conceal all the sunshine which entered their
lives
From their stolen embraces alone;
Well, perhaps it is true, yet I'll venture to say
There are snags to be met on the course
Which they steer in the dark, and the devil's to pay
When the papers are served for divorce.

"How to manage a wife?" Give her ducats galore,
Give her jewels until she's ablaze;
Give her satins and silks to delight her heart's core,
Yet, her greed will your bosom amaze.
Give her all the earth, fence it in for her sake
When it smiles in the verdure of June,
But, alas! even then all our heartstrings will ache,
For she'll longingly look at the moon!

Man can manage battalions and lead them along
To the deadliest pit of the foe;
He can close up their ranks, and can right every
wrong,
By a word as to slaughter they go;
He can fire them with zeal for the cause they defend,
Till they yield up their last throbs of life;
But he'll cringe like a slave, and for mercy he'll
bend
On his knees when assailed by his wife!

Do you think if I could only manage my own
I'd be plagued with a brace of young twins?
Not at all, madam dear, for in anguish I groan
At their bawling and tigerish grins;
In their stead I would have a sweet dimple shin'd
boy,
Just as mild as the moon's mellow ray,
Who would look like myself, be my comfort and joy,
But, alas! my dear wife had her way.

Let some Solomon wiser than I am explain
How the difficult job may be done,
As for me, I'll no longer sit plowing my brain,
For I honestly swear it's no fun.
I can manage a vicious, ferocious, old bull,
When with devilish instincts he's rife,
But I never could get the right sort of a pull
On the checkrein to manage my wife.

Shady Manure.

[When the writers of the Woman's Department begin to express themselves on this letter, "Kicker" will get a rest. —Ed.]

CONNELLSVILLE, PA., December 10, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

"I am greatly interested in the *Magazine* because two of my dearest friends are firemen. One of them is my brother, and the other is somebody else's brother. I am in favor of "higher education of women." Why it would interfere with marrying I can not understand. Even if it did reduce the number of marriages, I think it would also reduce the number of divorce cases. In my estimation it would better fit women to fulfill the position which they *should* occupy in the home. By "higher education" I think we mean a thorough knowledge of cooking and housekeeping generally, as well as Latin, Greek, Geometry and "all the rest." The married men and women have been lectured long enough about their "failings;" now why don't some one lecture the young ladies and gentlemen? I think we need it sometimes, as well as the married folks.

O. Kee Kong, please send me that receipt for making rubber, *alias* angel cake, which you mentioned in the October number. We have a very constant visitor at our house. He always comes about meal time and he is exceedingly fond of cake. I think if we were to let him taste your cake it might have some effect upon his visits. If you will only send it I will be under lasting obligations to you.

With my very best wishes for the railroad boy,
I am
Olive.

STEVEN'S POINT, WIS., December 21, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As there has been a great deal said about Mr. Kicker, I am just going to write a few lines in his behalf. In the December *Magazine* I read a letter signed "Nancy Lee." In her letter she writes what she knows about Mr. Kicker and his family. I am going to take the liberty to tell what I know about them. It seems to be the general opinion of every writer in the *Magazine* that this Mr. Kicker must be a tyrant. Well, now, I will say this much talked of "kicker" is a woman instead of a man, and she wrote that letter to create a sensation in the Woman's Department. I have been acquainted with Mrs. Kicker and her husband for nearly four years, and lived neighbor to them and fired opposite runs to him, and I have never seen anything of him at either end of the road that was not becoming to a gentleman, and as for having his *Magazines* come to the round house so his wife could not read them, it is false, as I positively know that none were sent there. "Nancy Lee" says that "Kicker" does not like fancy work. I have never been at his home but that it seemed pleasant and happy and it looked to me as if they had everything around them to make them happy. I have written this letter to let the readers of the *Magazine* know that there is no such man as Mr. Kicker.

Main Rod.

NEVADA, MO., December 4, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

To night, as my old fire boy is out on the road, I will try for the first time to write a word to the dear old *Magazine*. I take several magazines, but I think the B. of L. F. the nicest of all, for I sometimes think I have all the troubles, until I read some one else's. Poor "May's" letter in the June number is so sad! But how many of us could write the same, if we only would. But what is the use? None, only to let others see they are not the only ones, as I have said before. I write to tell "May" that I have almost such a husband, only he does not play at home; even if he did, indeed, I would play, too. But when he does come home, I have the children, the house and myself all nice, and meet him at the door with a kiss and smile. He will give us all one, then, maybe, say, "Go away; don't bother me: I'm tired;" and I don't doubt that he is. But how tired do you suppose I am—getting the children, the house, and the dinner or breakfast, ready for him. Why can't he—and a good portion of the men—come in and say, "What a nice breakfast!"—and my little children, how glad they are to see me!" or some-

thing like that? Some one will say, "She wants to be petted." No, indeed, I don't. But what is the use of a man going with a school girl seventeen years old, for four years, and true as steel to her all that time, going to school with her and after her at night; then when they are married, and their hands tied behind them with children, and the husband the only one that can by a nice, good word (one that has been said thousands of times before marriage), make her so light hearted, why don't he do it? And as "May" says, never ask you to go anywhere with them—they are always tired. I would rather live on bread alone, and have them at home more, where they would not get so tired. Indeed, they never get tired going before they are married.

Now, don't think I have a mean husband, for I have not. He is good to me in his way, and I just worship him, despite his odd ways. But I write to let "May" know she is not the only one. It seems to me woman has the hardest lot in life, any way. Now, no longer than last night, I sat up late, keeping a good fire, listening to every sound—thinking maybe he was coming. Finally I heard his dear, old whistle, and oh, I was so glad! and when he came to the house he said, "What are you up here for? Better be in bed asleep." Isn't that like a railroader? How do you suppose I felt? Could he not have said: "What a nice, good fire! It's nice to have a good home to come to," or something like that? But that's a man for you. Why not have the men write how they want the women to do?

I will cease, for I fear I have written too much already. With good wishes and a merry Christmas to all, good-night. A fireman's wife,

— Ruby.

[If the husband of this writer is a wise man, he will mend his ways. The wife will not always "worship" a neglectful, indifferent husband. Love dies hard, but such conduct as is described above finally kills it.—Ed.]

HARDINSBURGH, KY., December 8, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have had the pleasure of reading the third *Magazine* and am perfectly in love with them. I find them so very interesting, and through the kindness of a very dear friend of mine on the L., St. L. & T., I receive the *Magazine* monthly. I see some very good receipts in the Woman's Department how to manage a husband. So far I have no use for the receipt. I should think a husband would have to be managed altogether according to his disposition. As this is my first attempt to write I hope you will spare me a small space in your Department.

Wishing the B. of L. F. good success, I remain
Daisy.

THE HOME COMING.

Do you send your heart before you, dear,
When coming home at night,
That I feel your presence drawing near,
While still you're far from sight?

Does the soul out-run the body, dear,
That an echoing foot fall fleet,
Strikes on an inner listening ear
Before your own I greet?

Thy loving smile lights up the space
Of twilight darkening dawn;
I feel warm kisses on my face,
While still I sit alone.

Hasten to one whose happy fate
Is in thy care to dwell;
Hasten where love and duty wait,
Their greeting sweet to tell.

A manly step—quick, firm and light—
Rings out above the rest.
Ah, heart! you heard it and were right—
'Tis his whom we love best!

Celia P. Woolley, in *Good Housekeeping*.

What Women are Doing.

Mary B. Clay, a daughter of Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, and herself a successful practical farmer, contributes to the *Woman's Journal* this week an interesting article on farming as a business for women.

Miss Abbie M. White, supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Providence, R. I., holds one of the highest positions in education occupied by any woman in New England, having about 150 schools under her charge.

Mrs. Pering, of Silverdale township, Cowley county, is believed to be the first woman ever elected to the office of road overseer in Kansas. A local paper observes: "It is safe to say that the farmers' wives living in her district will be able to take their eggs to market this winter without breaking them in the basket."

Dr. Helen L. Betts has been delegated by the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania to visit the laboratory of Prof. Koch, in Berlin, and investigate his method of treating consumption. Dr. Betts is a graduate of the Pennsylvania College, now practicing in Boston, and is the first woman physician to go.

Mrs. Flora Tibbetts, now of Chicago, formerly of St. Louis, who graduated in law at the late commencement of Michigan University, made her first appearance as counsel in Judge Horton's court last week. The *Inter-Ocean* says of the young lady: "She handled her case in a manner that would have done credit to a much older practitioner."

What We Disfranchise.

Under our system of excluding the women entirely, as well as all others under twenty-one years of age we leave the elective franchise to about one-seventh of our people. The entire exclusion of the womanly will from our government is a monstrosity. It gives us the rule of the bachelor's den. State government itself is the completed growth of the plant which in its original is the family.

In all our governments we have severed ourselves entirely from this wise economist, this cautious counsellor, this independent actor, woman. She neither votes nor advises. She has less political influence here than in Turkey or Arabia. Moreover, under our party discipline, this one-seventh of us that do the voting is divided in two—a majority and a minority. The majority rules; that is, our pretended government of the people is really a government by about one-half of one-seventh of us—a government of the people by one-fourteenth of the people for various trusts, corporations and combinations. That is just what it is ordinarily. —*Woman's Tribune.*

Women in the Pulpit.

When a woman knows that she has a call to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and yet accepts the government of her church as perfect, or unalterable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, there must be a continual warring against herself until the keen edge of conviction is dulled and apathy follows, the fatal slumber of the soul.

When a woman knows that she has a call to preach the Gospel and the church refuses to clothe her with authority to preach, the dilemma has three horns; either the Creator made a mistake in creating a woman instead of a man, or the Holy Spirit made a mistake when giving the call; or the discipline of the church makes a mistake in refusing ordination.

When a woman, alive and aglow with a zeal which absorbs and consumes every other earthly consideration; with that conviction which cries by day and by night "woe is me, if I preach not His Gospel" to my sister women who sit in darkness; with a heroism akin to that which fired the hearts and brains of the early christian martyrs; and with the immolation of self which says: "Here am I send me! send me!" it surely would seem that the church in the essence and spirit of the gospel, would run with outstretched hands and benediction and send the daughter forth from the parental home, armed and equipped with all the panoply of the authority of the church.

The New Gospel of Peace.

"I have never struck my two children," said a young American father the other day, "I have often been tempted strongly to do it, and sometimes would not have blamed any parent for doing so.

"I was thrashed so much by my own father, a good enough man too, that I always stood in fear of him, seldom told him the truth if I could help it, and never confided in him. Often I was whipped for errors I had committed with good intentions, and I remember the wild spirit of hatred that used to come over me at such times, when smarting under the blows I felt I did not deserve. I would get away by myself and swear silent but bitter oaths that would have opened the old gentleman's eyes to his folly, perhaps, if he could have heard them from so young a child.

"So I made a vow that I would never beat my own children. And now I feel sure that they do not stand in physical fear of me, I am pretty certain they tell me the truth, and I know they confide in me as a friend. And though they do not obey me nearly as implicitly as I did my father, and make themselves much more of a nuisance to me than I was to him, yet they don't regard me as a bully, and that is something."

GO HOME STRAIGHT, JOHN.

The dear little wife at home, John,
 With ever so much to do,
 Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
 And so many thoughts of you:
 The beautiful household fairy,
 Filling your home with light:
 Whatever you meet to-day, John,
 Go cheerily home to night.

For though you are worn and weary,
 You needn't be cross or curt;
 There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
 There are looks that wound and hurt.
 With the key in the latch at home, John,
 Drop the trouble out of sight;
 To the little wife who is waiting,
 Go cheerily home to night.

SUNRISE ON THE ALPS.

Hark! how the awakened echoes ring!
 The blaring of the Alpine horn
 From peak to peak goes quavering
 Through all the airy aisles of morn.
 The first faint line of sunrise fire
 Along the cloudy east is drawn,
 And one by one the stars expire
 As rings the anthem-peal of dawn.

Come forth, and taste the winery air
 While yet the dews are diamond-bright;
 Come forth, and speed with thankful prayer
 The shadow of the wings of night.
 Come forth, and watch the unswelled snows,
 Range after lofty range, expand;
 Come forth, and see the morning's rose
 Burst o'er the Bernese Oberland!

Swift-smitten by a transient ray.
 A lordly pinnacle of ice
 Becomes, in some mysterious way,
 A giant spray of edelweiss:
 And on the horizon's utmost bound
 From peak to cloud one may espy,
 Round rising over rainbow round,
 A Jacob's ladder scale the sky.

The west has felt a flush of flame
 That sets its forest heart astir,
 And breathes the radiant morning's name
 In symphonies of pine and fir.
 The lower mists are backward rolled,
 And, as the crowning splendors burn,
 They kindle into lambent gold
 The blue enamel of Lucerne.

Now every heaven aspiring height,
 From mountain pole to mountain pole,
 Reveals to the enraptured sight
 Its evanescent aureole.

The scars the breast of Nature wore
 Are thrown in such divine eclipse,
 The soul of man is dumb before
 The dawn's supreme apocalypse.

Dangers of Isolation.

If you want to see sickly sentimentality, an absurd ideal of "the gentleman," utterly false notions of love and marriage and life generally, go to a girl's seminary, where daughters and sisters are walled in and guarded as though their brothers were raging lions, seeking whom they might devour. Also, if you want to see immorality, bad habits, lowmindedness, and disrespect for women, go to a boy's school where the same policy is observed. Take note also of another point; this system of isolation keeps the young people's thought upon each other, leads, therefore, to clandestine correspondence and evils of many kinds.—*Inter Ocean*.

A Pathway, Not an Avenue.

"There are now so many avenues open to women." This statement is of frequent use and accepted belief; it speaks both truth and falsehood. The ways at present are numerous and constantly increasing by which a woman may labor and receive a money reward for such toil—but those ways are not "avenues." That word is misleading and is characteristic of the exaggerated verbiage of our times. "Avenue" suggests a broad, graded, smoothly-paved approach; shaded by green trees, or lined on either side by stately buildings and the bright-lighted windows of inviting homes. "Avenues" are surveyed, they are straight or of easy, graceful curves, open, ready, not difficult to find and with the dust well laid. The woman who would support herself must tread a crowded, vulgar roadway, rough, uneven; she must accept bruises, abrupt turns, uncertain direction, and breathe in and bear upon her outward self the soil of the journey. Any one is privileged to weight her with criticism or wound her by lack of courtesy, and the gentle woman who successfully and joyously walks the roadway either sacrifices to it the blush of her womanliness and has a sensibility more or less dulled or else each setting sun records for her in addition to salary a higher reward and an imperishable one.—*Eastern Star*.

The Glory of Motherhood.

It is as evident that women are meant to be mothers as that men are meant to be fathers. But under normal conditions a woman is not and does not consider herself a sacrifice and a martyr merely because she is a mother. On the contrary, she rejoices. If there are special sufferings involved in maternity, which the father is not called upon to endure, there are also special compensations which the father does not share. Every motherly-hearted woman whose children have turned out well would say that the joys of maternity far outweigh its pains. If the lives of most women are full of hardship and suffering—and, taking the world over, there is little doubt that this is the case—it is not owing to the will of God or to the necessities of nature, but to somebody's ignorance or sin.

KEEP your promises. If you agree to meet somebody at a certain time, not only your word and honor are at stake, but your integrity also. Be careful in making promises, but, when they are once made, keep them, even if you must go far out of your way and put yourself to great inconvenience to do this. Your word ought always to be as good as your bond. No man has a right to treat his own promises lightly, and as though it were only a slight matter to forget them or neglect them.—*Congregationalist*.

The Boy's Essay.

A boy, fourteen years old, handed in the following as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was: "Tell all you can about breathing." He said:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole, and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I had rather be a boy, so I can run and holler and have a great big diaphragm."—*Exchange*.

What to Do With Our Girls.

The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it.—*Ellis Wheeler Wilcox*.

A Business Confidence.

Women who have not discovered that they are in possession of any talent worth cultivating, can immortalize and make of themselves a monument to happiness and all that is most desirable in a household by simply taking an interest in the affairs that fill the life of the over-worked husband. There are so many women who never know the value of money only as it is impossible for them to get it to gratify their ambitions. In receiving it for the asking, because it is placed at their disposal without question as to its expenditure or being asked to give an account of amounts received before, never a thought comes to her of the many weary hours of

business perplexities the husband struggles through. If perchance he should suggest that she wait a day or two, that he must meet some paper that is coming due, she immediately jumps at the conclusion that failure is staring him in the face, and adds to his already over-taxed strength by melting into tears and wondering what she has done to deserve so much trouble. Every wife should interest herself in the things that are of the most importance to her husband. She should understand and be in perfect sympathy with everything that goes to make up his life. If business cares bring lines into his face or weariness to the eyes, she should, by tact, encourage him to speak of them to her, and show that his interests are hers. His feeling that perfect sympathy awaits him at home will lighten burdens that seem more than he can endure, and will assist wonderfully in straightening out the most complicated tangles.—*Teresa H. Dean*.

A Partnership Affair.

It is a curious fact of history, that the bigot and the blackguard have been partners in opposing every forward movement of humanity. They united to mob abolitionists and were together at the crucifixion. They defeated equal suffrage in Nebraska but met their hopeless Waterloo among the mountains of Wyoming. The respectable remonstrant may delude himself with sophistry about the "oak and vine," the "angelic" theory, etc., but not so with his brother anti-suffragists—the tough and the rowdy. The latter reason too well. They know that equal suffrage means purity in politics and that is what they hate and fear. The brilliant young man who has sown wild oats and left the bitter harvest to be gathered by some broken-hearted girl, does not want his victim to have a ballot in her hand when he runs for office.—*Woman's Journal*.

Mrs. SHERIDAN has withdrawn almost entirely from the world. Within the walls of her beautiful home in Washington she lives in a quiet, unostentatious grief for her loved husband and in beautiful motherly devotion to her children.

On an up-town street in Philadelphia there are six houses adjoining each other in which the wives are all sisters. The last was married a month ago, and last week secured the house adjoining those of her sisters.

"I FELT so nervous, mamma," said a little girl, referring to an accident on the previous day. "What do you mean by 'nervous,' my dear?" "Why, mamma, it's just being in a hurry all over."—*Springfield Republican*.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

THE POLICY OF THE MAGAZINE.

The receipt of the following communication serves a purpose, of how much consequence may be developed further along:

ELM CITY LODGE, No. 284 B. of L. F.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN., December 21, 1890. }

To the Editor and Manager of the Magazine:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.:—Your official circular No. 3, in regard to the *Magazine*, was read before this lodge at our regular meeting to-day, and we wish to reply and state that as members of the B. of L. F., we do not approve of the scurrilous articles that have for the last year appeared in the columns of the *Magazine*, attacking everybody in one way or another that has incurred the displeasure of the Editor, and perhaps a few hot heads of the order. It may afford some members of the order vast pleasure to read articles about *Russianized Serfs*, and *Czar Corbin*, and *Mephistopheles Depew*, and other such articles as have appeared in the *Magazine* for some time, but the members of this lodge are not in favor of this kind of talk and do not care to read it, much less to ask for subscriptions from outsiders who know nothing of our affairs. We also believe that it is injurious to the order, and if it is continued, that it will work far more injury to the order's fair name than it has taken years to establish, than can be repaired in years. And we say that when you say that the *Magazine* has voiced the sentiments of the order, that you have not voiced the sentiments of Lodge No. 284, and we will not solicit subscriptions for the *Magazine* under the present circumstances.

Yours fraternally,

EDWARD A. FERRILL, Sec'y.

Per order of lodge.

In the first place the foregoing communication affords us an opportunity to speak of the policy pursued by the *Magazine* under our management, which we embrace without hesitation.

This being true, Elm City Lodge, No. 284, has done us a favor, however foreign such a purpose was on the part of the lodge, which we appreciate.

The *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* has been under our control for more than ten years. When we say that, we mean to be understood as saying that we have been from the first, all the time, in every issue, absolutely responsible for every utterance to be found in its pages—responsibilities having never been divided with any one.

To say that we are proud of the record *Magazine* has made under our manage-

ment, ought not to prompt any one to bring against us the charge of egotism, self-conceit, vanity, any purpose of self-laudation. We are not built that way.

The *Magazine* under our management has steadily increased in circulation. Its articles have found favor with men of large intellect, of culture and of varied attainments. They have subscribed and paid for the *Magazine*, and are with us to-day. They include men of the various learned professions—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, educators, scientists—men who consult the *Magazine* to note the trend of public sentiment upon labor topics, and who, were they members of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, would regard it as a duty and a pleasure to solicit subscribers for the *Magazine*.

It will be noticed that Bro. Ferrill, secretary of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., refers to a circular "in regard to the *Magazine*." The circular in question was sent to all the lodges of the order. It set forth the claims of the *Magazine* upon the membership of the order, but the members of Elm City Lodge are so exasperated by the policy the *Magazine* has adopted and pursued, that it indignantly declines to do anything in the interest of the organ of the brotherhood, and for its refusal to either "cut bait or fish," "fight or hold the candle," says:

"We write to reply and state that, as members of the B. of L. F., we do not approve of the scurrilous articles that have for the past year appeared in the columns of the *Magazine*, attacking everybody in one way or another that has incurred the displeasure of the editor and perhaps a few hot heads of the order. It may afford some members of the order vast pleasure to read articles about *Russianized serfs* and *Czar Corbin* and *Mephistopheles Depew*, and other such articles as have appeared in the *Magazine* for some time, but the members of this lodge are not in favor of this kind of talk, and do not care to read it, much less to ask for subscriptions from outsiders who know nothing of our affairs."

Elm City Lodge, No. 284, labored after the fashion of the fabled mountain, and the foregoing is the mouse it brought forth. It is rather small for a mouse, but is probably a fair average for the Connecticut article. Connecticut is a small state, noted, we believe, for long neck clams and wooden nutmegs. But still Elm City Lodge, No. 284, existing, we will suppose, under the shadow of old Yale, ought to have brought forth a letter more complimentary to the independence and self respect of its members, more creditable to its brotherhood intelligence and fealty to principle, and less obnoxious to the charge of stupidity and a willingness to be very degenerate corporation parasites.

However deplorable it may be, it is nevertheless true, that the profoundest ignorance

is usually found in close proximity to a university: the most sickening exhibitions of mendicancy are most numerous near charity hospitals, and to the everlasting disgrace of the country, serfdom thrives best near old Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was first read and a Nation of Freemen was born.

It is not a matter of surprise that Elm City Lodge has not been profited by being under the eaves of Yale college. It is not to be presumed that any of the professors in that world famed university could expand the intellectual vision of Brother Ferrill or the brothers for whom he writes. The trouble is, doubtless, that they have not been students of the *Magazine*, or if they have read it, their purpose has been to sneer rather than to cheer.

Such a conclusion is warranted by the extract we have made from their communication. We have italicized a few sentences because we desire the reader to fix his gaze upon them, and if his vision is defective we want him to use spectacles. Boiled down the charge is that the editor of the *Magazine* has assailed scurrilously everybody who has incurred his displeasure. That charge comes under the seal of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F. The particular scurrilous attacks are not specified. They have, it is charged, appeared some time during the "last year"—1890. Why not name one of them? When a charge is made under the seal of the lodge, there should be specific allegations. If we have attacked scurrilously, not "everybody," but anybody, because he or they have incurred our displeasure why not specify the article? Why make a charge at random as the old farmer sowed oats?

A word just here, parenthetically: At San Francisco in September last, the delegates of the B. of L. F., in convention assembled, without one word of solicitation on our part, elected us unanimously for the sixth time Editor and Manager of the *Magazine*. The convention was eminently representative of the brains, of the character, of the honor, integrity and high ambitions of the order. Not a word was uttered, not an intimation that the editor had scurrilously attacked anybody because anybody had incurred his displeasure, or for any other reason whatever. There were 275 delegates present—among them were men of courage and capacity, of high sense of honor, men of convictions, and the courage of convictions, and these men selected the editor to succeed himself without a dissenting vote or voice, a complete, comprehensive and absolute indorsement of our management of the *Magazine*. Now, then, we place this triumphant vindication of our course as Editor and Manager of the *Magazine* in juxtaposition with the communication of

Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F. We have a right to do this very thing. Elm City Lodge, No. 284, makes a deliberately false and scandalous charge, writes a libelous accusation, without cause or provocation, becomes a calumniator, a traducer, a maligner of one, who never, in any way, directly or indirectly sought to do aught, but to promote its interests—and then with such impudence, perversity and stupidity as defies characterization, debauches the seal of the lodge to give currency and character to its defamation. But Brother Ferrill and Elm City Lodge, No. 284, disclose their sore toes. They tell where their pain is located. They diagnose their own case. They tell what is the matter with them. Hear them: We quote again: "It may afford some members of the order vast pleasure to read articles about Russianized Serfs, and Czar Corbin and Mephistopheles Depew, and other such articles as have appeared in the *Magazine* for some time, BUT THE MEMBERS OF THIS LODGE ARE NOT IN FAVOR OF THIS KIND OF TALK." There, you have it, dear reader—on the half shell—raw—served with all the salt and pepper Elm City Lodge could command. Permit us to premise somewhat: Messrs. Corbin, Depew, H. Walter Webb, Pinkerton, *et al*, never by any act personal to the Editor of the *Magazine*, incurred his displeasure. We write of them in their official relations to labor—to workmen. Mark Antony did not hesitate to say of Brutus and his gang of assassins who stabbed Cæsar to death, that they were "all honorable men," but he did not fail to exhibit Cæsar's mantle, and show "Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths, and bid them speak." We make no boast, but this we say: As best we could, we have shown to the world, not Cæsar's mantle, but the workman's blouse and pointed out the stab holes in it, made by such assassins as Corbin, H. Walter Webb and men of their ilk, who, by methods and practices that horrify humanity, have, in many localities, stabbed workmen, if not to death, to conditions that ought to make hell and heaven blush. Take Austin Corbin's rule on the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, and you have an assassin who stabbed labor into a condition, that a congressional committee proclaimed to the world, had "Russianized" that portion of Pennsylvania where his rule extended—that is to say, he had reduced workmen to the condition of "serfs." He had wronged them in their wages. He had inaugurated poverty, destitution and starvation. He had ruled with such an iron hand, that white men, free men, American workmen, were prostrate beneath his steel clad hoofs, and he had trampled them into the dust and mud, until Pennsylvania became, in the opinion of a congressional committee, a Russia, and the *Firemen's Maga-*

zine, did what it could, little it may have been, to "put a tongue in every wound" that Corbin had inflicted, that would, were it possible "move the stones" of the old Keystone state "to rise in mutiny" against such infernalism. But the members of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., are so pleased with Corbin's rule, with his Russianizing policy, that because the *Magazine* denounced it, they refuse to solicit subscriptions for it. They don't like "this kind of talk." The Russianizing policy of Corbin, among other things, took the form of an *ukase* against all labor organizations. No man who belonged to a labor organization could have work in Corbin's Russianized dominion. To obtain a job, the workman must first renounce all obligations to his order, to his lodge; must give up, surrender his rights, privileges and prerogatives as a free man, and swear fealty to Corbin before he would be permitted to earn an honest living in Corbin's realm. The *Magazine*, as best it could, arraigned Corbin and his policy, branded both as infamous, held czar and decree up to the unutterable scorn of every self-respecting workman. But Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., don't like "this kind of talk," so distasteful is it to the members of the lodge, that they indignantly decline to secure subscriptions to the *Magazine*.

Truth, it is said, is sometimes "stranger than fiction," and Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., furnishes an illustration of the truth of the aphorism. The members of the lodge seem to be infatuated with Corbin and his policy. True, if a member of the lodge were to ask for a job on the P. & R., he would have to renounce the B. of L. F., would be required to repudiate every obligation the order imposes, would have to forswear all allegiance to the order, and since they don't like to see Corbin arraigned, and are opposed to any criticism of Russianizing infernalism, it is to be presumed that, if circumstances were to force them into the dominion of the P. & R., they would at the first crack of the reigning Czar's whip, go down upon their knees, disrobe themselves of their Brotherhood badges and take upon themselves the insignia of degradation, as the reigning autocrat of the P. & R., might direct.

Such are the men who decline to solicit subscriptions for the *Magazine*, because it has denounced Corbin and his policy—by all the gods known to heathen mythology, the brothers of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., have paid the *Magazine* a high compliment. But we are not done with the communication. It affords us an opportunity to re-write history. We champion the *Magazine*.

They refer to "Mephistopheles Depew," and they don't like our "talk" about this

horny-handed child of labor. In many regards we are an admirer of Chauncey, the new labor agitator, the "walking delegate" to the Pittsburgh Convention. Chauncey is the President of the New York Central railroad corporation, and we believe is a Director of the N. Y., N. H. & H. His salary is \$50,000 a year. If, as Mr. P. M. Arthur says, "a \$4.00 a day man and a \$1.00 a day man, have no interests in common," in the name of all the Vanderbilts, what interest "in common" has a \$136.00 a day man and men who get from \$1.00 to \$4.00 a day? But such questions, aside, we refer to Mephistopheles Depew as President of the N. Y. C. We care nothing for his salary, nor his elegant surroundings. That he can dress in purple and fine linen and have terrapin and frog legs every day, does not concern us. The policy of the N. Y. C. is what we discuss. President Depew is responsible for that policy. He shapes it. At any rate, he must approve of it. There are but two courses for him to pursue. He must endorse the policy of the corporation, or like an honorable man, protest against it—and, if his protest is unheeded, he must step down and out.

He does not step down and out, and hence the conclusion, he endorses the policy of the N. Y. C. And here we ask what is the policy of the New York Central railroad corporation?

Before answering the question, it is proper to say, that in August, 1890, there was a strike on the N. Y. C. The B. of L. F. was not directly involved. It was a strike of the great order of Knights of Labor, for rights—dear to every workman—and because it was a strike involving the interests of workmen, the Supreme Council of the Federated Orders of Railway Employés investigated the causes which led to the strike, and on August 25th, 1890, after mature deliberation, gave to the country their deliberate judgment of the matter, and arraigned the policy of the New York Central railroad, for which Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is responsible; his position as President making him responsible.

The Supreme Council, in its address "to all labor organizations," said:

That the policy of H. Walter Webb is despotic to an extent that outrages every principle of American citizenship, and if generally adopted would, if successful, reduce American workmen to the degraded condition of serfs.

That H. Walter Webb, by the employment of junksters, thieves, thugs and murderers, vile wretches from the slums and brothels of New York and other cities, to kill workmen because they dared to protest against his rule and strike for their rights, is a crime of such enormity as will associate the name of H. Walter Webb forever with those who, dressed in a little brief authority, have used their money to secure power to degrade their fellow men.

That the efforts now being put forth by H. Walter Webb to destroy the Knights of Labor would, were circumstances changed, in a like manner be made to destroy the organizations of engineers, firemen,

conductors, trainmen and switchmen, and if successful. It is only a question of time when a similar effort will be made to seal the fate of other labor organizations.

That H. Walter Webb, by the course he has pursued toward the Knights of Labor and the representatives of labor organizations, has shown a total disregard of those principles of citizen sovereignty dear to every American worthy of the name, and, considering only his money power and the corporate power of the company he represents, his acts, which speak louder than words, say, in the language of W. H. Vanderbilt, once the autocrat of the New York Central, "the public be damned."

H. Walter Webb seeks to support his arrogant attitude towards workmen and labor organizations by assuming that the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is private property and that his acts in the treatment of his employees are in no sense a matter of public concern; that he can with impunity discharge men and remand them to idleness and poverty and render them homeless wanderers without giving them any reason or explanation whatever for his conduct, disregarding the fact that the corporation for which he plays autocrat is a thing created by laws, in the making of which the men he seeks to degrade have a voice, which, once united, will bring his corporation to the bar of justice where his millions and the other millions he represents will cease to be potential in deciding questions of right.

In the foregoing the name of H. Walter Webb is made conspicuous because he happened to be the tool of the corporation to carry out the policy of his superiors. And who, we ask, were his superiors? Webb was third Vice President, Chauncey M. Depew was President. Every word said arraigning Webb, in thunder tones arraigned Chauncey M. Depew. There is no escape from the conclusion. Chauncey M. Depew, the elegant gentleman, the renowned after-dinner orator, the man of culture and refinement, one of New York's 400 upper crust, indorsed the course pursued by H. Walter Webb, which the Supreme Council said, "if generally adopted would, if successful, reduce American workmen to serfs."

Chauncey M. Depew indorsed the course pursued by H. Walter Webb.

The Supreme Council said that "the employment of Pinkerton thieves, thugs and murderers to kill workmen, was a crime of infamous enormity."

Chauncey M. Depew, as President of the New York Central, indorsed the employment of Pinkerton murderers.

Has Chauncey M. Depew ever uttered a word of protest against the employment of Pinkerton thieves, thugs and murderers, by the New York Central, to kill workmen? When? Where? He has command of burning words. He wields a whip of flame. When did Chauncey M. Depew, President of the N. Y. C., protest against the employment of Pinkerton murderers to kill workmen?

The labor world waited, held its breath to hear Chauncey M. Depew utter his maledictions of the crime, listened for his execrations of the Pinkerton horror. They believed that he could formulate anathemas that would be key notes of a new dispensation. But Depew was silent—and has re-

mained silent. Had he protested, had he denounced the Pinkerton outrage perpetrated on the road of which he is President, workmen would have built him a monument broad based as Cheops and enduring as adamant.

The *Magazine*, as well as the Supreme Council, has denounced the policy of the New York Central, the policy of its President, directors and all the lesser lights in its management, and for this Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., will not solicit subscriptions. The members of the lodge don't like that sort of "talk." Was ever a labor publication so highly honored? With the exception of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, B. of L. F., is there one organization of workmen in the world which directly or by implication, would endorse the policy of Chauncey M. Depew, President of the N. Y. C.? We do not believe there is another organization so utterly debauched. Certainly, we never heard of one.

But we are not quite done with the policy of the N. Y. C., of which Chauncey Mephistopheles Depew is President. We desire, for the benefit of Elm City Lodge, to reproduce a little more history in which the B. of L. F. is specially interested, and in which Brother F. P. Sargent, Grand Master of the Brotherhood and President of the Supreme Council, talks. On page 805 of the September *Magazine*, will be found the following:

While in the city of New York, F. P. Sargent, Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in the course of an interview with H. Walter Webb, third Vice President of the New York Central, said to that official: Suppose a locomotive fireman, a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was discharged by Mr. Buchanan, the Superintendent of Motive Power, and suppose the discharged fireman should endeavor to secure reinstatement, and not succeeding, a committee should take up his case in accordance with the laws of the Brotherhood, and the committee should also fail to secure the man's reinstatement, after which I, as the Grand Master of the Brotherhood, should be called upon to adjust the difficulty with Mr. Buchanan, and should also fail, do I understand you to say that if I called upon you you would not treat with me as the Chief Executive officer of the Brotherhood? To this pointed and important question, Mr. Webb replied: "These cases are all investigated by subordinate officers of the company, and no man is discharged without just cause."

The declaration of Grand Master Sargent is, that "Mr. Webb evaded the question and left the impression upon my mind that he would not recognize nor treat with me as the Chief Executive officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen."

As a matter of course, the *Magazine* first, last and all the time, with such ability as it could command, has denounced such a policy, and while we have control of its pages will undeviatingly continue to castigate corporation officials high and low, who seek to degrade workmen or to treat organizations of workmen with supercilious insolence.

The editor of the *Magazine* has no personal quarrel with any corporation official. Not one of them ever "incurred" his "dis-

pleasure." We have written of some of them because of their injustice to employes. Of many of them we have written in complimentary terms because they sought to do justice by their employes, and recognized the rights and prerogatives of labor organizations.

Because this has been the policy of the *Magazine* Elm City Lodge, No. 284, assaults the *Magazine* and its editor. Wanting in capabilities it does not originate its charges, but reproduces some ancient chestnuts which, though decayed and worm-eaten, answer its purpose.

These charges place Elm City Lodge in the odious position of being the friend and champion of a policy which all honorable, independent and self-respecting workingmen abominate, and of being the enemy of the *Magazine* because it has defended the rights of workingmen and labor organizations.

There are, no doubt, a great many firemen under the autocratic rule of McLeod, the successor of Corbin, and Bonzano, his Dago lickspittle, who, like Elm City Lodge, No. 284, would not assist in circulating the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*. They would doubtless be told if they even read it they would be discharged. Who has ordered Elm City Lodge to play the role of the serfs on the P. & R.? We understand Chauncey Mephistopheles Depew's influence extends to New Haven. Has Elm City Lodge been Corbinized, Russianized? Do they bark at the *Magazine* because ordered to do so? We neither know nor care. We simply state that the communication we publish has served us a purpose. It has afforded us an opportunity to indicate the policy of the *Magazine*, a policy which combined with other influences, has given the Brotherhood whose interests it represents and defends, power and influence never so patent as to-day.

The hope of organized labor, like the star of empire, is in the West. At any rate, the hope of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen does not center in Elm City Lodge any more than the intellectual growth of mankind centers in the institutions where the feeble minded are taught to go under shelter when it rains.

In closing, let us say that Elm City Lodge, No. 284, has not incurred our displeasure, but rather, has awakened our commiseration. It lacks spine. May its backbone be strengthened.

IRISH evictions, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone, are equivalent to a death sentence. That is about the size of it, but the sentence, in numerous instances, inflicts such a death comes to the relief of the savagery without one

WHAT DO WORKINGMEN WANT IN THE WAY OF LEGISLATION.

The circulars herewith published, signed by T. V. Powderly, Esq., General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, of which copies have been forwarded to the general officers of the several labor organizations, will explain themselves:

SCRANTON, PA., January 1, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—Accompanying this you will find a circular which explains why I presume to intrude upon you at this time. Will you have the kindness to let me know at your earliest convenience whether you favor the holding of such a conference as is outlined in the circular. To my mind the officers of the various industrial organizations should make up the conference, for they understand the wants and sentiments of the rank and file and are fully qualified to act.

It is not the intention to organize a third party at this conference, or to take partisan action in any way. The object is to bring together those who can speak for industry, and formulate a platform such as toolers will support at the polls.

For years we have been told, when appealing to existing parties, that we did not know what we wanted. Let us get together, take counsel from each other, prepare a document briefly expressing our desires and present it, not only to political parties, but to the people of the United States.

If the dates I have named do not please you, name another and indicate where this conference should be held.

Fraternally yours,

T. V. POWDERLY,
General Master Workman.

SCRANTON, PA., January 1, 1891.

To the Industrial Organizations of the United States,
Greeting:

At the session of the General Assembly of the Order of Knights of Labor which convened at Denver, Col., in November last, the General Master Workman was directed to correspond with the officers of other organizations with a view to the calling of an industrial conference to formulate a political platform such as industrialists could favor at the polls. The committee of the General Assembly having this matter in hand presented its report to the convention, and it was adopted, as follows:

To the General Master Workman and Delegates to the General Assembly:

Your Committee on Political Action begs to report as follows:

On the subject of that part of the General Master Workman's report which has been submitted to us, your committee desires to speak in terms of high approval. The historical portions are both interesting and valuable. The subject of the New York Central Railroad strike is fully and fairly treated; and although a failure in the narrow view of the case, yet, as a lesson teaching the men that the only true and effective place for the citizens of a free country to strike is at and through the ballot box, this strike ranks as one of the most successful strikes on record. We highly commend the action of the General Master Workman in impressing this view of the case on the minds of the men in the most public and solemn manner—at a great mass meeting of the men about the time that the strike was declared off.

On page 3 of the General Master Workman's report we find a most valuable suggestion reading substantially as follows:

"Half way measures and sectional schemes should not be advocated by our order, and in the future whoever represents this order in legislative matters should be required to work in close communion with the committee of the Farmers' Alliance on the great questions of land, currency and transportation reform."

As a further step in the line of fraternal and cooperative action, your committee hereby recommends a joint conference of the Knights of Labor,

the Farmers' Alliance, and every and all industrial and political organizations that can work together in favor of the St. Louis Conference Platform, adopted in December, 1889, upon which such glorious victories have lately been achieved.

Your committee would further recommend that said joint conference be held on the last Wednesday in July, 1891, in the city of Washington, D. C., and that the Congressmen recently elected on the St. Louis Platform in the several States be invited to be present in said joint conference, to occupy such status and to take part as delegates or otherwise as the conference may decide. The objects of said joint conference shall be to arrange plans and to perfect measures for aggressive educational and political work, preparatory for the national political campaign of 1892; which national campaign, in our opinion, should result in the election of a President, Vice President and Congress of the United States committed to the interests of the people of the United States, and hostile to those corporations, syndicates and monopolies, both home and foreign, which are rapidly absorbing to themselves the wealth of the nation and usurping control over the destinies of the American people.

Your committee further reports that it is a conceded fact by every thoughtful mind that most of the objects set forth in the Preamble of the Knights of Labor can only be secured by independent political action. Therefore your committee recommends that the General Master Workman correspond with the presidents or other chief officers of other industrial and reform organizations, with the view to the holding of a National Reform Industrial Conference, on the basis of the platform adopted at the St. Louis Conference of December, 1889, the conference, to be held at as early a date as possible, so that a solid and harmonious union of the industrial and reform forces of the country may be consummated that will enact the principles of our preamble into statute law.

Your committee further recommends that this General Assembly elect three fraternal delegates to the Supreme Council of the National Farmers' Alliance to be held at Ocala, Fla., on December 3 next, and instruct their delegates to present to that body a proposition to hold a National Reform Industrial Convention some time in the ensuing year.

And your committee further recommends that the General Assembly by the adoption of these resolutions puts itself upon record as desiring that the National Reform Convention shall formulate an independent political platform upon the principles of the Preamble of the Knights of Labor, so that this order shall give its indorsement and support to that at the ballot-box.

J. T. HENDRIX, *Chairman*.

A. P. STEVENS, *Secretary*.

L. J. GOETZ.

EDWIN PARKES.

STEPHEN A. CLEMENTS.

The above is my authority for what I am about to say and do. Various suggestions were offered as to the best time of holding this conference, and it was agreed that Washington's Birthday would be the most acceptable date and Washington City the best place to hold the conference. When the Farmers' Alliance held its convention at Ocala, Fla., in December, a call for a conference to organize a third party was circulated and signed by many of those who attended. That call fixed upon Cincinnati as the place to hold the session and February 23, 1891, as the date. At an informal conference of the officers of the Order of the Knights of Labor and many of those who signed the call at Ocala, it was agreed to postpone the Cincinnati Conference until after the Industrial Conference could meet and agree upon its platform of principles.

In accordance with the action of the General Assembly by which I was instructed to "correspond with the presidents or other chief officers of other industrial and reform organizations," I place this matter before you with request that you take action at once and notify me of the result. In view of the fact that nearly all organizations have recently held their annual conventions, it may be difficult to send delegates to another conference so soon, and I would suggest that the executive officers, or as many of them as can attend, make up this conference.

I suggest three dates on which to vote, and whichever receives a majority will fix the time of the assembling of this gathering: February 23, March 25, and July 29, the date recommended by committee of the General Assembly.

I shall vote for February 23, for the reason that we will be enabled to meet and confer with the newly-elected Congressmen who owe their elections to the laborers of the field and city.

This call for action will be sent to the president or secretary of every industrial organization whose address I can obtain, but those who may be overlooked will take action as soon as it is brought to their notice.

This is a very important matter, and should receive careful attention. Every organization should take action and be represented, for it is not intended to be a Knight of Labor gathering or a conference of those representing one idea or section alone. All are invited, and all should be represented. Vote on the date, and, when they are in, the call will go out with as many names attached to it as vote upon it.

Respectfully and gratefully submitted,

T. V. POWDERLY,

General Master Workman Knights of Labor.

The purpose in view is clearly set forth, and is worthy of profound consideration.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will be represented at the proposed conference by F. P. Sargent, Grand Master, and two other members of the Grand Lodge to be named hereafter.

The conference bids fair to be a notable event in the political history of the times.

Politics is the science of government. In the proposed National Reform Industrial Conference, partisan politics is to be ignored. The one supreme purpose is, to ascertain what workingmen want in the way of legislation. Hitherto, workingmen have been ignored. The laws have been made to favor the capitalistic class, and under their operation labor has suffered wrongs for which the law provides no redress.

It is assumed, if all the representatives of labor can be induced to meet and confer with each other, that legislation can be suggested which, if secured, will result in revolutionizing laws and the practices of courts, and in securing justice to millions who have been and still are the victims of wrongs which are a standing disgrace to our boasted civilization.

But to bring about a reform, the country must know what is proposed—what new laws are to take the place of the old statutes, and this, we conclude, is the purpose of the conference proposed in the foregoing circular.

SEPTEMBER 1, as a statutory holiday, has been established in fourteen states, and the demand is growing steadily in emphasis. It is dedicated to labor and is known as "Labor Day."

THE working women are organizing. Toledo, Ohio, has three organizations. It is becoming fashionable and when Dame Fashion, the fickle goddess, comes to the rescue, the women will be as "terrible as an army with banners."

THE EDITOR IS RESPONSIBLE.

It should be understood, once for all, that the Editor of this *Magazine*, and no one else, is responsible for what appears in its columns. In several instances the Grand Master and other Grand Officers have been called to account for certain articles which have appeared in the *Magazine*. In other cases, certain railway officials and other persons have threatened vengeance upon members of the order on account of what has been published in these columns, and as neither the Grand Officers nor the members are in any regard responsible for such publications, we feel called upon to relieve them from all blame that may attach to any article which appears in this *Magazine*.

Under the rules of the Brotherhood, the Editor and Manager is placed in charge of the *Magazine*. He is expected to adopt and maintain a policy in consonance with the advanced position of the order, and to discuss, with such ability as he can command, all questions relating directly or remotely to the interests of labor; and in doing this he is supposed to exercise his best judgment, and in all regards faithfully and conscientiously, without fear or favor, discharge the duties his office imposes.

The Editor of this *Magazine* has positive convictions in reference to men and measures; and in so far as the interests of labor are involved, he proposes to express them. He will be frank and candid in what he may have to say; but he will never stoop to the level of some of his contemporaries, who, while they profess to refrain from publishing any article calculated to give offense, write personal letters and use their tongues in vituperative abuse of their victims, whom they have not the courage nor the manliness to assail in open print.

We have unmitigated contempt for the enemies of workingmen, particularly those within the ranks of organized labor who pose as its champions, and who, while drawing fat salaries, are really the emissaries of the corporation, and are everlastingly sowing the seeds of dissension and disunion by seeking to establish caste and aristocracy among labor organizations, than which nothing is better calculated to weaken and destroy them and subjugate and enslave their members.

In all such matters, the *Magazine* proposes to speak plainly and to the point, no matter whose antipathy may be aroused or whose vengeance may be threatened, nor will the Editor shirk the responsibility of his utterances.

If any one feels himself aggrieved against the *Magazine*, the Editor is the proper person to look to for redress, and if an injustice has been done, prompt and ample restitution will be made. We lay no claim to infallibility. We have no ambition to be

classed among perfectionists. We do not expect, nor do we desire to escape criticism, any more than we expect or desire the friendship and good will of all men. We have only pity for the man, especially if he be the editor of a labor journal, who can not credit himself with having made enemies as well as friends.

Having said this much, we shall hope that in future all adverse criticism and complaints relating to the *Magazine* will be directed to the Editor, who is alone responsible.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

Hon. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, makes the following announcement by circular:

To the Trade and Labor Unions of America:

FELLOW WORKMEN—GREETING: The official proceedings of the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Detroit, Mich., from December 8th to December 13th, inclusive, will be ready for sale in the course of a few days.

The convention is conceded from all quarters to have been the most intensely interesting of any labor convention ever held in the United States.

The reports of the president, secretary, the eight-hour committee and various other highly instructive documents are all contained in the proceedings, and should be in the hands of every trade and labor union in America, as well as every student of the labor problem, as showing the continual growth and beneficent effects of the trade-union movement and its influence upon the well being of our whole people.

Since the edition is limited it would be well for organizations to send in their orders as soon after the receipt of this notice as possible, in order that all may be furnished with the number they desire.

They will be sold at *ten cents per copy* or *\$9.00 per hundred copies*.

Send all orders with remittances for the same to Secretary Chris. Evans, 21 Clinton Place, New York, N. Y.

All who are interested in current history relating to labor organizations should secure a copy of the proceedings referred to.

The January issue of the *American Federationist* published at Mattoon, Ill., by Messrs. Johnson and Martin, is replete with matter at once interesting and instructive to railroad men. Current topics are treated in vigorous style, and the *Federationist*, by virtue of well directed ability and intelligent comprehension of the needs of workingmen, proves itself a valuable acquisition to the labor literature of the times.

Mrs. Henry B. Jones, of Washington, Ind., has been given editorial charge of the woman's department, which, under Mrs. Jones' able direction, will doubtless prove an attractive feature of the paper. The *Federationist* has our best wishes for its continued success.

PRINCE BISMARCK has an income of only \$175,000 a year. Old and infirm, compelled to be idle by the boy Emperor of the Hohenzollern breed, the future must look cheerless for the ex-chancellor. May the good Lord temper the wild winds to the shorn ram.

A MODEL MAGAZINE AGENT.

Chas. W. Maier, Magazine Agent of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, Parsons, Kan., recently secured one hundred (100) subscribers in *one day* for the *Magazine* for the year 1891. The incident is of special significance as demonstrating what can be done by an agent who has a proper conception of his duties, and the will and energy to perform them. The achievement of Bro. Maier is without parallel in the history of the *Magazine*, and we commend it to those agents (?), and they are by no means few in number, who can not, or do not, secure one subscriber in 100 days. What is wanted, and what *each lodge must have*, is an agent who has interest enough in the *Magazine* and the order it represents to "roll up his sleeves," and go out and "hustle" for subscribers. That is the way Bro. Maier secured them, and in the same way any other member can secure them. Such lodges as have *agents in name only*, petrified agents, who, if they were asked, would not know whether the *Magazine* was an air-ship or a powder-house, should fire them bodily, to use a phrase, and fill their places with men who are sufficiently alive and wide-awake to comprehend their duties and perform them. A Magazine Agent who does not secure a single subscriber during his entire term of office is not only a disgrace to his lodge, but has no business in a progressive organization such as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

This year, above all others, we mean business, and every Magazine Agent in the order is expected to do his duty or make room for one who will. Let the work begin at once, and in earnest. There are thousands of persons who will cheerfully subscribe for the *Magazine* if only asked to do so, and if the agents of our 450 lodges will only half do their duty, our circulation will expand to 60,000 copies before the close of the year. We have more than 20,000 members on our rolls, and if each of them will secure but two subscribers the number above given will be reached.

Let the example of Chas. W. Maier, the model Magazine Agent, meet with universal emulation.

The capital involved in electric lighting plants in the United States already amounts to \$118,758,500, and there are now in the country 1,590,667 incandescent and 127,441 arc lights in use. Electricity is the coming light and the coming power.

In Pittsburg workmen continue to organize, and a firm engaged in building locomotives has voluntarily adopted a nine hour day with ten hours pay. "The world do move."

THE PRIZE WATCH.

We are in receipt of a letter from Brother S. W. Seelinger, of Salida, Col., acknowledging the receipt of his prize gold watch, a reward for having obtained the second largest list of *paid subscribers* for the *Magazine* during the year 1890. He likes it, a fact we are pleased to record. Brother Seelinger's good luck didn't stop with the watch; on the contrary, the members of Mt. Ouray Lodge, No. 140, seeing the *prize watch*, immediately presented Brother Seelinger with a handsome chain—which completed the outfit. They are a generous set of boys and are quick to recognize merit. Referring to the prize watch, the *Chaffee County Call*, of December 20th, published at Salida, Col., says:

S. W. Seelinger, the popular fireman, has just received an elegant gold watch worth \$140 as a present from the *Firemen's Magazine*, for his services to that journal. The present is an elegant one and worthily bestowed.

A NUMBER of papers are printing the pictures of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, and H. Walter Webb, with brief biographical sketches. They are all very rich, live in palaces and fare sumptuously every day. They are the men who decide to exile men from work, because they belong to a labor organization.

MR. JAY GOULD rises to remark that if the tariff on wool makes clothing cost more, a person will get along with one suit where he would otherwise have two. Mr. Gould, with an income of \$20,000,000 a year we presume, will be able to have two suits a year. We hope so. It makes us shudder to think that the mouse trap man might have to have his trousers patched.

It will be well for Protective Boards to go slow for the present in matters of grievances involving an increase of wages. The times are not propitious for large advances in wages such as are being demanded on some of our systems of railways. The money market is in a state of stringency almost to the verge of a panic. Banks, manufacturing establishments, mercantile houses and other enterprises are collapsing everywhere. Railroad companies in many instances are embarrassed in consequence of the general depression. It is to be hoped that this unfortunate condition of affairs will be of short duration and that with returning prosperity there will come relief to those who are now in "tight places." Where men are reasonably well paid there should be no disturbing elements at work among the employes. This *Magazine* is all the time and everywhere the advocate of good wages, but there are times, as above suggested, when it is well to go slow, and we are now passing through such a period. With the revival of business prosperity the work of increasing and adjusting wages can go forward with due promptness.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY CAR MEN.

Responding to the spirit of the times, something more than a year ago, the Railroad Car Builders and the Railroad Car Repairers organized, separately—the Car Builders at Minneapolis, and the Car Repairers at Cedar Rapids. It was a somewhat singular coincidence, and it was soon discovered that the work of the Builders and Repairers was, in many regards, identical. As a result, in September the two organizations consolidated at Topeka, Kansas, and formed the Brotherhood of Railroad Car Men.

Early in January last, the Supreme Lodge of the order met in Minneapolis to transact business of the order. There were present W. H. Ronemus, Grand Chief Carman, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; S. Keliher, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, of Minneapolis; P. Kelly, Duluth; J. Wyman, Vinton, Iowa; Chas. Reach, Barnesville, and R. Hazelwood, Minneapolis, of the executive board, and much important business was transacted.

The report of the Grand Secretary was especially interesting and gratifying. It showed that since May last, twenty-two lodges had been organized, making twenty-five lodges now in line in the new order, having a membership of 1,600 and representing the builders and repairers in twenty-three states. The Grand Secretary also reported eight applications for charters for subordinate lodges, indicative of the cheering fact, that the order has a grand mission in the land. So clearly was this fact brought out, that Grand Vice Chief of the order, W. S. Missimer, of St. Joseph, Mo., will, in future, give his entire attention to the organization of new lodges and to the general welfare of the order.

That work in this direction is required, it was announced that there are at least forty thousand men employed in the various car building and car repairing shops of the country. These men see the importance of organization and are going into the noble work with commendable zeal.

Financially the order was pronounced sound as a dollar, and we note that an insurance department has been organized, which has fixed the policies at \$1,000.

It is also stated that the Brotherhood of Railway Car Men discussed protection in connection with the question of federating with the Federated Orders of Railway Employés, indicative of a purpose strictly in consonance with the prevailing sentiment abroad in the land.

The Grand Lodge, at the conclusion of its deliberations, attended a meeting of Lodge No. 1, of the order, and when the installation of officers was through with, a vote of thanks was tendered the Brotherhoods of Firemen, Trainmen, Switchmen and Rail-

way Conductors, for courtesies. We acknowledge the compliment for the Brotherhood of Firemen, and close this brief notice of the meeting of the Grand Lodge of B. R. C. M. with expressions of hearty good will and God speed. We desire that the new order shall have the largest possible growth in membership and influence. It has started out right, and in all ways that this *Magazine* can help it to achieve success, it is at the command of our brothers of the Brotherhood of Railway Car Men.

MAGAZINE PRIZES FOR 1891.

We invite attention to the following list of prizes to be awarded December 1, 1891, to Magazine Agents securing the first, second, and third largest list of PAID subscriptions.

The following prizes have been agreed on by the Grand Lodge for the year 1891, viz:

1st Prize—To the Magazine Agent having the largest number of *paid* subscriptions to his credit on the Grand Lodge books December 1, 1891, *Two hundred (\$200.00) dollars in cash.*

2d Prize—To the Magazine Agent having the second largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, *One hundred (\$100.00) dollars in cash.*

3d Prize—To the Magazine Agent having the third largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, *Fifty (\$50.00) dollars in cash.*

The prizes are well worth contending for and should, we think, awaken great activity. But aside from all money considerations, we appeal to the Brotherhood pride of the agents, to extend the circulation of the *Magazine*, and while the prizes go to agents, we indulge the hope that the *membership* will take hold of the matter and aid the agents to the utmost of their ability to obtain subscribers. If this is done, we feel certain, results will not only prove a great financial success, but the extended circulation of the *Magazine* will inure to the advantage of the Brotherhood in many ways.

On lines of thought, intimately connected with labor organizations, and particularly railroad employés, much earnest work is still to be done. The friends of *federation*, as established by the Supreme Council will be required to do some heroic fighting before the final victory is won. To keep abreast of the most advanced column is the ambition of the *Magazine*, and this will be done, however severe the task, and in doing our part of the work we shall be greatly cheered by knowing that our labors are appreciated by the entire membership. In this spirit we say, let the *pull* for a large subscription be a *long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.*

THE PRIZE PIANO.

In the January number of the *Magazine* we published the award of prizes to the two *Magazine* Agents who secured the two largest lists of paid-up subscribers during the year 1890. The piano was the first prize, and was awarded to C. W. Maier, of Parsons, Kansas, a city of about 7,000 population.

The instrument was an upright, superb-toned piano, manufactured by Messrs. Kranich & Bach, of New York, and was purchased through the agency of L. Küssner, proprietor of the Palace of Music, Terre Haute, Ind.

The purpose of the *Magazine* was to furnish the *Magazine* agent who secured the largest list of paid-up subscribers, with a piano that should be found upon trial as equal to the best on the market. Mr. L. Küssner, of Terre Haute, was commissioned to purchase the instrument. Being familiar with pianos, we had confidence in his judgment, a trust that was not misplaced. Mr. Küssner has been identified with the musical interests of the state since 1855, being himself an accomplished musician and a practical workman in the art, and as a result Brother Maier secured one of the best pianos ever sent to Kansas.

Letters received from Brother Maier say the instrument "has been thoroughly tested, and pronounced by all to meet every requirement."

In confirmation of Bro. Maier's statement, the Parsons (Kansas) *Daily Journal* of January 1st refers to a splendid reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Maier, December 31st, and says:

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maier entertained a number of their friends last evening, at their residence on Clark avenue. Among those present were E. B. Williams and wife, John Webster and wife, John Shone and wife, J. W. Terrell and wife, James Flynn, of Humboldt, and George Maier, brother of the host. The cause of the gathering was to allow Mr. Maier the opportunity of exhibiting to his friends the fine new piano recently awarded him by the publishers of the *Firemen's Magazine* for securing the largest number of subscribers in one year, the number secured being nearly 600. This, with a lodge of only 50 members in a town of 700 inhabitants, speaks volumes for the energy and enterprise of Mr. Maier, and shows the material of which the Firemen's Brotherhood is composed in the west. The one who stood second on the list had a membership of 300 at his back, and lived in the most thickly settled portion of the east, but the rowdy west proved too much for cultured east, and from the start Mr. Maier has made for the coming year, the hustlers will have to hustle if they outstrip him in the race. The instrument was thoroughly tested last evening by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Webster and we feel arrant in saying, no finer instrument was ever brought to the city. It was furnished by L. Küssner & Son, music dealers of Terre Haute, Ind., one of the largest houses in the state, and is of the Kranich & Bach upright pattern. All who were present enjoyed a good time and left at a late hour with the feeling that the award was worthily bestowed and nobly earned. The *Journal* wishes Mr. Maier and wife many happy years, to enjoy its music, and trust the order of which Charlie is a prominent and active member may continue in the years to come to occupy the proud position it has attained at the head of industrial organizations in America.

The *Magazine* takes occasion, while felicitating Mr. and Mrs. Maier upon their good fortune, to say, that those wanting a superb piano cannot do better than to purchase an instrument manufactured by the great firm of Kranich & Bach, of New York, and should they require the services of our friend, L. Küssner, proprietor of the "Palace of Music," we do not hesitate to say, they will secure what they want and the very best there is in the market.

The splendid piano secured by Mr. Küssner for Brother Maier, gives assurance that those who patronize his establishment will be treated in a way to give entire satisfaction.

QUACK MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

It ought to be understood, and it is understood, that only men physically *sound* can become beneficiary members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The reason for this becomes apparent upon a moment's reflection.

As soon as a man becomes a beneficiary member of the B. of L. F. he takes out an insurance policy for \$1,500. This done, every member of the brotherhood is interested in his physical condition. If he is physically unsound, a fraud has been practiced upon the order, upon every member of the order.

To guard against such frauds and impositions, the laws of the order make it necessary for every applicant to undergo an examination. The intention is that this examination shall be thorough, and be conducted by a physician of unquestioned skill and experience. There is not a particle of sentiment in it. It must be *honest, truthful* and skillful. It involves hard earned dollars.

What is the tendency on the part of some of the lodges? It is this—To employ doctors(?) for examiners who are incompetent, because they are *cheap*. Quacks are always cheap in the first place, but they are the dearest of all doctors further along.

We will give one instance. It illustrates our proposition: A man joined the brotherhood. He was examined—was pronounced sound in body. He took out his policy—\$1,500. In *one month* he died of consumption. It cost the order \$1,500. Manifestly he was examined by a *quack* doctor, a *cheap* (?) doctor. Was he not a dear doctor?

Is more required than to call the attention of the lodges to this matter?

Is not the illustration we have given a sufficiently convincing argument? Could it be made stronger? We fail to comprehend in what way it could be made more cogent. Every member of the order is interested. The beneficiary department wants sound, strong, healthy men—none other, and the laws provide for *none other*. Cheap doctors, unskilled doctors, ignorant and inexper-

ienced doctors palm off upon the order men who should not become its members, and the healthy members pay the penalty.

We advise the lodges to secure for medical examiners men of recognized skill, competent and conscientious men. They are the really *cheap* men. They guard the order against impositions and save money for the members. Think of it, brothers.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PAYING DUES.

We are in receipt of a letter from West Virginia, well calculated to excite sympathy. It forcibly illustrates conditions and ought to serve as a warning to every member of the brotherhood.

A member of the order became delinquent in the payment of his dues. The law of the order is well understood in such cases. Prompt expulsion follows delinquency. Under certain provisions, a member can be carried by the lodge of which he is a member, but in such cases the law is imperative, and must be complied with. In the case under consideration, the laws were not complied with and the member, by the operation of the law, was expelled. Soon after, he met with an accident and lost his right arm at the elbow, and now appeals, through his father, for the payment of his policy. It is a sad case. Will it serve as a warning to others? We shall hope that it will. The man in question, was out of the order absolutely when he received his serious injury. It does not matter, in such cases what a brother member may say. The law points out just what is to be done. If in such cases the law is relaxed—then it were as well to have no law at all—in fact, the law becomes a dead letter, and confusion takes the place of order. If the law can be relaxed in one case, why not in all cases?

The simple way out of all such troubles is to obey the laws. Members who are sick or out of employment and unable to pay their dues are provided for, but in such cases, as we have intimated, the laws of the order must be complied with. In this connection we introduce section 166 of the constitution:

When a member in good standing through lack of employment, sickness or other disability shall be unable to pay his dues or assessments and such fact is presented to the lodge in writing and certified to by the Board of Relief, the lodge shall authorize the Receiver to advance a sufficient sum to prevent said member from becoming expelled, and the Secretary shall draw an order on the Receiver for the sum thus allowed; provided, that said member, if absent, shall correspond with his lodge at least once in every thirty days; and provided further, that he shall furnish satisfactory proof as to his condition and need.

In the case in question it is claimed that the member was out of employment at the time he became delinquent. Admitting this to be true, it avails nothing as the law above quoted, providing for such cases, was

not complied with. The brother did not present his case to the lodge in *writing* or otherwise and as a consequence expulsion followed. The conclusion is that if a member expects his policy to be paid in case of death or disability he must *stand square on the books*.

HELP FOR ALABAMA MINERS.

In the circular which follows and which has the official endorsement of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and J. B. Rae, president of the United Mine Workers of America, it will be observed that the condition of the miners of Alabama is such as to appeal for the support, financial and otherwise, of all men who believe in the right of workingmen to organize and demand fair pay and fair play. The circular referred to is as follows:

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., December 25, 1890.

To Organized Labor Everywhere, Greeting:

The rapidity with which Alabama is becoming one of the largest coal producing states in the union and the interest of the craft making it necessary for the general welfare that the wages of the miners should be placed on equality in order to prevent the misery that results from insane competition in the coal trade, in June last the Alabama miners, in convention assembled, after carefully comparing prices paid for mining in the several coal producing states, found that the coal operators of Alabama could afford to pay their miners an advance of at least five cents per ton without detriment to their interest.

Desiring to avoid any action which would result in industrial warfare, the representatives of the miners respectfully requested the operators to meet them in joint convention to discuss the situation. The operators refused all overtures for a peaceful settlement of the question. Knowing that our miners were unprepared for a struggle at that time, we were reluctantly compelled to advise them to return to work until a more propitious occasion. Acting under the advice of the officers of the United Mine Workers, on the 1st of December we demanded the scale drafted in last June. Again the operators refused to pay the price, and had our executive board arrested on the trumped up charge of trespassing.

The miners of Alabama are worse treated than those of any other section of the country. Not only have we to compete with the curse of convict labor in our mines, but we are worse treated than the convicts we are compelled to work beside, as they have mining laws to see that they are protected in health and limb, and a means of escape by having two openings to all mines where they are employed, while the free miners are practically at the tender mercy of the representatives of corporations and monopolies, the shareholders of which reside in Great Britain and have only interest in the mines to the amount of dividend they receive, caring little for the lives and welfare of those employed therein. A large number of our miners, owing to the smallness of their earnings, were unable to become attached to their organization. They are now standing shoulder to shoulder with their organized brethren. If we are to be successful these men must get assistance. To you we appeal for aid. This is a struggle not only for wages, but for the right to organize. Help us to win this victory, and organization is an assured success in the South. If the time ever comes that you will be engaged in a like struggle we will remember you with something more substantial than gratitude. Signed on behalf of the committee.

SAMUEL LYNCH,
G. W. WARD,
J. H. WHALING,
W. L. PHILLIPS.

J. L. CONLEY, *President*.
JOHN HARKIN, *Secretary*.

Executive Board, Dist. 20, U. M. W. of A.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1890.

The above appeal is hereby approved.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, *Pres't U. M. W. of A.*
CHRIS. EVANS, *Secretary.*

COLUMBUS, O., December 31, 1890.

The above appeal is hereby officially approved.

J. B. RAE, *Pres't U. M. W. of A.*
ROBERT WATCHORN, *Secy. Treas.*

P. S. Send all contributions to
SEAL: ROBERT WATCHORN, 58 Clinton Building, Columbus, Ohio.

Our readings, and information otherwise obtained, convince us that the coal miners of the United States have suffered a larger share of oppression than has befallen any other class of workmen in the country. We had supposed that Corbin's rule in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania was so infernally cruel and revolting that other mine owners and operators would not seek to parallel such conditions elsewhere. In this, however, we were mistaken. Ohio, Illinois and Indiana have given proof of a purpose to degrade miners, to rob them and to keep them everlastingly on the ragged edge of starvation, and now Alabama sends forth a wail for help. Be assured the millionaires of the country will not respond. The Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, will not contribute a farthing. Who will respond? If workmen do not, then the case of the Alabama miners is hopeless, and they are crushed. If all the organized workmen in the country would contribute as they *have ability*, the miners of Alabama, who are treated worse than convicts, would win a victory. By all means, let help go forward as requested in the foregoing circular.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

May women vote? That's the question. It is a question that appeals to the chivalrous men of America, and workmen are as gallant as their neighbors who dress "in purple and fine linen." More so, we opine, since it will be seen by the following circular and form of petition that workmen have inaugurated a movement designed to bring the subject to the attention of all organized workmen. We reproduce the documents in the *Magazine* with pleasure, and call special attention to them. Let the matter come before the American people, and let the people decide the question.

Some men are opposed to woman suffrage. Some are in favor of it. Who are in the majority? No one knows. Let it be determined. This can be done only as suggested in Mr. Gompers' circulars, which are as follows:

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR,)
NEW YORK, January 2, 1891.)

To the Trade and Labor Unions of America, Greeting:

FELLOW WORKERS—Inclosed you will find a petition addressed to Congress, for your consideration.

Under resolution of the American Federation of

Labor, adopted at the Convention held December 8-13, 1890, at Detroit, Mich., this petition is to be sent to every union in the United States.

Before both houses of Congress there are now resolutions, already favorably reported by the proper committees, proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States extending the right of suffrage to women. Congress, in proposing this amendment, does not pass on the merits of the question. Its only authority is to submit it to the people. And, therefore, your endorsement of this petition does not place your union on record for or against woman suffrage; but only assists in bringing the question before the people in the way provided in the Constitution, that they may have an opportunity to express their judgment legally for or against extending the right of suffrage to women.

I earnestly hope that you will give this matter early and favorable attention. I would ask you to fill out and return the accompanying petition to this office, duly signed by your president and secretary, with the seal of your union affixed.

Fraternally yours,

SAMUEL GOMPERS,
Pres't. American Federation of Labor.

Attest:

CHRIS. EVANS, Secretary.

To the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress Assembled:

We, your petitioners, workmen of the State of . . . and voters under the laws of the United States, respectfully request your honorable bodies to pass the resolutions already favorably reported by your proper committees, proposing an amendment to the National Constitution securing to the women of the United States the exercise of the right of suffrage, that the question may go before the people of the United States to be rejected or ratified by them through the action of either their legislatures or conventions, "as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress."

The . . . Union . . . of the County of . . . and State of . . . a union numbering . . . members, at a regular meeting thereof, have approved of the above petition, and directed the secretary of our union to certify this fact under seal.

In witness whereof, we, the president and secretary of said union, do this . . . day of . . . in the year 1891, append our official signature and seal.

.....
President.
.....
Secretary.

[SEAL]

All that is asked is the privilege of voting upon the question, and that privilege ought to be granted. If a majority of the voters of the United States are in favor of woman suffrage, the fact ought to be known. To ascertain the fact there is but one method, and that is to vote upon it. With the ballot in the hands of woman her emancipation is complete. The movement set forth in the foregoing documents is in the right direction and ought to exert commanding influence.

Each lodge will receive copies of the circular and petition which appear above, and it is to be hoped that the decision in every instance will be favorable to the matter therein set forth.

It will only be a little while until a man will be regarded as a relic of a past age who does not consider woman at least the equal of man in all things.

A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

The caption we have selected for what we may choose to write, might have been changed to, A question of Mendacity—or, we could have captioned this article, Veracity Questioned. Our purpose is to find the truth. The truth always makes men free—a lie enslaves its author—and it is said that “a poor man is better than a liar”—that is to say, a poor man who dares tell the truth, who won't equivocate, but whose words are equivalent to an oath, with the “so help me God” attachment, is better than one who does not hesitate to quibble, cavil, dodge and evade the truth, though he be a thousand times a millionaire.

A truthful man is always a courageous man, while a liar is always and everywhere a coward—a spineless creature. And it might be said with equal force, if Satan's dominion was a paint pot and his forked tail a brush, he could not paint a picture as hideous as a lie. If he were to try it on, he would at last exclaim: “It beats the devil”—and for once at least, the head of the devil would be exceedingly level.

But to our task, “A question of veracity.” What is the question?

A question of veracity is always an important question. Admiral Porter said, “A pin is worth fighting for, if it involves a principle.” A question of veracity always involves a principle and therefore becomes an important question.

It is well known that for more than two years the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has been wrestling with the question of “federation.” It is well known that the votes of the divisions of the order have been taken and that, within a few hundred votes, there were as many in favor of *general federation* as there were opposed to it. The *Engineers' Journal* has been invited to state that division vote in its columns, but it does not do it. It *lacks the courage*. To give that vote would knock the *Journal* higher than Gilroy's kite. True, the figures would not upset its arguments on federation, because it never had any, but they would expose its jugglery, its double dealing, and would show, as we have said, that of those who voted, the opposition to *general federation* in about 15,000 votes cast was but a small majority—both sides of the question having more than 7,000 votes, and neither side having 8,000 votes.

But the question of veracity does not hinge upon that statement, but upon other statements.

In the December number of this Magazine appeared an article captioned “270 vs. 168,” page 1116, from which we take the following:

At Richmond federation had few advocates in the convention. At Denver the number was largely increased, and now comes Pittsburg—total number of delegates voting on federation, 438; the number voting for federation, 270; the number voting against

federation, 168; majority in favor of federation, 102. Two-thirds of 438 is 292. Those voting for federation, 270, or within 22 votes of a two-thirds majority.

This explains the caption of this article, “270 vs. 168.” It was a splendid victory for federation. It could only have been more resplendent by securing twenty-two more votes. In due time they will come. Come, because federation is right, because it meets the demand in the highest degree of the organizations of railway employes.

The statement made by this Magazine with regard to the vote is *delegate* information absolutely corroborated by a member of the B. of L. E., who was present when the vote was taken, and who avers that it was upon *GENERAL Federation*, 270 for and 168 against.

The *Switchmen's Journal* for December contained the following upon the subject:

THE PITTSBURG CONVENTION.

The committee on federation reported in favor of national federation. The vote upon the acceptance of the report was 270 in favor and 168 against. The majority of the delegates were in favor of applying for admission to the Federated Orders of Railway Employes, but it seems that the question required a two thirds vote, which could not be obtained, as Mr. Arthur opposed the proposition. It was therefore laid on the table. During the last week of the convention another plan was reported by the committee and accepted by the convention. This was the same old “system federation,” and is the *first official recognition of anything in the way of federation*. The plan adopted has been shorn of many of the inequalities that characterized some of the other “system” plans, but is still cumbersome, costly and entirely impracticable, being but a shadow of a substance.

Now comes the question of veracity. The *Switchmen's Journal* and the *Firemen's Magazine* aver that upon the straight out proposition of “general federation” in the Pittsburg convention of the B. of L. E., 270 votes were cast in favor of its adoption and only 168 votes against it. And this averment is based upon statements made by delegates who participated in the deliberations of the convention, and upon statements made by a member of the B. of L. E. who was present and who was an eye and ear witness to the proceedings.

Such testimony is of the highest possible character; for has it not been written “that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.” We have more than “two or three witnesses,” and all of them are members of the B. of L. E., and they say 270 votes were cast for GENERAL FEDERATION and only 168 votes were cast against it, giving a clear majority in favor of general federation of 102, lacking only 22 votes of a clear two thirds majority.

Having written this much we are prepared to introduce the utterances of the B. of L. E. *Journal* of December upon the subject, as follows:

The complexion of the Pittsburg convention was one of general conservatism throughout the entire sitting. It was a noticeable fact and in direct contrast to the Richmond and Denver sittings. General Federation had but few advocates and was considered but three times during the sitting. It was seemingly a dead issue. In the entire delegation of 406 members present not over thirty-five were in favor of general federation as proposed at the two previous con-

ventions. Many delegates who favored and were extremists in their ideas as to general federation at the Richmond and Denver sittings were also representatives at the Pittsburg convention. They were opposed to any form of federation of a general character. Neither did they hesitate to place themselves on record, whenever an opportunity presented itself, as advocates directly the opposite of that which they consistently thought their duty at the Richmond and Denver sittings.

The italics in the foregoing are introduced for the purpose of discussing intelligently the question of veracity.

Now, let it be understood, right here, that at least three delegates to the Pittsburg Convention, and one member of the B. of L. E., who was present, aver that 270 votes were cast for general federation. The B. of L. E. Journal says, "In the entire delegation of 406 members present, not over thirty-five were in favor of general federation."

In these declarations, there is a discrepancy of 235 votes. Four men aver that 270 votes were cast for general federation. They were on the ground. The B. of L. E. Journal avers there were but "thirty-five" delegates who "were in favor of general federation"—a difference of 235.

The B. of L. E. Journal from first to last had been blindly opposed to general federation, or, for that matter to any federation. What is the legitimate inference? This, that its overwhelming defeat upon the subject of federation completely demoralized it—upset its moral perceptions, rendered it so oblivious of the vivid line which separates veracity from mendacity, that, regardless of all proprieties, to use no harsher word, it sought by juggling to impose upon its readers a mendacious statement, the purpose of the imposition being, doubtless, to modify the stinging humiliation which the truth would have brought upon it.

To still further juggle with the subject, it will be noticed that the B. of L. E. Journal says: "It (general federation) was seemingly a dead issue." Indeed! More than 7,000 engineers voted for it when the question was submitted to a vote of the divisions. Is it not a shameful perversion of the truth to say general federation was "seemingly a dead issue," when 270 delegates, in convention, voted for it; a clear majority of 102 over those who voted against it?

Is it not an outrage upon the decencies which the truth always imposes, to intimate that general federation had become odious to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, when in convention 270 delegates voted to establish it, to 168 voting against it, a clear majority of 102?

Our purpose is accomplished. A deliberate falsehood has been published. The publications involved are the *Switchmen's Journal*, the *Firemen's Magazine* and the B. of L. E. Journal.

The *Switchmen's Journal* says its information in regard to the vote in the B. of L. E. convention upon the subject of general fed-

eration was obtained from two delegates who were present. This Magazine's information is from sources equally reliable. The B. of L. E. Journal, therefore, stands convicted of misrepresentation and falsehood unless it produces incontrovertible proof that our informants are falsifiers, and their statements vicious and misleading.

We suggest to our esteemed contemporary that by publishing the truth some modification of the sentence may be obtained. At any rate, the 50,000 members under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employes (a "dead issue," if you please, according to the Journal) are getting there, and don't you forget it.

NEW YORK RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

The following is an associated press dispatch from the capital of the Empire state:

ALBANY, N. Y., January 14.—The State Board of Arbitration, in a special report to the Legislature on the late Central Hudson railroad strike, makes several suggestions for legislation. The board urges that entrance into railway service should be by enlistment for a definite period, upon satisfactory examination as to mental and physical qualifications, with oath of fidelity to the people and to the corporation. Resignation or dismissal from such service to be permitted for cause, to be stated in writing and filed with some designated authority, and to take effect after the lapse of a reasonable and fixed period.

Any combination of two or more persons to embarrass or prevent the operation of a railroad in the service of the people a misdemeanor.

It will be well for railroad employes to read it, if for no other purpose than to note the depths of idocy to which the State Board of Arbitration has descended. The proposition that railroad employes shall take an "OATH OF FIDELITY" to a corporation of any kind is an exhibition of "dampfoolism" that beggars description, and forces the inquiry: Who owns, who purchased the State Board of Arbitration of New York?

It was a favorite remark of Jay Gould, that "when he wanted a Legislature he purchased it." Did the New York Central purchase the New York State Board of Arbitration? Does it not look that way?

Again, does the proposition to undergo physical and mental qualifications include the Vanderbilts, Depews, Webbs and the rest of the gang who control the New York Central? Are they to take an "oath of fidelity" to the employes? Why not? Legislation is required to emancipate workmen, not to enslave them.

BACK NUMBERS.

It should be understood by Magazine agents and others that we have had a sufficient number of *Magazines* printed, beginning with January, to supply back numbers for all orders that may be received during the year. Let all orders begin with the January number, so that subscribers will have the numbers for the year complete.

LIVING ISSUES.

We have before us, as we write, No. 1, Vol. I, of *Living Issues*, published in Boston, Mass., with Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, as editor, 383 Washington street.

The *Living Issues*, we take it, is not a Nationalist paper, nor a Single Tax Advocate, not a Democratic, nor a Republican organ, but the *Avant-Courier* of a new party—the Farmers' Alliance party—and it must be said that *Living Issues* has a fair prospect of having a good sized party behind it at no distant day. Brother Bliss asks, "Must history repeat itself? Must America have a French Revolution?" and adds "People are talking of liberty and justice and equality: is anything being done? Nationalists discuss their theories; Single Taxers theirs; the Farmers' Alliance has its platform; Trades Unionists have theirs; is anything being done? Are we to have a United States of talk? Will talk save us? *Living Issues* believes that the time has come for reformers to unite, for less of discussion and more of working together, for less of talk and more united political action. *Living Issues* is started to work for the creation of a new political party."

It will be observed, that Bro. Bliss proposes to do some *talking* himself. He wants a new political party. If he succeeds, the Lord help him to get up one in all regards superior to the assortment we now have on the market. We welcome with great heartiness *Living Issues* to our *sanctum*. We shall look for it. There is in its columns, even now, stray food for thought. Brother Bliss hews to the line regardless of where the chips fly or whom they hit. The time has come for rugged journalism and for new issues, and we extend the right hand of fellowship to the new candidate for public favor.

A NEW DICTIONARY.

We have on our table, a prospectus and sample pages, of Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary of the English language. We have read the prospectus, with more care than we usually bestow upon such subjects. In noting the numerous reforms proposed, we are free to say, without any attempt at philological criticism, that the common sense views of the publishers strike us as being just what the average man needs, and the average man is vastly in the majority in this country.

We note with special satisfaction the arrangement by which the etymology is given after the definition of a word—and it is singular that the reform has never been thought of before by publishers of unabridged dictionaries. Few, who consult dictionaries, care for the history of words, they want the orthography of the word, and its clearest meaning, the rest is for the

philologist—the scientific student. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls ask for suggestions—we will venture one. Let the great work, for such we think it will be, contain a full list of synonyms, not a work like Crabb's English Synonyms, but more in the style of Soule's. Thousands of writers and talkers want synonyms, and words of opposite meaning. Such a feature would make the new book popular, and give it a wider sale than it otherwise would have.

All the reforms suggested are prudent and show that the publishers are awake to the needs of the people, and in this eminently practical age, dictionaries need reforming quite as much as geographies and other books of reference which could be easily named. We bespeak for the publishers deserved success.

F. THOROLD ROGERS, a member of the British Parliament says: "I at one time looked upon labor unions with suspicion, but a long study of the history of labor has convinced me that not only are they the best friends of the workingman, but the best agency for the employer and the public, and to the extension of these associations, statesmen and political economists must look for the solution of some of the most pressing and difficult problems of our time." Such testimony ought to pierce the rhinoceros hides of such men as Vanderbilt, Depew and H. Walter Webb. But some men never examine their locks and bolts till their treasures are gone.

"GETTYSBURG and the Railroads" captions an article in which it is shown that the number of persons killed and injured on the railroads during the past year, is almost exactly equal to the loss in killed and wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, on both sides. And still railroads are pleased when organizations resolve, "It has pleased God to remove," etc.

LOVE'S HOMAGE.

"Loved one! though lost to human sight

I feel thy spirit lingering near;

As softly as I feel the light,

That trembles through the atmosphere.

"I wonder if this cold, sweet breeze,

Hath touched thy lip and fanned thy brow;

For all my spirit hears and sees

Recalls thee to my memory now.

"For every hour I breathe apart

Will but increase—if that can be,

The love that fills this lonely heart

Already filled so full of thee.

"Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,

And many a sin must be forgiven;

Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep

And you and I shall meet in heaven."

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth day* of each month.

Reminiscent.

On the 2d of September, through the courtesy of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific management, the special train containing the delegates to the San Francisco convention, pulled out of Chicago. It consisted of five sleepers and one baggage car, and was under the control of John J. Hannahan from its departure till its return.

Mr. Allen, assistant General Manager of the Rock Island, proceeded to Kansas City in advance of the train, and from there made all arrangements for meals over that system as far west as Denver. At Davenport, Iowa, an interesting episode took place: Sitting Bull, from Philadelphia, received the White Hat, a relic of his ancestors from pre-historic Cape Town. This ceremony was accompanied by much pomp and beating of tom-toms. Each tribe took up the chorus and passed it along, till the inspiring music reached the camp of the warriors on the Rose Bud, from here it spread like a prairie fire to the bosom of every brave from the Yellowstone to the Colorado, its wild song and fantastic gestures awaking the echoes in the cañons of the Big Horn range and dying in the roar of the surf that beat the crags on Vancouver's island; but alas for the degeneracy of the pale face, who saw not the sublimity and immensity of its origin, but in the fear of his superstition he called it the "Ghost Dance," and so it will pass into history. We feel that the great member from the Albany gun club, on reading this sad intelligence will shed a tear and hit a schooner, for he is a power in naval warfare, having a carrying capacity that would sink a dozen crafts. At one time while passing through Kansas, he caused great alarm on the train by his disappearance, but his discovery, like the finding of Moses, was the source of much rejoicing, and the ladies who made the find presented him a bouquet of sun flowers, and an original package. This was significant of fidelity and poetry, and was greatly appreciated by the recipient, who in turn made a neat speech of thanks.

On the arrival of the train at Denver, the delegates did justice to a good breakfast that was well served, after which they were entertained by the members of the Denver lodges, 77 and 273. The train remained here five hours which gave general satisfaction. Late the next evening we arrived in the

Mormon capital, where several hours were spent visiting the endowment house, the tithing house, the temple and the tabernacle. Elaborate preparations had been made here to give the delegates such a reception as would have made it memorable, but the train was so delayed that all idea of the contemplated entertainment had to be abandoned. However, the members of the Salt Lake and Ogden lodges were very kind in showing the delegates and their ladies the many places of interest and otherwise making their visit pleasant and entertaining.

On the following Sunday morning breakfast was partaken of on the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was a quite easy slide from here down to the city of Sacramento where a delegation met the train to welcome their eastern brothers to the city near the Golden Gate. During that same week the Native Sons of the Golden West with the pioneers of '49, were celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California to the union and they kindly invited the representatives of the Brotherhood to participate in the festivities, which was accepted. San Francisco was looking its best in the gayety of its hilarity, and its citizens joyous in the memories of their fathers' pluck and endurance, sang

"In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of '49."

The bear flag of the old Republic was displayed on every corner; and as for Bruin himself he was there in effigy and in the flesh, black, cinnamon and grizzly, walking in the parade and carrying his characteristic smile with the indifference of a menagerie elephant.

While in the city the delegates were given a complimentary excursion, by the Southern Pacific Co., to the world famous Monterey. This was a treat that was very much enjoyed by the members and their wives. On our arrival at Pacific Grove, two miles from Monterey, the home of the gentle, the refined and the cultured, we were royally entertained by the brothers of the California lodges. A delicious lunch was spread on rustic tables temporarily constructed under the tall pines in the soft open air that had the smell of the sea upon it. During the repast a band discoursed good music, while the wives and daughters of the villagers served the guests with a courtesy and politeness that gave the whole the sweets and charm of home comforts. On each of the dainty wooden plates were buttonieres and Japanese napkins; the latter had printed across the centre: "Complimentary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, on the occasion of their visit to Pacific Grove, California, Tuesday, Sept. 16th, 1890." Along the tables were colossal bouquets, from which the ladies partook generously. Those wooden plates were put to unique and novel uses,

the most popular of which was the autograph album. This very interesting occupation was monopolized by the ladies, who approached the gentlemen in that graceful manner and bewitching smile holding their plate in one hand and pencil in the other, saying: "Have I your autograph?" It reminded one very forcibly of a scene at a church fair. I have since seen these plates hung with a dainty piece of blue ribbon make pleasing bric-a-brac. Frequently afterwards in car No. 2, we had the whole thing rehearsed, for the amusement of the occupants, having the wits O'Reilly of Nogalwosces and McCarthy of Lasvegas-losangeles, taking the leading parts. Dee-Gan, one of the heavy men, took the roll of gallant, in which he was ably assisted by Cleary of Concord; the chorus from car No. 1 was well rendered, and left little else to be heard after they "went on." On our return trip Mrs. Nellie Bloom, one of the bright singers of the *Magazine*, gave us the charm of her company to Los Angeles.

The Monterey excursion train was in charge of Mr. McCabe, the passenger agent, a young man, but one who assisted very materially in making the trip pleasant and agreeable.

The first night on our return home from San Francisco, Mr. Detrick, division superintendent, side tracked the train at Fresno, a kindness that will not be soon forgotten. In the bright beauty of the morning he directed us to the hotel where an excellent breakfast was served, and from that hour the most pleasant astonishments began to roll in on us till 5 P. M. The citizens of that thriving, enterprising city placed their buggies, hacks and carriages at our disposal that we might have an opportunity to visit the vineyards and see the transformation of the grape to the raisin, the wine press in operation, and the winery bursting in the abundance of its colossal casks. It was my good fortune to be thrown in company with a party of twelve who occupied a huge coach drawn by four beautiful sorrel horses, the property of Judge Grady, who had with that characteristic generosity for which he is well known throughout southern California, given us the best horse flesh in his stud. The Judge himself took a seat on the box next to the driver, then turning to the nine dusters that sat behind, he asked, with his arm resting on the back of the seat: "Well boys are you all ready?" In reply he received a timid "yes sir," for we had not yet felt satisfied, that is some of us, that all this luxury and enjoyment was for us, then settling himself in his seat he said to the driver, "let them go Johnny!" and Johnny giving a chirp, similar to the caress that a lady gives her pet canary, away dashed the sorrels like a seven-foot wheel with the pay car. After passing through an immense

vineyard, where the pickers were busy, our first stop was made at the club house of the race track. It was here that we were formally introduced to our genial host who proved the very embodiment of good fellowship. He is an attorney by profession and a gentleman and a scholar by education, as natural and unaffected as a sunset's glow. Then we went down the road through the shadows of the pomegranate, fig and odorous magnolia, turned into a narrow lane bordered by ripening olives and giant oleanders and stood before a large winery where the press was active and unloading grapes kept moving to the huge receiver. We were soon joined by other parties of our delegation that had come from other directions. It was here, standing with a tiny glass between his fingers that Reilly from New York sang:

"And does not a meeting like this make amends," to which the ladies added much music in their clear sweet voices. Judge Grady made a clever speech, John Hannahan told a story, and Dan Barry the champion of the poetic standard, gave the following toast, while holding high from where he stood on the end of the table, a generous tankard of old port:

On nectar fed,
Of old 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves Apollos:
But man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
(pointing to McCarthy)
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid."

Thereupon the entire party took up the chorus:

"Come wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight,
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

I will not mention the many magnificent specimens of fruit, such as peaches, grapes, apricots, raisins, &c., that the good people of Fresno prevailed upon us to accept as souvenirs of our visit to their city. Some of this fruit was in long, graceful-necked bottles, and labelled Angelica and other strange devices of which it was difficult to learn without looking inside. The pleasant memories of Fresno are destined to remain with those who were fortunate enough to be "wid us," as long as life will permit those ennobling qualities of our humanity to exist, our sense of appreciation and gratitude.

It is meet that in taking our leave of the big-hearted Californians it should be conducted by the angels. Our reception at Los Angeles was a compliment to this brotherhood that deeply impressed itself upon every member who was present. It was

held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, and presided over by the mayor of the city. Before our departure, each delegate and wife was presented with a sample bottle of the Los Angeles product.

Among the many entertainments that the brothers located at Los Angeles had provided, was an opportunity to luxuriate in the surf of the Pacific that washed the white, soft sandy beach at Redonda. Such an abandon, such unadulterated fun, such rollicking sport! All were boys and girls again. Children in the amusement of their wildest fancy. O happy moments of our school days, how vividly did your memories return, surrounded with a halo of blissful innocence! But alas the sweetest moments are soonest gone.

It is but a step from the paradise of the Republic to the desert of Mojave. Our last glimpse of California was caught as the sun lit up in its setting grandeur the beauty and extent of the orange groves at Riverside. It was here that those pioneers of our organization, Jack and Dick Dodge, bid us farewell and returned to their home in San Diego. They clung to that friendly clasp whose thrill they had not felt for years, and indeed in all probability they would never feel again. Well, no matter, we will dream and sing of our meeting and forget that we ever had parted. It was here also that Brundage dropped out, who 200 years ago had smiled when first he beheld the Mount of the Holy Cross and was rewarded by having it made perpetual, not only the cross but the smile.

May it never decay, while on earth he will stay,
Till it change for the smile of the blest on the very
last day.

Around the little stations that dot the barren wastes of the Mojave, were picturesque groups of Indians of both sexes carrying their papooses; a fee of ten cents was required to peep at the little ones who were wrapped in furs and strapped to a board in that peculiar Indian custom. The males were tall, stately fellows, many of them worked on the section, while others cultivated little patches of ground bordering the Colorado and other streams. A prominent feature of their dress was its scarcity; of this they were as indifferent as they were to the burning rays of an Arizona sun. At Needles, a place that holds the distinction of running the mercury higher than any other spot on this side of Fiddlers Green, we were honored by a foot race, between four of the Mojaves and two of our party, the latter were represented by the tall "happy" man from Cincinnati and "I-move-to-concur," from the Windy City. The Indians were it seemed bedecked and painted for the occasion, they stood in their place awaiting the signal with an air of confidence that was taunting. The excitement grew to fever heat when the word "go" rang out from a feathery

chief who stood on a cracker box near the last sleeper. Ye gods, how they moved!—but let us throw the mantle of charity over the prostrated form of the humiliated Red, who lay with his nose in the ground and swore that he never stumbled before. "Wisha thin if you didn't," cried Madigan, "begor yo' stumbled behind, for be me sowl, I-move-to-concur, was there in the dust o' yer heels." I have since learned that the Mojaves are restless and enthusiastic ghost dancers.

A day or two after, we entered the country of the Pueblos. These Indians are short in stature, having remarkably small feet—this is not sarcasm—and anxious to sell anything they have got. Agates, topaz, turquois and native pottery whose antique qualities could not be questioned, were offered. Many availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded to secure relics of these strange people, but that which was purchased by the Sheriff from Iowa, was far the most remarkable. It was the sweetest little copper-colored baby that could be found; he bought it for thirty-five cents and a plug of tobacco. Howell declared that he intended the baby for Norion in San Antonio, and at the same time dropped some very suggestive inferences. Two days after we arrived in Chicago, making the complete circuit without the slightest accident. Everything went like clock work, harmonious and jolly. Before closing I wish to express what a great many have, that we are all indebted to T. J. Roberts, of Oakland, for his kind, gentlemanly attention during our stay in San Francisco. His position was a very difficult one but he filled it with credit to himself and the organization.

Tim Fagan.

Loyalty vs. Servility.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., January 15, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time before the assembling of the firemen in convention at San Francisco I was invited by their committee of arrangements to deliver an address at their opening meeting. The invitation was declined on the ground of incompetency, but, being urged, I reluctantly consented. Later on I was notified by the secretary of my division, No. 283, that the members wished me to extend a greeting to the firemen in their behalf. The secretary informed me that the division thought it might be well for me to draw up and present a set of resolutions, but added, "*there are no particular instructions. You are left free to follow your own judgment.*" Following my own judgment, I dispensed with resolutions and conveyed an expression of the good will of the members of Division No. 283 to the delegates in a few words as well chosen as my limited ability afforded.

Having spoken these few words of welcome in behalf of the members of my division, my duty to them was discharged. My address, which was delivered at the same time, voiced *my own views and sentiments*, and was delivered, as before stated, on the invitation of the firemen and not of the engineers of Division No. 283.

I make this explanation because I am charged by the editor of the *Engineers' Journal* with being "recreant to my trust" on the occasion. I deny that I was recreant to my trust on that or any other occasion when I have been commissioned to perform duties for my fellow engineers. Some half dozen members of Division No. 283, out of a total membership of seventy, seemed to think it necessary to purge the division of any responsibility for my remarks, and they passed condemnatory resolutions. I care nothing about that; if it relieved their minds, and was any solace to the wounded feelings of the Grand Chief, it is well. My address is referred to in the January *Journal* as a "*Miserable effort*." I admit that it did not amount to much, but then it was my first effort; my maiden speech, and the editor of the *Journal* shouldn't be hard on a beginner. You did me the honor of publishing it, Mr. Editor, and I declare, when I saw it in the *Magazine*, with your introductory remarks and foot notes, it reminded me of a poorly-dressed person decked off with a silk hat and feathers and patent leather boots. But, "*miserable*" as it was, I am vain enough to believe that it interested my audience as much as some of the productions of the editorial corps of the *Journal* interest its readers. The effort of the *poetical editor* for instance in the last issue; for this "*doggerel*" we pay a hundred and fifty or seventy-five dollars a month. The editor of the *Journal* intimates that I am unfit for companionship. Well, I am not dying for the companionship of any one other than my wife and dog, but that I am not to be forsaken on account of anything I have said seems probable from the tone of many letters I have received in the last few months. Here, for instance, are a few extracts from one written by one of the most prominent brotherhood men on the coast, and an officer of Division No. 283: "*The resolutions are absurd.*" * * * "*This is another of 283's freaks.*" * * * "*I believe that you expressed publicly the private opinion of a majority of the B. of L. E. men in this State; you did mine at least.*"

There is a difference between *loyalty* and *servility*. I claim to be a loyal member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, but I am servile to no man, not even Grand Chief Arthur. He may feel that he is too great and too good to be criticized, but he is only human, and must take his medicine like the rest of us. I hold that a man may

consistently be a loyal member of the B. of L. E. and at the same time be a friend of the firemen and of their organization. I claim to be both.

There will be a brotherhood, or at least an alliance of all men engaged in the train service, in spite of the opposition of Grand Chief Arthur and the President of the New York Central Railroad Company.

Yours fraternally,
D. J. Brown.

The Fatal "Thirteen."

MR. EDITOR:—I desire to record a peculiar accident which occurred here recently, and which may be of interest to the readers of the *Magazine*:

On the 13th of November last, at 7:13 A. M., a construction train with engine 213 left the gravel pit with a train of gravel, and at 9:13 A. M. collided with an opposing train on bridge 13, wrecking 13 cars, both crews consisting of 13 men, all escaping injury except the fireman, who was slightly injured by jumping through the cab window. It is rumored that he jumped 13 feet, but this is not confirmed.

Yours truly,
MISSOULA, MONT. E. W. G.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

To the Boys of Banner Lodge, No. 56.

The church was crowded to the door,
In front the merry children waited
To see the joy, the treasured store
With which the bending tree was freighted.
What mirth was in each sparkling eye!
What music in the cheerful voices!
For who could ask a child to try
To quench the heart that so rejoices?
While looking o'er that happy throng,
I sat in silent meditation;
My heart was touched that night with song
And by the earnest invocation.
The same old picture there was drawn,
The oft-repeated, old, old story,
Proclaiming to our world the dawn
Of that bright day that ends in glory.
To see each little face light up,
To note how thrilled each little being
For candy, nuts, or china cup,
Was something really worth the seeing.
I, too, was but a child that night,
And, as I caught their inspiration,
My eyes were dazzled with a sight
That far surpassed my expectation.
"The Boys of Number Fifty-six"
Had come to over me completely.
They're up to just such clever tricks,
So kindly, friendly and discreetly.
Their gift was placed within my hand,
A purse with "legal tender" in it;
And something—do you understand?
Bedimmed my wondering eyes a minute.
But dearer than the glittering coin,
The genial, kind appreciation,
Which like a golden cord shall join
Our hearts in loving federation.
"Tis said, 'More blest are they who give
A gift than he who may receive it.'
I hope 'tis true; but as I live,
In this one case I don't believe it.

Geo. W. Hall.

STANBERRY, MO., JAN. 8, 1891.

W. S. Carter Remembered.

In the *Denver News* of December 28th there appears an account of a presentation highly complimentary to Bro. W. S. Carter, late of Alamo Lodge, No. 284, Taylor, Tex., but now located at Denver, Col., and a member of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77. We quote as follows:

On last Thursday evening, Christmas day, at the regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, a most agreeable surprise was given to W. S. Carter, a new member of the lodge, but an old and prominent member in the organization. Mr. Carter was formerly a member of Alamo Lodge, 283, Taylor, Tex., and its representative at the last convention of the Brotherhood held in San Francisco. He has since moved with his family to Denver. His old lodge, recognizing his worth, had sent to No. 77 for presentation, a very handsome badge as an expression of their appreciation of his abilities and great services. It is of their own design and made of heavy gold beautifully engraved. The occasion was particularly gratifying to Lodge 77, among whose members Mr. Carter is very popular. The presentation was made on the evening of the tenth anniversary of Mr. Carter's marriage—his tin wedding.

The *Railroad Trainmen's Journal* in its new dress is a thing of beauty as well as a joy forever. Brother Rogers has done himself proud. The title page is artistic and expressive. The contents from cover to cover invite to careful perusal. In literary excellence, arrangement, variety and scope of matter the January issue is equal in all regards to the best there is in the market. The portrait of Grand Secretary and Treasurer, W. A. Sheahan, that prince of gentlemen, is the subject of the frontispiece. Best of all, the *Journal* is printed in its own office and by its own type and presses, which speaks trumpet-tongued for the energy and pluck of the organization it represents. The *Magazine* is in the happiest mood for felicitations and the *Journal* has them in round and overflowing measure.

Acknowledgments.

ST. THOMAS, CANADA, December 20, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—This is to certify that I have this day received from Charity Lodge, No. 5, a draft for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, the full amount due me on the policy held by my late son, Geo. Cheesborough, for which please accept my sincere thanks. Yours respectfully, MRS. L. CHEESBOROUGH.

BRADFORD, PA., January 11, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the draft of fifteen hundred dollars, (\$1,500) the insurance due me on the death of my dear son Frank Wood, who was taken from us September 29th, 1890. With the best wishes for the welfare of your order, I am Truly yours, MRS. A. P. WOOD.

FOEBURG, PA., December 28, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of \$1,500 due me on the policy of my dear son, Silas L. Elder, through Mr. J. E. Dunlap, Receiver. I also desire to express my sincere thanks for the beautiful flowers presented by Thanksgiving Lodge, No. 406, and also to those who accompanied the remains and who so kindly assisted at the funeral. May God ever bless and protect your noble Brotherhood is the sincere wish of

MRS. CATHARINE ELDER.

PITTSFORD, N. Y., December 2, 1890.

W. P. Couch, Esq., Sec'y. of Lodge No. 99, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me to present to your association through you an acknowledgment of thankfulness for the kindness shown me by the association. Your resolutions of sympathy were duly received and were helpful in lightening the burden of sorrow which came to me by the sudden death of my son, and your associate, George Lighthouse, and I can only wish that all who have so freely tendered their sympathy, both by word and act, may be spared such a sudden and painful death as was the lot of my son. I herewith also acknowledge the receipt of \$1,500.00 from your association, for the prompt remittance of which please accept the thanks of the sorrowing mother of George Lighthouse.

Yours truly,

ELIZA OTT.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 23, 1890.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, (\$1,500) the amount of insurance due me on the death of my son Martin J. Conniff. I desire to return my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood for the money and I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown my beloved son, and the respect shown him after death. Words fail to express the gratitude I feel toward your noble order. I also tender my heartfelt thanks to the members of the Louisville lodge. With best wishes for the prosperity of the Brotherhood, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

MRS. DELIA CONNIFF.

STANBERRY, MO., January 15, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to thank you for the payment of fifteen hundred (\$1,500) dollars insurance due me and my children on the policy held by my late husband, J. H. Burk. I also wish to thank the officers and members of Banner Lodge, No. 56, for the respect and kind feeling shown to my dear husband after his death, and for their kindness to me. If we had better laws for the protection of railroad men while in the discharge of their dangerous duties, there wouldn't be so many empty seats at the bedside, and lonely homes. With best wishes for the B. of L. F. everywhere, I remain

Your friend,

JOSE S. BURK.

DENVER, COLO., December 26, 1890.

To the Members of Denver Lodge, No. 273:

DEAR FRIENDS:—This is to certify that I have this day received through the representative of the B. of L. F. the sum of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500.00) on the insurance policy held by my late husband, Christian F. Fogel. I wish also to extend my heartfelt thanks to the members of the brotherhood for their kindness and sympathy at the time of my husband's death, also for their beautiful floral decorations. Hoping that God will protect and prosper your noble order, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

AUGUSTA J. FOGEL.

HINDALE, N. Y., December 9, 1890.

Mr. W. F. Couch, Sec'y. Rochester Lodge, No. 99, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly convey our sincere thanks to the members of your lodge for the floral tribute and the kindness shown us in our late bereavement; also kindly express our thanks to the members who accompanied the remains of our son and brother home. The promptness with which the insurance was paid denotes the magnificent working system and benefits of your order. It is our hope and desire that the members of your order may never be overtaken by any accident or misfortune.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. WM. COLLOPY.

COLUMBIA, PA., December 30, 1890.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN—I have just received, through Mr. Martin M. Hinkle, a draft for \$1,500, on the policy held by my beloved husband, Christian P. Rost. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the prompt adjustment of the same. I also wish to return thanks for the beautiful floral design to my husband. I sincerely thank the members of Columbia Lodge, No. 252, B. of L. F., for their kindness to me during my trouble. May God, in His goodness and mercy, prosper your order and be the protection of its members throughout the land, is my earnest prayer.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY E. ROST.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., January 7, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN—I have received from W. J. Logue, Financier of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, a draft for the sum of \$1,500, due me on the policy held by my deceased husband, George Andrews. Allow me to tender my sincere thanks also to lodge No. 66 for their many acts of kindness during my late husband's sickness and on the day of his funeral. Permit me to express the hope that prosperity may attend the Brotherhood, and may it long continue a blessing to the members and their families.

Gratefully yours,

MARGARET ANDREWS.

AUGUSTA, GA., December 4, 1890.

To the Members of Stone Mountain Lodge No. 332, B. of L. F.

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred (\$1500.00) dollars, the insurance due me on the policy of my late husband Charles S. Harrell, who was killed at Marton station, S. C., June. I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown him at his burial. I have not words to express the gratitude I feel towards your Order. May the blessings of God rest upon your noble Order, one and all, is the prayer of his bereaved widow.

MRS. KATIE E. HARRELL.

GALION, O., January 2, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—We received this day, through C. D. Hoyt, Receiver of Eclipse Lodge, No. 107, a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, in full payment of policy held by our late son, W. E. Wemple, for which we wish to express many thanks, also for the interest and sympathy shown us through the illness and at the funeral of our son. Long may you and your order live to prosper.

Most truly yours,

MRS. MAGGIE WEMPLE,
J. D. WEMPLE.*To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :*

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for (\$750) seven hundred and fifty dollars, granted me at your late convention. I also desire to thank Bro. Debs for his kind attention to my claim. Hoping that the Brotherhood may ever prosper, I remain,

Yours truly,

MRS. ELIZA MACK.

APPLICANT—I ask for the hand of your daughter.

Parent—Have you any prospects for the future?

"None whatever."

"She hasn't any either. Take her, my boy, and be happy. God bless you both."

Literary Notes.

CATECHISM OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

We have before us a copy of the revised edition of this work, which has just been issued from the press of the *Railroad Gazette*, 73 Broadway, New York. "Forney's Catechism" has for seventeen years been the standard book of reference on the intricate mechanism of the locomotive, and has gained a more than national reputation among railroad men, as the numerous editions which were required to fill the demand abundantly testify. Our old book bears the date 1883, and is part of the 26th thousand issued in the ten years since it first appeared in 1873, and the new book of the revised edition of 1890 is part of the 37th thousand, thus proving the great popularity of the book. A great many changes and improvements have been made in locomotives in seventeen years of railroad development, and to keep pace with the onward march of progress it has become necessary to revise and enlarge the book, and thus we find the new volume to contain 100 more pages than the old, and each page of the new book is nearly one and one-half times as large, so that the new book would make over 1,000 pages of the old. Several new chapters have been added, and most of the others had to be revised and enlarged and new engravings introduced to illustrate recent improvements. A large chart printed in colors to illustrate the air brake, is one of the best things in print on that subject and is worthy of special mention. The book can be obtained from the publishers as above at \$3.50, postage prepaid, to any address in the country, or will be sent at the same price by Wm. Weller, Port Morris, N. J., or in combination with the valve motion model for \$7.00, all postage prepaid.

HOW CAN WE DO IT?

Wood's Natural History of Mammalia. 500 illustrations, 800 pages, weight over six pounds. The standard work on the subject. Interesting alike to old and young. This edition cannot be bought for less than \$6.00.

"The Lion at Home." Picture in oil of Rosa Bonheur's great \$50,000 painting. Size 13½x20. This painting should be in every home in the land. It cannot be bought at the art stores for less than \$4.00.

TWENTIETH CENTURY, the weekly magazine devoted to human rights, for one year, \$2.00.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY Pub. Co.,

4 Warren St., New York.

The January *Arena* contains a symposium on Helen Gardner's new novel, "Is this your Son, Mr. Lord?" by the following well-known thinkers: Moncure D. Conway, Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joselyn Gage (President of the National Women's Liberal Union), Donn Platt and Robert C. Adams (President of the Canadian Secular Union). Helen Gardner's novel has already passed into its second edition of five thousand copies. The last edition contains a strong preface, by the author, in which she reviews some of her critics.

"A TALE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR," published by F. T. Neely, 323 Dearborn St., Chicago, is a sensation. It is a fanciful picture of that great event, and the work rises to the magnitude and possibilities of the great occasion. From a work of such uniform excellence it is difficult to select any particular features; yet we would mention the perforation of Mr. Depew's opening address "Soldiers Dead at the Fair" and the fire scene. The last is a picture of terror and desolation unsurpassed in the English language. Mr. T. R. Burch, general agent of the Phenix Ins. Co., purchased 50,000 copies of the first edition for gratuitous distribution among friends, co-laborers, and policy holders, thus manifesting an appreciation for the book that has never been given any other publication.

His Female Relations.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

The brakeman paused; he reached his hand deep down in the side pocket of his coat and produced a slab of black plug tobacco. After turning it about a few times in his fingers to find a favorable spot, he thrust it into his mouth and took a large and artistic bite. The dispatcher and the agent declined. Then the brakeman restored the slab to his pocket, hoisted his feet a little higher against the stove, and continued:

"Well, that's all right. If a man wants to monkey with that kind of thing, he can do it—but for me, I ain't in it. See? Ever since Jim Rittler got so balled up through havin' too many of 'em, I've considered that I was let out entirely. Bein' as Jim was my side partner, you may say, at the time, of course I had the whole story straight from him. You've heard it often enough, I reckon, so I don't need ter—"

The dispatcher and the agent said that they knew Jim Rittler, but they had never heard the story.

"Say, that's funny. I thought everybody about the road knew it. The general superintendent heard it, and Jim was expecting every day for a long time to have a dance on the carpet. You ought to get Jim himself to tell it, and if he ever gets transferred back to this division you jest ask him how all his female relations is gettin' along. He'll ketch right on, and probably give you the whole story.

"Well, if you know Jim there ain't no use in my sayin' much about him. He was as popular and as well-liked as any of the boys that was breakin' on this division at that time. But you probably couldn't tell, no more'n I can, why the girls was so stuck on him, for he wa'n't particularly good-lookin', and he didn't put on any amount of tog, either. However, he was a pretty good single-hand talker, and probably that was what counted. My, but he was a lightning striker with the women! Why, sir, I have seen him cut right in and jest naturally walk off with the coufiding affections of some young creature before you or I or any other man would have managed to get introduced to her. And for the number of 'em! Well, I hope to croak, if there wasn't one at every stop along the line, and in the big places two or three—and in the city, oh, Lord! There they were thick! The boys was all onto it, and they used to say that if we laid up on a siding right out in the desert all the Indian squaws would be around askin' for Jim Rittler. Everybody seemed to think that he was a very lucky fellow, but I always suspicioned that things would get balled up some day. If you keep putting on more trains you have to keep

changin' the schedule, and the first you know the thing is too complicated to manage and then there are wrecks. Now, that's the way it was with him.

"Do you remember about two years ago, when I3 was ditched jest this side of White's? Well, Jim got hurt there—not much—jest enough to lay him up in the hospital for awhile. Of course the news went all up and down the line, and at every station you would see some girl wringin' her hands and askin' about Jim. Naturally the boys told 'em jest how it was—that Jim wa'n't hurt much, but was sidetracked at the hospital. And what do you think? Why, every one of them bloomin' girls allowed they would go right down to the city for to nuss him. They was unanimously of the idea that if they didn't, poor Jim wouldn't have no one to take care of him—for, of course, there wasn't one of them that suspicioned the existence of the other, and Jim, he always made a point of tellin' 'em all how he was an offun and alone in the world.

"But we assured 'em all—leastwise I did them that spoke to me—that the sisters of hope, who was running the hospital then, would take good care of Jim, and they needn't worry. Still there was some of 'em that wasn't satisfied, and they allowed they would go down anyway, jest to visit him. When I got in from the run that night, I went around to see Jim myself, and I told him to be on the look-out, or he'd get jacked up. But he was feelin' pretty perky, and said he reckoned it was all right—that he had put up a kind of a schedule they could all run on, and there wa'n't no danger of anything happenin'.

"Tom Bixby was sittin' by the bed at the time, and when Jim spoke he winks at Tom, and Tom he grins. You know Tom; he used to be news butcher on 19, and now he's runnin' a store in the city. Well, he'd been jammed up in a collision some time before, and was now about recovered, only lame; so that he went stumpin' along like a flat-wheeler. To give him something to do, the sisters had put him in charge of the door, to show visitors in and around.

"I've told Tom about it," says Jim to me, 'and if one of them comes while another is here he will keep her back by sayin' that they are fixin' to dissect me—or something like that.'

"Saw your leg off," says Tom, grinnin' some more.

"And we have got it all put up about the different degrees of relationship," Jim goes on, winkin' ag'in. But I didn't understand the signals, and I told him so.

"The sisters of hope has a rule," says he, 'that a man can't have no ladies visit him unless they are akin to him.'

"Well," says I, 'much as I know about

this hospital, I never heard no such rule as that.'

"Tom told me," says Jim.

"And Tom, he spoke up perfectly solemn and said: 'That's right, what he says. I ought to know, being as I am doorkeeper, and have to turn gals away every day.'

"'We've got a reg'lar list,' Jim says, 'of just how many will go of each kind of relation, because it wouldn't do for a man to have nineteen sisters or twenty-three cousins, or anything like that, for fear the public would ketch on. See?'

"'The first lot will be sisters,' says Tom, very quick; 'and then comes cousins, and sisters-in-law, and then aunts, and —'

"'That'll be enough,' says Jim.

"'But if it ain't,' Tom goes on, grinnin' like he had just struck a jay-hawker with an armful of prize packages, 'there is plenty of other kinds of female relatives; wives and mothers—course those ain't available more than onct—and great-aunts and grand-mothers, and mothers-in-law —'

"'And daughters,' says I, joinin' in, 'cause I thought it was just a kind of a game to keep Jim's spirits up; and Jim he laughed and was very chipper about it.

"Then I come away. But I heard afterward how the scheme turned out.

"You see Tom was puttin' the thing up on Jim. There wasn't no rule about lady visitors like what he said, but he had made it up jest to put Jim in the hole.

"Pretty soon the girls begun to come—first those that lived in the city, and afterward those from the country—and Tom would take 'em confidentially into the waiting-room and tell 'em how glad Jim would be, only they must pretend to be some relative of his, else the sisters wouldn't let 'em in. Of course they was all willin' enough—it's my opinion that a woman really likes to have a good chance to tell a lie—and when they came to where Jim was he would introjooce them to any of the sisters of hope that was about as his cousins or sisters or whatever relation was down for that number on the list. I have an idea that them sisters of hope must have been thinkin' that Jim's ancestry run a long way back for him to scare up such a nailin' fine lot of female relatives on such short notice.

"Well, as I was saying, the scheme that Tom put up was this: As each girl came down, after seein' Jim, he would stop 'em, and, takin' 'em to one side, would tell how Jim had said a lot of nice things about them, and how he had been hoping they would come, and all that. Then he would ask if they expected to call again—for Jim would be very lonesome. Of course, they all allowed they would. Then he told 'em that there was a new rule, and visiting relatives could only come on certain days and at certain hours. One way and another he

fixed it up, so they was all agreed to come back to see Jim at exactly the same time on the same day.

"And Jim, of course, he was never suspicioning nothing, no more'n a man comin' round a curve in a cut with a wild train bearin' down on him.

"Well, come the day that Tom had set, the girls began to arrive—some of 'em ahead of the schedule. The butcher takes 'em into the waitin'-room, grinnin' like only a butcher can grin, and tells 'em that Jim will be ready to see 'em in a minute. When he thinks they are all in—some dozen or fifteen, there was, altogether—Tom calls out, 'Step this way, ladies, please!' and leads 'em off all in a line upstairs.

"Now it just so happened that there was quite a crowd around Jim's bed. There was a couple of the sisters of hope, and the assistant-surgeon of the line (Doc what's-his-name? I forget), and several patients that was able to get about, and Jim he was givin' 'em some of his remarkable experiences on the road—for he could lie against any man I ever knew—and the audience was gettin' properly excited—when all of a sudden Tom looms up, pullin' that train of girls along behind him.

"'Here's your female relatives, Jim,' he calls out.

"Say, but it must have been a sight. There was Jim, with no chance to jump for his life. There was the sisters of hope and the others around the bed, who had already been quite uneasy about the surprisin' number of Jim's female relatives, and now was paralyzed to see 'em all at onct. And there was the girls themselves—O Lord! Fust he looks at Tom, to see what he means, then they stares at one another, beginnin' to take it in, and then they all unanimously glares at poor Jim, who was lyin' still in the bed utterly flabbergasted.

"And the silence was so thick and hard that you couldn't have got through it with a rotary.

"At last one of the sisters of hope spoke up and says: 'Why, it's quite a family reunion yous do be havin' to-day, Mr. Rittler.'

"'Yes,' says Jim, very faint, like a kid that expects to git belted.

"'What!' says the doctor, 'are all these here ladies relatives of yourn?' and he begun a squintin' down the line. Some was short and some tall, some fat and some lean, and one was red-headed. 'Really,' he says, 'it is a very remarkable family likeness. Are they all sisters?'

"'Four sisters,' answers Tom Bixby, consultin' a piece of paper which he held up to look at plainer, 'five cousins, three sisters-in-law, two aunts—and a mother, mother-in-law, and great aunt, if needed.'

"By this time Jim was beginning to get his wind again, and he puts his hand out ot

the nearest girl, and says: 'Howdy do, Sister Emma? I am glad to see you.' And to the next one: 'How are you, Cousin Mary —?' and was goin' down the line, thinkin' perhaps he could make each one of 'em believe that all the others was real relatives. But it wouldn't work; before he had gone any distance one of his 'sisters' points to another 'sister,' right alongside of her, and says, in a loud voice: 'Jim Rittler, who is this person? I insist upon knowin'.' The other answers back, and then they all begins to talk at onct. Some of 'em turns on Jim, and I tell you they give it to him raw; but most of 'em keeps right on jawin' at one another. At last the doctor and the sisters had to interfere. They rounded 'em up and led 'em away downstairs. Even when they came out in the street there was two that very nearly had a fight, and they kept a-goin' on as long as any of 'em was together.

"The moment the girls was out of the way, Jim he began to look for Tom Bixby, but the news butcher had just naturally and off, and before Jim was able to get about he had left the hospital for good.

"After that Jim was hardly ever at rest for the joshin' he got about his female relations. The next time I went up to see him two of the doctors that was passin' along stopped to ask why his mother had never introjosed his sisters to one another when they was little, and how it happened that his great-aunt was such a bloomin' young woman—and everything like that. It's my idea that the scrape kinder had a good effect on Jim, leastwise to the extent that he is now trvin' to centralize his affections on one girl instead of disseminatin' them all along the line. And I shouldn't be surprised if before long that one girl and Jim was to —"

"There's 17's whistle!" cried the agent; "she is on time for once," and they all sprung up and went out on the platform.

THE products of labor constitute the only fund out of which the wages of labor can be paid. Seven-tenths of these products are consumed by laborers and must be paid for out of the wages they receive for creating these products. If the wages received by labor are not sufficient to purchase its full proportion of these products, then they will remain unsold and there will be a correspondingly smaller demand for labor. The larger the profit and the smaller the wages, the less will be the demand and the smaller the profit to the employer of labor. Thus low wages to the workman inevitably reacts upon the employer who feels it in the shape of smaller profits. Such a policy in effect locks up the surplus capital of the country, reduces circulation and injures the employer as well as the employed.

STORY OF A POEM.

Now Republished, After Being Carried
Five Years in a Banker's Pocket.

Luther Laffin Mills, whom the New York *Sun* gracefully dubbed the "Cicero of Chicago," deserves the title for other reasons than his gift of classic oratory. Cicero was a poet, and a lover of poets and poesy. So is Mr. Mills. While the lawyer was in New York last, George Morgan, of the firm of Drexel & Morgan, bankers, presented the Chicagoan with a poem which has an interesting history. Years ago Mr. Morgan saw the verses in an obscure little country paper and clipped them. He carried them for five years in his pocket, and on suitable occasions read them to his friends, who always admired them. Finally, Mr. Morgan had so many requests for the verses that he had copies of them printed. Here is the poem as it appears in the copy presented to Mr. Mills. The verses are certainly beautiful, and their being published at this late day should encourage all obscure but earnest singers. No real heart song is ever lost:

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

I WONDER WHY 'TIS SO!

Most joyous time of all the year,
Glad Christmas Carols' ringing clear,
But hark! beneath each joyous tone,
There comes in muffled monotone,
Sad, cheerless voices making moan,
I wonder why 'tis so!

I look, and 'round me can espy,
Dark, shadowy forms, lurking nigh;
Hardship, and cold, and bitter pain,
Grim toll, gaunt hunger, manhood slain
By sordid lust of power and gain;
And wonder why 'tis so!

They move the tollers path across,
And work him many a bitter loss;
They follow to the very door,
They move unbidden o'er the floor
And vex his spirit more and more;
I wonder why 'tis so!

And childish faces, too, I see
Bowed down with want and poverty;
Arrayed in garment worn and old,
Untaught, half fed, like chattels sold
To heap more high the rich man's gold;
I wonder why 'tis so!

Their masters sit in sordid state
Convinced that they alone are great;
Look on the poor with careless eye,
Or negligently pass them by,
And care not if they live or die;
I wonder why 'tis so!

The erring sister, poorly fed,
The husks of sin her daily bread,
Receives the sharp, un pitying thrust,
From her whose wealth makes all things just;
For gold can gild its owner's lust;
I wonder why 'tis so!

The preachers preach a righteous God,
But tell us we must kiss the rod,
The rich must rule by right divine,
The poor must serve nor dare repine,
Though fed on husks and housed like swine;
I wonder if 'tis so!

I wonder will these horrors last,
Can we judge the future by the past?
I wonder most that such things be
In this our land of liberty
The birth place of the brave and free;
I wonder why 'tis so!

T. J. Walsh.

A Queer Freak of Lightning.

Lightning plays some wonderful freaks once in awhile. The countenance of a German employed on the farm of Patrick O'Connell in Perry township was evidence of this fact. During one of the electrical storms last week, this farm hand and O'Connell's young son were engaged in arranging the harness on a couple of plough mules, standing at the time in the center of a field. Suddenly a terrific bolt of lightning descended toward them, and they both fell senseless to the ground, while the two animals were instantly killed. The man and the boy soon returned to consciousness, but there was a startling change in the farmer's facial appearance. The electrical current had shaved the whiskers off of one side of his face as completely as if it had been scraped by a keen-edged razor in the hands of a skillful tonsorial artist. He is too much engrossed in congratulating himself over his narrow escape from death to mind a little thing like this however. The boy was uninjured.

Colored Proverbs.

Wakkin' on 'nother man's farm at night is er short cut to jail.

Waitin' fer good times is like tryin' ter scratch matches in de well-buckit.

Red lick'er mighty quiet in de jug, but mighty noisy in de nigger.

Dese trus's dat's gwine roun' de country don' trus' de po' man much.

Some womin like umbrellers; yo, can't keep 'em at home no how.

Mighty hard ter manage seegyar an' grubbin' hoe at de same time.

No use ter ax how de man is w'en you see his galluses wraped roun' de muel's hin' laigs.

Preachers' coat tails gwine be mighty pop'ler on jedgmint day.

Some folks seem ter think de lord don' want nothin' bigger'n copper cents.

Forks in de road don' bother de wil' goose.

Mighty lucky turky dat ain' got much appetite fo' thanksgivin'.

W'en you gits er chance ter vote fer honis' men, take it.

De deafes' nigger kin always hyear de dinner horn.

Crabgrass an' barcer wurrums don' wait fer nobody.

Pullin' suckers in de barcer lot pays bet-tern ketchin' suckers in de creek.

De bull calf wonder w'at de milk pail's fer.

Silver cream pot don' sweeten sour milk.

IMATE Teuton (to stranger, who had stepped on his toe)—Himmel! mine fren't, I know mine veet vas meant to be walked on, but dot privilege he belongs to me.

THE Peacemaker—"Don't you know it is very wrong to fight, little boy? What does the Good Book say?" Tommy (who has just polished off the class bully)—"I dunno. I ain't read it no further than David an' Gerlire."

THE Earl and Countess of Aberdeen who were passengers on a train which was derailed while crossing the Rocky Mountains, have left an order with a jeweler at Hamilton, Ont., for a gold watch and a gold locket for the engineer and fireman of the train. The watch for James Brownlee, the engineer, has engraved on the case a scene of the wreck surrounded by the words "faithful unto death," and in the inside an appropriate inscription. Engraved on the gold locket for the fireman, John Perry, is an inscription giving the names of the donors and the reason of the presentation.

Clean Business.

[Australian.]

We need not specify, but some late revelations in the law courts make one the very reverse of optimistic as to the average conscience. The specially sinister element is the cool and apparently knowing assumption on the part of experts that slimy methods in business are, of course, the rule. But, after all, this is no new thing. The old time divine who said he was too poor to keep a conscience was neither a sinner nor a fool. He was, in fact, much nearer being a philosopher and a saint. Neither was he entirely a satirist or a jester in saying that. It was far more likely that he spoke out of the bitterness of his heart. He only blurted out what ten thousand felt—and feel. Are we any nearer the demonstration of the truth of the highly proper, but disappointing proverb that "Honesty is the best policy"? It is very doubtful. Here and there a man seems to prosper through sheer honesty, but it is not so much his honesty that pays as the good article that he sells. Let that fall off, and who will stick to him for his mere honesty? No; it is plate glass that pays, the flare of lights, rowdy advertisements, impudent assertion, and fooling and flattering the queer thing called public "taste." There are exceptions; but the man who will only do clean business, and stick to it, is in financial danger—at all events for a time. He must be prepared to say, in the spirit of the old Hebrew, "Better is a dry morsel with a good conscience than a house full of feasting with shame."

One of the most unclean and corrupting sides of modern business is the altogether pernicious system of giving tips, presents and bribes. The master who allows his servants to take discounts and tips from tradespeople is simply teaching them to cheat him. He is possibly conniving at a double fraud. The commercial traveler who paves his way with pianos ought to be suspected. He has got to cheat somebody in order to make that pay; or, if he is not a tricky seller, he is, anyhow, a mean competitor, who introduces into what should be straightforward business the spirit of the man who would win a race by doctoring an opponent's horse. A good story comes from America, which we hope is true. A pushing manufacturer calls upon a government official about the supply of certain stores, and, on concluding the interview, quietly puts on the table, in an off-hand way, a bill for a handsome sum. "Ah! and what is this for?" asked the cheery official. "Oh, that's nothing!—a trifling matter for some cigars for your young people." "Oh, then, I suppose you are in favor of the weed?" "Yes, I like a good cigar as well as anyone." "Then let me offer you one," said the wary official, handing him a box.

The briber took one. "Now let me offer you a light," said the other quietly, rolling up the precious piece of paper into a pipe-light. Deliberately lighting it, with a smiling face, under the eyes of the briber, who, seeing the day of judgment had come, had just sufficient presence of mind to light his cigar at the blazing bill and bolt. That was a gay and light-hearted American way of washing one's hands of a briber. Here is a story with a different mood in it, illustrating the British bull-dog way of treating the same matter. A certain man occupied a post of great responsibility and influence as manager of one of the largest companies in England. One day a merchant called upon him and was anxious to sell some steel. He very quietly set down before him a roll of notes amounting to £500. "What are these?" asked the manager, taking them up. "Oh," exclaimed the merchant in an under tone, "you will be good enough to accept them with the compliments of the firm." Then it flashed upon the man that it was a bribe. Crumpling the notes together, as if they were so much waste paper, he flung them out of the office door and said indignantly, "Sir, if you are not gone after them in one minute, I will kick you there." Such men are priceless; and, whether they simply shame their man or kick him out, is only a matter of detail. They are the very salt of the earth who keep it from rottenness.

The Decay of Monarchies.

[From Texas Sitings.]

Those who study the signs of the times can not fail to perceive that hereditary monarchy must go, or rather that it is going very fast. It is highly probable that some members of the royal families do not believe that their days are numbered, but it is a fact nevertheless. It is not so strange, perhaps, after all, that the royal invalids do not perceive that their power is waning, for there are some classes of sick people, who never realize their true condition and are hopeful of recovery to the last. Monarchical institutions are kept alive by stimulants given in heroic doses, which is the usual treatment for a hopelessly broken-down constitution.

A very aged lady annoyed her doctors exceedingly by her never-ceasing complaints. After he had exhausted all his remedies to no purpose he asked her to tell him candidly how old she really was, and then she coyly owned up to 96 summers.

"That, Madam," exclaimed the physician, "explains your weakness. You ought not to be alive at all. Do you expect to live always?"

Royalty is pretty much in the same condition as the old lady. It is almost a miracle that it exists at all at this late hour in the afternoon of the nineteenth century.

Our Vast Internal Commerce.

Statistics of foreign trade are easily obtainable, but it is a more difficult matter to estimate the volume of a great nation's domestic commerce, and hence it happens in every country that its home trade is not appreciated as it ought to be. Particularly is this true of the United States of America. A correspondent of the *Tribune* presents some striking illustrations of the enormous value of the home trade of our land. In 1889, according to Henry V. Poor, author of the *Railway Manual*, the railroads of the United States carried 619,137,237 tons of freight. Deducting 25 per cent. for duplication this leaves 468,352,928 tons of merchandise. At an average of \$30 per ton, this merchandise would reach the enormous aggregate value of \$13,930,587,840. This takes no account of the huge amount of water-borne freight on our lakes or rivers, or of other methods of domestic transportation, and thus gives only an inadequate idea of the real dimensions of our domestic commerce. The aggregate imports in 1888 of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austro-Hungary, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Switzerland, Denmark, Greece, Norway and Sweden and the Netherlands were \$6,171,735,643. Adding to this the imports of Mexico, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, China, Japan, Ecuador, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Peru, Guatemala, Corea, Hayti, Hawaii, Morocco and Nicaragua (\$538,742,766), we have a total of \$6,710,468,409 as the value of the "markets of the world." Deducting from this our own exports to these countries, which amount to about \$60,000,000, we have a balance of \$6,650,468,409, or about 45 per cent. of that portion of our domestic commerce that is carried on the railroads of the United States. Here is another fact that patriotic Americans will make a note of—a single one of our trunk lines, the Pennsylvania railroad, moved on its system west of Philadelphia last year merchandise that in value amounted to more than double the whole exports of England. Verily, Americans are justified in boasting that theirs is a great country.

A Modern Need for Sleep.

There is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All those stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so popu-

lous. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before you make your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over and gaze at the world full in the face and look before we leap.

An excruciatingly funny incident occurred recently in a St. Paul, Minn., railroad depot. The *Pioneer Press* of the city mentioned is responsible for the facts in the case, and presents the story in this wise:

"You don't seem to understand how to manage a baby," said a Union depot official to a young man who was holding a six months' old infant as though it were a bunch of lath.

"I ain't entered the baby-holding race by a jugful," replied the young man wearily. "I don't aspire to no championship in this line, and if my style of holding this kid don't suit you, I'll give it to you and make you jump it awlile."

"Make me jump it! Can't do that, you know. I ain't jumping other people's children for my health."

"Nor I, either. Perhaps its mother will get back soon. She's been gone an age. I wonder what her name is?"

"Why, ain't that your kid?"

"I should say not. I can't indulge in no such luxuries on \$9 a week."

"Did its mother give it to you to hold?"

"Yes; said she'd step into the restaurant and eat a bite. Had ridden three days and three nights on the cars, and was almost beat out."

The railway official took a squint into the restaurant. It was empty. He reported to the young man, whose knees began immediately to knock together. A still hunt for the mother proved fruitless. Lady passengers gathered around commiseratingly. They tootsie-wootsied the babe, and at one time a wild light came into the young man's eyes as though he were meditating a break for liberty. An hour passed. The youth considered his doom sealed. The mother appeared in the room, somewhat flushed, but profuse in apologies.

"Yes," she explained, "after eating I just ran up town to look at the spring hats and summer goods combination in the shop windows. Haven't had a chance in four days. Stayed too long, but I'm a thousand times obliged to you, sir."

"Don't mention it," replied the young man, with a kind of "Listen to my tale of woe" inflection in his voice.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

She has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages, she has studied declamation from Demosthenes to Burke;

She has sounded Schopenhauer and been under Dante's power, and can giggle in all languages from English down to Turk.

She can argue in the isms, knows the history of the schisms, and will go way back to Adam to elucidate her views;

She can bring up illustrations she's obtained from divers nations on the somewhat strained relations of the Christians and the Jews.

From old Socrates to Spenser she has read and read and hence her intellectual adornments are a wonder to be seen;

In the angles she's a terror and in art she makes no error, and she knows the mental value of the hackneyed Boston bean.

She can show that old man Pliny was in some respects a ninny; she has sneered at Archimedes and brought Tacitus to task;

She's revised the laws of Solon, knows the value of a colon, and can calculate the contents of the Dutchman's famous sack.

She has studied up on diction, has explored the realms of fiction, knows the views of Hobbes and Beason and of Paley and their crews;

She can quote from Peppy's diary and knows Pope (so small and wiry), and has fathomed Billy Shakespeare and read Burton on the blues.

There is not a branch of knowledge that this girl so fresh from college has not made herself familiar with, from Plato down to pie;

But it isn't for her learning that she fills us men with yearning—it's because she's a woman, and that's just the reason why.

Tom Masson.

The Noble Red Man.

[Theo. Brown in Tid Bits.]

You can trust an Indian as far as you can see him; the further you see him the better you can trust him.

You have seen my escapes under various noms de plume in the border stories. My principal business has been escaping. Many a time I've left scores of bloody red skins on the plains—with a fast horse.

The Indian does not want much. His grandfathers once owned this country, and all he wants is the United States. He feels that he has been imposed upon by real estate agents too much.

One of the peculiarities of the Indian race is their method of dealing with their neighbors. Instead of throwing tin cans and dead cats over into their yards, they go and wipe them out, and that seems to end all further controversy—on the part of the neighbors, at least.

Owing to the scarcity of the buffalo it is no more than natural that the Indian should sport with the cattle on the borders. He must have some fun or he can't laugh. The Indian has rights which a white man is bound to respect. Now, there is Geronimo—an ill-treated man, if ever there was one—I don't think that he ever killed more than 200 or 300 whites in his life, and here they send him to Florida! They don't want to offend him by hanging him or sending him to the penitentiary.

Good and Evil in the World.

[Rev. Phillips Brooks.]

Some day and age must come when the sorrows and the joys of life will blend and make for us a better existence than we have ever had before. Looking even at the past character of our own century, it seems as if we could already feel the coming of that richer time.

When it comes, the world will be at once less gay and less despairing—it will be a healthy and a wholesome world to live in.

"Sons of the world, oh, speed those years!
But while we wait, allow our tears!"

That which we see Jesus to have been, we must try ourselves to become. First, we will never shut our eyes and say that all is right, when overmuch is wrong. Second, we will never let the two sides of life be separate—riches and poverty, sorrow and happiness—but these shall be parts of one life, ever feeling each other's presence, all happiness earnest with pity, all unhappiness brave with hope. Finally, the evil shall not have an equal chance with the good, but a divine power shall keep the good and the happy always in the place of advantage, and master in the field.

The Labor Problem.

[The Union.]

The term workingmen has, by general usage, come to be applied to those who toil many hours daily at hard physical labor and usually for other individuals or companies of men, who are commonly termed capitalists. Now, every man should be a workingman, and also a capitalist, in a true sense, and would be, could the regulations of society rest on equal and exact justice, on natural right, and were all men possessed of correct ideas as to what is due their bodies as well as minds. It is a violation of the laws of nature to endeavor to escape a certain amount of labor to develop muscular power to preserve health, and a "drone" is a libel upon the face of sterling manhood. It is the violation of the laws of nature for a man to over-tax his brain, with mental occupation, neglecting muscular exercise, and it is no excuse for him, if he be an oppressor of his fellowman, to allege that he works just as hard as the ill-requited laborer, only in a different form. If he has been endowed with a superior intellect to his fellows, he owes it to the Author of his being that he preserves his powers of observance of all the requirements of a correct life and that he use that intellect to relieve the burdens which fall upon those whose advantages and circumstances have been less fortunate. It is also a violation of the laws of nature for men to work at hard work, in shop or field, so many hours as to unfit them for the cultivation of the higher and nobler qualities of a manly existence. In this latter case it is

only, too often the fault of self-aggrandizing mercenary men, claiming a sort of lordship and ownership of men, that brings the latter into a condition where they are unwilling violators of nature's decrees and enactments. Enough, however, has been said and written upon this oppression, this neglect, this indifference. But let us briefly ask if all shall be laid at the doors of greedy "capitalists," and whether workingmen themselves are really blameless for much of the injustice and inequality which exists? Have they swept clean their own apartments, so that they may the more readily exclaim as to the dirt and dross of the others, their supposed—and undoubtedly frequent—antagonists?

What do workingmen owe to themselves? Very many things; hard as may be their lot, they can, if they will, march in the right direction, even if they fail to reach the desired goal. Certainly if they march in the wrong direction, they will not only not reach it, but are quite likely to bring up at a place where their shackles will be more firmly riveted, and they will be more easily overcome by any system of tyranny the basest of men may invent or establish. The workingmen owe it to themselves to be readers and thinkers—not upon one side of a question—but upon all sides of the great subjects of thought in this pregnant age. If they settle down to be slaves of party, of cliques, of prejudice, they will eternally be in collision one with another. They should be the most careful students of political economy, of social ethics, and of natural law, of all men. Locked up in these sciences is bread, raiment, comfort, independence, if they could but unitedly get the store-house and wield the weapons therein contained. Workingmen should learn to be coöperative in their movements. There are few trades that thoughtful, intelligent men herein engaged, might not just as well carry on, as to stand merely the tide-waiters of somebody else, who reap the profits of the concern, leaving them little save a subsistence. The last counsel leads us to the injunction that workingmen should cease to be jealous of each other; they must learn to have confidence in one another. This can be done by studying correct business principles, and in their combinations of labor, conduct the same on such principles. "Capitalists," (as we term) in arranging their companies or confederations, have their legal articles of agreements and bonds of union prepared and adjusted and it is an insult to workingmen to suppose that they cannot devise some measures whereby they can secure the performance of proper and legitimate duties from one another. But if Tom goes into society or partnership with Joe hastily arranged, lacking both forethought and mature consideration, and suffers the envious timid in his nature to crop out, he might as

well have staid behind under some intellectual taskmaster, about whom he grumbles aside, but whom he nevertheless too servilely obeys. Workingmen owe it to themselves to sustain one another. Men of different occupations should, things being equal in point of honor and justice, sustain men of their kind in other occupations who stand upon their platform of natural right and for the elevation of labor. This applies in every department of toil, or politics, of education and of morals. Lastly, workingmen must neither be demagogues themselves, nor the tools of demagogues. A righteous cause can afford to place itself in true colors before the world.

"The good it can afford to wait,
The evil cannot brook delay."

Origin of the Professional Tramp.

[From Senator Bates' Tariff Speech.]

It should not be forgotten, when weighing the results of tariffs upon labor and the welfare of the people, that it was under a high protective tariff that the word "tramp" was invented to express the actual condition of a large class of our people—that homeless, thriftless, wandering gypsy population which from year to year lead the life of beggary and destitution. Was that, as the author of this bill says, a "condition of independence and prosperity, the like of which has never been witnessed in any other period in the history of our country?" Under a high tariff, tramps began and continued their weary wandering, begging from door to door for daily sustenance. I do not find in Mr. McKinley's fanciful and imaginary picture of "independence and prosperity," the figures and facts which establish that condition of affairs which brought forth that army of tramps. The data nevertheless exist, and, though overlooked and omitted by the framer of this bill, yet can easily be traced in the changes and revolutions produced and brought about under the transition from a low to a high tariff.

In the last twenty years of protection not only was tramping developed into a trade or profession, but strikes, lockouts, discontent, degradation and misery were fruits which grew alongside of the protection tree. Western railroads were destroyed, Mollie Maguires rioted in Pennsylvania, tramps wandered all over the land, and panic in business, gambling in corners and futures were some of the new features of American history and society unknown under a tariff for revenue. When next the advocates of protection shall imitate Mr. McKinley and show "what protection has done," let them not forget to include a chapter on tramps and tramping, and the fungi that have grown upon the stocks of American trade and business under the protective system.

THE DISCOURAGED FARMER.

The summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus trees;
 And the clover in the pastur' is a big-day fer the bees,
 And they been a swingin' honey, above board and on the sly.
 Till they stutler in their buzzin', and stagger as they fly.
 The flicker on the fence rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
 And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings.
 And the homs fly is a whettin' up his fore legs for biz.
 And the off mare is a switchin' all of her tail they is!

You can bear the blackbirds jawin' as they foller up the plow—
 Oh, they're bound to get their breakfast and they're not a carlin' how;
 So they quarrel in the furries, and they quarrel on the wing—
 But they are peaceabler in pot pies than any other thing.
 And it's when I get my shot gun drawn up in stoddy rest,
 She's as full of tribbulation as a yaller jacket's nest;
 And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a-shinin' right,
 Seem to kinder sorto sharpen up a feller's appetite!
 They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day.
 And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
 And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
 It may rain again tomorry, but I don't think it will.
 Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn's drowned out.
 And prophasy the wheat will be a failure without doubt;
 But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
 Will be on hand onc't more at the 'leventh hour I bet!

Does the medder lark complain, as he swims high and dry
 Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
 Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappointed way,
 Er hang his head in silence, and sorrow all the day?
 Is the chipmuck's health a-fallin'? Does he walk or does he run?
 Don't the buzzards ooze around up there jest like they've allus done?
 Is there anything the matter with rooster's lungs er voice?
 Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us one and all, be contented with our lot;
 The June is here this morning, and the sun is shinin' hot.
 Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,
 And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!
 Whatever be your station, with Providence fer guide,
 Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied,
 For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew.
 And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Rather Wearing.

[Puck]

"Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?"

"Did you ever beg?"

"No, of course not."

"Den you don't know what work is."

Shooting Big Guns.

[Mechanical News.]

Look at it whichever way you will, there is nothing so wasteful as war. It has been calculated that the cost of a single discharge of a 110-ton gun, including wear and tear of gun, is about \$1,700; and as the piece is used up after it has been fired a hundred times or less—ninety-five we believe is the precise number—the cost of one such gun, by the time it has finished its career, is something like \$160,000. Now let us cipher a little. Suppose two enlightened nations fall out about a boundary or a fishing ground or the title to an island; and suppose that instead of resorting to 110-ton guns, they each appoint two arbitrators, and the four thus chosen appoint a fifth. Assume that these five accomplished statesmen take a year to arrange the dispute, and each receive \$25,000 for his trouble. This would make \$125,000, and there would still remain, out of the cost of one gun, \$35,000 for wine, cigars and room-rent for the five commissioners, who would probably be gentlemen accustomed to luxurious living. And this, mind you, takes no account of the fact that the firing of the 110-ton gun, irrespective of its cost, is in itself a huge disaster—and is meant to be—the more tremendous and far-reaching the better. Furthermore, a war, to be successfully prosecuted, requires not one gun only, but several.

Curious And Convenient.

Occasions arise now and then with almost every one when it is desirable to know on what day of the week some past date fell—often some date of a former year, for which no almanac can readily be found. A quick and easy method of arriving at the desired fact is described as follows by the *Providence Telegram*. It may not be new, but we doubt if it is generally known.

Take the last two figures of the year, add a quarter of this, disregarding the fraction; add the date of the month and to this add the figure in the following list, one figure standing for each month, 3-6-6-2-4-0-2-5-1-3-6-1. Divide the sum by seven and the remainder will give the number of the day in the week, and when there is no remainder the day will be Saturday.

For example: suppose it is asked, what day of the week was Aug. 16, 1887? Take 87, add to it 21 (obtained by deviding 87 by 4 and dropping the fraction) and the sum is 108; add to this 16, the day of the month, making 124; add to this 5, the eighth figure in the series above given (August being the eighth month) and the total is 129. Divide by 7, and there is a remainder of 3. The third day of the week is Tuesday, and Aug. 16, 1887, fell on Tuesday.

This formula has stood the test of many applications, and appears to be practically reliable.

WHY MARRIAGE WAS A FAILURE.

The wash-lady played at the musical club
 And the cook-lady "niver did washin'."
 And the scrub-lady never would put in a rub,
 For that was quite out of the fashion;
 And the cook-lady left all the dinner to spoil,
 To read to the wash-lady's daughter
 From the latest "Ouida" (to lighten her toll),
 That the foot-gentleman had just bought her.

And the fair lady who at the table did wait,
 Spilled the consomme over the missus,
 While bothering her pretty and erudite pate
 O'er the fate of valiant Ulysses;
 And the darn-lady, too, had forgotten her care
 While social redemption discussing,
 So the man of the house had no stockings to wear
 And he made the air smoke with his cussing.

And the dish-washer-lady was off on a "tower,"
 So they had no clean dishes for dinner.
 And the wife of the man of the house had no power
 To rule all these ladies—'t wain't in her;
 And so there occurred, as a matter of course,
 In this house many blustering "pow-wows,"
 And the man of the house went and got a divorce
 And the woman, she went to "bow-wows."

Steel Statistics.

(Pittsburg Chronicle.)

The census statistics as to steel production, just made public, afford nothing startlingly new in regard to that great interest.

They serve, however, to call attention afresh to our wonderful industrial growth, as illustrated by this particular branch of it.

A few years ago steel manufacture in the United States was insignificant, yet now we lead the world in one of its departments, that of steel rail making, and are almost as rapidly progressing in other forms.

The improvement has been not alone in quantity. We are now producing the best tool steel in the world, and competing successfully with English steel in most of the Old World markets.

All this is due to the beneficent effect of our national policy of protection to home industry.

According to the reports of the census experts, the total production of steel in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1890, was 4,466,926 tons of 2,000 pounds, as compared with 1,145,711 tons produced during the year ending May 31, 1880, an increase of 3,321,215 tons, or 290 per cent. In the ten years from 1880 to 1890 the production of Bessemer steel ingots and direct castings has increased from 985,208 tons to 2,778,552 tons; open-hearth steel from 84,302 tons to 504,351 tons, and crucible steel from 76,201 tons to 85,536 tons. No Clapp-Griffiths or Robert Bessemer steel was made in the census year 1880, as there were no works in existence in this country at that time. During the year ended June 30, 1890, the production of Clapp-Griffiths steel in the United States was 83,963 tons and the production of Robert Bessemer steel was 4,505 tons.

The output of Bessemer steel rails during

the year ended June 30, 1890, amounted to 2,036,654 tons; an increase of 1,295,179 tons over the production of the year ended May 31, 1880. In the manufacture of Basic steel this country has made a promising beginning, the production of this kind of steel during the year ended June 30, 1890, amounting to 62,173 tons.

Pennsylvania holds her own, and more too, in the matter of steel production. In 1880 we had 57 per cent. of the total output, and this year we have 62 per cent. The percentage of Illinois is reduced over 4 per cent., and in Ohio there is a slight increase, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Over 75 per cent. of the ingots made in 1880 were rolled into rails, while in 1890 the percentage of rails made to ingots produced was only 53 per cent. This, in the face of the huge increase in the steel business, is the most remarkable fact shown by the census work.

Decidedly Rough on Rats.

A method of destroying rats is recommended by an English publication and described as follows by the *Roller Mill*, which justly characterizes it as exceeding in diabolical ingenuity anything that has hitherto been proposed. The person whose premises are infested by the troublesome rodents is advised to secure a number of tubs proportionate to the number of rats it is desired to destroy, and to place in each tub a brick on end. The bottom of the tubs should be covered with water up to within one inch of the top of the brick, which will itself be hid from view by a piece of stout brown paper. The latter will support the bait in the shape of bacon rind or other dainty beloved of rats, but the food, whatever it be, must not be of a bulk or weight likely to injure its bed of brown paper. A spring-board will afford the rats sufficient facility for visiting the tubs, and after the rodents have been fooled for some nights "to the top of their bent," a nice large hole may be made in the brown paper. The first rat who then arrives at the scene of his former banquet will be incontinently pitched into the water, in which the brick will appear to him a haven of refuge. He will clamber on this cruel imitation of dry land and there squeal against the bad faith of the biped who has so grossly abused his confidence. Now there seems to be sufficient solidarity among rats to ensure these cries bringing a whole colony of companions to the spot, so that within a short time the treacherous tub is likely to be full of rodents fighting and jostling for the delusive security of the brick. It is said that when this trap was tried in a city warehouse a few years ago it resulted in the destruction of more than 3,000 rats in a single night.

IF WE SHOULD PART.

If we should part, the sun would still throw out its gleam of gold,
The trees still sigh, the birds still sing sweet melodies untold,
The stream still run, as it does to-day, down to the moaning sea,
The flowers bloom for lovers true, and still we'd parted be.

If we should part, the world would be as gay as 'tis to day,
And faithful hearts would beat with joy and sing the hours away;
The lilies in their green-gold beds would toss their heads as free
As they do now and smile at us, and still we'd parted be.

If we should part, the knell of doom would find more hearts than one,
Forgiving words would seek in vain to call back what was done;
The wind would still laugh in its glee, but at a broken heart;
And I would know no more of rest, if we should part.
N. Y. Picayune.

A Root's Remarkable Journey for Water.

[San Diego Union.]

A story of one of the most interesting freaks of vegetable life is told by Ellwood Cooper of Santa Barbara. As coming from him the story cannot be anything but strictly in accordance with the facts. Through Mr. Cooper's garden there ran, some years ago, a sewer made of redwood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it enclosed, tightly, while the outside sewer ended abruptly against the wall. The outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed, and a eucalyptus tree standing some sixty feet away had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible. Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could. At last it came to the wall which shut off its course, and it could go no farther, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evidently knew how to get there. Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again, and followed it along as formerly. How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? Did it smell, and if it did how could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food just as the eucalyptus tree did.

Mr. Depew Masquerading as a Friend of Labor.

[American Spectator.]

One of the most unjust imputations that has recently sullied the lips of a prominent American, was uttered on October 16, by Chauncey Depew, in an oration at Pittsburgh, Pa. In an address to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, he employed the following language:

To close a line like the New York Central and inflict the attendant hardships upon hundreds of thousands of people, and the enormous losses upon business men and wage earners alike, is so great a calamity and so near a crime that those who are responsible and in the wrong are bound to suffer.

The speech of course was aimed as a thrust at the Knights of Labor, who, by inference, are made responsible for the Central strike, when none knows better than Mr. Depew, that it was not until his lieutenant, the arrogant Mr. Webb, refused to confer with the representatives of the Knights of Labor, and refused to submit their grievance to the State Board of Arbitration, that there was any danger of a strike. The Vanderbilts felt rich enough to crush to serfdom their employes, who asked for nothing more than a hearing before the state-appointed arbitrators. Mr. Depew, it is remembered, indorsed the inhuman brutality of Mr. Webb. It will also be remembered that Mr. Depew was one of the directors in the infamous Spring Valley Coal Co., so graphically described by Mr. Lloyd in the "Strike of the Millionaires against the Miners." Mr. Depew assuming the role of friend of the working people is about as ludicrous as the picture of the devil bathing in holy water, in the hope of passing for a saint. Hypocrisy is one of the commonest and most revolting sins of our age.

SPRING VALLEY AGAIN.

Speaking of Spring Valley reminds me of a recent ghastly disclosure made by the Chicago Herald, and noticed editorially by Mr. Pentecost in the following clipping from the Twentieth Century of October 16th:

The men are averaging about twenty-five dollars a month in wages, and the Chicago Herald says that things have come to such a pass that a miner with a good looking wife can get a position when others can not. The Herald gravely reports that the managers of the miners are now habitually taking advantage of the poverty of the miners to use the most attractive of the wives for lustful purposes. Precisely this state of things was the last phase of social enormity preceding the French Revolution.

First these poor miners were robbed of their homes, then reduced to practical slavery, being defenseless, and now it seems that the sanctity of their homes is being invaded. If ever the hour were ripe for the pulpit, the press and the rostrum to unite in a demand for justice to the poor, and the encouragement of practical measures that will give all men a chance, that hour is striking now.

REVERIE OF A KANSAS GIRL.

How loose round my waist
 Were the clothes of my childhood.
 As my doubled up corsets
 Reminds me with pain,
 The slips that I wore—
 When I used to chop stove wood—
 Had more real enjoyment
 Than bustle or train.
 The bustle, I know, is a thing highly treasured
 By ladies built on the mocking bird style,
 But give me the garment
 With looseness unmeasured.
 The old Mother Hubbard that weak men revile!
 The dear Mother Hubbard!
 The loose Mother Hubbard!
 The honored Mother Hubbard!
 Which beats any style! (?)

Gerald Massey.

[B. O. Flower, in American Spectator.]

From a letter written by Miss Christabel Massey I am informed that her father, Gerald Massey, is in a critical condition; so ill is he, she informs me, that there is no probability of his being able to engage in any literary work for some time to come. I most sincerely trust that this grandly fearless champion of the oppressed, this ideal poet of the people, is not nearing the mystic vale. The earth never needed Gerald Massey more than it needs him to-day. Bold in defense of the people, brave in his search for truth, tender and sympathetic in every thought and word, while the exhilaration of hope, the inspiration of an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of right and truth permeate his poems and oftentimes thrill the readers, as in olden times the words of prophets and sages were wont to rouse a multitude to action, he is peculiarly the poet of the people. He loves the great toiling army whom the supercilious call "the mob." His whole soul goes out to the people in their want, in their need, and distress; in this respect he greatly resembles Victor Hugo. Next to his love for humanity, and especially oppressed humanity, is discernible his quenchless love for truth and his abiding faith in a glorious to-morrow for the human race. He has reached the altitude above the miasma of doubt, as will be seen in the following lines written a year or two ago:—

"My faith in our future life is founded upon facts in nature and realities of my own personal experience, not upon any falsification of natural fact. These facts have been more or less known to me personally during forty years of familiar face-to-face acquaintanceship, therefore my certitude is not premature; they have given me the proof palpable that our very own human identity and intelligence do persist after the blind of darkness has been drawn down in death. He who has plumbed the void of death as I have, touches the solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can neither be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair, the sighs of unavailing regret, and all the pas-

sionate wailing of unfruitful pain. He cannot be bereaved in soul! And I have had ample testimony that my poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death, which has made so many mental slaves afraid to live."

Here, too, in his "Life Beyond," he sings in all that lofty strain of perfect faith which is all the sweeter in that it comes to us in an age of almost universal doubt, and it must be remembered that Mr. Massey, too, has passed through the vale of doubt, the tunnel of uncertainty from the old time belief into the light of a broader faith.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

Although its features fade in light of unimagined bliss,
 We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

A little glimpse, when Spring unveils her face and opens her eyes,
 Of the sleeping Beauty in the soul that wakes in Paradise.

A little drop of Heaven in each diamond of the shower.
 A breath of the Eternal in the fragrance of each flower!

A little springlet welling from the fountain-head above,
 That takes its earthly way to find the ocean of all love!

A little silver shiver in the ripple of the river
 Caught from the light that knows no night forever and forever.

A little hidden likeness, often faded or defiled,
 Of the great, the good All-father, in His poorest human child!

Although the best be lost in light of unimagined bliss,
 We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

Many of Mr. Massey's poems might most fitly be classed among the battle songs of the people; strong, hopeful, and inspiring, as for example the following:

IT WILL END IN THE RIGHT.

Never despair! O my comrades in sorrow,
 I know that our morning is ended not. Yet,
 Shall the vanquished to day be the victors to-morrow.

Our star shall shine on in the tyrant's sunset.
 Hold on! though they spurn thee, for whom thou art living.

A life only cheered by the lamp of its love:
 Hold on! Freedom's hope to the bounden ones giving.

Green spots in the waste wait the worn spirit dove.
 Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite.
 Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamps of truth bright.

And, my life for thine! It shall end in the right.

What, though the martyrs and prophets have perished!

The angel of life rolls the stone from their graves:
 Immortals the faith and the freedom they cherished.
 Their lone triumph cry stirs the spirits of slaves

They are gone,—but a glory is left in our life,
 Like the day-god's last kiss on the darkness of even—

Gone down on the desolate seas of their strife,
 To climb as star beacons up liberty's heaven.
 Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite.
 Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of truth bright.

And, my life for thine! It shall end in the right.

Think of the wrongs that have ground us for ages,

Think of the wrongs we have still to endure!

Think of our blood, red on history's pages:

Then work, that our reck'ning be speedy and sure.

Slaves cry to their gods! but be our God revealed.

In our lives, in our works, in our warfare for man;

And bearing—or borne upon—victory's shield,

Let us fight battle harness-ed, and fall in the van.

Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,

Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of truth

bright.

And, my life for thine! It shall end in the right.

If we except his "Tale of Eternity," which, to my mind, is his best creation, containing as it does a world of truth as well as poetry, and "Babe Christabel," a most exquisite creation, I think Gerald Massey appears nowhere to better advantage than when his soul burns with indignation at the wrongs which the poor are constantly suffering at the hands of the rich—such outrages as that so recently perpetrated by the New York Central Railroad against the Knights of Labor, and the still more infamous action of the capitalist, who, at the Spring Valley coal mines, robbed the honest, hard-working miners of homes, of all earthly possessions, and in some instances of life itself. In the presence of all such wrongs, the poet's voice is heard in tones that stir the heart and moisten the eye. The following is a fair example of this class of his poems:

A CRY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

'Tis hard to be a wanderer through this bright world of ours,

Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on fragrant paths of flowers,

With music in the woods, as there were nought but pleasure known.

Or angels walked earth's solitudes, and yet with want to groan:

To see no beauty in the stars, nor in earth's welcome smile,

To wander cursed with misery! willing, but cannot toil.

With burning sickness at my heart, I sink down famished:

God of the wretched, hear my prayer, I would that I were dead!

Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many a golden shower,

And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with all-
ver dew the flower,

Honey and fruit for bee and bird, with bloom laughs out the tree:

And food for all God's happy things, but none gives food to me.

Earth, wearing plenty for a crown, smiles on my aching eye,

The purse proud,—swathed in luxury,—disdainful pass me by:

I've willing hands, an eager heart, but may not work for bread!

God of the wretched, hear my prayer; I would that I were dead!

Gold, art thou not a blessed thing, a charm above all other.

To shut up hearts to Nature's cry, when brother pleads with brother?

Hast thou a music sweeter than the voice of loving kindness?

No, curse thee! thou'rt a mist 'twixt God and men in outer blindness.

"Father, come back!" my children cry, their voices, once so sweet,

Now pierce and quiver in my heart: I cannot, dare not meet

The look that makes the brain go mad, for dear ones asking bread,—

God of the wretched, hear my prayer: I would that I were dead!

Lord, what right have the poor to wed? Love's for the gilded great.

Are they not formed of nobler clay who dine off golden plate?

'Tis the worst curse of poverty to have a feeling heart.

Why can I not with iron grasp choke out the tender part?

I cannot slave in yon Bastille! I think 'twere bitterer pain

To wear the pauper's iron within, than drag the convict's chain.

I'd work, but cannot, starve I may, but will not beg for bread:

God of the wretched, hear my prayer; I would that I were dead!

Here is an excellent specimen of Mr. Massey's songs for the people, heart throbs which carry with them noble aspirations and hints that point heavenward.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There lives a voice within me—a guest angel of my heart.

And its bird-like warbles win me, till the tears a-tremble start;

Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,

And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me—

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;

And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of love."

If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin,

'twixt heart and heart.

Up through the eye's tear-blindness, how the sudden soul should start!

The dreary, dim, and desolate, would wear a sunny bloom,

And love should spring from buried hate like flowers from winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;

And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of love.

Were truth our uttered language spirits might talk with men.

And God illumined earth should see the Golden Age again:

The burthened heart should soar in mirth like morn's young prophet-lark.

And misery's last tear wept on earth quench hell's last cunning spark!

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;

And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of love.

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all around;

Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man with fruitage crowned.

What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye.

With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that wastes away!

This world is full of beauty, as other world's above;

And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of love.

They Moved.

A Hartford gentleman traveling in Colorado found tacked upon one of the poles of an abandoned house the following notice, which tells the whole story of the discomfort of living upon government land and the joy of securing (by fair means or foul) Eastern capital upon which to retire:

"600 miles to wood.

"6,000 miles to water.

"6 inches to hell.

"God bless our little home. We have negotiated a loan and gone home to live with our wife's folks."

A Committee of Safety.

[Locomotive Engineer.]

Grievance committees of labor organizations, especially railroad organizations, are formed as a sort of legislative committee to look after the interests of the whole body, especially in the matter of the dealings of the order with the company. The duties they are designed to perform are necessary, perhaps, and certainly time-saving and economical to the body; but the duties they often do not perform cause endless trouble and turmoil.

The protection of individual members from wrong and injustice is laudable and right, and cannot be carried too far where justice is given to others as well as demanded for the members.

There seems to be a great unworked field open to the orders in protecting the members and in providing for the widows and orphans of men who meet their deaths on the road. We refer to the power of the organizations to collect data concerning the condition of the road and its appliances on which they are employed, to be used as evidence where members are prosecuted for manslaughter, when accidents occur for the want of proper safeguards. How often it happens that when a man is killed the blame of the accident is laid at his door, and a cheap settlement is made with his family on the basis of his being to blame. Evidence to refute these charges, in the hands of a good committee, would prevent the cheating of widows and orphans, and lighten the load of sorrow on their minds in clearing the name of the victim of some open draw without a signal, or break-in-two, where no automatic brake was in use.

Suppose the grievance committee of every lodge of engineers and firemen in the land would prepare a certified statement of the condition of each division of every road on which its members ran, stating the present conditions of signals, switches, track, bridges, etc., the engines and cars, and state what modern appliances for safety were needed and wanting.

With it well known that this committee had such facts and figures at its finger ends, and would present them before any court, or in any press, to defend its members from wrong, there are few railroad officers who would dare to constitute themselves judge, jury and executioner, to condemn men as they do now.

If a bad system of train dispatching was practiced, how easy to collect evidence and demand a reform.

Is there a low bridge or a dangerous obstruction on the road? What would be the result if the superintendent were informed by an authorized committee of its existence and danger, and that the order or orders would hold the road responsible in case of

accident to employees? The obstruction would be removed, or other means employed to avoid accident from the cause stated.

With such data in the hands of the men, railroad commissions could easily find dangerous practices and appliances, and demand reforms on lines in the right direction. Such data would not hurt honest managements who were really trying to furnish the best service possible, and it would prevent a lot of injustice and oppression now borne by employees.

Then, if the committee could go a little further, and report to the lodge, or the officials of the road, for punishment, all men who knowingly disobeyed rules of safety—these fellows who won't stop at grade crossings and drawbridges, who cut off and run for water, leaving the train to follow; the men who neglect to whistle for road crossings, forget to look at the bulletin board, don't examine their engines at the end of runs, and test the brake when they want to stop first, instead of before they leave terminals. We need men who look out for these things just as bad as we need signals, safety switches, brakes or protected draws, and just as bad as the trainmen need automatic couplers.

What would be the matter with a "committee of safety," who would hunt for every fault that threatened the safety of train and enginemen, and their passengers, and demanded a remedy for that fault, be it what it may, and counting the faults of the men just as dangerous and as badly in need of reform as the faults of the management? Would not such a plan be of equal benefit to the men, the company and the public?

Didn't Want to Wait for His Friends.

[New York Star.]

A good story is told of Mark Twain, that has not yet been printed. It appears that last winter, having to fill a lecturing engagement at a western city, the humorist boarded a train that is noted for its slowness and is always avoided by regular travelers. But the lecturing committee had written to the humorist agreeing to meet him at the depot upon the arrival of this train, and so he had no alternative. Two hours' traveling, however, served to put Mark out of patience. Stopping the conductor as he passed through the car, Mark asked as civilly as he could: "Why don't you people run this train faster?" The conductor, ignorant who his questioner was, rejoined: "It runs fast enough to suit us. If you don't like this rate of speed why don't you get out and walk?" "Well, I would," returned Mark, settling back in his seat, "but that some friends won't come to meet me until the train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting around the depot for two or three hours."

Woman as a Wealth Producer.

[Living Issue.]

Of all the great minds that have made the labor problem a study, there is not one to-day that will not admit that woman has become a factor in all the affairs of the world, and that she is in a greater degree than man a wealth producer, and should, therefore, be entitled to her full share of the gains and honors of advancing civilization. We say greater because, according to the definition given by one that "wealth is all that money over and above the necessities of life," she, by working for smaller wages, certainly increases the wealth of her employer faster than a man, who is paid a more equitable share for his labor. The reasoning and thinking minds of the age have also come to see clearly the truth that with equal privileges woman will be man's equal in any and all vocations of life. Therefore it is very apparent to those who have labor's cause at heart that we cannot longer afford to allow our women to toil without recompense or be driven to lives of shame. We ask only that woman may be given an equal chance with man in every way, and not be obliged, as now, to rob him of his honestly-earned loaf that she may have a crust.

Five and Forty Years Ago.

[Omaha Bee.]

There were twenty-seven States in the Union.

The total population was about 20,000,000.

James K. Polk was President.

John C. Calhoun was Secretary of State.

George Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy, and was preparing plans for a naval academy.

Webster, Benton and Cass were in the Senate.

Texas was admitted to the Union.

California was a Mexican province.

Expenditures of the United States government were \$21,895,370.

There were 14,183 postoffices in the United States.

Abraham Lincoln was practicing law at Springfield, Ill. Wm. H. Seward was practicing law at Auburn, N. Y. Henry Ward Beecher was preaching at Indianapolis.

Ulysses S. Grant was a lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry.

Wm. T. Sherman was a lieutenant in the Third United States Artillery.

Jefferson Davis was a representative in Congress.

Robert E. Lee was Captain of Engineers.

J. L. Motley was Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg.

Horace Greeley was editor of the four-year-old *Tribune*.

W. C. Bryant was editor of the *Evening Post*.

James Gordon Bennett was editor of the *Herald*.

James G. Blaine was in Washington College, Pennsylvania.

Benjamin Harrison, Jas. A. Garfield and Grover Cleveland were boys under 15 years of age.

San Francisco had 500 inhabitants, Omaha and Denver none; Minneapolis, St. Paul and Kansas City a few hundred; Chicago, about 10,000.

There were 4,633 miles of railroad in the United States.

There were passenger packets on the canals.

The first telegram was sent a year before. Thomas Edison was not born.

Whale oil lamps and tallow candles were the chief illuminators.

Wood was the chief reliance for heating. Sewing machines were not in common use.

Mowers and reapers were in experimental stages.

Rubber shoes were coming into use. R. M. Hoe was thinking of a "rotary printing press."

Quill pens were still much used.

Genesee flour was the standard.

Hand fire engines were the best made.

State banks furnished the currency.

Shillings and sixpences were the silver change.

Gold product of the United States was \$1,008,327.

There were no telephones, electric lights, steam elevators, sleeping cars or typewriters.

A Tibetan Account of the Origin of the World.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Babu Saratchandra Das exhibited some very curious Tibetan relics, amongst them being carved ornaments, of soap-stone, giving the Tibetan signs of the zodiac and a description of the origin of the world. Translating this, the exhibitor found that, in the beginning, what existed from eternity, in nothingness, was called the tortoise. The Buddhas of the past, present, and future sprang out of him. The three worlds, and all the animal beings also, originated from the eternal tortoise. Time, without the distinction of past, present, and future, was in him, and the whole universe rested between his head and tail. From the vapor of his mouth rose the seven atmospheric strata which encompass the earth, and gradually the sphere of azure space, and thereafter "Swastika," the emblem of the divine cross, was formed. From the saliva of this primeval tortoise sprang forth the oceans, and from his flesh were formed the lofty mountains, the islands, and the great continents, having trees for their hair. His head pointed to the south, his tail to the

north, and his four limbs stretched towards the four corners of the world. His white back shaped the old father heaven, called "Khen," wherein rested the celestial regions with the mansions of the gods, Mahadeva, Brahma, and angels of pure habits, who possessed the fourfold organs of sense. The celestial regions were formed above, and "Rirab," the sublime mountain, stood below, holding the mansions of the thirty-three "Devas," and of the gods of the "Paranirmanarataya" on its top. On the flanks of "Rirab" resided the four guardian spirit kings of the world, together with the sun and moon, the planets and stars. The sun and moon sprang from the eyes of the great tortoise. From the sound of his throat issued the dragon's peal of thunder, and from his outstretched tongue flashed forth lightning which produced thunderbolts and hailstorms. From his breath originated the wind, the five internal essences, and the five physical elements; and when he shook his body there was earthquake.

Anecdotes of "Tom" Potter.

In one of the small towns on the Burlington road in Iowa about three weeks ago a druggist got a most unmerciful whipping from a young man who appeared in every way thrice a match for him. The druggist was a man past fifty years of age and kept a drug store in Burlington ten or twelve years ago. The young man was tall, erect and straight as an arrow, and could strike a blow that would warp the crown sheet of a locomotive engine. He was a young engineer on one of the Iowa lines of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and when he committed this trouncing act had on his blue overalls and a blouse. The story, as told by Ed Phelps, of the White Breast Fuel Company, is an interesting one. Mr. Phelps lived at Burlington at that time and was private secretary to Tom Potter, general superintendent of the "Q." One of the rules of the company was that whenever an employé was garnisheed for debt he should be discharged. There was a boy working as an apprentice in the company's shops at Burlington. This lad was the only means of support of a sick mother and sister, and had contracted a bill at the drug store for medicines. His pay was small and the druggist was a hog. The boy couldn't pay the bill fast enough and the druggist garnisheed his wages. As a result the lad was dismissed by the foreman, who had no other alternative. The rules were made to keep. They, like everything else about the shops, were cast-iron and couldn't be broken. The boy left the shop crying. An engineer stood beside his engine at the turntable. He asked the boy what had happened, and when he heard his story advised him to go down town and see Tom

Potter. Every employé on the road called him Tom then. The boy was timid and the old engineer went with him. He stood outside the half-open door and listened to the conversation. This is what he heard:

"How much did you owe the druggist?"

"Thirteen dollars, sir."

"Will you make me a promise and carry it out if I put you back to work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Keep track of this drug man, and when you get big enough give him a — of a thrashing. Will you do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this note to the foreman and he'll put you to work again."

The Longest Tunnel in the World.

[Scientific American.]

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history, and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress. An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over a hundred years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1782, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of the Gran Valley. The work is now complete, and according to the *Bauzeitung für Ungarn*, it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about 1 mile longer than St. Gotthard, and 2½ miles longer than Mt. Cenis. The height is 9 feet 10 inches and the breadth 5 feet 3 inches.

This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent; at least, the present generation has no reason to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with water-raising appliances amounts to £15,000 a year. There is one further point, however, worth notice, for if we have the advantage of our great-grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances, they certainly were better off in the price of labor. The original contract for the tunnel, made in 1782, was that it should be completed in thirty years, and should cost £7 per yard run. For eleven years the work was done at this price, but the French revolution enhanced the cost of labor and materials to such an extent that for thirty years little progress was made. For ten years following much progress was made, and then the work dropped for twenty years more, until the water threatened to drown the mines out altogether. Finally, the tunnel was completed, in 1878, the remaining part costing £22 a yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.

THE OMEN MOON.

The evening, ma, was beautiful,
The stars shone warm and bright,
The zephyrs whispered stealthily—
Ah, 'twas a lovely sight;
But yet my heart will not be still,
Its thrubbings and its ache,
And much I fear some coming ill
At last will make it break.

Dear Willie loves me just as well
As in the days gone by—
Oh, no, he ne'er will trifle, ma,
And leave me here to die.
'Tis not the doubt of Willie's truth
That makes my heart thus swell,
For he's the same he ever was,
And loves me just as well.

He told me so again to night,
While sitting on the stile,
And I am sure he told the truth,
For Willie knows no guile.
But oh, just then I saw the moon,
And was of joy bereft.
For, though its halo circled him,
'Twas shining o'er my left.

W. Scott Abbott.

Heart-Love Makes Home Happy.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or a maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter a human head. These elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man; but do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than to consume all myself before I got a home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home; and I would give more for a spoonful of real heart-love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeoussness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.

—[Oliver W. Holmes.

The Pinkerton Fraud Bill.

[Paterson Labor Standard.]

Efforts have been made for several years to prohibit by law the employment of irresponsible persons in this State as police officers. The irresponsible persons referred to are generally known as Pinkerton thugs. In recent years, while the editor of this paper was chairman of the State legislative committee, the anti Pinkerton bills were defeated, always, in our state senate, through the combined efforts of Republican and Democratic senators—misrepresentatives. At the last session of the legislature the anti-Pinkerton bill was again introduced. It passed the house through the efforts of As-

semblyman Thomas McCane, and went to the senate, where it was detained until the final day of the session, when in the hurry and flurry of the final adjournment its senatorial opponents killed it by tacking on a provision to the effect that the law would not be operative in times of riot or public disturbance. The trick was a smart one but it would have been discovered and defeated if the organizations of the state had contributed enough to keep their legislative committee in constant attendance in the state house. It now remains for the senators who voted for this most iniquitous provision in the anti-Pinkerton bill to explain their votes, and it is in order for Leon Abbett, Governor of New Jersey, to tell the people of New Jersey why he signed a bill legalizing the employment of mercenary assassins in New Jersey. Away with assassins! Away with those who legalize them.

Women and Boxing.

[New York Sun.]

One of the things that it is declared fashionable for women to do nowadays is to box. But boxing and singing base are things not to be predicted for the average woman, who might go on taking lessons in the noble art until her locks were white without developing the least aptitude in hitting or warding.

For, you see, women can't box. This much she can do: She can put on the gloves and learn to square off, and she can learn to stand up and pummel a bag or a ball that is obliging enough to hang there and let itself be pommeled. But when her vis-a-vis develops a live force of its own, and manifests a tendency to pommel back, then the sum of her acquirements is at an end.

For in the first place, she can't take a blow from the gloves as a man does, squarely in the chest. Aside from knocking the wind so completely out of her body that she could never get it back again, the chances are that it would break her collar-bone. And in the second place, she couldn't ward or fend from an ordinary blow without danger of breaking her wrist or her forearm.

Make Money.

[Western Railway.]

The *General Manager* for June is a red hot issue. On the back cover is a page cartoon showing Kate Sheeley climbing out on a tottering bridge to flag a Chicago & Northwestern train which was about to dash into the rushing river. It also pictures the manager giving the heroic Kate a \$100 bill for saving the train. It shows the Chicago *Tribune's* contribution box, which was the means of paying the mortgage on the woman's farm. Worst of all, though, is a two-page cartoon, "The Sinking Ship." This ship is the "Q," and as she sinks, Paul Mor-

ton steps aboard a coal barge. H. B. Stone glides away on a neat little boat called "The Telephone," while Mr. Ripley is rowed silently away from the wreck on a slick looking ship, upon whose banner we read, "Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul." This cartoon speaks volumes and shows, as we said at the time, that the great strike, even at this late date, must have had something to do with the resignation of these three officials who are among the brightest in the land.

Revenge is sweet, and we have little doubt that each and every train and engine man, who was interested in the late strike, would gladly give up 10 cents for this cartoon. Here is a golden opportunity for some "Q" man out of employment. Get as many copies of the *General Manager* for June, as you can go amongst railway employees and sell them. You can make money.

Destitution in Our Great Cities.

[R. O. Flower in November Arena.]

One of the most humiliating features of our modern civilization is the poverty and destitution found in all our great cities. He who has eye and ear open to the needs of his fellow men is constantly brought face to face with sickening illustrations of misery, induced by our defective social system and man's weakness, or brought about by circumstances over which the victims have no control. To remedy this great evil is one of the herculean tasks before the earnest and thoughtful workers of the present. The subject must be so generally agitated as to awaken the moral sentiment of the people. We must find the great root causes of this giant evil, and then direct our efforts against them. It will not do to say that poverty has always existed, and therefore always must exist. What satisfied a more brutal and inhuman civilization in the past, can no longer be tolerated by the humane spirit of the present, for we are rising into the light. The very fact that we are becoming so keenly sensitive to the great evils that everywhere bring misery to our fellow men, emphasizes the truth that we are moving up from the cellar of selfishness and sensuality into the light of a higher civilization.

There are certain great evils that lie at the root of the major part of the destitution and vice in our great cities. When our people are morally developed sufficiently to comprehend that it is cheaper, as well as wiser, to prevent poverty and crime, than to take care of paupers and criminals, measures will be devised which will go far toward abolishing poverty. At the head of the great feeders of human want and misery, in our large cities, stands the saloon, the menace alike of individual comfort, and national integrity, and prosperity. Side by

side with this evil stand the great, overcrowded, filthy tenement houses, where people are huddled together in herds; where vile odors permeate the air; where filth is omnipresent, and where, instead of the mystic charm of home, there is nothing present to elevate, or to give the inmates *courage and hope*, and it should be remembered that when these great motive powers are taken from man, he has lost the weapons which make him invincible in the presence of temptation. Keeping a man in the atmosphere of degradation, with the window of hope closed and barred, is one of the surest methods of dragging him to the level of a beast. This is one of the results of life in the overcrowded tenement house. It would doubtless be cheaper, in the long run, if the city purchased land in its suburbs, divided it into little plots, and sold it on very easy terms and long time, to those who live in the tenement-house districts, and who are struggling to be free. If the city owned the means of transportation, which sooner or later it surely will, a low rate could be charged to all laborers, who received less than a certain amount of wages, they being furnished with check cards stamped and registered. Thus, at the cost of two or three cents, the poor man could come to his work and return to his home in the suburbs. Of course, these are only hints of what might be accomplished if society was awake to its duties. Agitation of this great problem is imperative. We must not be satisfied with what has been done, or what is being done; our ideal must contemplate the abolition of poverty, and toward the consummation of this lofty purpose we must incessantly direct our efforts. We who are more fortunate than others are our brothers' keepers.

HIS DIVINITY.

She's as graceful and free as a fairy,
As down to the footlights she trips,
Her great eyes like big twin stars a gleaming,
And the ghost of a smile on those lips.
That are redder than any red rose is
Where the belted bee honey-dew sips.

Tho' 'tis true that her skirts they are scanty
(They don't reach half down to her knee),
As she pirouettes there, or on tip-toe
Stands apoloise like a butterfly, she
Mayn't have dropped from the sky, but I'll swear
that
She looks like an angel to me!

And I watch her with heart that grows hungry
And famished and foolish and faint.
Then flames fiery with jealous mad passion
Of love—You may say she's no saint,
But I worship fore'er at her shrine—spite
Of padding and powder and paint!

But, tho' hope springs sometimes on a sudden
Like a flower, in the drought it soon droops;
Tho' her fair face, alas! is my heaven,
The star to the earth never stoops,
For Oh, she is the queen of the ballet,
While I'm the tag-end of the supes!

M. N. B., in Boston Globe.

THE OUTCAST.

Ragged? So ragged a dog would sniff
At his tatters! And yet he sets there as if
He may have known some day, back in the past,
Before he became what he is—"outcast"—
Some such place, that he called his home,
Where a mother listened to hear him come,
As the dusk drew on, to the fireside where
She gathered her jewels—and he was there!

Hungry? Yes, for a sup of rum
And the cheer such as he may find in a slum;
But hungering, too, with a dull, strange smart
At the bottom of what was once a heart,
For a sight of the group about the blaze
On the hearth he sat by—in other days!

Cold? The colder for thinking how warm
He used to be in there, safe from the storm
Which has so often frozen his finger-ends
That he and the sleet have at last become friends.
Cold? There's a shiver that numbs the blood
Even in veins that might well flow—mud,
When the ice of memory breaks, and the rift
Shows a guiltless childhood's sunny drift
One moment, and is then frozen again,
While the shiverer, thinking of now and then,

Wonders if he, and his like, are the men
Who were boys like that?

And the picture—
What is it that brings that back when all else is a
blot

In memory's maze? Can he see thro' the gloom
Where it hangs on the wall of the sitting room
The face of a boy with innocent eyes,
Ignorant yet of deceit and lies;
A mother-boy, who is not yet too old
To be kept, like a lamb, in the mother's fold!

He shivers again and the shadows pass
From the mirror of time; see, it comes in the glass—
This face of his own lost youth;

Shall he knock?
No, were she alive such an awful shock
Might kill that mother, whose loving hand
Cared him—"the finest boy in the land!"

The shadows gather; upon his ear
The rush of a current sounds strangely near
And soft as the plash of waters falling,
He hears with a shudder, a wild voice calling—
The river, the river!

For all who are cold
And weary and homeless, whose hearts are old—
For all who are tired of the strife,
The pang and perils that we call life—
It calls in the twilight:

"The echoless shores"
Will know him to-morrow as "only one more!"
New York World.

Rich Dead Beats.

[From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

One of the provocations and excuses of the communistic element in this country is found in the fact that there are men of large wealth who do not bear their reasonable and legitimate share of the burdens of the government. When the masses of the people know that a man of wealth is shirking his duty to the commonwealth, dodging taxes and dead beating his way through generally, so far as public affairs are concerned, it is quite natural that their opinion of property holders should fall, and that they should favor legislation to abridge their privileges. We have had some striking instances in this country of the way in

which rich men dodge their just dues to the community. It was discovered after the death of William H. Vanderbilt that he had not been paying taxes on a large amount of property that he owned in New York. In other words, he was taxed on much less property than he really possessed and enjoyed. His son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, seems to be playing the same sneak game, for his taxable property in New York is rated at only \$200,000, when he is known to be worth about \$100,000,000. Mr. Jay Gould is taxed on only \$500,000 in New York city. It is possible that these multi-millionaires comply with the letter of the law and save the bulk of their property from taxation by putting it in non-taxable securities, but this does not lessen the degree of injustice which they perpetrate on the community. Their money is drawing interest wherever it is, and it is simple justice that they should be made to pay for the support of the government in proportion to their means. There is no other fair theory of a democratic government. It is nothing less than an outrage that a man worth \$100,000,000 should pay taxes on \$200,000, when a man worth \$10,000 or \$1,000 pays on the full amount of his possessions. This sort of thing can not continue. An income tax, strictly enforced, or some other plan, must be devised to make the rich deadbeats pay what they owe the government.

CONSOLATION FOR BALD HEADS.

BY H. C. DODGE.

A head that's bald does not imply
That he who owns it must be old;
For instance, look at William Nye,
Whose youth and beauty is extolled.

Oh, no! It is no sign of age,
For babies so are often born;
In countries, too, the handsome stage
Is only reached when heads are shorn.

Bald heads may come from air-tight hats
We slaves of fashion have to wear,
Or from those matrimonial spats
When lady fingers clutch the hair.

Or from the stiff and starchy shirt
Jerked on and off four times a day,
Which makes a friction that must hurt
And wear and tear the hair away.

Then barbers (whom you can't resist),
Alive to "blz," shampoo you well
And rub the hair off ere it's missed,
So hair renewers they can sell.

Reclining in a high-backed chair
Or sleeping on too short a bed
Without a night-cap scrapes the hair
And puts a polish on the head.

Red-headed men are never bald,
Nor dudes nor idiots, you know,
Nor women wearing hats—so called—
As big as wafers for a show.

But men of brains who have to scratch
Ideas from out their teeming pates,
Unconsciously rub off the thatch
That nature needlessly creates.

Corporations are Destitute of Souls.

The Cable & Western Railroad Company of St. Louis is doing all it can to deprive itself of sympathy on the part of a just public opinion in any controversy which may hereafter arise between its managers and its men.

The road has adopted a rule which allows its conductors and grip men a scant ten minutes during the shifting of their cars in which to run to their boarding houses or lunch baskets, eat their dinners and get back to their places, and the same with respect to breakfast. If they are late by a single minute the company punishes the dereliction by suspending them from work and wages for six days.

This rule is simply inhuman. It needs only the barest statement to emphasize its cruelty. Brute beasts are more humanely considered. The worst driving overseers on the old cotton plantations allowed the negro hands their hour for dinner. The corporation which makes such a rule and enforces it deserves to have its charter annulled. It will have no claim upon the sympathy of just men even should grave wrong be done to it in the strike which its course must sooner or later provoke.

Greed could hardly go farther in indifference to its human tools. The rule assumes that as men are constantly pressing for work it is cheaper to work them to death and hire fresh supplies from time to time than to consider them as beings possessed of a right to live. The most grasping economy treats mules better than that.

A New Way of Doing It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of the car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them rose up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons out of five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hand?"

Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also."

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you again," he said. "Now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued, drawing a pair of revolvers and leveling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you may happen to have. Lively now, Jim."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The smoke goes curling round and round my head,
As tho' to imitate the clouds afar.
How fast the minutes speed! how they have sped
While I have smoked my afternoon cigar.

While I have built my castles in the air
Of fabrics frailer than this smoke, alas!
While I have looked aback upon each year,
Reliving all the moments as they pass.

While I have conjured up a vision based
On large, dark eyes and wind-toasted, gold-ringed
hair,
My arm has stolen round her slender waist—
Oh, sweetest, frailest castle in the air!

Her head has rested on my shoulders here—
One coat still bears a tiny shiny spot
Where her gold head did rest for just one year.
I have it still—by her 'tis quite forgot.

I have it still, and it is laid amid
A glove, a lock of hair, a ribbon blue;
No tale of broken heart therein is hid,
For she was five, and I—was sixty-two.

Corra Farbrt.

Chicago's First Railroad.

The first railroad built out of Chicago was the Galena & Chicago Union, says the *Chicago Evening Post*. It was chartered January 16, 1836. Galena in those days being considered a more important place than Chicago. The commissioners appointed to receive subscriptions of stock were E. D. Taylor, Jesse B. Thomas, Jr., Peter Temple, Thomas Drummmond, J. C. Goodhue, William Bennett and J. W. Turner. The capital stock was placed at \$100,000, but could be increased to \$1,000,000, and it was provided that the incorporators might operate the road either by horse or steam power. Just fancy the Northwestern railroad system of to-day, which has grown out of that Galena & Chicago Union Road, being operated by horses. In 1837 the survey of the road was commenced, but it only continued for a few months, when the men employed on it were all discharged, and it was not till the next year that work was resumed. It had not progressed far when the whole scheme collapsed, and it was not till ten years afterward that the project was placed on a successful footing. In 1846 the scheme was revived by a convention held at Rockford.

THE Sultan of Turkey has granted to an English company a concession for a railway from the ancient City of Damascus to Acre on the Mediterranean. Several branch lines are also conceded. The main line will be 127 miles long, and will open up to the commerce of the world the most ancient, interesting and one of the most fertile regions on the globe. The harbor of Acre is said to be one of the best on the Syrian coast. This railroad, and the one now in process of construction from Joppa to Jerusalem, one or both of which will, no doubt, soon be continued to the Lower Euphrates Valley and the Indian Ocean, will make a close connection between ancient and modern centers of civilization.

A New Danger Signal.

Ed M. Burt, of this city, received this week from Washington letters patent for an electric danger and safety signal for railroads. His invention relates to improvements in electric danger and safety signals for railroads, bridges, and points where there is danger of collision; and the objects of his improvements are: (1) To provide a signal that is carried in the cab of the locomotive and to be operated while the train is in motion; (2) to provide a signal that will notify the engineer of a misplaced bridge, and (3) to provide a signal that will notify the engineer of approaching locomotives. Upon the outer sides of the track rails are arranged the signal rails, said rails being connected with the ground, and insulated from the track rails and arranged a certain distance from the same to prevent the truck wheels contacting with the signal rails. Then to the outer sides of the two front wheels of the locomotive is attached a wheel separating them from the locomotive wheels by an insulator. These extensions of the locomotive wheels run on the insulated signal rails and have a journal on them which runs in a box, and from these two boxes two insulated wires lead to the cab of the locomotive, where they are attached to the battery and signalling instruments. Another improvement on the original patent is that the wheel has a double flange and the journal has some play in the boxes, so that the wheel will adjust itself to the side pressure, the springs adjusting the pressure in other directions.

These signalling instruments may be an electric bell or dial showing the presence of a current by the deflection of a needle, and in case communication is desired between trains a telegraph instrument may be used. Where these signal rails are used in dangerous places, as soon as the wheel touches the signal rail the engineer knows there is no danger if the bell rings. A complete circuit is formed. If the bell does not ring the bridge is out of place. On curves and in other places where the engineers are unable to see each other, the signal rails extend a considerable distance and are insulated from the ground and each other, and the current, passing from one locomotive to another, makes a complete circuit and operates both signals, thus notifying them of their nearness to each other. In case a locomotive is approaching the rear end of a train from which the locomotive is detached and out of communicating distance, a collision may be avoided by connecting the insulated rails with a bar, which every train should carry, thus making a circuit and giving the engineer of the approaching locomotive notice of danger. The signals can be used at any distance apart, according to the strength of the batteries used.

Causes and Remedies for Foaming in Boilers.

The following is taken from the new Engine Catalogue of The James Leffel & Co.:

When boilers are new and first used, they are liable to foam in consequence of grease or oil left in them during their manufacture. The simplest remedy for this is to put from one half to one pound of common washing soda in the boiler when first filled with water. After steam has been raised and the soda has neutralized the oil and grease, draw the fires, and when the pressure of steam has become reduced to not exceeding five pounds, blow out the boiler; then fill with fresh water, adding a very small quantity of soda to neutralize any grease remaining within the boiler. After all the grease and foreign matter have been removed, the general cause of boilers foaming is using the steam faster than the fires are generating it, as any boiler can be caused to foam by drawing the steam from it faster than it is being generated. The remedy in this case is to close the throttle so as to reduce the quantity of steam discharged in proportion to the amount being produced by the fire, increase the fire so as to make more steam, and the quantity available for service will be in accordance without danger of foaming. The steam gauge is a valuable guide in this matter. The more dirty the water becomes, the greater the necessity of attention to the fire, as dirty water will not produce steam as rapidly as clean water, and consequently is more liable to foam, as less steam is produced with the same fire.

It was So Nice.

They stood on the American shore and gazed in wonder struck silence at the majesty and beauty of Niagara. The personification of feminine grace and tenderness, she leaned confidently on the arm of her husband—her ideal of manly strength and chivalry. The glowing sunbeams danced in the spray that rose like fair mountains before their eyes, radiant with the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, and the falling waters sounded their eternal monotone in the ears of their listeners, whose hearts beat responsive to its deep pulsations. Nature's own voice spoke to them and stirred the profoundest depths of their being.

The young husband pressed the little hand that lay confidently on his arm and smiled on the sweet face upturned to his.

"Gwendolen," he said, the rapture of his emotions thrilling his voice and shining out through his dark eyes, "does it stack up to your expectations?"

"Launcelot"—and her eyes seemed about to overflow with excess of pent up feeling—"it's just the cutest thing I ever struck!"

The Rail as a Social Factor.

[Kate Field's Washington.]

For some unknown reason most people look upon a railway journey as a task. A sail on a boat, a carriage drive—in fact, almost every other method of locomotion is sometimes a means of pleasure, but we still regard a journey by rail as something well done only when it is done as quickly as possible.

Now, this idea is all a matter of association. It is partly a relic of the days when a railroad was really a good agent for disciplining the flesh; and a journey on one meant hours of jolting over badly ballasted roadbeds, in cars whose springs left much for engineering science to accomplish. The rest of the prejudice comes from the fact that railroad trips are usually taken with a sordid business in view, or else they are only an irritating delay to some pleasure which we look forward to at the destination. Once rid of the prejudice caused by these two associations, we find that the railway journey, as it is now possible on some of the best modern roads, may be in itself a source of keen enjoyment.

The Royal Blue Line broke the record and made the journey from Washington to Jersey City in four hours and a quarter a few days ago, when the Baltimore and Ohio Company gave their excursion to the press; but it was not the actual reduction of time in hours and minutes which made the journey seem so short. It was the freedom from the idea of something to be accomplished, the sense not of having so much time to kill but so much to enjoy. Mechanical skill has done its utmost in the construction of the new rolling stock which the road was proudly showing off to its guests, and there was hardly any sense of motion, except as the flying landscape showed that very fast time was being made.

Traveling at a mile a minute need no longer interfere with one's creature comfort, nor give a choice only between starvation and indigestible ten-minute luncheons. With the buffet-car all things are possible.

Railroads cannot offer the exact comfort of home, except as they encourage the setting up of private cars with all their dainties, though miniature, domestic arrangements, but they have managed to reproduce on their best trains all the luxuriousness of a hotel or yacht, and to that extent have revolutionized traveling. It is no longer a sufficient excuse for a demolished toilet and a woe-begone expression to say that one has recently finished a journey.

Such excursions as the one just mentioned show the possibilities of the railroad as a means of social enjoyment. It takes a great many miles from the number to be traveled when, instead of being surrounded by pre-

occupied strangers, one's neighbors are all friends, or at least are known to share some common interest. Who knows but that railway parties may in time become as popular as theatre parties or cruises in steam yachts! In fact, something has already been done in this direction. The commuters from a certain suburban town on the New Jersey Central have discovered that their daily trip to New York need not be a burden unless they make it so. They have organized a club, keep their own car, and make the time spent in going to and from business the jolliest hour of the day.

WEDDING RINGS.

They are of Ancient Origin, and Signify Good Faith and Fidelity.

"You want to know why the ring is used as a matrimonial pledge?" said a learned Smithsonian curator to a Washington *Star* writer. "The reason is very well known. It is employed as a token of good faith because the ring was originally and primarily a seal. In ancient Babylon, 4,000 years ago, all documents were attested by seals, as they are now, and the merchants very usually wore their seals on their finger rings of gold and other metals. With these signets they impressed their own private and particular devices upon the agreements and contracts of all sorts, thus making them good and binding. Documents in those days were not written upon paper, but with a wooden stylus upon moist clay, which was subsequently hardened by baking.

"From this source the seal has come down through the more modern civilization of Greece and Rome to the present day as a sign of good faith. It is with that significance that it is placed upon the third finger of the bride's left hand to seal the contract between herself and her newly made husband. Also it is surmised that the ring is intended to remind the wife of the fidelity she owes. Furthermore, the circle is the emblem of eternity. But why, you ask, does the bride choose the third finger of the left hand to wear her ring on? Simply because the ancients supposed that a nerve ran directly from that finger to the heart. I need hardly say that the researches of modern anatomists have shown this to be an error, but the custom survives. The courtesans of Rome used to wear their rings upon their thumbs, because the thumb was sacred to Venus.

"Hebrews regard the ring in the ceremony of marriage as of extraordinary importance. It must be of a certain value, certified to by the officiating rabbi, and it must be absolutely the groom's own property—not obtained by gift or purchased on credit. There are a number of curious superstitions about wedding rings. If one is broken it signifies to the wife that she is going to lose

her husband. I really think that a majority of women never take off their wedding rings, believing that to do so would occasion misfortune.

"The most extraordinary custom relating to wedlock that I know of prevailed in England about the year 1800 and before, particularly in Lincolnshire, and was called marriage en chemise. A woman with some means of her own, marrying a man who was embarrassed financially, would go to the altar with nothing on but her smock, having been previously undressed to that primitive garment by her bride-maids. This was considered to signify that the wife brought the husband nothing, and that therefore his creditors could have no hold upon her property for his debts. Sometimes a sheet was worn merely for the same purpose. Hence comes the expression, sometimes employed by uncompromising papas in the old days: 'If you want my daughter, sir, you must take her in her smock.' This implied that she would have no fortune."

Chinese Methods in Agriculture.

[Providence Journal.]

We are to-day confronted in America with a serious shrinkage in farm values, and at the East especially, with the abandonment of these lands, since they produce no longer satisfactory material results. It is just here that the despised Chinaman offers a valuable lesson with a suggestion which we would do well to heed. We seem to have been induced to prodigality almost from the very start by the comparative richness of our American soil. Where the earth had but to be scratched in preparation for a crop, and artificial stimulants were altogether unknown, we forgot in part our common heritage of hard and persistent labor, and fondly imagined that the land would never, or only at some remote period, "run out" in productivity. As a result, the natural exhaustion of the soil resultant from constant employment drives us to sheer despair, and the older farms are deserted for others which in turn must share an identical fate. We do little for the land's improvement. Its exhaustion is the fact forced upon us, and we flee rather than face the problem. But the Chinaman does nothing of the sort. In his native country he would be deprived of his farm or his garden if he refused to cultivate it, and instead of abandoning his possessions, which would prove, indeed, suicidal there, with the crowded conditions of population, he sets himself to the work of making the most of what he has. Everything of possible use in fertilization is scrupulously saved, every rice stalk is planted as seed and replanted by hand in water; rain water is held universally in ponds or in holes for purposes of irrigation, and in these reservoirs fish are invariably grown. Where

human labor is vastly cheap and cattle and beasts of burden are considered costly carriers and producers, it is natural that human labor should be employed for almost everything. It is said that there is practically no plant weeds visible in the most thickly populated parts of the empire, since there is no room for them, and since they are destroyed in a country which examines even the roots of plants to remove or kill insects or grubs. All sorts of methods to induce the rich growth of seeds are employed, and fertilizers are applied to the roots of plants directly rather than at the surface of the ground, where evaporation and diffusion would result in waste. This seems peculiar to farmers in America, where the total loss from sheer wastefulness in the course of a year is something upon which a Celestial would look with woe; but it is only the extreme practice of economy which the American agriculturist needs to learn. Indeed, this same principle of economy has become a distinctive feature of our higher grade farms, and the most advanced farmer will be found rendering available material and space which the old-style producer would let go to waste. It is an unpleasant spectacle which the Chinese agriculturist presents in his means and methods, without question, but is scarcely less pleasant than that of some short-sighted American farmers, whose improvident habits and heri- tage carry them to the other extreme.

How to Eat a Watermelon.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

It is said in Florida that the way to eat an orange is to put your nose in it. This advice applies to the watermelon in the most emphatic manner. There is nothing fit to eat in the melon but the heart, and that should be torn out and devoured bodily, and if the juices should run down the neck and into the sleeves, so much the better. Sweets to the sweet—and nothing could be sweeter than these juices, which embody the fruition of the year, and all that is best in the seasons. The knife is a deadly weapon. It destroys the flavor and has a deadly effect on the fruit. People who understand their business never use a knife, but go at it like pugilists, and the more barbarous the attack the finer the feast.

THERE are now two American built locomotives running on the Tokio-Kioto Railroad in Japan in competition with two similar English locomotives, all doing the same amount of work, on a mountain grade of 132 feet per mile for ten miles of the distance. The American machines are of the Baldwin make; the English from the shops of Nasmyth, Wilson & Co. They are running in competition to prove their respective merits.

Following the Leader.

[Locomotive Engineer.]

For some reason best known to themselves, a flock of sheep will follow anywhere a bell-wether will lead—even into a lake—but that is no reason why sane human beings should do so—unless we confess that they have no more brains than the average head of mutton—which we do not.

Wherever we look back into the history of the human race we find little or no progress where the people simply followed leaders; progress has always been made where people ignored their leaders and did a little thinking and judging for themselves. The high priests of many a nation have kept its people in bondage simply because the people have blindly accepted what the priests have said, without bothering themselves whether their teachings were correct, and for their own good.

What was all right for the ancients will not do for us—if it would, we would be wearing breech-clouts instead of coats, pants and vests. Everything has changed, even religion has been modified a great deal to adapt it to the wants of this age; but still we find plenty of laboring men who have set up in their hearts leader idols, and they blindly accept what they say as the law and gospel.

One man believes in a certain party, he is a politician of the regular ward school; whatever the party leader or the party organ does or says is so with him; its simply so, no ifs nor ands about it—this is following the leader.

Here is another man that follows the same line of reasoning in regard to business transactions, in religion, in love and marriage, or—in worst of all—labor orders, here is where there is more blind leader worship than in any other place.

We do not object to men loving and honoring their brainy men or those who represent them before the public, nor to the maintenance of these men of brains in exalted positions; we object to such as worship their acts without knowing anything about the acts, and to the leaders who think that the way to lead is to force the rank and file to believe and do as they do.

The safety of the people, of labor organizations, of churches, of nations, lies in the masses thinking about the questions of the hour—especially true of labor organizations.

Then the man who pretends to lead his fellows by organizing a great body guard that come and go at his beck and call, who applaud his acts and shout down and denounce those who, by word or deed, differ from him, is no leader at all. He is a curse, a false idol.

The true leader of laboring men will not try to have the members of his order do as

he does, or think as he thinks; that is not his mission, and he knows it. His whole aim is to induce the individual members of his order to think for themselves, to debate each and every topic that comes up in the affairs of the order. His is an arduous task, and he spends no time in seeking a re-election. He knows full well that it is the average intelligence of the members that will keep him and his order off the rocks, so he simply does and says things to make his men think and study the problems for themselves; he is careful to express no decided opinion on a new and complex subject until he has put the case before his constituents and heard it discussed, then he gets a consensus of opinion that is far safer for him to follow than an idea of his own, perhaps biased in some way almost unknown to himself.

Always hear both sides of any case before deciding anything about it, then go quietly off by yourself and forget who or what you are. Put yourself in the place of the parties on both sides, look at the subject from every point of view, and try and decide the case as you would wish it decided if you were in either place; if they differ, split the difference, come to some decision in the case as near fair as you are capable of deciding, and then express your convictions, regardless of who frowns or who smiles. Be honest, be just.

Have ideas and opinions of your own, but do not confound opinions with crotchets and hobbies; think, reason; forget the results to yourself, and think of the results to the majority of your fellows—what is best for the majority is usually a good thing to have—even though it hurts some one.

When you find a man who goes to the front, and is counted a leader, see if he seeks to enlighten, if he reasons with his fellows, if he seeks their aid and council, if he presents arguments instead of statements, if he denounces no one who differs with him. If he is this kind of a man he is safe enough to follow, for he simply calls your attention to an important subject, gives you his reasons, and leaves you thinking on the subject—he has done good, if it never again comes up.

If, on the other hand, he simply announces so and says so, if he pats all those who are with him, and slaps at those who differ, he is the leader *not* to follow. He is sure to jump into oblivion some day—don't be too close behind.

Read books, hear lectures, sermons and speeches, not to adopt or renounce the arguments or theories advanced, but to aid you in your research in the matter, to help you form some opinion of your own—to help you think.

The best labor leader in the world—and he never pretends to lead at all—is the man who *thinks*. He promotes discussion and

argument, he educates, he builds on sure foundations, for he puts into the individual members of his followers the reasoning power; each is an excellent factor, reasoning for himself; in a combination of such men there is little danger of the majority making very bad decisions in cases of trouble—every man is a leader.

The worst labor leader in the world—and he is a self-acknowledged one—is the leader who does all the thinking for his crowd; they are the force in his hands—he rules by force, he crushes the individual thinker with his frown, he usually rides rough-shod over opposition, nurses favorites, and rings of heelers. He is the brains—his followers the hands and feet. The combination won't work, it don't balance. Nature furnished one set of brains for every pair of hands and feet, and never intended that men should form themselves into associations, where one pair of hands kept still, and one brain worked, and a thousand other brains kept still, while four thousand feet and hands pawed gravel.

The Potato.

[American Rural Home.]

The potato is one of the most important of cultivated plants, and in universal cultivation in temperate parts of the globe. It is a native of mountain districts of tropical and sub-tropical America, probably from Chili to Mexico, but there is some question as to where it is really indigenous. Humboldt doubted if it had ever been found truly wild, but subsequent travelers of high scientific reputation, expressed themselves as thoroughly satisfied. Maize and potatoes are the two greatest gifts which America has given to the rest of the world.

The potato has been cultivated in America and its tubers used for food from times long anterior to the discovery of America by Europeans. It seems to have been first brought to Europe by the Spaniards from the neighborhood of Quito in the seventeenth century. No more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the introduction of potato culture into Great Britain and other European countries. It was long called "Batatas," or sweet potato, which is the tuber or plant meant by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century. It appears to have been brought to "Ireland from Virginia, by Hawkins in 1665," "and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1623."

BUTCHER—What can I send you up to-day, Mrs. Styles?

Mrs. Styles—Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep.

Butcher—A black sheep!

Mrs. Styles—Yes; we are in mourning, you know.

Hints Worth Heeding.

[Adapted from Maher's "Practical Hints."]

When a man has his business in perfect working order, and knows that, just then, a little more or a little less effort on his part will be answered by increased or decreased profits, it is hard for him to believe it wise for him to leave his duties for an hour, even though he is overworked. But one of the highest duties a man owes himself is to give his brain an occasional rest. There is a good deal more in life than simply adding to one's bank account. There is more honor in being a good citizen than in simply growing rich. It is poor policy to be thoroughly posted in all that concerns your business and be out of all knowledge of the great world. A man wants to forget his business occasionally—ought never to carry his cares beyond his store door. A night's respite from business cares will send you back to them with renewed strength and a clearer head.

Do not imagine that your business will go to the dogs if you leave it for a day or two. If you have been thorough with your men—if you have faithful and interested employes—the machine will jog along smoothly enough until you return. We are all apt to flatter ourselves that we are doing what no other person could do; but, not infrequently, something happens to show us that we are not nearly as indispensable as we imagined—in fact, that a division of labor in our business would be vastly to its advantage. Our subordinates, if left in charge, occasionally will have a chance to carry out some ideas of their own, and these, in a majority of cases, are decided improvements. The man who repulses suggestions from those under him—gives his men no credit for knowing anything beyond the steady routine of their employment—loses much that would be of assistance to him, falls into a rut and stays there, much to his detriment. The man who cannot learn something from contact with other men, whether employes or outsiders, is not a healthy man.

Business is a master that soon makes abject slaves of us if we will; but, with a well established trade, one should be master of his business. With probity, industry, and economy, almost any man, by well directed effort, may be prosperous. Whatever progress is made without this foundation is deceptive.

STRANGER—Can you tell me what that sound is?

Policeman—I'm slightly deaf, and don't hear it. What is it like?

"Like a drove of horses on a trot, but I don't see any."

"It's the Young Ladies' Seminary out walking. Here they come 'round the corner."

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

FEBRUARY, 1891.



Assessment Notice for February.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., February 1, 1891. }

ASSESSMENT No. 18, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 360. Samuel Beattie, of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, died of Typhoid Fever, June 23, 1890.

CLAIM No. 361. Sidney Vaughan, of Dominion Lodge, No. 67, died of Tuberculosis, October 8, 1890.

CLAIM No. 362. James L. Hill, of Northern Light Lodge, No. 127, died from injuries received in a Railroad Accident, October 12, 1890.

CLAIM No. 363. Henry D. Creasey, of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, died of Smallpox, November 13, 1890.

CLAIM No. 364. Daniel Callen, of Arbitration Lodge, No. 320, died of Consumption, November 22, 1890.

CLAIM No. 365. W. J. Williams, of Lake Erie Lodge, No. 241, was killed by Falling Under Train, November 25, 1890.

CLAIM No. 366. John Wilson, of Steptoe Butte Lodge, No. 419, was killed by Railway Accident, November 28, 1890.

CLAIM No. 367. Peter Lanser, of Maple City Lodge, No. 198, died of Typhoid Fever, December 9, 1890.

CLAIM No. 368. Andrew J. Schnorr, of Neches Lodge, No. 156, was killed by Railway Accident, December 9, 1890.

CLAIM No. 369. George H. Dunn, of Faith Lodge, No. 200, was killed by Falling Under Train, December 10, 1890.

CLAIM No. 370. Frederick Kerns, of Lake Erie Lodge, No. 241, died of Heart Failure, December 13, 1890.

CLAIM No. 371. William Morton, of Overland Lodge, No. 123, died from injuries received by Falling Under Train, December 14, 1890.

CLAIM No. 372. Jerry Curtin, of Buckeye Lodge, No. 239, died of Typhoid Fever, December 16, 1890.

CLAIM No. 373. Albert J. Ebersol, of Red River Lodge, No. 8, died from injuries received in a Wreck, December 18, 1890.

CLAIM No. 374. John L. West, of Adair Lodge, No. 100, was killed by Collision, December 18, 1890.

CLAIM No. 375. Fred R. Jennings, of Violet Lodge, No. 365, was killed by Collision, December 26, 1890.

CLAIM No. 376. Dominick Philbin, of S. S. Merrill Lodge, No. 188, died of Consumption, December 28, 1890.

CLAIM No. 377. James McNamara, of Central Ohio Lodge, No. 299, died of Hemorrhage of Lungs, December 30, 1890.

CLAIM No. 378. John Clair, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, died of Paralysis, December 30, 1890.

CLAIM No. 379. Dewitt Kemmerer, of Just In Time Lodge, No. 149, died from injuries received in a Collision, January 2, 1891.

CLAIM No. 380. Alfred T. Hove, of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, was killed by an accidental Pistol Shot Wound, January 7, 1891.

CLAIM No. 381. Charles H. Spath, of Frontier City Lodge, No. 92, died of Asthma, January 16, 1891.

An assessment of Two DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership FEBRUARY 1ST, 1891, said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than FEBRUARY 20TH, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all the benefits of the order, as per Section 52 of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M. }

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Addresses Wanted.

CHAS. H. THEWS—A member of Hercules Lodge, No. 63; when last heard from he was at Danville, Va. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please correspond with the Secretary or Collector of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, Danville, Ill.

J. CAHILL—Was at one time a member of Fortune Lodge, No. 120, Syracuse, N. Y., and left there on or about September 11, 1888. He was last heard from in Chicago in November of the same year. Information is anxiously desired by his wife, Mrs. J. Cahill, House of Providence, Syracuse, N. Y.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRILL HAUPT, IND., January 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of December, 1890:

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$162	76	\$194	151	\$388	223	\$48	297	\$82
2	18	76	64	150	162	224	54	298	68
3	440	77	236	151	100	225	30	299	88
4	78	78	144	152	120	226	110	300	66
5	262	79	78	153	58	227	70	301	62
6	112	80	56	154	64	228	250	302	38
7	76	81	208	155	70	229	56	303	34
8	180	82	232	156	106	230	102	304	60
9	202	83	138	157	48	231	116	305	46
10	140	84	146	158	158	232	60	306	124
11	152	85	150	159	118	233	38	307	94
12	360	86	148	160	132	234	84	308	52
13	246	87	70	161	36	235	122	309	88
14	824	88	128	162	238	236	64	310	68
15	98	89	10	163	70	237	136	311	46
16	196	90	96	164	106	238	102	312	52
17	64	91	90	165	120	239	86	313	60
18	104	92	90	166	83	240	152	314	104
19	100	98	124	167	100	241	240	315	134
20	72	94	124	168	80	242	316	316	106
21	164	95	244	169	300	243	34	317	40
22	22	96	76	170	84	244	130	318	62
23	34	97	172	171	48	245	160	319	48
24	116	98	76	172	124	246	104	320	126
25	136	99	200	173	96	247	112	321	38
26	136	100	96	174	178	248	98	322	66
27	154	101	175	128	249	84	323	24	89
28	130	102	192	176	74	250	214	324	38
29	60	103	212	177	72	251	188	325	39
30	62	104	74	178	124	252	160	326	92
31	58	105	80	179	54	253	70	327	82
32	52	106	41	180	42	254	134	328	30
33	100	107	178	181	24	255	52	329	22
34	76	108	54	182	24	256	330	74	404
35	52	109	98	183	257	172	381	405	96
36	102	110	64	184	40	258	42	332	120
37	80	111	176	185	48	259	112	333	164
38	114	112	76	186	114	260	72	334	56
39	54	113	136	187	66	261	60	335	68
40	116	114	188	180	262	96	336	30	410
41	72	115	60	189	96	263	128	337	130
42	36	116	126	190	38	264	110	338	66
43	126	117	94	191	90	265	130	339	128
44	156	118	50	192	136	266	134	340	62
45	128	119	48	193	60	267	82	341	56
46	98	120	168	194	268	44	342	416	66
47	178	121	195	70	269	68	343	88	417
48	112	122	62	196	136	270	198	344	74
49	90	128	210	197	102	271	60	345	32
50	228	124	90	198	72	272	38	346	34
51	106	126	54	199	96	273	110	347	42
52	142	128	78	200	32	274	48	348	118
53	90	127	96	201	90	275	36	349	88
54	216	128	56	202	94	276	52	350	62
55	64	129	208	203	132	277	24	351	32
56	70	130	122	204	40	278	24	352	82
57	340	131	116	205	112	279	42	353	64
58	76	132	118	206	92	280	42	354	106
59	180	133	120	207	162	281	72	355	66
60	22	134	96	208	68	282	58	356	36
61	150	135	84	209	90	283	82	357	43
62	108	136	52	210	50	284	208	358	44
63	72	137	58	211	118	285	134	359	80
64	86	138	86	212	82	286	134	360	64
65	90	139	44	213	42	287	106	361	122
66	100	140	146	214	66	288	38	362	42
67	152	141	210	215	118	289	60	363	130
68	96	142	198	216	42	290	16	364	52
69	78	143	218	217	60	291	74	365	48
70	66	144	218	52	292	50	366	58	440
71	150	145	104	219	94	293	42	367	54
72	184	146	128	220	84	294	78	368	60
73	82	147	84	221	90	295	48	369	74
74	34	148	96	222	58	296	66	370	32

Balance on hand December 1, 1890 \$23,130 75
Received during month 88,854 00

Total \$61,984 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335
336, 337, 338, 339, 340 and 341 \$21,000 00

Balance on hand January 1, 1891 \$40,984 75

Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

Magazine Agents ATTENTION!

PRIZES FOR 1891!

\$350.00

In Cash Prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded by the Grand Lodge for the year 1891, viz.:

1ST PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the largest number of paid subscribers to his credit on the Grand Lodge books December 1st, 1891, Two Hundred (\$200.00) Dollars in Cash.

2ND PRIZE.

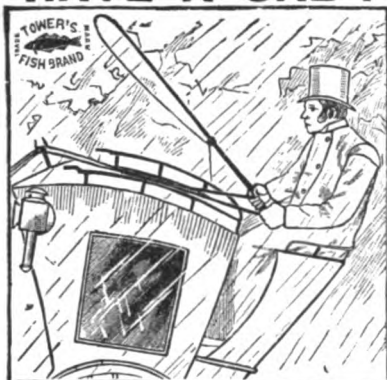
To the Magazine Agent having the second largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars in Cash.

3RD PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the third largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars in Cash.

The foregoing cash prizes should prove an incentive to every Magazine Agent in the order to roll up his sleeves and enter the competition.

HAVE A CAB ?



When you are addressed as above, your first impulse is to look at the driver. If the day be stormy and the driver is a wise man, you will find that he wears a "Fish Brand Slicker," and he will tell you that he is as comfortable on the box as his passenger in the cab, and that for his business this coat is invaluable. When you get once inside a "Fish Brand Slicker," there's no such thing as weather for you. It doesn't make the smallest difference whether it rains, hails, sleets, snows, or blows. You are absolutely and solidly comfortable. Get one at once. No danger of your not liking it afterwards. It is a waste of money to buy any other waterproof coat. They are worthless after a few weeks of hard usage. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

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18
YEARS
OF AGE.

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PATENTS

THOMAS P. SIMPSON. Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.



• THE International Fraternal Alliance.

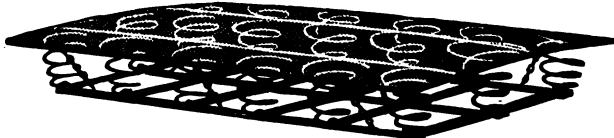
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RESULTS:

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TO THE PUBLIC.—Cleanliness and noiselessness.

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SIDE BY SIDE.

**TWO HEROES, speeding toward their homes where Wife and Little Ones
await them, MEET THEIR DEATH while at
the POST OF DUTY.**

On Friday evening, October 3, 1890, a freight train, rushing down a heavy grade at full speed to the entrance of a tunnel, plunged into a land-slide which had completely blocked the entrance, burying the engine and piling up the cars in a heap of ruins. To add to the horror the wreck took fire. The Engineer and his Fireman were covered in the debris. The Fireman, **GEORGE KNUCKLES**, was caught by the arm, and was not released until about daylight the next morning, while **ENGINEER MCCOY** was literally buried beneath the pile of wreckage. With his head terribly crushed and his body almost cooked by steam and water, he finally succeeded, after more than an hour, in crawling out more dead than alive.

Both men were insured in the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND CONDUCTORS' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**, and the history of their case is interesting.

ENGINEER JAMES B. MCCOY, Of Atlanta, Georgia,

was insured in the Railway Officials' and Conductors' Accident Association for \$1,000 at death and \$5 weekly indemnity. He was in a wreck on August 12th, being badly scalded and bruised. On August 16th, the Association sent him, while laid up, his first week's indemnity, and on Monday the 24th, the morning of his death, had sent him the balance of his indemnity for seven weeks. His first run after his recovery was that in which he was killed, on October 3d. He lingered in awful agony until three o'clock Saturday morning, when his brave soul went out from his poor, maimed body. At nine o'clock that morning the Association in Indianapolis learned of his death, by telegraph. Before ten o'clock they telegraphed to his widow \$250 Funeral Benefit, and it reached her four hours and a half before the remains of her husband were brought home. Saturday afternoon's mail carried the balance of his death indemnity, which was paid over to Mrs. McCoy, and her receipt in full obtained on October 8th, just five days after his death. The following acknowledgment was received October 10th:

ATLANTA, GA., October 8th, 1890.

W. E. BELLIS, Secretary Railway Officials' and Conductors' Accident Association, Indianapolis, Ind.:

DEAR SIR:—I have this day received from J. D. Collins, your agent,

the sum of \$1,000, being the full amount due me on policy held by my late husband, J. B. McCoy, who was killed at Little Tunnel, E. T. V. & G. R. R., October 4th, by running into a land-slide. I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the noble Accident Association. The \$750 funeral benefit was paid to me in six hours after my husband's death occurred. The full amount of \$1,000 was settled in five days after date of death.

I remain, truly yours,

Mrs. MELBAH McCoy.

FIREMAN GEORGE KNUCKLES, Of Atlanta, Georgia,

had his arm badly crushed and burned, but the Association did not learn of his being in the wreck until Monday evening, October 6th. He was insured for \$2,000 death and \$10 weekly benefit. On Tuesday the Association sent him his first weekly indemnity. On Thursday they were notified that his arm had been amputated on the night of October 6th, at the hospital in Dalton. The same day, October 9th, they telegraphed to him the sum of \$250, and sent by mail the balance, \$750, due him as *Half Benefit for loss of one limb*. On Saturday morning, the 11th, they were notified that he had died from his injuries on the night of Tuesday, October 7th, and the same day (October 11th) sent to their agent in Atlanta the remaining \$1,000 having settled the full claim of \$2,000 in five days from the first information received of his injury, and within four days of his death.

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But everybody doesn't wear Overalls, so it must be remembered that this firm make the best Pants, the best Shirts, and the best Working Sack Coats that are made.

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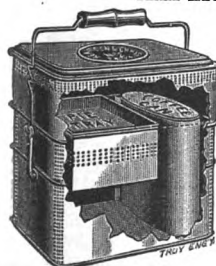
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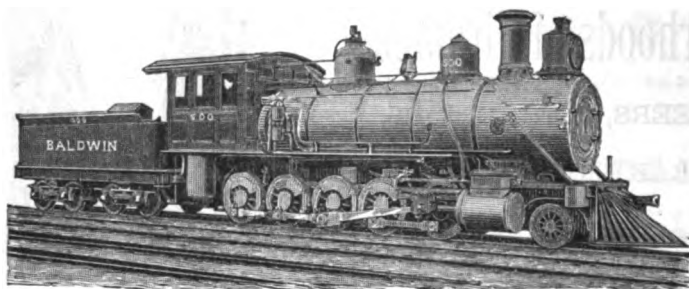
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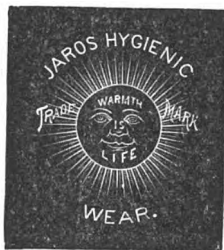
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LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

MARCH, 1891.

No. 3.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
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SELF PROTECTION.

Manifestly, workingmen, by organizing, are actuated by a purpose to protect themselves, as far as possible, against rapine, which, regardless of law, is ceaselessly going forward.

The methods adopted by the plunderers of workingmen, are many and various, often shrewdly concocted and occasionally, open, bold and impudent. To resist the ceaseless assaults, is one of the purposes of organization. There is nothing covert about it. It is not war upon capital, nor in fact upon capitalists *per se*—but it is a war against wrong and injustice, regardless of authors—and the more honest men study the subject the more pronounced is the verdict, that the purpose of labor, in organizing for protection, is wise and proper.

In their deliberations, workingmen say that capitalists wrong them, and that it is the next thing to an impossibility to obtain

a redress through the courts, that poverty has no show when pitted against wealth and that the laws are so framed, and the practice of the courts is so vicious, that money can always find a way of escape for those who have it.

When such declarations are found in an organ of labor a hue and cry is raised, and charges of socialism, anarchism, or some other ism, are preferred against those who assert that the administration of the laws, is, all too often, a stupendous sham and fraud, and public sentiment is manufactured which decries labor organizations, and corporations seek to crush them out of existence.

But occasionally, the administration of laws is so flagrantly one sided, so flamingly outrageous, that the press of the country feels called upon to point out its glaring defects, and demand that a remedy shall be found and applied.

In this line we reproduce an editorial article in the *Chicago Times* of December 20, captioned "Law-encouraged Rascality," as follows:

Crimes against commerce are serious and far-reaching. They stab confidence, which is the basis of all business activities. The forger of a warehouse receipt, the officer of a corporation who over-issues stock, the banker who takes deposits and does not return them, are all responsible for mischief beyond that which they themselves see. They are impairing confidence. If every time a bank discounted a warehouse receipt or a certificate of stock, or every time a depositor brought money to a bank, it would be necessary to pause while inquiry was made as to the sufficiency of the receipt or the certificate or the solvency of the bank, rapid movement of commerce

would be impossible. Confidence is the very life-blood of commerce. Destroy it and the volume of business will be reduced to actual cash transactions, wherein each piece of money will be tested. Impair it and many laudable enterprises that would be profitable come to naught. Confidence is 90 per cent. of present business operations rapidly conducted. Credits, not money, pass. Panic is a result of loss of confidence, a paralysis of activities. A doubting money world becomes stagnant. Men with money hoard it. Men without money but possessing aptitude for the profitable employment of it are denied opportunity. Everybody is skeptical about everybody else.

Guided by the law of self-preservation the commercial world ought to guard itself with vigilance against assassins of credit. Every faithless banker, every utterer of forged negotiable paper, every over-issuor of stock, is in commerce what the footpad, the thug, the bully, and the assassin are in the human family. The laws of society are aimed against all of these, but it is a great misfortune that the law is not faithfully executed, and fails, therefore, as a salutary deterrent. Men convicted in Cook county of crimes against commerce walk the streets of Chicago spared from condign punishment because some quibble of the law is made to overshadow the plain fact of guilt and to give freedom to rogues. Assassins of credit are usually shrewd fellows, who count carefully the cost of their operations. They may succeed and be enriched. They may fail and stand in peril of the penitentiary. But is that peril great? When they will have looked over the field of repeated failure to consign men of their stamp to the infamy of stripes, they are reassured. They retain sufficient plunder to secure the services of lawyers who are mighty in the splitting of hairs. They care nothing about the substantial merits of a case. Their search is for the potent technicality, and the record is that the finding of this assures freedom to any client who has the means wherewith to fight justice. Technicalities paralyze courts. They are the sure refuge of sinners. Confidence in their potency nerves many an aspiring criminal to pursue a reckless career of felony. He may lose repute. He will never taste the bitterness of penal servitude.

Within the last few weeks no less than three private banking establishments of Chicago have gone to the wall. An honest failure is possible but improbable. Arrests have been made in two cases upon the charge that the accused had taken deposits after their insolvent condition was known to themselves, an act which the statute makes a felony. Apparently the purpose is to prosecute these offenders. Conviction may be possible as the result of the zeal of the local prosecutor dealing with easily established criminal facts, but a conviction is far from implying punishment. With the money of innocent depositors defraying the expense the case is carried up on the inevitable technicality. There have been many bank failures in Chicago during the last twenty years. Does anyone recall that a single responsible officer of the delinquent concerns has gone to the penitentiary? That crimes against commerce are not adequately punished is no fault of the criminal code. The statute aims to cover every possible contingent.

It will be noticed that the *Times* writer starts out with the declaration that "crimes against commerce are serious and far-reaching"—but crimes against labor are far more serious and far-reaching. The burglar, who robs a bank, if caught, is certain to go to prison, but the bank president may rob a bank, and, as in Chicago and a hundred other cities, may walk the streets unmolested and their *entree* to uppercrust society is not forfeited.

To rob workingmen is to rob commerce at its fountain head, to cripple it at its birth. It is doubtless true, that "confidence is the very life blood of commerce," that is to say, there must be confidence in the integrity of men, so strong that from A to the end of the alphabet, every one has an abiding faith in the other, that they will not steal, cheat, commit neither perjury nor forgery, and when such confidence prevails business proceeds.

When workingmen have confidence in their employers, industries proceed, the forges flame and the anvils ring, and it is because such confidence does not exist and because the courts afford little or no protection, that workingmen are organizing for protection.

The article which we reproduce from the *Times* is worthy of the most careful perusal. It says: "Guided by the law of self-preservation the commercial world ought to guard itself with vigilance against assassins of credit." If this is true, is it not equally true, that workingmen should be guided by the law of self-preservation to guard their interests against methods which are devised expressly to rob, impoverish and degrade them? This is sought to be accomplished through organization.

The stale remark, that the courts are "open to all," and that "all are equal before the law," excites universal contempt, and the *Times* article brings the matter into the boldest prominence. The assassins of credit, like the robbers of labor, have "sufficient plunder to secure the services of lawyers who are mighty in the splitting of hairs;" as a result, the assassins and robbers go free. Workingmen who have been robbed have no money to secure "hair splitting" lawyers, nor lawyers of any class, and as a result they

seek to guard their interests as best they can, through organization.

It is practicable to organize, and it is practicable for organizations to federate, and if this is done workmen will have little use for courts.

CRIPPLED RAILROADS.

The *Railway Age* of January 3, 1891, publishes three tables relating to railroads sold by foreclosure in 1890, and for fifteen years, from 1876 to 1890 inclusive, also of roads placed in receivers' hands in 1890. These tables form a highly interesting study. The *Railway Age* says:

We compile the following list showing railways in operation (not including several partly built lines on which much money has been spent) which were sold under foreclosure during 1890, with their mileage and the amount of capital which they apparently represent.

ROADS SOLD BY FORECLOSURE IN 1890.

Road.	Mile.	Funded Debt.	Capital Stock.
Ft. Mad. & N.W. (N.G.)	45	\$220,000	\$15,000
Scioto Valley	131	2,287,000	2,033,000
Ind. & Ill. Southern	91	1,229,000	1,400,000
St. Louis, Ft. Scott & Wich.	233	4,777,000	6,615,000
St. Louis & Chicago (breh)	8	100,000	100,000
Ohio, Indiana & Western	341	10,841,000	13,325,000
Columbia & Port Deposit	40	2,940,000	497,000
Kanawha & Ohio	129	1,154,000	12,200,000
Ohio & North-Western	129	1,785,000	2,010,000
Sheff. & B. Coal, Iron & Ry	42	3,565,000	7,200,000
Tavares, Apopka & Gulf	29	385,000	620,000
Oregonian Ry. (N.G.)	152	1,000,000	900,000
Oakland & State Line	17	34,000	31,000
Columbus & Mayaville	19	200,000	850,000
Cleveland, St. Louis & K. C.	10	500,000	210,000
Jacks nville S'uth-Eastern	128	1,667,000	1,000,000
American Midland	23	460,000	460,000
H'ust'n E. & W. Tex. (N.G.)	192	2,091,000	1,920,000
Shreveport & H'ust'n (N.G.)	40	400,000	400,000
Peach Bottom (N.G.)	20	200,000	200,000
St. Louis Cable & Western	16	600,000	1,000,000
Harrisburg & Potomac	28	507,000	331,000
Chicago & Atlantic	247	9,798,000	9,543,000
Danville & New Riv. (N.G.)	75	700,000	398,000
Senandoah Valley	255	9,476,000	3,696,000
St. Louis, Arkansas & Tex.	122	34,784,000	23,083,000
Watahah, Griffin & N. A.	60	500,000	1,011,000
Wilmington & Holmesburg	4	50,000	100,000
Wilmington & Glastonbury	9	150,000	150,000
Total 29 roads	3285	\$90,851,000	\$91,654,000
Total debt and stock			182,455,000

It will be observed that the funded debt, or bonded debt, was practically the same as the amount of capital stock, the difference being only \$403,000—taking the two items—and it will be seen that the twenty-nine roads averaged \$47,770 per mile. It is well understood that the actual investment to build and equip the roads did not cost half that amount; probably the amount repre-

sented by their capital stock, \$91,654,000, built and equipped the roads. This done, the roads were bonded for about their cost, and then came the effort to pay dividends, on double the cost of the roads—upon capital stock and bonds. As this could not be done, the outcome was sale, and the bondholders got the property and the stockholders lost \$91,654,000.

Some very curious facts occasionally come to the surface relating to railroad building. It should be understood that all stockholders are not snowed under when a railroad is sold under foreclosure; only the "gudgeons," those who think everything is straight. It is said by those who know, that capitalists are solicited to take stock, but in taking stock in the road they take no stock in estimates of earnings. They will put in their money, but will have security for it in some shape, and the "ground floor" business proceeds about as follows: A takes stock to the amount of \$50,000. To make him secure, and provide, possibly, for a very good thing, A in the first place gets certificates of stock to the amount of \$50,000. To secure him against final loss he is given first mortgage bonds to the amount of \$50,000; and to make the investment unquestionably good, he is given \$50,000 in second mortgage bonds. In this case, for \$50,000 he gets securities amounting to \$150,000. Tabulated as follows:

Capital stock	\$50,000
First mortgage bonds	50,000
Second mortgage bonds	50,000

Total \$150,000

In this way, certain parties who are "up to snuff" get the railroads built. The effort is to make it a good thing and pay dividends on cash and water. If the fortunate investor gets dividends on his stock he is O. K.; if the road is exceptionally prosperous he may not only get dividends on his capital stock, but interest on his first and second mortgage bonds. If the road is a failure, then he is safe, because his first mortgage bonds represent his investment, and with other bondholders he takes the road.

But there is still another phase of this transaction. Suppose an effort is made, by hook or by crook, to pay dividends on the

stock, then the holder of the \$50,000 capital stock is enabled to sell at par, and gets back all that he put in, and still holds \$100,000 first and second mortgage bonds. If the speculation looks favorable, or is made to appear a good thing, the second mortgage bonds may be floated at say 50 per cent, in which case he gets \$25,000 and is \$75,000 ahead, and still holds his first mortgage bonds. If, after this a foreclosure becomes necessary, the man is happy; he has \$75,000, and with others equally fortunate, takes the road. The lambs who have been shorn bleat for awhile, and then all is still. The press shows that railroad building is an unsafe business, but the building goes on. Those who manipulate things know how to make money, and they make it every time.

If all the facts could be known which the corporations know, and conceal, the world would stand amazed at the stupendous adroitness, the consummate skill, the splendid ability displayed in building, running and wrecking railroads. It is evidently one of the learned professions.

The *Railway Age* has the records of railroad wrecks during the last fifteen years, and the sum total of apparent loss is amazingly large, but if the real loss could be known the reader, we do not doubt, would have less difficulty in catching his breath. Here are the figures as furnished by the *Age*:

SUMMARY OF FORECLOSURE SALES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Year—	No. roads.	Mileage.	Capital stock and bonded debt.
1876	30	3,840	\$217,848,000
1877	54	3,875	198,984,000
1878	48	3,906	311,631,000
1879	65	4,909	243,288,000
1880	31	3,775	263,882,000
1881	29	2,617	127,923,000
1882	16	867	65,426,000
1883	18	1,354	37,100,000
1884	15	710	23,504,000
1885	22	3,156	278,494,000
1886	45	7,687	374,109,000
1887	31	5,478	328,181,000
1888	19	1,596	64,555,000
1889	25	2,930	137,815,000
1890	29	3,825	182,495,000
Total in 15 years	477	50,525	\$2,865,235,000

It is seen that the capital stock and bonded debt of the roads which were wrecked and sold during the past fifteen years, represented a cost per mile of \$56,709, which is at least \$30,000 per mile more than their actual cost, the difference representing the amazing miracle, not of changing water into

wine, but into bonds and stocks upon which it was attempted to compel a gullible public to pay dividends, and since that could not be done for any length of time without great and serious inconveniences, the bondholders took the roads at say \$1,432,617,500, about what they cost. The water was unceremoniously squeezed out, the shorn lambs bleated for awhile, and then all was silent and serene.

The *Railway Age* furnishes still another table of "twenty-six companies, representing nearly 3,000 miles of lines and over \$105,000,000 as insolvent" and in the hands of receivers, as follows:

ROADS PLACED IN RECEIVERS' HANDS IN 1890.

Road.	Miles	Funded Debt.	Capital Stock.
*Jacksonville & S. E.	128	\$1,667,000	\$1,000,000
*Shreveport & H. (N. G.)	40	400,000	400,000
East Line & Red R. (N. G.)	121	861,000	615,000
Mobile & Girard	85	1,000,000	1,277,000
Florida Southern (N. G.)	307	3,000,000	2,595,000
Kansas City, W. & N. W.	259	4,400,000	2,773,000
Trinity & Sabine	66	1,340,000	
New Orleans & Gulf	68	1,000,000	241,000
Toledo & S. Haven (N. G.)	37	216,000	250,000
San Antonio & Aransas P.	560	11,445,000	5,000,000
Chautauqua Lake	23	513,000	600,000
Green Bay, Win. & St. P.	216	4,661,090	10,000,000
South Atlantic & Ohio	40	1,000,000	600,000
Covington & Macon	107	1,284,000	1,284,000
Lackawanna & S. W.	90	800,000	2,800,000
Zanesville, Mt. Ver. & M.	5	300,000	300,000
St. Louis, Alton & Sprg'd.	85	1,000,000	1,500,000
Oregon Pacific	166	4,500,000	5,000,000
Decatur, Chesap'k & N. O.	34	3,000,000	3,000,000
Columbia & Pug. S. (N. G.)	31	446,000	1,000,000
Pacific Coast (N. G.)	73	1,370,000	1,370,000
Empire & Dublin	32	120,000	320,000
Charleston, Cin. & Chic.	175	6,567,000	6,567,000
Chesapeake & Nashville	35	875,000	1,050,000
Pacific Short Line	130	2,600,000	3,000,000
Choctaw Coal & Railway	64	1,600,000	1,600,000
Total 26 roads	2963	\$50,885,000	\$54,142,000
Total bonds and stock			105,007,000

In the foregoing the indebtedness represents a cost per mile of \$35,438—at least \$10,000 per mile more than their actual cash cost, which, as compared with the tables preceding, indicates something rather favorable than otherwise, since it is manifest that less water has been used and it is quite probable that under judicious management of the receivers the roads will be again on their feet, and the stockholders, who unsuspectingly invested their cash, may not lose all they put in.

Take the entire mileage of roads sold and in the hands of receivers for the past fifteen years (53,488 miles), and it will be seen that it represents approximately about

one-third of the entire mileage of the country. Such a showing at the first glance is startling, but when it is considered that the roads were in numerous instances *bubble roads*, under *kite-flying* managements, there is really nothing amazing about it.

It is always to be deplored, when credulous and easily-duped people are caught and "done up." It does not matter whether the sharp practice is of the "gold brick," "bunko," or "stock watering" pattern, the victims always elicit sympathy, except perhaps in Wall street, where lamb shearing is conducted by such experts as Jay Gould and others. There the victims meet their fate by hundreds, and in the midst of the hubbub, few hear the rattle in their pockets as they hand in their checks and go down to their financial death.

When the roads are wrecked, the bondholders take them in, reorganization takes place, there is little water to require dividends, and their business can be transacted on a solid and sound basis.

There is nothing alarming in the tables furnished by the *Railway Age*; indeed it might be said that a few more first class railroad funerals could be celebrated, resulting beneficially to the public and emphasizing the adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

A MAN who was once a tramp recently died at Portland, Oregon, and bequeathed \$15,000 to a woman in Sacramento who years ago, when he was hungry, fed him. Some tramps, like some bankers, are mean men, and will steal, but some are honestly looking for work, and the discrimination should be made when writing of such unfortunates.

CARL SCHURZ says the trusts laugh at and ridicule the law passed by Congress to suppress trusts. The fun of the thing appears when it is known that about half of the members of the U. S. Senate are members of some sort of a trust.

AN Irishman, hearing that a switchman had been killed by being caught by a frog, remarked, "Be jabbers, he should take his shillalah with him the next toime."

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

We have not studied critically the motives that have prompted the farmers of the country to organize what is called the "Farmers' Alliance." In a general way, we understand that they demand some legislation which, as they "feed all," shall, if possible, save themselves from starvation.

The farmers would, if they could, do away with National banks. That is to say, they would do away with National bank bills or currency, whereby the banks can, and do, expand or contract the circulating medium of the country at will, thereby giving them power to inflict untold evils upon the country.

The farmers, doubtless, believe it to be a stupendous wrong, to use no harsher term, for corporations to have the power to levy tribute upon the American people to pay dividends on *water*, and we assume that the farmers believe if railroads were content to pay dividends on honest investments they could reduce their rates and make as much or more money than at present. But the *Railway Age* takes a different view of the subject, and in a recent issue says:

The organized war against the railways of this country which has evidently been determined upon by the Farmers' Alliance in State and National gatherings, for the avowed purpose of compelling further reductions in the already low rates of transportation on farm products and merchandise, is a matter of most serious importance to railway employes, as well as to the owners of railway securities and to the manufacturers of railway supplies.

We do not suppose that the farmers ever dreamed of doing anything to injure "railway employes," nor do we see in what way the free coinage of silver or the issue of government "promises to pay" to take the place of National bank bills would result in the injury of men who operate the railroads of the country, and it is to be presumed that "railway employes" will in the future, as in the past, vote pretty much as they please, unless their employers shall find ways and means to intimidate them and squeeze their manhood out of them. The *Railway Age*, in pursuing the subject, injects into its article the following remarkable utterances:

Hitherto railway men, as such, have taken very little part in political campaigns. Left free by their employing companies to vote as they please, they have

followed their personal preferences and selected their candidates, often, without any regard to the attitude of the latter toward railway interests: not unfrequently, strange to say, they have voted for legislators and other officers on avowedly anti-railway tickets.

"Hitherto," says the *Age*, "'railway men' have been 'LEFT FREE BY THEIR EMPLOYING COMPANIES TO VOTE AS THEY PLEASE,' and having been 'left free to vote as they please,' have voted 'ANTI-RAILWAY TICKETS.'" The intimation is that in future railway employes will not be "left free to vote as they please." "Their employing companies" are to discipline them and keep them from perpetrating what the *Age* deems it proper to stigmatize as "supreme folly." We do not remember to have seen anything in print of recent date more repulsive, more insulting to the intelligence and independence of railway employes than the intimation that since *hitherto their employing companies have left them free to vote as they please*, a change of programme in this regard may be adopted when the railroad employes will not be left free to vote as they please. This form of intimidation has been carried quite far enough in the United States, and the *Railway Age* has only to brush away the coverts behind which it now writes and formulate its platform in honest words to learn that railway employes will vote as they please quite independent of "their employing companies."

The *Age's* form of intimidation has had its day. Railway employes are neither the live stock nor the rolling stock of railway corporations, but citizens who know their rights, and are quite as capable of casting an intelligent vote as the editor of the *Railway Age*.

The fact that a railway employé (?) writes in the interest of railway corporations is not remarkable. Such letters could be multiplied indefinitely. The old dodge of wreck and ruin has been played until it no longer frightens. This thing of tying railway employes, body and soul, to the corporation has been done, may be done again, but not to the extent the *Railway Age* evidently anticipates, or to the extent the "Railway Employé in Dakota" outlines.

The Dakota man's scheme is simply immense. Indeed, that term scarcely defines

its sweep. It would be highly interesting to know in what department of railroad service the Dakota correspondent of the *Railway Age* is employed. He talks like a President, or a Vice President, or a General Manager; and still he may be merely a switchman or a hostler; since in these, as in other departments of the railroad service, there are men who are eminently capable, when occasion requires it, to take either side of an important question and discuss it intelligently.

This Dakota employé wants to organize what "might be called 'The National Railway Employes' Protective Association,' to which should be eligible every person employed on railroads, every stock and bondholder, all interested bankers, car, locomotive or other railway supply manufacturers and their employes; in fact there are few, if any, who are engaged in the manufacturing or mining industries who should not be eligible to become members of this organization if they are the least interested in the success and prosperity of the railways of the country." This railroad employé of Dakota is "convinced, after a careful study of the subject, that in order to protect the capital invested in the railways of the United States and in all those industries intimately connected therewith; to prevent the further reduction of the wages of the men employed in these industries; to give capital confidence enough to push forward the development of the country; to stimulate the manufactures which have declined since the decline of railroad construction; to enable the railways to employ a sufficient force for each department; to prevent hostile or unjust legislation against the railroads, and to preserve all the railway properties at a proper standard of excellence, the most effectual remedy at the present and for all time to come would be a thorough organization of all the employes and others interested." The Dakota employé, who writes like a stockholder or a bondholder, says that "the object of such an association would be to cause its members to vote at every election only for such Representatives or Senatorial candidates, State or National, as would be pledged to do all in their power to promote the welfare of

all concerned, and at all times to oppose with their vote and influence any legislation which proposed to reduce the income of the capitalist below a just and reasonable profit on his investment, or which would have a tendency to reduce the wages of employes below what could be considered a liberal allowance for their services." Here we have outlined a great railroad party, all to be members of "The National Railway Employes' Protective Association," and all to vote straight railroad tickets at every election—vote for men opposed to the reduction of the income of capitalists. It would be sad, indeed, if the income of Mr. Jay Gould should be reduced a few millions, or if the Vanderbilts should be so cramped that they could not pay more than \$5,000 a year for a *chef*. The Rothchilds would doubtless weep over such destitution; and the point is made that all railway employes should join in with stockholders and bondholders to maintain rates, so that wages may not be reduced, which suggests the inquiry, when did the corporation come forward and say to their employes, "Our road is now making money 'hand over fist,' and your wages are to be advanced?"

We are inclined to the opinion that the Dakota employe's scheme won't work. His plea for the capitalist is too top heavy. It is not built on the plan of the pyramids. His great solicitude for the capitalist is by far too pronounced, and the "employe" dodge is "too thin." He is a master of verbal ledgerdom. His word jugglery may be as the Yankees say, "smart." Never did spider sing more sweetly to the fly; never were pussy's paws more velvety. Some flies may go into the "parlor," some mice may be caught, but the great body of railway employes won't "tumble" to the Dakota idea immediately. A great many railway employes are giving all subjects relating to work and wages, earnings and dividends, careful study, and the conclusion is that a very large per cent. of their earnings go to enrich capitalists, and they want a fair deal. They may not get it. They have been defeated in the past, and the future may have grievous disappointments in store for them, but to ask them to join with stockholders and bondholders

and stock waterers, and bankers and millionaires to increase the incomes of the rich that the crumbs which fall from their tables may not decrease in size nor quantity, is really carrying the joke too far by half. Old things are passing away. There are hopes of a new regime, and workingmen are not going to vote against its coming.

SOME one has interviewed a number of French authors upon the subject of cremation, with the following result: Zola said, "Leave the thing to the decision of the loved ones we leave behind." Daudet—"Either one would be disagreeable to me." François Coppée—"I will go to sleep in the cemetery." Henri de Bornier—"Hang you! you spoiled my dinner!" Leconte de Lisle—"I desire neither the one nor the other." Sylvestre—"I prefer the ground, from which flowers spring for lovers." Sarcey—"If I die in Paris I will be cremated there." Jules Simon—"My children will choose the method which will give them the least horror." Sardou—"Burned! burned! It will afford me great pleasure to be burned!" Some object to cremation because they apprehend some difficulty on resurrection day in finding the lost particles of their physical organism as it existed before death. They seem to think that fire will so mix them up with the atmosphere that even an omnipotent Creator will not be able to get them together again. Evidently they are of the opinion that these mortal bodies are the ones that are to inherit "eternal life." This reverence for the human body after death is unadulterated paganism—a puny effort to evade physical laws. Cremation does in an hour what inhumation does in years, by processes, every stage of which is a horror. Besides, burying the dead creates the foulest pollution, which endangers the life of the living, and has been, and is still, the cause of the most fatal epidemics. To be buried that "flowers may grow," is an idea that has the smell of manure.

THE Rockafellers, of the Standard Oil Trust, have gained control of the Northern Pacific. They are just the sort of *fellers*, if they take to railroading, who will make Jay Gould speculate as to future events with profound anxiety.

RAILROAD PRESIDENTS AS PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS AND AS OFFICIALS.

The following article, captioned "Railroad Morality and Ordinary Morality," is from the *Manufacturer* of January 1, 1891, published in Philadelphia. It is of such a remarkable character that we print it in full:

It was currently reported that the following language was addressed to the railroad presidents who assembled in New York a fortnight ago, by Mr. Stickney of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad Company.

"I believe that all the presidents here are honorable gentlemen, and, as private individuals, I would trust them with any amount of money. But as heads of railroads they are a lot of scoundrels, and I wouldn't believe them under oath; neither would I trust them with a cent out of my sight."

The fact that this vigorous statement appears to have excited no resentment in the persons to whom it was addressed, may possibly be accepted as in the nature of evidence that it makes a close approximation to truth. Those persons who have studiously observed the methods commonly employed in the conduct of American railroads will have no difficulty in reconciling the observations of Mr. Stickney with their own conclusions. It is probably not extravagant to assert in a broad, general way, that the history of railroading in this country is a history of crime. It is a record of the robbery of original stockholders, of the filching of valuable property from its rightful owners, of lawless and destructive discrimination against persons and places, of broken pledges, of corruption of the press, debauchery of the courts of justice and bribery of legislators. It is hardly possible to name any crime excepting, possibly, murder and adultery, which has not been perpetrated by individuals who have controlled and who now control the railroad properties of the United States.

In many cases, perhaps in a majority of cases, these men have been citizens of fairly good repute in private life. Some of them are actually professors of the Christian religion, who, after six days' engagement in felonious actions, sit in church on Sunday pretending to worship a just God, and contributing money to the work of converting the human race to righteousness. Few things are more curious than the readiness with which such men are able to separate their individual responsibility from their official responsibility; and to persuade themselves that a railroad president may be a conscienceless scoundrel during office hours, and, at other times, a man deserving of respect. Excepting the destruction of human life, hardly any crime can be committed against society more heinous than the corruption by a corporation of a judge or a lawmaker; but it is notorious that this very offence is the common practice of American railroad corporations. When such a company gives a secret cut-rate to one shipper and compels his rivals to pay full rates, the latter are victims of robbery of a far more offensive kind than ordinary pocket-picking; but it was because this practice had become so frequent as to hurt the rail-

roads themselves that the presidents' meeting, above referred to, was held. These very men, a short time ago, held a similar meeting for a similar purpose, and they made what they facetiously called "a gentlemen's agreement" to stop playing the rascal. They then adjourned to continue in their old evil courses; and it was the memory of this fact which provoked the utterance of Stickney, recorded above. He knew his men and what he was talking about.

The investment of money in railroads is probably the largest single investment in this country. We have one-half the total railway mileage of the world. The business of transportation touches every commercial interest in the land at a vital point. Commerce, in fact, is chiefly transportation. The railroad companies, far more than any other influence, determine values. They can build up or they can destroy. They can annihilate any business or any business man that may be chosen as a victim. They have enormous wealth, and the power of direct action which belongs only to compact organization, with which to corrupt a legislative body. They may, if they please, meddle with politics in such a manner as to defeat the will of the unorganized and unsuspecting people. This vast power is, if Stickney speaks truthfully, held and wielded by "a lot of scoundrels" of whom a man who knows them declares that he "would not believe them under oath." This great property is in the hands of men of whom he says he would not trust them with a cent out of his sight.

The distinction drawn by him between the president as a man and as a railroad officer, is considerably too fine either for the ordinary citizen or the moralist. It is a distinction which cannot be allowed to exist. No code of morals known to the human race recognizes it. A railroad president, who, in that capacity, violates the truth, is indisputably in all his aspects, public or private, a liar. A railroad president who permits his favorites to have secret low rates, which are denied to other shippers, is beyond all question, a thief. A railroad president who employs illicit means of any kind, whether they be divert payments of money or the issue of passes, to direct a representative of the people in councils or in the legislatures from protection of the interests of the people, is a corruptionist whose rightful place is in the penitentiary. The railroad president who sets a gang of workmen to fighting in the streets with another gang of workmen over a piece of property in dispute between two companies, is as much a lawless ruffian as if he had himself engaged wantonly in a street brawl. A railroad president who puts his company, by use of illicit means, which alone are possible, into the position of master of a community for which it was created to be the servant, is a public enemy, who deserves forfeit of the respect of all honest men. The railroad president who does these things is a man whose moral nature is so depraved that if he were in a position of poverty and obscurity, he would probably put himself ultimately among the class recognized as criminal.

The impression is widely prevalent that these evil practices are necessary to the successful conduct of railroad business. If this were true either the railroad business would be intrinsically pernicious, or the laws which hold society together would be open

to condemnation as based upon wrong principles. But it is not true. There is absolutely no reason why the transportation business of the country should not be successfully conducted upon a basis of decency and righteousness and the ten commandments. The proof of this lies in the wreck and disaster that have befallen so many companies whose affairs have been dishonestly administered. It lies in the present failure of many other railroads, existing under most promising conditions, to pay dividends or to meet their engagements. It lies in the very fact that the presidents have been compelled to meet twice within two years to try to avert calamity by agreeing to try the novel experiment of behaving like honest men. Beyond all dispute, the right and safe and wise way to run a railroad is to confine the operations of the company solely to the business of transportation, to refrain from meddling in politics and to give to everybody absolutely fair play, such as a shipper may obtain upon a navigable stream. There is a widely prevalent belief that American railroad men are almost supernaturally "smart;" but the smartest man is always, in the long run, the man who does right; not the man who shuffles and lies and cheats.

We doubt if such an arraignment of railroad officials was ever made before in any land.

The attention of the reader will be arrested by the language of Mr. Stickney, of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad Company.

It should be remembered that railroad employes have only business relations with railroad presidents.

Railroad presidents control the business policy of railroad corporations, not vice presidents, general managers, general superintendents, division superintendents, etc.

Engineers, firemen, conductors, switchmen, brakemen, telegraphers, all trainmen's interests are in the hands of the railroad president. He is the corporation. His word is law. He is the court of appeals. His decision is final.

If justice, truth, honor, integrity, do not govern the railroad presidents, the railroad employe's case is hopeless. He must submit or fight.

It avails the railroad employe nothing to know or to say the railroad president is an "honorable gentleman," as an individual—in private affairs—in the social circle.

The railroad employe knows nothing of a railroad president, except as an officer of the railroad corporation—as the "head" of the road where he works. In the capacity of supreme official, the employe has a right

to know as much as possible about the railroad president.

Mr. Stickney says, as such officials, railroad presidents are "a lot of scoundrels." He says he would not "believe them under oath." He says he would not "trust them with a cent out of his sight."

The English language supplies a number of synonyms of the term "scoundrel." A scoundrel is a "knave," a "rogue," a "villain," a "rascal," a "scamp," a "cheat," a "trickster," a "swindler," a "sharper," a "scapegrace," a "cattiff," a "vile wretch," a "miscreant." A scoundrel answers for any of these synonyms. One of them is all of them.

Mr. Stickney told a large number of these railroad presidents to their teeth that they were a "lot of scoundrels."

Upon this text the *Manufacturer*, a publication controlled by the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, comments, and because of the text and the comments, we make room for both in the *Magazine*.

The question arises, is there anything more to be said upon the subject? Did not Mr. Stickney exhaust it?

If railroad presidents, as such, are scoundrels, incapable of telling the truth, even under oath, so utterly depraved, that a cent of another man's money in their custody is not safe, then in the name of all the painters at once, how can their character be made blacker?

Here again we state that it is with such men, that the great army of railroad employes are required to deal, and here we ask, did any man of character or no character, in public or in private, orally or in print, ever make such a charge against railroad employes as Mr. Stickney made in New York against railroad presidents as such?

We can well afford to permit the *Manufacturer* to discuss the ethical phases of Mr. Stickney's arraignment, as it has shown itself eminently qualified for the task. Our purpose is to write on a different line of thought.

The great interest of railroad employes is to secure honest wages for honest work, honorable treatment, fair play—a recognition of their work as men and as citizens. Such things have been denied them in the

past, are denied now. Why? Mr. Stickney explains the difficulty. He says railroad presidents are "a lot of scoundrels;" that he would not "believe them under oath," nor trust them with a cent of his money "out of his sight."

Does that explain why railroad employes have been unjustly treated? Does that explain why strikes have occurred? Why there is constant unrest in the ranks of railroad employes?

Is it to be presumed, that while railroad presidents are a "lot of scoundrels," that the subordinate officials are honest men? In such matters does the stream rise higher than the fountain? So far, Mr. Stickney is not on record with estimates of subordinate officials, but is it to be presumed that a "lot of scoundrels" would select honest men to carry forward a scoundrelly policy?

What, we ask, could be more natural than for a railroad president, to select subordinate officials fully in sympathy with his policy? And, how long, we ask, could a subordinate hold his position who was opposed to the president's policy? And, if Mr. Stickney is right in saying railroad presidents as such "are scoundrels," is it not fair to assume their subordinates as officials, are also scoundrels, in which case, does not scoundrelism extend all along the line until the employe is reached? and being reached, is it just to assume that he becomes a victim of scoundrelism?

Railroad employes often complain of wrongs and injustice. They say that their pay is not just, that they are required to work too many hours, that they are subjected to numerous humiliations, etc. Their grievances are numerous, and grievance committees are constantly at work seeking relief. With rare exceptions, railroad officials treat such complaints with cold indifference, and grant relief reluctantly, if at all.

In addition to this, charges are brought against organizations of railroad employes and an effort is made to bring such organizations into disrepute, and if possible destroy them. They are charged with fomenting strife between capital and labor, between employer and employe, of making unjust demands, etc. But now comes Mr. Stickney, who openly declares that railroad

presidents as officials, "are a lot of scoundrels," that they are incapable of telling the truth, under oath, and it is, let it be remembered, as officials, that the railway employe has to deal with them.

If Mr. Stickney tells the truth, that railroad presidents, as officials, are "a lot of scoundrels," the public will, we think, conclude that the grievances of railroad employes ought to be treated with great consideration. Reasonable men will say, "If railroad employes shall be able to cope in any degree with such railroad presidents, it will be by organization and federation; nothing less will answer the demand;" and when charges are made that strikes are unnecessary, reasonable men will be likely to say, "If railroad presidents, as officials, were honest men, instead, as Mr. Stickney says, 'a lot of scoundrels,' strikes and commotions would be unnecessary, peace would reign all along the lines, but while in their official capacity railroad presidents are 'scoundrels'—grievances will continue and multiply, and strikes will occur."

The *Manufacturer* says that it is probably not extravagant to assert in a broad general way, that the history of railroading in this country is a history of crime. It is a record of robbery of original stockholders; of the filching of valuable property from its rightful owners; of lawless and destructive discriminations against persons and places, of broken pledges, of corruption of the press, debauchery of the courts of justice and bribery of legislators." Such language is severe, but it is justified by the declaration of Mr. Stickney, that "railroad presidents, as heads of railroads, are a lot of scoundrels."

It is not to be presumed that while railroads have been robbing stockholders, corrupting the press and bribing legislators and debauching courts, that they have dealt honestly with their employes—and that the employes have suffered more than any other class of victims, it would be easy to demonstrate. At any rate, the declaration of Mr. Stickney and the comments of the *Manufacturer*, if they could have as wide and as careful a reading as they deserve, the effect would be to create universal sympathy for railroad employes, who, against mighty odds are seeking through organization and fed-

eration to restrain the rapacity of railroads, whose presidents, as their heads, are, Mr. Stickney says, "a lot of scoundrels."

HUNKADORA.

Everybody is interested in the millennial era, and whenever some favored mortal, from the highland of vision, discovers symptoms of its dawning, or hears the far-away harbinger notes of its coming, everybody wants to hear him talk. He can secure a big audience at the tap of a drum. "The world, the flesh and the devil" have had their way all too much from the beginning. A change is desirable. Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," has had and is still having a world-wide reading, and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" has a still firmer hold upon the minds of thinkers. It does not matter much whether the reformer is logical or fanciful. If he predicts the long prayed for "good time coming" he has listeners. We confess to a liking still for "Robinson Crusoe" and the veracious exploits of Munchausen. The splendidly embellished fiction of the Arabian Nights still captivates us, and Don Quixote is a joy forever. Necessarily, we admire the far-reaching fancies of Eugene Zimmerman, Esq., Vice President of the C., H. & D., the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. corporation. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* refers to him as a "noted financier" and a "railroad magnate," and as a "silent man." The interview to which we refer occurred some months ago, when the Knights of Labor on the N. Y. C. were fighting Webb, Depew and the Pinkertons. Mr. Zimmerman had been taking his outing by the shores of the "sounding sea"—had been listening to what the "wild waves say." He had basked in old Ocean's billows, had seen them toss high the white caps and roll in upon the pebbly beach. He had a good time generally. He seemed to be "at peace with the world and the rest of mankind," including railroad employes. Mr. Zimmerman deplored the strike on the N. Y. C., and exclaimed: "Think of the immense number of men out of work, families suffering, and all the attendant evils." Such remarks are emi-

nently creditable to the head and the heart of Mr. Zimmerman. We wish he had referred to the causes which led to that strike. It would have been most gratifying to have had the views of the "financier," the "R. R. magnate" and the "silent man" touching the subject of discharging men because they belong to a labor organization. It would have been refreshing to have had his views upon the Russianizing policy of Austin Corbin and his dago, Bonzano, but we have nothing of that sort in the interview in question. Mr. Zimmerman was of the opinion that there is a way to put a stop to strikes, as "both parties generally lose by them." In reply to the inquiry relating to the interest railroad officials take in strikes, he expressed the opinion that there "is nothing which is so continuous a subject of discussion among them. If no strike is on there is always the fear of one, and the question of keeping from having one is discussed. Leading officials rarely meet in important sessions that the interrogatories are not: How are your men? Do you suspect any trouble? &c. It is a most mortal topic in railway management."

The foregoing illustrates the power of labor organizations. Railway employes, as a general proposition, make no unjust demands. Their grievances are generally honest and entitled to consideration, and as the railroads don't want a strike the men are receiving constantly better treatment.

It was Mr. Zimmerman's opinion that railroad officials generally, as a remedy for strikes, were in favor of "one great organization, with all employes as members." They want it to "extend all over the country and start lodges in different sections." By this arrangement Mr. Zimmerman thought the Knights of Labor would disappear. True enough, and not only Knights of Labor, but every other organization of railroad employes. All would be merged into one great overshadowing organization. Just here we will reproduce Mr. Zimmerman's ideas as he outlined them to the *Enquirer* representative. He said:

I am confident that the moment the men get rid of the idea of labor versus capital their cause becomes very strong. I am sure that if all the numerous orders, brotherhoods, &c., were united, and the large

sums paid out to officers, &c., were turned into a general fund for this one grand body, the benefits accruing to the *laboring classes* would be *incalculable*. This could be made general in its ideas, comprising those of *insurance*, relief and protection. The trouble with most of the present bodies is that they are not properly represented. The committees who go to the railway officials frequently have their own petty grievances and their personal grudges to vent, and they *rarely* present the men's desires in a thoroughly business way. The bodies often select men with no *practical experience* in general business, men who are too prone to become rattled, and men who too often imagine that these great (?) magnates want to squelch them ignominiously. They forget that most of the big officers rose from the ranks themselves, and are with the men in their hearts, but, representing large corporations, must go easy. Why, supposing these men should select as the grand head of their order a man like *Grover Cleveland*, who is in sympathy with them. How much quicker could men like the ex-President win victories for them than the *easily excited* and inexperienced people they too often select. Of course, there would have to be the *Committees on Grievances*, which should be carefully chosen and be representative. It isn't to be expected that a man who has been a switchman, an engineer, a brakeman or a freight handler all his life will be able to cope with *officials* whose years have been devoted to fighting *other big officials on technicalities*. Of course, I assume that the strikers at all times have a just cause, but it must also be assumed as well that the railroad company must be given an opportunity to thoroughly investigate demands made on it before acting. *Cool-headed arbitration* is much more effective than hasty and ill advised strikes. The people are with the employes as long as they conduct themselves properly, and the tendency of the *laboring classes* is in that direction, unless they are stirred up by hot-headed leaders, who are anxious to air their own superiority and vent their ambition to cut a big figure before the public.

How could this be supported?

Why, the men should be assessed according to their wages, and the railroads should contribute to the treasury in accordance with the number of men employed. This would create a fund that could be devoted to helping injured or sick members, and for the payment of a stipulated sum at death. In matters of dispute a well selected committee of men, known to be cool-headed and experienced, would gain all the benefits to be secured by arbitration, the only solution of disagreements between employer and employé. I believe every railroad will indorse this idea.

The foregoing is from a "financier," a "magnate" and a "silent man." It is singularly incoherent and practically an impossibility. One big order representing all the railroad employes is not good dreaming. It does not show the "silent man" to be a close thinker, nor a thinker at all, in its best sense, of the wants of railroad employes.

Take, for instance, this: "The moment the men get rid of the idea of labor *versus* capital their cause becomes very strong."

Now, then "*versus*" means "against, or in opposition." In what way is labor against or in opposition to capital? What is the character of the opposition? Does labor want to crush, exile, annihilate capital? Manifestly, to talk about "labor *versus* capital," if not idiocy, is nonsense. Labor has been and is opposed to the absorption of capital by capitalists, absorption by corporations, trusts, syndicates, millionaires, by methods that have been pronounced, not only in labor organizations, but in Legislatures and in Congress, robbery. "Labor *versus* capital" is a favorite expression of capitalists. It shields them and enables them to create a false issue to divert public attention from the true case, which is labor *versus* capitalists—such capitalists as rob labor. *Capital* does not and never did stand for capitalist. And yet, strange to say, there are labor organs which are so stupidly obtuse as not to see the difference, and to conduct their arguments in a way that plays directly into the hands of the men who rob labor.

Mr. Zimmerman acknowledges that labor has become so consequential that railroad magnates regard strikes as a "most mortal topic." Is this so, and if so, wherefore? If it is true, it is because railway employes, by the fiat of organization, have moved steadily to advanced positions of power, and this they have done in the face of opposition emanating always from capitalists; and now, when the sun of victory makes helmet and shield resplendently bright, financiers and magnates suggest a change of programme.

And yet, Mr. Zimmerman, the "silent man," has said some things which are eminently suggestive of a course of action which thousands and tens of thousands of railroad employes have adopted. He wants one great organization. The railway employes say, "Not that;" but, rather, let the various organizations *federate*; let their motto be MANY IN ONE. This gives the big organization; this meets the demand; this fills the bill; this is the *ne plus ultra* of organization. It is independent of the "financiers," the magnates, the capitalists.

It is self-reliant. It is Labor, in its imperial power, shaping its destiny and protecting its interests. If the "magnates" have fears, it is because of *federation*.

There need be no solicitude on the part of the "magnates" about the honesty and capability of officers to cope with them. Mr. Zimmerman may at once dismiss his solicitude on that head. There are in the ranks of labor as capable men as were ever promoted from the ranks to be "magnates." They do not get rattled when they seek a redress of grievances. Plain, blunt men they may be, but they know what they want, and know how to state their wants in plain English, besides. Mr. Zimmerman and the rest of the "magnates" should know that in the ranks of labor there are men, scores of them, who can discuss practical financiering in a way which would make many a "magnate" a "silent man."

The suggestion to have one big organization and make ex-President Grover Cleveland its president, is as peculiar as it is grand. We do not doubt that Mr. Cleveland would esteem it an honor to be president of an organization such as Mr. Zimmerman has in mind. We know by what splendid leaps and bounds Grover Cleveland went from obscurity into the fierce blaze of great power and responsibility; but railway employes will *promote* from the ranks, and so far have had such success in that line as to give assurance that their resources are equal to any emergency.

Railroad employes are not in favor of strikes, as has been said a thousand times, except as a last resort; and to make them as few and as far between as possible, is the supreme idea of the Supreme Council of the Federated Orders.

Arbitration is the watchword, and an amicable adjustment upon a basis of justice is clearly announced. To be independent of railway officials, in the same sense as railway officials are independent of employes, is the requirement.

Let railroads have their equipments—their tracks and depots, engines and cars; but while the rivers run to the sea, never let their equipments include men. Men must not be attachments. Men must be free—free to act, and to speak and decide—

always as free as the "magnates." For this, the outlook is cheerful, particularly in the great West, the seat of empire. That it is not true on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad and some others that could be named, is one of the dark spots on our much boasted intelligence, independence and civilization.

THE price of aluminium, which has been \$5.00 a pound has been reduced to \$1.00 a pound, and by processes soon to be put in operation will be still further reduced to 10 cents a pound. A company has been formed with a capital of \$10,000,000, and one of the company, Mr. Franklin Babcock, in an interview said that the utility of aluminium has been demonstrated a long time. Its abundance is a matter of every day knowledge. All that is needed is a cheap process of reduction. We believe we have it. We know we can reduce it at a cost of not more than 10c a pound. The thing yet to be determined is how much cheaper than 10c a pound it can be produced. We believe it will be a good deal less than that figure. The experiments so far have been conducted on kaolin and corundum. Kaolin is a white clay containing about 50 per cent. of metallic aluminium. It is found extensively in Missouri, Georgia and North Carolina and in other States. Corundum contains about 70 per cent. of aluminium. It is the substance of which emery wheels are made, and in its colored crystalline forms it constitutes amethysts and other precious stones. It is found in abundance in many parts of the country. Whether we shall finally locate the works in Chicago or near where our raw material is found remains to be determined. Of the process itself I know very little except that it is a smelting process. Such things tell in no uncertain way what science is doing for the world.

THE Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company has pulled out from the Pullman Sleeping Car Company, and for the future will run its own sleepers. Those who pretend to know say the change is the result of the Vanderbilt interest in the C., M. & St. P., and that as soon as contemplated deals are perfected, the Wagner sleepers will be on the road.

Mission of the Single Tax.

THE essence of slavery, in whatever form, is the appropriation by one man of the results of another man's labor. To-day, with our knowledge of the arts and sciences, handed down from generation to generation, we are capable of producing a superabundance of the things we need to eat, wear and use. Yet, right in the teeth of this plain fact, we know that a large majority of the people of this great and rich country go without sufficient nourishment, clothing or shelter. The results of their labor are appropriated by others—indirectly appropriated, it is true, yet appropriated nevertheless. They exist in slavery. The indirect appropriation goes on in various ways, such as through the operation of the tariff, and through the exactions made by railroad and land speculators, etc. Who are the Cæsars of our land? The tariff barons, the railroad kings and the land-owners.

But how is it that strong men, liberty-loving men, are compelled to submit to these exactions? How is it that the men who possess the genius that creates the wealth of the world are compelled to accept but a pittance in return for their labor? This is the key to the question: men are dependent on other men; they cannot rely upon their own exertions, but they must first ask a fellow-being for the privilege of working. In other words, since all material upon which labor is engaged lies originally in the earth, men are obliged to inquire of their fellow-beings if they may be granted the privilege of toiling upon the earth, to which all men have an equal right, the same as they have an equal right to breathe. One man has to beg of another man the privilege of enjoying his own birthright. The right to life implies the right to the sources whence life is sustained. But men must first ask a fellow-man for the privilege of working; they must compete with one another for that privilege; the lowest bidder gets it. How is this? Can it be possible that a bountiful Creator left the earth in such a state that it affords insufficient opportunities for labor? No; it is not so. There is no natural scarcity of chances for profitable human endeavor. But there is an artificial scarcity, and it is this artificial scarcity that must be overcome, if we would prevent man's inhumanity to man. If I have the power to hold land out of use, if I have the power to lock up God's storehouse of wealth and refuse to surrender the key, I can by so much lessen the aggregate amount of production, since all production depends originally upon access to Mother Earth. So much land is being withheld from use to-day—the dog takes up such a large portion of the manger—that the aggregate of production in this country to-day is but a small

fraction of what it might be. As a result of "land speculation," there is not enough work to go around. Hence there is waged a cut-throat competition among workers for the chance to work.

The Single Tax is the only effective remedy for this state of things. It will bring Liberty; it will bring Justice. It is not a quack remedy. It is the only possible way in which justice can be secured.

The Single Tax means just this: That hereafter the community shall collect fair payment for the privileges and benefits that it gives. A fair trade is no robbery. Payment for these identical benefits, created by the community, is to-day and has long been appropriated by land-owners, in the form of "rent," or payment for the use of land. But, probing a little deeper, we find that *nobody pays anything for the use of land*. What is paid for is the benefits that accrue by the common activity of the people in a community. Otherwise, land would be as valuable in the middle of a trackless prairie as in the heart of a city. Let us come to a clear understanding of this point. A little reflection will clear away the fog.

In the hope of profiting largely by the future growth of the community, people are induced to get possession of land, which they hold idle until somebody is obliged to pay them a big profit for letting it go. Suppose A goes to a city and sees a fine chance to open business. He immediately selects a suitable location. What does he find blocking his path? Why, since he is obliged to build his store upon land, he finds that the man who owns the land is indisputably in position to exact from him payment in full for all the benefits he has been expecting to obtain by settling in that city. In other words, A pays B (an outside party) for the privilege of trading with C, D, E, F, etc. That is wrong. B should have nothing to do with it, no part in the transaction. It is but simple justice that A, when he pays for his benefits, should pay C, D, E and F, who create the benefits. (A great and valuable benefit is created by the simple fact of men clustering upon a single spot; that is to say, that spot becomes a valuable place upon which to do business.) Since A is going to pay for the privilege of enjoying the trade of the various members of a community, he should pay the community; not an outside person, and not any person in that community, but the community as a whole.

That would be the Single Tax. Hence it is not in fact a tax, although it would necessarily have the form of a tax. It means the abolition of all tax. It means that the hundreds of millions of dollars paid annually by people to land-owners, and paid for nothing else except the privilege of trading with one another and living with one another, shall

be paid into the various public treasuries, which is manifestly the only proper recipient of these vast sums.

Under the Single Tax, no valuable land would be held idle and unproductive. All valuable land would be put to its fullest use. Wealth is a good thing, and the production of wealth should be encouraged. The holders of idle land should pay into the public treasury fully as much as the holder of land of equal value that he puts into use, because the benefits created by the community are unavoidably locked up in the buildings sites. The man who owns a site, and who therefore possesses all the benefits that attach to that site, should pay therefor to the community that creates the benefits; he should not escape payment because he does not avail himself of the benefits. If A makes a coat, and B takes it and locks it up in his safe, he is not excused from paying A for the coat on the ground that he is not using it.

The Single Tax, therefore, will restore to the people the use of the earth, which is rightfully theirs to use. Opportunities for the profitable employment of capital in industrial pursuits will be very plentiful; and since capital cannot gather profits without first employing labor, there will inevitably be such a demand for labor that wages will rise to their normal level, and tend ever upwards. *B. C. Stickney.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Single Tax.

ASK the editor of the *Magazine* to reproduce the following from the *Standard* of December 24th, because the views of Mr. S. D. GUION are fully indorsed by the *Standard*:

A Mr. Connolly, United States consul to New Zealand, has been discussing the politico-economic condition of that country in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. In regard to the single tax agitation now going on in New Zealand he says:

"There is considerable agitation in the colony at present as to the merits and demerits of a single land tax. But as the farmer, upon whom the burden must ultimately fall, has to contend with the many trials and vicissitudes which beset the farmers of other lands it is difficult to thoroughly understand how he is to survive and prosper under the additional taxation which must naturally follow the adoption of the single land tax system."

All of which goes to show that Mr. Connolly doesn't know what he is talking about. But Mr. S. D. Guion is determined that the readers of the *Eagle* shall not be misled by Mr. Connolly's specious reasoning, so he explains to them, and explains at Mr. Connolly, what the single tax theory really is and how it would really operate. It is to be hoped that the *Eagle's* readers, especially Mr. Connolly, have read and inwardly digested the following, which appeared in that paper lately:

"It is the single tax, is not a tax on land, but on the value of land, on the value of bare land without improvements as a vacant lot in a city. It is not a tax on area, but on value. There is but little value on the bare land of a farm of 100 acres that would sell for \$5,000. I have in mind one farm of 100 acres that would sell for \$5,000, the owner of which computed the value of the improvements, the clearing, so as to

fit it to be convenient and easy to cultivate, fencing, ditching, digging well, planting orchards, etc., house, barns and outhouses to be \$5,300, leaving the value of the bare land but \$700. His state and county tax was \$46. Under the single tax it would have been \$35. The profit made from using land is what gives it its value; the larger the profit the greater the value. From using some city lots a profit of thousands of dollars can be made. From some farms of a thousand times the area of the city lot, no profit can be made. Some city lots have great value. Some farms have only an improvement, but no land value. The greater the service the owner or user of land receives from the government, the larger his profit can be. If he receives no such service he can make no profit. The service of government is as to the size and density of the community. The larger and more dense the community the greater the service of government. Each should pay a tax in proportion to the service he receives from government. The owner of a city lot from the use of which he can make a profit of thousands of dollars annually, receives from government all the service possible, while the service that the owner of a farm of 100 acres, the land value of which is but \$700, receives is trivial. Therefore, a tax on the value of land would be equitable. Each would pay exactly in proportion to the value of the land he was using. The farmer would be relieved of a great burden and not only survive, but would become prosperous under the conditions which would naturally follow the adoption of the single tax on the value of land. It is quite a mystery to me how any one can find it difficult to understand so simple a problem. Mr. Connolly, United States consul to New Zealand, undoubtedly has given the subject considerable thought. He recognizes results, but ascribes them to causes from which they do not and cannot naturally and logically in the first instance proceed. If Mr. Connolly will study the subject, argue it along the line of logical sequences, he will find that the evils of which he speaks and all the evils that affect the general interest of the people of New Zealand or any other country are caused by inequitable taxation and that the single tax is the remedy, because it is equitable."

I apprehend that Mr. Guion is a master in the discussion of the "single tax," otherwise the land tax.

At the outset, a statement is made which is in the line of confusion, rather than elucidation. Here it is:

"It (the single tax) is not a tax on land, but on the value of land, on the value of bare land without improvement, as a vacant lot in a city."

I fail to see any explanation whatever in Mr. Guion's explanation. It is a distinction without a difference, and can be permitted to pass without further notice; the fact remaining that the single tax is a land tax, or a tax on land, just as a tax on wool is a tax on wool value, without reference to how the value is ascertained.

It will be noticed that Mr. Guion says that the single tax "is not a tax on area, but on value," and he illustrates the proposition by "a farm of 100 acres that would sell for \$5,000." Deducting improvements, \$5,300, the land is found to be worth \$700, that is its single tax value \$7.00 an acre. The owner of the farm, as it stands with all of the improvements, is taxed \$46.00, but after deducting \$5,300 from the value, the single tax would be \$35.00, a gain to the owner and a loss to the State of \$11.00. Under the \$46.00 tax, the owner paid 76 cents and 6

mills on the \$100. Under the single tax he would pay \$5.00 on the \$100—or, under existing methods he would pay a fraction over $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent. on \$6,000, and on the single tax proposition he would pay 5 per cent. on \$700.

Just here the question arises how does Mr. Guion arrive at the tax value of the land, the "bare" land? I do not remember to have read any concise explanation, except that "the profits made from using land is what gives it value, and the larger the profit the greater the value." Here then we have it that tax is on profits—profits on production, and hence as production is the result of labor, the single tax, by Mr. Guion's reasoning, is a tax on labor—necessarily and inevitably.

I note again, that "from using some city lots a profit of thousands of dollars can be made." I ask how? Suppose the answer is by building a factory and employing men to make articles of universal necessity, like shoes, hats, clothing, furniture, etc. The single tax, be it remembered, according to Mr. Guion's theory, is a tax on land value. Before the buildings were erected and the machinery put in and men set to work, the land had no value. Now it has a value, because of labor, and now the tax is levied upon that value. Does it not follow, logically, that the single tax is on the product of labor? To say you do not tax the building and the machinery, but a value given to the land because of the building and machinery, is word jugglery. Turn it as you will, it is finally a tax on labor, comes out of the profits of labor and must be paid by labor—and just here comes into view, not an objection *per se* to the single tax, but to the assumption that some how, by hook or by crook, labor is to be benefited by the single tax on land values. How? No one has yet explained, because, I assume, there is no explanation.

If it could be shown, and perhaps it can be shown, that the country can get along with less revenue, and therefore, that taxation can be reduced, I should favor the movement, because as labor pays all, the burden would be less. But, my readings lead me to conclude that single tax theorists believe that under the single tax regime, revenues will be very considerably augmented. If in this I am in error, some single tax advocate can correct me, or can point out how, with increased revenues, labor can escape increased taxation.

But I am not yet done with Mr. S. D. Guion's explanation of "what the single tax theory really is, and how it would really operate."

Mr. Guion says, "From using some city lots a profit of thousands of dollars can be made." How? By building upon them, I suppose—certainly, not otherwise. There

can be no profit arising on a "bare" city lot, any more than a profit can be calculated on "bare" land, and Mr. Guion says "there is but little value on the bare land of the farm." Hence, I assume, if values are dependent upon profits, there must be improvements. Improvements are the result of labor, and hence a tax levied upon land values is levied upon the product of labor. If not, why not? The subject is worthy of further analysis.

A and B own adjoining city lots for which they paid each \$10,000. They are "bare" lots. They are not used, hence they pay no profits. They have a value, but it is not predicated upon use. The single tax is levied. Upon what principle of valuation? Not upon use, because they are not used; not upon profits, because, not being used, no profits accrue. I will suppose that adjoining the "bare" lots of A and B, C and D own lots for which they paid each \$10,000, and erected upon them buildings costing each \$100,000, and for which they receive annual rents of \$10,000 each. Now, then, I inquire, what is the taxable value of these four city lots, two of which are "bare" lots, and two splendidly improved, and paying their owners \$10,000 a year? Have the improved lots, paying \$10,000 a year, more value than the unimproved lots? In the case of the improved or used lots, they show a cash investment of \$110,000 each, and each rents for \$10,000. The unimproved or "bare" lots show an investment of \$10,000 each and no profits from rent or otherwise. Now, then, what is their taxable value? Is it assumed that A and B should each erect buildings costing \$100,000 each on their lots, so that they too could receive each \$10,000 a year rent, in which case all could be taxed alike, but since two are "bare" and pay no profits, and two are improved and pay \$10,000 a year each, upon what valuation is the single tax levied?

Is it the theory of the single tax advocates that the "bare" lots have the same taxable value as the improved? If so, then what becomes of the talk about "use" and "profits?" Still, the bare lots must be taxed the same as the improved lots, else the tax will be levied upon improvements. But I am not done with this attempt to illustrate the single tax on "bare" and improved city lots. Suppose A and B concluded to build on their \$10,000 lots, but are able to erect buildings worth only \$50,000 each, and can obtain only \$5,000 each annually for rent. In that case, what would be the single tax value of A's and B's lots, compared with those of C's and D's? A and B put their lots to the same use as C and D, but derive but half the profits. If the tax is levied upon profits, then C and D will pay more than A and B, and if that is the case, then they will pay more because they expended

more in improvements, in which case, say what we will, improvements and not land values are taxed.

Mr. Duval boldly asserts that the "profit made from using land is what gives it its value" and that "some farms have only an improvement but no land value." Necessarily, only farms out of which profits are made have any land value, and since the single tax is levied only upon profits, all such farms escape taxation entirely.

Upon what principle does Mr. Duval propose to estimate profits so that he can get at the value of the land? Thousands and tens of thousands of farmers will tell him that instead of making profits they have lost money. Are they to be believed? These farmers would willingly show their books and convince Mr. Duval that their statements are honest, and yet, I am persuaded, the demand for revenue would be so exacting that such farms as make no profits, and hence, according to Mr. Duval have no value but improvements, would be taxed—in fact, there would be no escape except in government bankruptcy.

Mr. Duval upbraids Mr. Connolly gently, because he does not comprehend so simple a problem as the single tax submits for solution. To tax land and nothing but land, is a proposition not difficult to comprehend, but to tax land values, land profits, is quite another thing, which Mr. Duval should take an early opportunity to explain.

What I should like to see inaugurated is a system of taxation that would, with as little delay as possible, tax the wealth of the country. If Mr. Jay Gould insists upon collecting dividends on \$90,000,000 of Western Union stocks, I would have the \$40,000,000 cost and the \$50,000,000 water all taxed. If the railroads of this country will insist upon collecting dividends on \$8,500,000,000 investments, of which \$4,500,000,000 is water, then I would tax all—water and cost, and so on throughout the list. If this was done taxes would bear less heavily upon labor, and this could be done if workingmen should resolve to have it done. Let millionaires tell the truth under oath about their possessions, and if they commit perjury send them to prison like any other felons. This done, multiplied millions would be uncovered, and a reign of righteousness would dawn upon the land. *Charles Marshall.*

TWAS THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

He dreamed that nineteen raging bulls,
Each forty feet at least in height,
Were chasing him—the crazy fools!—
And out he jumped into the night!
His bed was on the fourthly floor;
The pavement it was very hard;
Christmas nights no more he'll snore;
He sleeps the sleep no bulls retard.

Socrates.

SOCRATES is considered by some authorities as the most celebrated philosopher of all antiquity. He was born in Athens, in the year 469, B. C. His father, Sophroniskos, was a sculptor, and he followed the same profession in the early part of his life. His mother, Phaenarete, was a midwife, to which avocation he was wont to compare his peculiar method of conversational teaching. His family was respectable in descent, but humble in point of means. His physical constitution was robust to an extraordinary degree; his ordinary diet was simple and abstemious. He had the usual education of an Athenian citizen, which included not only a knowledge of the mother-tongue, and readings in the Greek poets, but also the elements of arithmetic, geometry and astronomy, as then known. As a young man he frequented the society of the physical philosophers, Archelaus and Anaxagoras, who laid the foundation of that exemplary virtue which succeeding ages have ever loved and venerated. Parmenides, who was the first to teach of the rotundity of the earth, was also an associate of Socrates.

In the army he served his country as an ordinary foot soldier; he fought with boldness and intrepidity, and to his courage two of his friends and disciples, Xenophon and Alcibiades, owed the preservation of their life. Though as a warrior, his bravery and endurance were highly extolled, it is as a philosopher and moralist that the character of Socrates is best known.

On two memorable occasions he stood forward in political life. After the battle of Arginusea, in 406, the ten generals in command were publicly arraigned for neglecting to obtain the bodies of the killed to receive the rites of interment. The clamor for their condemnation was so great that the court wished to proceed in violation of the legal forms; but Socrates, as the presiding judge, firmly refused to put the question. The other occasion was during the tyranny of the Thirty, who took up the policy of compelling a number of influential citizens to take a part in their illegal murders and confiscations; but Socrates withstood them at the peril of his own life. He spoke with freedom on every subject, religious as well as civil, and had the courage to condemn the violence of his countrymen without fear of the torrent of their resentment. He was fond of labor, and injured himself to suffer hardships. He acquired that serenity of mind and firmness of countenance which the most alarming dangers could never destroy, or the most sudden calamities alter. If he was poor, it was from choice, and not the effects of vanity, or the wish of appearing singular. He bore injuries with patience, and the insults that malice or jealousy would

inspire, he not only treated with contempt, but even received with a mind that expressed some concern, and felt compassion for the depravity of human nature. So singular and so venerable a character was greatly admired by the most enlightened of the Athenians. Socrates was attended by a number of illustrious pupils, whom he instructed by his exemplary life, as well as by his doctrines. He had no particular place where to deliver his lectures; early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; again in the market places and public squares. What must be the beauty and sublimity of this great man's teaching, who counted among his disciples such minds as Plato, Xenophon, Alcibiades and Euclid. Euclid on several occasions, had, in the disguise of a woman, risked his life that he might enjoy the discourses of Socrates. Rollin, in his ancient history, calls Socrates the Prince of Philosophers. Cicero says he could never read the description of his death in Plato without tears. It is to Plato and Xenophon, more than any of the ancients, that we are indebted for our knowledge of Socrates, and particularly Plato, who had been an eyewitness to all the circumstances that led to his condemnation and death. Socrates himself left nothing in writing.

The peculiar austerity of his life did not render him gloomy and morose. In company and conversation he was always gay and facetious, and the life and soul of the entertainment. Though he was very poor, he piqued himself upon the neatness of his person and house, and could not endure the ridiculous affectation of Antishenes, who always wore dirty and ragged clothes. He told him once, that through the holes in his cloak, and the rest of his tatters, abundance of vanity might be discerned.

He generously refused the offers and presents of Archelaus, King of Macedonia, who was desirous of having him at his court, though we find in Xenophon's Economics, that his whole estate did not amount to the value of five minae, or about sixty dollars. The richest persons of Athens were among his friends, who could never prevail upon him to accept any share of their wealth. When he was in want of anything he was not ashamed to declare it: "If I had money," said he one day in an assembly of his friends, "I should buy me a cloak." He did not address himself to anybody in particular, but contented himself with that general information. His listeners at once sought the honor of making him this small present, upon which Seneca remarks, a celebrated philosopher of the 1st century, that their own observation ought to have anticipated both the want and the demand.

Socrates was naturally hasty and passion-

ate, which he made great efforts to subdue and correct. At one time, finding himself much exasperated against a slave, he said, "I would beat you, if I were not angry."

This introduction of moral philosophy, by which mankind was induced to consider themselves, their passions, opinions, duties, actions and faculties, gave rise to the exclamation that Socrates drew down philosophy from heaven. When Plato was on the point of death, he blessed and thanked God for three things: that He had endowed him with a rational soul, that he was born a Greek, and not a barbarian, and that He had placed his birth in the lifetime of Socrates.

Chaerophon, a zealous disciple of Socrates, happening to be at Delphi, demanded of the oracle whether there was a wiser man than Socrates in the world; the priestess replied there was none, a declaration that contributed much to the inflaming of envy and stirring up of enemies against him. The answer puzzled Socrates extremely, and he could scarce comprehend the meaning of it. However, his interpretation, as related in the Apology, is a charming bit of wisdom that bears a most modern application. Socrates well knew, as he said of himself, that there was no knowledge in him, neither little or great; yet, he could not suspect the oracle of falsehood. He therefore considered it attentively, and took great pains to penetrate the meaning of it. At first he applied himself to a powerful citizen, a statesman, and a great politician, who passed for one of the wisest men of the city, and who was himself still more convinced of his own merit than others. Socrates found by this man's conversation that he knew nothing, and insinuated as much to him in terms sufficiently intelligible, which made him extremely odious to that citizen, and all who were present. He did the same to several others of the same profession, and all the fruit of his inquiry was to draw upon himself a greater number of enemies. From the statesmen he addressed himself to the poets, whom he found still more egotistical, but really more void of knowledge and wisdom. He pursued his inquiries to the artisans, and could not meet with one, who, because he succeeded in his own art, did not believe himself very capable and fully informed in all other points of the greatest consequence; which presumption was the almost universal failing of the Athenians. As they had naturally abundance of wit, they pretended to know everything, and believed themselves capable of pronouncing upon all matters. His inquiries among strangers were not more successful.

Socrates afterwards entered into comparing himself with all those he had questioned, and discovered that the difference between him and them was, that they all believed they knew what they did not know,

and that, for his part, he sincerely avowed his ignorance. From thence, he concluded that God alone is truly wise, and that the true meaning of his oracle was to signify that all human wisdom was no great matter after all. "As to the oracle naming me," he continued, "it no doubt did so by way of setting me up for an example, as if it intended to declare to all men, the wisest among you is he who knows, like Socrates, how ignorant he is."

Without going out of his own house he found sufficient to exercise his patience to its fullest extent. Nantippe, his wife, put it to the severest proofs by her capricious, passionate and violent disposition. In Xenophon we read, that never was a woman of so violent and fantastical a spirit and so bad a temper. There was no kind of abuse or insult that she had not heaped upon him. She would sometimes be transported with such an excess of rage as to tear off his cloak in the open street, but Socrates always accepted this treatment with kindness and forbearance, which had the effect of adding fuel to fire. One day, after having vented all the reproaches her fury could suggest, by an unusually prolonged tirade of abuse, using the vilest epithets, and offering him the grossest insults, without evoking from him a single complaint, she finally dashed a vessel of dirty water upon him, at which he simply laughed and wiping his face he remarked: "That after so much thunder, one ought naturally to expect a shower."

Tim Fagan.

[To be continued.]

Labor Organizations as Political Factors.

It has been remarked, by those who are supposed to be well informed, that "politics" is destructive to labor organizations—i. e., political discussions if permitted in the lodge room will cause dissensions among the members of the local branches of the order, which in turn result disastrously to the organization at large. That this is a fact has not been often denied; and by the average thinking laboring man is greatly deplored. But is such actually the case? Is it "politics" that is the irritable cause?

What is politics? Webster says that it is "the science of government." If this is the correct definition—and Mr. Webster is good authority—it is a pity that labor organizations can not consider questions pertaining to the government without causing their own destruction. There is no class as numerous or as deeply affected by the government as the laboring class; then why should they, of all others, be unable to discuss the points of merit that arise in the course of political events? Why should they not examine into matters concerning the government,

which directly affect their interests, without quarreling among themselves?

The reason is easily given. By analyzing the subject one can readily discern the cause. Mr. Webster defines the word "partisan" as "one who is violently and passionately devoted to a party or interest." The average laboring man has as yet been unable to detect the difference between "politics" and "partisanship." He thinks that he is discussing the former, when in reality it is the latter. He does not allow his usually good judgment to prevail upon these occasions and thereby decide which is the best for himself, but he immediately takes the position that *his party* has assigned him. He is positive that his party is right, and defends its policy as his own, although this same policy may be making a slave of him.

That there is a favorable change taking place in the minds of workmen within recent years, has created considerable alarm in the ranks of those who still boast of the "glories" of *their party*. Only a short while ago, should the question of the "tariff" come up between a group of laboring men, two sides were immediately formed, not because any argument had been made that would produce such a result, but because they had already enlisted in the ranks of one of the two great parties. They defended that party's principles (?) without giving them a thought. The "arguments," if they can be called such, of one side, were shouts of "Monopoly!" "Trusts!" "War tax!" while the other side responded with the cries of "Protection to American labor!" "Free trade!" "Pauper labor." Probably not one of this group of laboring men had allowed himself to consider whether any of the above "arguments" were correct, but the "discussion" closed by ill feelings on all sides.

The day is not far distant when members of labor organizations can discuss all political questions without fear of injury to the order, not because "politics" is changing but because the members are beginning to see that to vote intelligently they must individually examine into all economic questions and not depend upon or bear allegiance to any party or boss. The only danger lies in the ever present demagogue who in his desire to save the "dear" laboring man will lead him into new parties, which will be as rotten as either of the old ones. By holding aloof from all party ties labor will have the balance of power. "Partisanship" should be avoided in any form and all "political" questions should be thoroughly debated in the lodge room and through the columns of their official organ, and then each voter cast his ballot for the candidate that he believes will support legislation favorable to the workman.

What does it matter to the member of a labor organization to what party a candidate

belongs so long as he is pledged to use his influence to have an "anti-Pinkerton" law enacted by the legislature of which he will become a member if elected? If an aspirant for office will use every endeavor to advance legislation which will enable an employé to recover damages from a railway company the same as a passenger in case of injury, does it make any difference to the railway employé by which party this candidate is nominated?

Why does not each laborer try to solve for himself the question, "Who is protected by protection?" Why not work out the problem, "When foreign shoemakers are imported free of duty, what benefit is a tariff on foreign shoes to American shoemakers?" Or labor organizations might be able to decide, "What benefit is a tariff on iron ore to American miners when our mines are operated with Hungarians, Italians and Poles?"

These and all other questions pertaining to "politics" should be discussed by labor organizations, but not from a "partisan" standpoint.

W. S. Carter.

DENVER, COLO.

KITTY O'SHEA.

WITH COMPLIMENTS TO E. V. DEBS.

Alas! that I ever should feel as I'm feeling;
My heart is as heavy with anguish as lead,
My eyes all around are abstractedly reeling,
In fact I'm in grief from my heels to my head,
All because that my hero Parnell was caught erring,
And drove all the hopes of a nation away;
For the next twenty years they're as dead as a herring,
And who can we blame but sweet Kitty O'Shea?

I thought I'd be soon o'er the creamy waves bounding
Before a delightful and favoring gale,
To hear the blithe trumpets and guns gaily sounding
The birth of home rule from the Head of Kinsale.
"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
And poor Erin needs friends to sustain her to-day;
I'll renounce from my heart every thought of the trip,
All because of the siren, sweet Kitty O'Shea.

Oh! woman, since first you were launched on crea-
tion
To sail down the ages resplendent in charms,
You've raised the old deuce with full many a nation,
When claspings its leader up close in your arms.
Whole empires right down to the devil might tumble,
And blaze like a load of inflammable hay,
Before he'd be heard at such havoc to grumble,
When clasp'd to the breast of some Kitty O'Shea.

Dear Debs, you've no mercy at all for a fellow
Whose heart is enraptured by womanly wiles!
'Tho' made of cast iron, 'twould soon become mellow,
And fuse in the flame of her ravishing smiles.
The angels, Tom Moore says, came down for a season,
Bewitched by the charmers, on earth here to stay—
Think you that Parnell, void of infinite reason,
Was proof against beautiful Kitty O'Shea?

I'll be true to him still, for he never yet faltered
When leading the hopes of a nation along.
The course he mapped out is the same course unal-
tered

It was before Kitty allured him to wrong,
Bad luck to her phiz! If the smallpox had marred it
Ere ever he met her, to fall by the way—
Even now, if he'll only agree to discard it,
He'll win and we'll not censure Kitty O'Shea.

Shandy Maguire.

The Union Spirit.

The influence of habit and custom is no less marked in the sphere of thought than in that of action.

We are most of us so much the creatures of circumstances that our religion as well as our political belief is determined by the place of our birth, the manner of our bringing up, the standard of opinion daily confronting us.

The sum total of these influences begets the characteristics of a people.

So pronounced is this effect that the philosopher and historian recognize the inability of the occidental to understand the oriental, and vice versa.

The most devout Christian in America may well have been the most fanatical Moslem if born and reared in Arabia. The most zealous defender of states' rights in ante-bellum Mississippi might quite likely have been an ardent disciple of the Hamiltonian theory of government if fate had decreed Skowhegan, Me., as his birthplace.

As law is universal in its scope, the general principle referred to holds sound when applied to the attitude of men towards social problems.

Take for instance the organization of labor. The recognition of its value as a great social force varies widely in different communities.

It is an interesting and curious inquiry to analyze this difference. What makes it? How comes it about? Something like this:

The change in industrial conditions, in processes of production and manner of work during the past century, and especially during the last fifty years, has, by subordinating the importance of the individual, imposed an entirely new code of duties upon the wage-earners. As standards of thought change slowly, there are yet many communities where the full meaning of this change is not yet apparent.

As in the political world there are traditional Democrats who still solemnly vote for "Old Hickory," so in the industrial world there are supposedly intelligent men who are not aware that the spirit of to-day is the spirit of association—of labor as well as of capital.

When there is a race of trade union grandfathers in America—and the present generation will produce them—the non-union spirit will be more nearly extinct. The trouble is that to-day many of our trade unionists are but late converts. They were not taught in their childhood by the example of parents, by the standard of thought in their home-life, that the non-union spirit is an unsocial and unprogressive spirit.

The children who are growing up now will be confronted with a widely different standard of opinion and will be unionists, even before they begin to learn the trade they are to follow.—*Boston Labor Paper.*

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month.

Our Railroad System.

The New York Sun, which boasts that it shines for all, in a seven column article of a recent issue reviews the railroad situation as it is presented in *Poor's Manual*, which is considered good authority on railroad matters, and from this article we make some extracts for our readers, hoping to be able to let them see a little of the methods in use by which the dividends are kept low, and as this is often used as an excuse when labor demands better pay, it is hoped that the space devoted to this matter will not be wasted. The Sun starts out with the following headlines:

The railroads. Monster figures about the country's transportation lines. Radical reforms necessary. The whole system of management needs reorganization. The railways last year earned \$1,120,000,000 gross and \$68,000,000 net on a capitalization of more than nine billions and a total mileage of 152,745. This was an increase of seven per cent. in gross, but the average rate of dividend paid was lower than ever. Enormous shrinkage in price of bonds the last of the year. Bondholders should have a voice in management.

Eighteen hundred and ninety was an eventful year in many respects, but especially eventful to the business interests of the country, and to none more so than to the railway and financial interests. The gross earnings for 1890 reported by the railroads of the country as given in "Poor's Manual" for 1890, aggregated \$1,001,736,586. The mileage of all roads embraced in these returns was 152,745 miles, so that these earnings averaged \$6,574 per mile. The total share capital and indebtedness of the roads was estimated at \$9,361,000,000; the gross earnings consequently equalled 10.7 per cent. of the capital investment.

An increase of seven per cent. in the gross earnings of the railroads of the country does not necessarily imply an increase to that extent in the average gross earnings per mile, for the reason that the mileage divisor is constantly increasing; therefore, to explain the above estimate, it should be noted that the gross earnings of about 150 leading railroads show an increase of about nine per cent., and these lines have added but little to their mileage within the year. Again, a large extent of road has been brought into operation during the past eighteen months, the earnings of which will swell the total very perceptibly, although at a lower average rate than the estimate of \$7,000 per mile. It is certain, also, that the lesser properties, whose earnings are made public but annually, will show a far greater ratio of increase than do the 150 roads above referred to, for the reason that, being mostly local roads, subject to little or no competition, they are enabled to maintain remunerative rates, which, in view of the immense volume of tonnage moved during 1890, must have vastly augmented their earnings.

The one point worthy of notice in the above is the fact that the share capital and indebtedness of the roads for the 152,745 miles in use during the period under consideration is said to be \$9,361,000,000, or at

the rate of over \$61,300 per mile, and that the earnings were at the rate of about \$7,000 per mile, or over 10½ per cent.

During the past calendar year the gross earnings of the railroads increased fully seven per cent over the earnings of 1889, if the current reports of earnings are to be relied upon, and there is no good reason to doubt their accuracy. If the Manual's estimate of \$6,700 per mile gross in the calendar year 1888 is accurate, it would apparently follow that the gross of 1889 would average seven per cent. more, or \$7,169 per mile. But, to be conservative, put the average at \$7,000 per mile, or \$1,120,000,000 on 160,000 miles of railroad.

The article then proceeds to figure on the net returns the investors in railroad securities ought to receive out of the above earnings, and assumes that the experience of the past has demonstrated that it takes about 68 per cent. of the gross earnings for operating expenses, thus leaving 32 per cent. of the earnings for the benefit of the capital invested. Thirty-two per cent. of \$1,120,000,000 is \$358,400,000, to which must be added about \$50,000,000 more as the proceeds from miscellaneous sources, thus bringing the total amount available to over \$400,000,000. The question is asked: Has this amount been distributed? and is answered in the affirmative by a table compiled by the *Daily Stockholder*, of New York City, which shows that nearly \$363,000,000 were actually paid to share and bondholders during the past year. As before stated, there has been a marked increase in the earnings of the roads and in the returns to the investors, and we quote:

The tendency on the whole has been in the direction of improvement, and evidences of this tendency are not wanting. Several companies have entered the ranks of the dividend payers for the first time, others have rejoined the ranks after a greater or smaller lapse, while still others have found it possible to make more liberal distributions than in the periods immediately preceding.

Among the more conspicuous illustrations of better dividends, we have the increase on the Lake Shore from five per cent. per annum to six per cent. The Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific paid four per cent. last February and two per cent. more in October, making six per cent. for 1890 against three per cent. in 1889 out of the 1889 earnings and nothing for several years preceding. The Fitchburg has resumed on its preferred stock, the Canadian Pacific has increased from three to five per cent. per year, and the Northern Pacific is distributing regular quarterly dividends of one per cent. on its preferred shares. The Denver & Rio Grande has also re-entered the lists, having paid 1½ per cent. on its preferred stock in February and 1½ per cent. in August. The Rio Grande Western has declared 1½ per cent. on its preferred shares, payable February, 1891, in stock of the same kind. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton has recovered from the effects of the Ives catastrophe and is paying five per cent. a year now. The Lake Erie & Western is distributing four per cent. on its preferred stock, and the next dividend of the Evansville & Terre Haute will be 1½ quarterly instead of 1¼ as before. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois, having suffered from a strike, suspended regular dividends on its preferred shares, but in December made a lump distribution of six per cent., payable in the same preferred stock.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has advanced from a four per cent. basis to a five per cent. and the Great Northern has made a dividend of one per cent. of its preferred shares. The Toledo & Ohio Central has begun periodical payments on its

preferred stock. The Huntingdon & Broad Top increased from 2½ per cent. semi-annual on its preferred stock to three per cent. last July. On the Atlanta & Charlotte Air Line there has been an increase in the dividend from 2½ semi-annual to three per cent., under a provision of the lease requiring such increase when gross earnings reach a certain figure. The Louisville & Nashville has paid six per cent. part in cash, against five per cent., wholly in stock, in the two years preceding. The Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis—or Big Four—besides paying five per cent. on its preferred shares, paid four per cent. on its common stock. Of course there have been some reductions of dividends—not a great many, however, and the reductions are not very important, as a rule.

It is, however, a rather curious circumstance in connection with these railroad finances that the amount of interest and dividends paid during a period of years do not continue in the same proportion, and this indicates the introduction of a modern system which is called "over capitalization" in monetary circles, as it does not sound quite so harsh as the more common term, "watering the stock." Again we quote:

In 1876 the total amount of interest paid was \$93,559,573. In 1889 such payments were \$219,877,150, an increase of \$126,317,577, or 135 per cent. over the amount paid fourteen years previously. In 1876 dividend payments aggregated \$48,039,668; in 1889, \$81,264,029, the increase being only \$33,224,361, or less than 20 per cent.

In connection with this the following statement, showing the average rate per cent. of interest and dividend payments for the past eight years on all the railroads of the country, is of interest:

	Interest.	Dividends.
1882	4.73 per cent.	2.91 per cent.
1883	4.75 per cent.	2.75 per cent.
1884	4.66 per cent.	2.48 per cent.
1885	4.77 per cent.	2.02 per cent.
1886	4.75 per cent.	2.04 per cent.
1887	4.71 per cent.	2.18 per cent.
1888	4.35 per cent.	1.77 per cent.
1889	4.38 per cent.	1.77 per cent.

OVER-CAPITALIZATION.

The continued decline in average rate of return upon railroad shares when taken in connection with the comparative steadiness of the return upon railway bonds naturally suggests an inquiry as to the causes which have produced this result. The explanation is to be found in an examination of the statistics of railway capitalization.

In 1855 the total capitalization and debt of 17,663 miles of railroad then in operation was as follows:

Share capital	\$421,792,190
Funded debt	299,262,973

Total stocks and bonds \$724,055,163

The capitalization at this date averaged \$41,000 per mile throughout the whole country.

Make a note of it; \$41,000 per mile! Again read:

Between 1855 and the close of the war, the railroad mileage of the country was doubled, although a panic (1857) and the war intervened.

The total mileage of our railroads at the close of 1865 was 35,085 miles. In the twenty-three years since then (1866 to 1888 inclusive) there have been constructed 121,000 miles of new road, an average of 5,260 miles per annum, twice the annual average of the whole period of sixty years, and fifty three times the annual average of the first period of thirty-five years. During these twenty-three years the country has experienced three great waves of railroad construction, which were checked only by extraordinary financial revulsions.

The first of these great construction waves occurred within the eight years intervening between

the close of the war and the panic of 1873. In that time the mileage increased more than 100 per cent., or from 35,085 miles in 1865 to 70,268 miles in 1873. Within this period was completed the first Pacific railroad line, and construction on a second line to the Pacific was well under way. The cash cost of the 35,000 miles of road constructed in these eight years must have exceeded \$1,400,000,000; and the panic, which began in the fall of 1873, was largely the result of the transformation—following so close in the wake of a great civil war—of this vast sum from floating into fixed capital.

Divide \$1,400,000,000 by the 35,000 miles of road and the product is \$40,000 per mile. Now read again:

In 1873 the capitalization of railroads had grown to proportions enormous in comparison with the figures of 1855. The average of \$41,000 per mile in 1855 very fairly represented the cash cost of the roads with their equipments. In 1873 extravagance and modern methods of financing had begun to be introduced and the nominal capitalization did not so fairly represent the value of the roads.

Now take the figures for 1889, 152,745 miles at \$9,361,000,000, or at the rate of \$61,300 per mile, and the figures for 1890, with 160,544 miles "capitalized" at \$9,680,942,249, or at the rate of about \$60,300 per mile, and the query is, how did it get so high? In answering this question the article makes tables for the fifteen years commencing with 1875 and ending with 1889, inclusive, and shows that in the first period of five years covered by the tables there was an increase in share capital of \$404,649,807, and in bonded debt of \$250,255,280, a total of \$654,905,087. In this period there was built 11,770 miles of road. Assuming that this new mileage cost \$30,000 per mile cash to build, the cost of all would have aggregated \$353,100,000, leaving over \$300,000,000, which, theoretically at least, would represent the amount expended on the old lines in the way of double tracks, &c.

Applying this reasoning to the succeeding two periods, and we find that in that ending in 1884 the increase in share capital was \$1,366,969,393, and in bonded debt \$1,349,626,600; total, \$2,716,595,993. In these five years there was added to the country's railway system 40,759 miles of line, costing say \$1,221,770,000, or to be liberal say, \$1,300,000,000. This would leave \$1,417,000,000 as representing the amount expended on the old lines during that period. In the last period of five years the construction equaled 29,124 miles, costing not more than \$875,000,000 as against an increased capitalization of \$1,891,732,631. Summarizing the three periods we find that there were built 81,653 miles of railroad at an estimated cost of \$2,528,100,000, as follows:

Period.	Miles built.	Approximate cost.
1874-79	11,770	\$353,100,000
1880-84	40,759	1,300,000,000
1885-89	29,124	875,000,000
Totals	81,655	2,528,100,000

The average length of old lines which would call for improvements during the

period of 1874-79 would approximate 75,000 miles, and the apparent increase of capitalization thereon was, as shown above, \$300,000,000, or \$4,000 per mile. In the next period the average mileage would be say 105,000 miles; the increase in capitalization \$1,417,000,000; the average increase per mile about \$13,500. During the five years, 1885-1889, the average mileage was say, 145,000 miles; the increased capitalization \$1,000,000,000, or say, \$6,800 per mile.

It is manifest from this that during the period from 1880 to 1884 there was an immense inflation in capitalization, which was wholly unwarranted by the improvements made on the existing lines of railroad.

Taking the increase of \$4,000 during the first period, the increase of \$13,500 during the second period, and the increase of \$6,800 during the third period, we have a total of \$24,300 per mile of inflation "wholly unwarranted by the improvements made." Suppose that we allow them a first cost of \$40,000, and \$1,300 for improvements, it would make \$41,300 per mile, but instead of this the stock has been increased and the country is asked to pay dividends on the "fictitious value" which adroit manipulation has apparently given to the stock. Taking the 100,544 miles of road in use during 1890 and figuring the first cost and improvements at \$41,300 per mile (which by all accounts seems to be amply sufficient for the purpose) and we would have the cost of the roads amount to about \$5,630,467,200, and this should be and is the amount of capital which is entitled to returns, and not the sum of \$9,680,942,249 as they are now capitalized at, as this is an excess of \$3,050,475,049 above cost. We find the indebtedness of the roads stated at \$5,185,842,931, and thus find that the shareholders must have put in about \$1,444,624,269 to raise the amount involved in the construction and equipment of the roads, and not \$4,495,029,318, which would be the amount if the roads were not "over-capitalized," as the mild term calls it. In the division of profits for 1890 we find that the bond and note holders were paid \$255,423,695 interest on the \$5,185,842,931 of claims held by them, or nearly five per cent. This is certainly a good return for the money when much money is loaned to different enterprises at four and even 3½ per cent. Turn now to the share account, and we find that the dividends paid to the shareholders during the past year amounted to \$107,306,727 on their share of \$1,444,624,269 of money, or the \$4,495,029,318 money and water which they show by their "modern methods of financiering." Taking the true amount at issue and leaving out of the account the inflation and water we find that the shareholders have had dividends at the rate of nearly 7½ per cent. on an average all through

the country; some of course received more, others less, but on the whole this is a very nice return for the capital invested, and these figures should be brought to the notice of the various railway officials, when they try to bluff labor's demands with the plea of poverty.

The above figures are so large, and may serve to bewilder and confuse even when the utmost care has been used to be plain and leave no room for misunderstanding, so we will use an illustration which all can understand, to make plain the new method of inflation. In most all sections of our country it is taken as a rule that a house should rent for 10 per cent. of the money it cost to build; for instance, a house costing \$1,200 should rent for \$10 per month, or \$120 per year. This seems to be considered a fair rate for both the landlord and tenant, for it gives the one a good interest and leaves enough to pay for taxes and improvements, and the other ought to have a comfortable home in the house. Now, suppose a "modern financier" should put up a house costing say \$800; that he borrowed \$600 on a bond and mortgage on his house, and used only \$200 of his own money in its construction. After his \$800 house is done he wants to rent it as if it were a \$1,200 house, and tries to make believe that it is a \$1,200 house, because he has promised his father, his mother, his brother and his sister each the income of a hundred dollars if they would help him get the \$600 that he needed to build the house. An applicant for the house would be very apt to "kick" if he found that he was to pay for this increased valuation, yet this is just the same plan which is being used by our railway financiers, and they do not want any "kick-ing" about it, either. *Vulcan.*

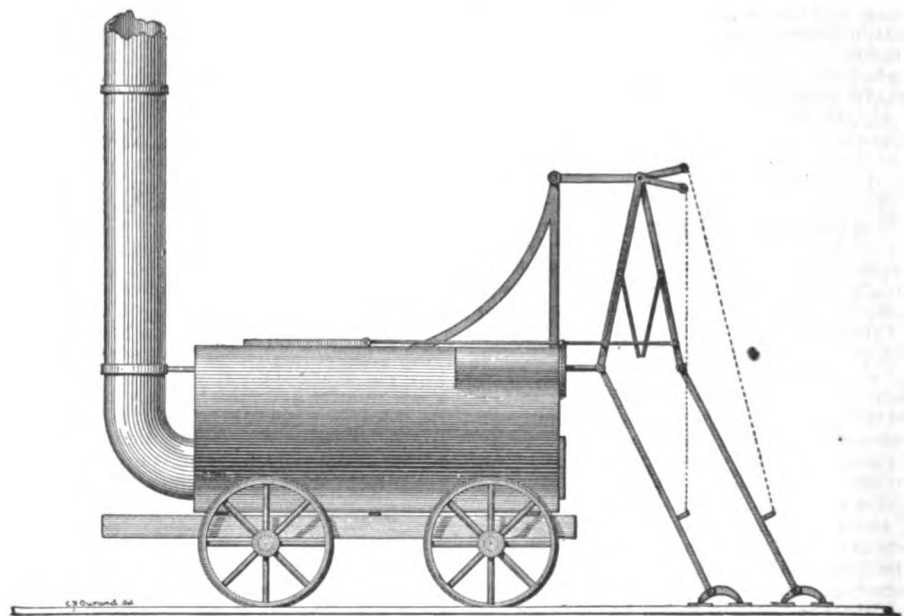
Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, Room 26, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of February, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone, viz.:

Car brake, G. Westinghouse, No. 147,212.
Air brake, M. Champion, No. 147,225.
Refrigerator car, J. J. Bate, No. 146,980.
Sleeping car, J. R. Renfill, No. 147,171.
Head rest for car seats, W. H. Peirson, No. 147,161.
Signal, C. Sammons, No. 147,178.
Switch, J. B. Stannour, No. 147,189.
Atmospheric brake, H. E. Marchand, No. 147,416.
Fire extinguisher for cars, W. L. Drake, No. 147,284.
Car coupling, W. Stiles, No. 147,340.
Rail joint, R. Johnson, No. 147,250.
Apparatus for heating cars, W. Thamm, No. 147,706.
Railroad gate, W. J. Garrison, No. 147,495.
Pneumatic signal, W. Robinson, No. 147,692.
Construction of cars, J. E. Leeper, No. 147,777.

Persons desiring copies of patents drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

The Mechanical Traveler.



PIONEER LOCOMOTIVE, FIG. II., PLATE VI.

In my article on the "Evolution of the Locomotive," *Magazine*, June, 1890, pages 513, 514, I made mention of "1813, Mr. Brunton, of Derbyshire, England, constructed a curious machine in which the steam power was applied to two legs extended behind, which by grooved ends took firm hold on the ground."

The above illustration is copied from the American edition of Nicholas Wood's "Practical Treatise on Railroads," republished from the English edition by Carey & Sea, Philadelphia, 1832. The following quotation from the title page of this volume seems an apt one for the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*:

"Should we live to see fully developed all the powers and energies of this system, we have no doubt we shall also live to see it recognized as one of the very greatest benefits which either philosophy or art has ever conferred on mankind."—[*Quarterly Review*.]

On page 127, "Motive Power and Disposition of Railroads," the writer says: In 1813 Mr. Brunton, of Buttery Iron works, also obtained a patent for a mode of accomplishing the locomotion of the engine without the aid of the adhesion of the wheels upon the rail; and of which, as it displays great ingenuity, I have given a drawing.

Fig II., plate vi., is a side view of the engine. The boiler was nearly similar to that of Mr. Blenkinsop,* cylindrical with a tube passing through it to contain fuel. The cylinder was placed on one side of the boiler; the piston rod projected out behind horizontally, and was attached to the leg, at, and to the reciprocating lever, which is fixed at the lower extremity of the leg; feet were attached by a joint. These feet to lay a firm hold upon the ground were furnished with sharp prongs, which prevented them from slipping and were sufficiently broad to prevent their injuring the road.

On inspecting the drawing it will be seen that when the piston rod is projected out from the cylinder, it will tend to push the end of the lever, or leg, from it in a direction parallel to the line of the cylinder, but as the leg is prevented from moving backwards by the end being firmly fixed upon the ground, the reaction is thrown upon the carriage, and a progressive motion given to, and this will be continued until the end of the stroke. Upon the reciprocating line is fixed a rod sliding horizontally backwards and forwards upon the top of the boiler; it is furnished with teeth, which work into a cog wheel, lying horizontally; on the opposite side of this cog wheel a sliding rack is fixed, which, as the cog wheel is turned around by the sliding rack, is also moved backwards and forwards. The end of this sliding rod is fixed upon the reciprocating lever of the leg. When, therefore, the sliding rack shown in the drawing is moved forward, the opposite rod is by the progressive motion of the engine moved in the contrary direction, and the leg is thereby drawn towards the engine, and when the piston rod is at its farthest extremity of the stroke the leg will be brought close to the engine; the piston is then made to return in the opposite direction, moving with it the leg and also the sliding rack; the sliding rack acting on the toothed wheel causes the other sliding rod to move in the contrary direction, and with it the leg. Whenever, therefore, the piston is at the extremity of the stroke and one of the legs is no longer of use to propel the engine forward, the other, immediately on the motion of the piston being changed, is ready, in its turn, to act as a fulcrum or abutment for the action of the moving power, to secure the continual progressive motion of the engine.

The feet are raised from the ground during the return of the legs toward the engine by straps of leather

*Mr. Blenkinsop's locomotive has been illustrated heretofore in the *Magazine*, viz., August, 1886, p. 464; and also *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*, May, 1890, p. 376.

or rope fastened to the legs and passing over friction sheaves, movable in one direction only, by a ratchet and catch worked by the motion of the engine. The feet are described of various forms in the specification, the great object being to prevent them from injuring the road and to obtain a firm footing that no jerks should take place at the return stroke, when the action of the engine comes upon them; for this purpose they were made broad, with short spikes to lay hold of the ground.

"In a communication to the editor of the *Repository of Arts*, vol. 24, the patentee gives an account of an experiment made with one of these engines, which he termed his *Mechanical Traveler*. The boiler was of wrought iron, five feet six inches long, three feet diameter; the step was twenty-six inches long; the piston rod having a stroke of twenty-four inches; the weight of the whole forty-five cwt. The machine being placed on a railway I first ascertained the power necessary to move it at the rate of two miles and a half in an hour, which I found to be eighty-four pounds. I then applied a chain to the binder part of the machine, by which, as the machine moved forward, a weight was raised at the same time and rate, and found that with steam equal to forty or forty-five pounds pressure on the square inch the machine was propelled at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, and raised perpendicularly 812 lbs. at the same speed, thus making the whole power equal to 896 lbs. at two miles and a half per hour; equal to six horses nearly." The volume herein quoted from, "Wood's Treatise on Railroads," contains more than 600 pages of printed matter and illustrations relating to the early history of railways before the date of its publication, 1832. Mr. Nicholas Wood, the author, was one of the three judges on the test runs of the four celebrated locomotives entered for competition and the reward of £500 offered by the railway, Mr. George Stephenson's celebrated *Rocket* having won in the contest, October 6th, 1829. Mr. Stephenson's first locomotive was built in 1813 or '14, so we have him experimenting and building locomotive after locomotive for fifteen years before his great success with the *Rocket*, 1814 to 1829, with the advantages of all his predecessors' work before him for two hundred and twenty-seven years, 1602 to 1829. In view of all these records of success and failure, and a final great success that revolutionized the world, I use the following as an appropriate quotation in its relations thereto:

Pluck wins. It always wins; though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go,
Still pluck will win. Its average is sure.
He gains the prize who can the most endure,
Who faces issues, he who never shirks,
Who waits, and watches, and who always works.

WILLIAM E. LOCKWOOD.

He who puts the iron horse to his mettle
may be the monster's master, but he must
also account himself the slave of chance.

Wheel and Lever Question.

H. W. Hall has lately read up on this question, and was apparently "halting between two opinions" until he "had that discussion," was shown those "loose" wheels, and made his experiments with "that pair of small wagon wheels," and by it proved to his satisfaction the fact which no one has disputed, that the fulcrum of a pair of wheels standing on the rail, free from the restraint of the boxes, and moved by a force not kept in rigid connection with the center of the axle, is to be found at the point of contact with the rail. If the power is applied above the rail the center of the wheel becomes the place of resistance or weight to be overcome and we have a lever of the third class, with the power between the fulcrum and the weight. When the power is applied below the rail we have a lever of the first class, for we have the power on one side and the weight on the other, with the fulcrum between. As the character of the lever has been changed by this transposition of points, we also find that the motion of the lever is changed, and that while the power continues to act in the same direction the lever will move in the opposite direction. But as I have ever understood the wheel and lever question, it does not relate to a pair of "loose wheels," but to wheels under a locomotive, fully connected to its rods and piston and moving in unison with all the parts that go to make up the machine that we call a locomotive. Now as our friend Hall is of a practical turn, and has one pair of small wheels, it would be a good idea for him to get another pair, and for the purpose of experiment to nail several strips of board across from one axle to the other, thus making a so-called "buck-board" out of it. I am not about to say that the addition of another pair of wheels will make any change in the leverage, but will venture to say that if any of the wheels are pulled above the point of contact the whole wagon will come toward you, unless the wheels slip, and that if the same force be exerted in the same direction below the point of contact the whole machine will roll from you. Now, having rigged up our wagon let us get on and take a ride! Let friend Hall fasten a rope to a spoke of the front wheel below the axle and jump on behind and pull, and I rather think the wagon will run ahead; at least it will if he pulls strong enough, and just as long as the rope remains below the line of pull. Before, when we had the loose wheels, we changed the action of the lever by changing the point where the power was applied; now let us see what a change of situation will develop. Suppose you had a chance to fasten the rope to a spoke or a handle below the point of contact and that Mr. Hall was again seated on the wagon and pulling, and

again the pesky thing moved; but it has upset a theory, for it moves in the same direction it did before we changed the leverage. *It moves ahead again.* According to these experiments it ought to be clearly demonstrated that the wheels of a locomotive in full gear are not governed by the same laws of leverage as a pair of wheels knocking around loose, and that any lessons learned from the one must be carefully revised to suit the other. *Vulcan.*

Velocity of Steam and Water.

"Vulcan" intimates that I have somewhere rejected the idea of steam and water being subject to the same laws under pressure. Now I am not aware of having written anything that by any stretch of imagination can be tortured into a denial of this truth; the trouble is just here: "Vulcan" has seemingly never been able to recognize the distinction between water *per se* and water having an added factor of efficiency, represented by an increase in velocity. While my arguments have ever been devoted to the latter aspect of the case, his have been devoted entirely to the former, and he has persistently refused to consider the question in its latter and true aspect. To illustrate, here is the only argument "Vulcan" has thus far used to oppose the theory we have been discussing. I quote from November, 1890, *Magazine*: " * * * This was the point I made, that even if it was a large steam opening with a contracted opening to enter the boiler, a part of the pressure would be expended on the pipes and prevent the concentration of the whole pressure due to the large opening on the smaller one." Now, I have never denied nor sought to deny the truth of the above proposition. What I did and do deny is the correctness of "Vulcan's" application of the proposition to the principle we are discussing. My article in December *Magazine*, 1890, fully explained my position in regard to this matter. According to "Vulcan's" argument, a body of water moving with its normal velocity, would overcome as much resistance as a similar body of water moving with a higher velocity. "Vulcan" surely does not intend to advance this proposition. Now, for the purpose of showing how "Vulcan" has stumbled over well accepted truths, I am going to quote Forney's explanation of the injector's operation. He says: "Steam escaping from under pressure has a much higher velocity than water would have under the same pressure and condition. The escaping steam from the *receiving tube* unites with the feed water in the combining tube, and gives to this water a velocity greater than it would have if escaping directly from the water space in the boiler. The power of this water to enter the boiler

comes from *its weight* moving at the velocity acquired from the steam, and it is thus enabled to overcome boiler pressure. * * * Now, as already stated, steam under a given pressure escapes from an orifice with a very much greater velocity than water. But steam being very light, if its weight is multiplied by its velocity, its total energy will be comparatively small. *Now in the injector a portion of the high velocity of steam is imparted to the heavy water (italics mine), because this water is presented to the action of the steam, not in a mass, as in the boiler, but in a small quantity and in such a position that it can easily escape, so that it gradually acquires as high a velocity as the escaping steam can impart, and at the same time the steam is condensed and therefore there is a heavy substance with a high velocity, whose actual energy is sufficient to overcome the pressure in the boiler. If the steam were not condensed we would have a comparatively light substance moving at a high velocity, which, as has already been explained, would have little actual energy, and would therefore not overcome the boiler pressure"* (italics mine).

Now is it not as plain as the nose on a man's face, that this explanation is predicated on the absolute truth of the very principle we are discussing? And yet "Vulcan," after examining this explanation, finds nothing that indicates the truth of that principle. Suppose that "Vulcan" is right, and that steam condensed under these conditions immediately loses the velocity it had as steam and has only the velocity of water; is it not plain that Forney's explanation becomes no explanation at all? For it would be an utter impossibility to increase the energy of the mass of water above that of its prime source; and all that could be even hoped for would be the establishment of an equilibrium of energy between the water outside the check and that inside. On the other hand, supposing my position to be correct, and that steam condensed under these conditions retains its velocity, the explanation at once becomes clear; we can follow it in all its details and it becomes plainly apparent that the product of condensation *must* force its way into the boiler, carrying a certain percentage of fresh feed water with it. Think it over again, friend "Vulcan." In regard to the velocity of steam, "Vulcan," by an excellent train of reasoning, has convinced himself that the rules may be correct, but it is evident that he has accepted the rules under protest, as he intimates, that much has to be taken for granted that is not susceptible of proof. I think it can be shown that the amount of guesswork that enters into these rules has been exagg-rated by "Vulcan," and that the conclusions are arrived at through inference from facts, rather

than from analogy. We know that a body of steam under pressure will overcome the same amount of resistance as a body of water under equal pressure; from this fact the inference is plain that the momentum or actual energy of steam is the same as that of water under equal pressure. A cubic foot of water weighs 62.5 pounds; a cubic foot of steam of 1 pound pressure weighs .0411 of a pound, or less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of an ounce. Now multiply the weight of a cubic foot of water by the square of its velocity under 1 pound pressure and we have its momentum. The problem then is, with what velocity will a body weighing .0411 of a pound have to move to have the same momentum as a body weighing 62.5 pounds moving at the velocity which water would have under a pressure of 1 pound above atmosphere. It will be found that a cubic foot of water under 1 pound pressure, and a cubic foot of steam under 1 pound pressure will have the same momentum when moving at velocities that approximate very closely to those given by our rules. It is not necessary for me to occupy space with these calculations, as I merely wish to point out the manner in which the rules can be proved, and "Vulcan," or others who may be interested, can figure it out for themselves. I think it will become evident to anyone who figures the thing out carefully, that the rules by which we determine the velocity of steam are not founded upon guesswork.

Vacuum.

Compound Locomotives.

Some experiments or tests were lately made on the Brooklyn elevated railroads with a simple and a compound locomotive. Both were of the Forney type, with two pairs of connected driving wheels and four wheeled truck under the tank. The drivers carried 45,000 lbs. and were 42 inches in diameter. Both had 16-inch stroke, the cylinders of the simple engine being 11 and 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, and of the compound 11 and 18 inches. The compound cylinders were so arranged that both of them took live steam from the boiler when the engine was first started, but as soon as the exhaust from the high pressure cylinder had reached the normal pressure in the receiver the direct steam was cut off automatically, and the engine became a true compound. We quote from the *Railroad and Engineering Journal*, of New York, as follows:

The road on which the experiments were made is five miles long, and in that distance has 16 passenger stations and two junction points, at which stops were required. The trains consisted of two light passenger cars during the middle of the day and late at night, and three or four cars during morning and evening hours. The running time is 21 minutes.

The experiments consisted of one day's service with each engine. They were started from the yard at East New York, at 6:15 A. M., and ran six miles,

with a light four-car train, to Fulton Ferry, where they commenced service, making 22 trips (11 round trips) of five miles each, from Fulton Ferry to Ridgewood and return; then one trip of four empty cars to East New York, six miles, making a total train mileage of one hundred and twenty-two miles from 6:15 A. M. to 8 P. M. The coal used was soft anthracite. The steam pressure in the simple engine was 140 lbs. and in the compound 155 lbs.

Under these conditions, the experiments showed that during the 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours that each of the engines were doing practically the same work, the simple engine burned 3,899 lbs. of coal and the compound 2,430 lbs. or 37.7 per cent. less than the simple engine.

This is a very extraordinary result and deserves careful consideration. The difference of steam pressure in the two engines will be noted. This, of course, is a disparity in the conditions under which the experiments were made. If there is any advantage in using a high pressure in a simple engine, it should have the advantage thereof in a comparative test of this kind.

The report also shows that the boiler of the compound engine evaporated 8.25 lbs. of water per pound of coal, whereas that of the simple engine evaporated only 6.69 lbs. This is a difference of 22.3 per cent. In other words, as was noted in these pages with reference to the experiments with the Baldwin compound engine, the report shows that the boiler of the simple engine, which is said to be exactly like that of the compound, is nevertheless much less economical. In the language of Artemus Ward, "Why is this thus?" The reason for it is not explained in the report.

The first point, and the one most worthy of note, from the fireman's point of view, is that while some of the "boys" out West are shoveling 5, 6, and even 8 or 10 tons of coal for a day's work, "our boys" on the "L." road get along with less than two tons, even if they have a simple engine, while the compound used less than 25 cwt. during that day's work. The compound boiler, although said to be exactly like the other one, is said to have evaporated over 14 lbs. of water per pound of coal more than the other one; and the question naturally arises why there is or can be such a difference?

In the first place we note that the steam pressure of the compound was 15 lbs. more than on the simple engine. If the boilers were alike, as is stated in the report, it is strange that there should be a difference made in the pressure carried, and that that difference should be in favor of the compound, as it is an admitted fact by all engineers who have given any thought or attention to the matter, that the highest steam pressure is the most economical, for the reason that a smaller quantity of high pressure steam will have as much power as a larger quantity of lower pressure steam. As the heat units for 155 lbs. steam are not as great in proportion as the increase of force between 140 and 155 lbs., a part of the saving in fuel is the result of the higher pressure. Thus, a piston receiving a pressure of 140 lbs., cut off at 4 inches, would have about the same average pressure during the 16-inch stroke as a piston which received 125 lbs. of pressure, cut off at one-third stroke or 5 $\frac{1}{3}$ inches, and yet in the first instance it takes only 380 cubic inches of steam, and in the other it takes 507 cubic

inches, a difference of 25 per cent. in favor of the higher pressure. That it takes more heat to keep steam at the higher pressure has been stated, and is a fact well known to all firemen, but as the sensible temperature is only 7 degrees between the 140 and 155 lb. steams, it is at once apparent that even after deducting something for the increased heat a handsome saving of say 15 to 20 per cent. still remains to the credit of the higher pressure.

Next we must note the statement that the compound boiler evaporated more water to the pound of coal than the other, and the fact that they were said to be of the same pattern, and yet showed 23 per cent. more of evaporation in the one as compared with the other. If the boilers, including of course the area of the grate and other heating surfaces, were alike, there would remain only one other cause to which to look for the effect, for there is certainly a cause for it. One of the first difficulties which confronted locomotive builders was the production of a boiler sufficiently small to make it portable and yet having steam generating capacity equal to and exceeding the largest of stationary boilers. The forced draught, by means of the exhaust, thus became an accompanying attachment to locomotive engineering and plays an important part in the combustion of fuel and the evaporation of water, and one to which a great deal of thought and attention should be devoted.

We speak of "searching for knowledge under difficulties," but did you ever think when looking into your fire box about "burning or heating under difficulties?" We here have a fire from which we wish to obtain a given quantity of heat to generate steam for a large amount of work. In order to get it we must draw into the flame a large quantity of air in order to get the required amount of oxygen to support the combustion. The amount of air needed to burn one pound of coal is stated to be about 150 cubic feet, and in order to get that amount through one of our fire boxes, it has to go through with the speed of a tornado, and if any one has watched a fire, while under the influence of a strong exhaust, he will admit that it does. But, while this forced draught gives us the steam we need, it is an open question whether it is as good economy in the evaporation of water with a given quantity of coal, as the slower combustion with only a natural draught. The gases in their rapid passage through the fire box and flues, do not have time to communicate all their heat to the surfaces with which they come in contact, and much heat is thus lost and expelled to the air which would be imparted to the boiler if more time was given them, and this is no doubt the reason why the compound boiler proved the most economical in the evaporation of

water. As the exhaust from the high pressure cylinder goes into the receiver and from there to the other cylinder to be used again, and then to be exhausted at a very low pressure and with only two exhausts to each revolution of the drivers instead of the usual four, it is evident that the passage of the gases through this boiler is not at the same, or anywhere near the same rapid rate, and that much of the otherwise lost heat has no doubt been saved for useful work. It is evident that the draught was enough to make steam, and this being done there is certainly no occasion for more draught. It might be inferred that the simple engine might be made lighter on her fire, but even with the shortest possible cut-off, it is hardly possible that the steam pressure would be so nearly used up as with the compound system, and even if it were we would have twice the number of exhausts and twice as much draught as before. Further experiments will no doubt prove the truth of these suppositions, and if they should not, it is to be hoped that they will show what the true cause is.

Vulcan.

The Dynograph Car.

In a late issue of the *New York Sun* appears a paragraph which is reproduced as follows:

There is a car at the Grand Central Depot which performs for railroad companies the work that it formerly required innumerable track walkers and trackmen at great cost to perform. It is called the dynograph car, and contains mechanism by which, as it rolls over any track, a perfect record is made of every imperfection, whether it be spread rails, open joints or defective iron. The dynograph was invented by P. H. Dudley, and its use has become general over the United States, so that the car is rarely idle even for a day. Mr. Dudley is a cousin of General W. W. Dudley, of Indiana, and bears a strong facial resemblance to the famous politician, although he wears a full beard. He spent fifteen or twenty years in evolving his ideas into a perfect invention.

"Here we are again!" When the average reporter starts out to give us a mechanical article he generally manages to get there, but sometimes he will find that he has put his foot in it, and has things rather mixed in consequence. Here is the dynograph car that does the work "that it formerly required innumerable track walkers and trackmen at a great cost to perform." What a great thing it would be if the one dynograph could, as is stated, perform the work of this army; and yet in the next paragraph we find that the function of the dynograph car is to indicate imperfections, and having done this its mission appears to be ended, for it does not stop to correct any imperfections that it finds, but leaves that part of the work still to be "performed" by trackmen, who are not so easily "knocked out" as the article above would seem to imply. The faithful trackman's work, although too often ignored

forms no inconsiderable factor in the general make up of the road, for the best of material furnished in unlimited quantities would not avail to produce a good track if it were not applied with the proper care and some degree of skill; therefore even the trackman is a fellow laborer worthy of his hire and of due recognition in the field of labor. *

One or Two Cylinders.

The *American Journal of Railway Appliances*, in a recent article on compound locomotives says: "Any railroad man can testify that the locomotive running with one side only will do more work in proportion to the steam used than when both cylinders are in use." What do the "boys" who are charged with making the steam think of this? Is it possible or even probable that a locomotive run with one side, with its two dead centres should be able to develop more power in proportion to the steam used than one with its two cylinders in working order, each helping the other over the dead points? *

The Cost of a Sleeping Car.

The question is frequently asked, says the *Railway Age*, "What is the cost of a sleeping car?" The report of the Pullman company places the cost of 101 sleeping, palace, dining, special and tourist cars put in service last year at \$1,365,503, or an average of \$13,519 per car, which gives an approximate idea of the expense of these different classes of cars, comprised in sleeping car equipment. But more definite information in regard to sleepers alone is given in the statement that orders have been placed at the company's works for 119 Pullman cars, the estimated cost of which is about \$16,500 each. The wonderful proportions which this company's business has reached are indicated by the statement that the number of cars employed in the service is 2,135, of which 1,849 are standard and 286 tourist or second-class cars. The last item shows that very great increase has been made in the accommodations for comfortable travel on long journeys extended to tourists and home seekers who are not able to pay the rates charged in first-class sleeping cars.

Tracklaying in Nine Months.

Railway construction in the United States, says the *Railway Age*, has been going on this year with so little flourish of trumpets, the larger part of it being carried forward by the great companies in the form of branches and extensions of existing lines, that the public generally has little idea how much has already been done. It is only after footing the totals of new track on over

200 different lines that we find the aggregate thus far in 1890 to considerably exceed that for the same period of 1889, giving indication that the record of construction for the entire year will show a very considerable increase over that of the year before. We compile from our detailed records the following summary of main line track which has actually been laid down since the commencement of the present year:

TRACK LAID FROM JAN. 1 TO OCT. 1, 1890.

States.	No. lines.	Miles.	States.	No. lines.	Miles.
Alabama	13	201	Missouri	6	73
Arkansas	7	108	Montana	8	312
Arizona	1	3	Nebraska	4	170
California	5	33	New Jersey	5	40
Colorado	6	105	New York	3	22
Florida	5	64	North Carolina	11	226
Georgia	12	323	Ohio	8	58
Idaho	1	5	Oregon	2	12
Illinois	6	98	Pennsylvania	14	135
Indiana	5	49	South Carolina	3	109
Indian Terr.	4	82	South Dakota	6	70
Iowa	1	8	Tennessee	6	147
Kansas	4	65	Texas	8	195
Kentucky	8	168	Virginia	8	136
Louisiana	4	127	Washington	15	207
Maine	2	12	West Virginia	2	33
Maryland	2	60	Wisconsin	2	15
Massachusetts	2	4	Wyoming	1	30
Michigan	6	118			
Minnesota	3	54	Total, 39 states,	212	3,782
Mississippi	8	78			

RECAPITULATION.

New England and Eastern group, 8 states	38	462
Central Northern group, 5 states	27	338
Southern group, 9 states	65	1,443
Southwestern group, 7 states	36	638
Northwestern group, 6 states	23	644
Pacific group, 4 states	24	257

A Great Work of Tunneling.

The Colorado Midland Railway Company has undertaken a piece of railway tunneling of more than ordinary difficulty. After leaving Leadville, which is at an elevation of 10,025 feet, the road runs around the mountains at a distance of twelve miles, reaching Busk at a height of 10,000 feet. From this point the road zigzags up the face of the mountains for a distance of five miles to reach a point 500 feet above Busk. On this part of the trip long lines of snow sheds are erected to protect the track, and in these drifted snow lies the year round. The old tunnel here pierces the continental divide at an elevation of 11,528 feet, which is within thirty feet of the height of the Alpine Pass on the Union Pacific road, the highest in Colorado. This tunnel is about 3,000 feet long.

It is proposed to begin the new tunnel at Busk. Its length will be 9,350 feet, and the highest point reached will be 10,948.7 feet. The maximum grade on the old line is 3 per cent. and the new is only 1.4 per cent. The length of new line required is 3.25 miles, and this replaces 10.18 miles of old line, effecting a saving of 6.93 miles. The section of the tunnel is 15 feet wide and 22 feet high.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

CARD PLAYING IN THE HOME.

A great deal has been said in these columns in regard to card playing. If as much more were said probably each reader or writer would continue to be of the same mind. It is a matter of individual opinion in which one's own conscience must be the guide. The general sentiment in regard to cards, dancing, theatres and various forms of amusement, is much more liberal than in past generations. People are learning to take life more cheerfully, to relieve the routine of work with more recreation, to modify the harshness and narrowness and bigotry which characterized our ancestors. We cannot but think that men and women are more agreeable nowadays than in those olden times. There is a vast deal more of tolerance and charity than there used to be and the world is by that much better and more habitable. Much more liberty both of thought and action is granted, and there is less self-constituted censorship over the doings of others. This highly commendable spirit is destined to increase and there is no doubt but that, much as we pride ourselves upon our breadth and liberality, we shall seem as narrow and conservative to those who will follow us as our stern and severe Puritan ancestors now appear to us.

Victor Hugo has said, "The nineteenth is woman's century." Verily, then, the twentieth century may be said to be dedicated to the children. There seems to be a universal desire to make life happy and pleasant for them, from the time they are born until they pass from our homes and loving care into their own homes and the protection of another. Every form of amusement is prepared for them, games of all sorts are devised, bicycles and ponies and dog carts are furnished, parties are given, excursions planned, everything possible is done to give them pleasure. Now the question naturally arises, where shall we draw the line? and it does not seem possible for us to set a limit for anyone's family but our own. I say, for instance, "I do not be-

lieve a girl should go into society and receive attention from gentlemen before she is at least eighteen years old." You say, "O, let them go and have a good time, that is the way I did and it resulted in no harm." I say, "I would not compel young children to go to church and listen to a long sermon which they cannot comprehend." You say, "I believe church going is a good habit and children should be trained to observe it." Very well; then you must bring up your children according to your ideas and allow me the same privilege. I would never permit a child to taste of intoxicating liquor. You might advocate that if he is accustomed to see it constantly around, he will never acquire the habit of taking too much. Both of us could cite examples for and against our respective theories. There is nothing for us to do but to carry out our convictions and abide by the results.

And so with regard to card playing. We all agree that gambling is a great evil, the greatest, perhaps, next to drunkenness; our only point of difference is whether card playing at home will lead to gambling. In my own experience cards were as common as newspapers, a game of euchre or whist the ordinary evening's amusement, and yet neither father nor brothers ever developed the slightest taste for gambling, and cared very little for cards. On the other hand some of the worst gamblers I have ever known were brought up in families where a card was never allowed beneath the roof. And yet I have seen the case exactly reversed. In my judgment parents may take it for granted that if their children want to learn to play cards they will find the opportunity, and if they have a taste for the game they will indulge it elsewhere if forbidden at home. Card playing is like dancing, an accomplishment that is really needed if one goes much in society. Neither amusement is harmful in itself, both may be carried to a deplorable excess, but the same is true of many other recreations.

Fathers and mothers must be guided in this matter by their convictions of right and wrong. To me a game of cards around the evening lamp, with neighbors or friends, presents no harmful features. It will sometimes keep the husband and sons at home. The evil of playing for money should be fully explained and condemned and its inevitable results illustrated by such object lessons as every community affords. I consider this course to be safer than to banish cards from the house and to treat their use as an unpardonable sin. The boys see their companions enjoying the pastime in their homes, and they do not believe what has been told them of its wickedness. They learn to play by stealth, and, having to engage in it in a clandestine manner, the step from deception to betting

is not so very great. These ideas may be wrong; they are the result of many years' observation, but I should never presume to dictate to others in the matter. Each must be a law unto himself or herself in this regard, only let parents be sure they are not influenced by prejudice and their own early teachings, but are acting conscientiously in what they believe to be for the best present and future interests of their families.

"POCATELLO" makes some excellent suggestions in her letter this month, when she urges that the Woman's Department take up some new topic of discussion. We have obtained about all the information possible in regard to the "management of husbands and wives," and the consensus of opinion seems to be to avoid all attempts at managing, as far as possible. It is not surprising to notice in this discussion that the unmarried brothers and sisters seem to best understand how it is to be done. Husbands and wives have learned that there is a vast difference between theory and practice, and are rather conservative in their opinions. The consideration of this question, however, has brought us many beautiful letters, expressive of the confidence and affection that exist between married people to a far greater extent than is generally admitted.

THE attention of our correspondents is once more called to the address at the head of this column and also to the statement, several times published, that all communications must contain the name of the writer. To commence a letter by saying, "I have been a constant reader of the *Magazine* for years," and then to address it to Terre Haute, neglect to sign the real name and request that it shall not be put into the waste basket, when all of these sins of omission and commission have been alluded to again and again, seems rather inconsistent, doesn't it?

A LONG and interesting letter was received from "Mary," Tracy, Minn., but as the entire letter was taken up with a description of the annual reception and ball of the lodge, we were unable to use it. We have several times explained that at the last convention of the B. of L. F. it was decided not to use the space in the *Magazine* for descriptions of social events.

THE number of letters received this month, thirty five, causes both pleasure and regret, the former because of the interest taken by our contributors in the Woman's Department, the latter because some of these letters will be unavoidably crowded out. All, however, have been prepared for publication and will appear in due time.

PALESTINE, TEX., January 4, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In reading the January *Magazine* this evening (which is the first chance I have had), I took in the Woman's Department entire, and it occurred to me that the kickers had not succeeded in abolishing it. I do not know as I will be admitted but I am going to make the attempt. I used to see the many methods of "how to manage a husband" given, but could not pass judgment, as I am so situated that my knowledge is limited. "A Fireman's Mother," of Kansas City, voices my sentiments exactly—as I think too many men are apt to say. "My mother did thus and so," instead of appreciating the effort the young and inexperienced girl he has taken away from her home has made to make him a pleasant home. Now if I was married I know I would eat pie, cake or anything, no matter how it was cooked (if it did not have a long hair in it) and be satisfied. The only place a single man likes to find long hairs is on his coat sleeve. "Belle," of San Antonio, says a blonde engineer on the I. G. & N. can testify to the quality of the cake. She should not have made the discrimination of that special engineer, as any engineer likes good cake, I think, and firemen do, I know. It always occurred to me that a good appetite was a great blessing but a greater was something to satisfy it with—and I think the best way to manage your husbands, those who have them, will be to give them something good to eat—for if they are all like I am, or was this morning when I arrived in town, they would appreciate it, as I was like the biblical character, Esau—I would have sold my old overalls (not bright) for a nice piece of porterhouse and a good cup of coffee, with the other necessary embellishments to make a breakfast; but had I had that precious article, a wife, I would not have allowed her to have got up to cook for me as it was a few moments before the wee small hour of two when I reached my room.

You say for your correspondents to write the lessons they learn in their daily life. Well, here is one: Girls, learn how to cook, and put up a nice lunch, for if there is one thing that makes me feel like a poor, forlorn, forsaken and forgotten wretch, it is to have the man I am out with take out a nicely filled lunch basket and have his meal; if we do not stop at any place where I can buy, I have to impose on him or flag around that meal, which is mostly the case, for my partner on the engine needs it more than I do.

Here is another: Boys, get married if you can find anyone to take you, and if you behave yourself you will have a nice home and a table of your own to put your feet under three times per day, when the old bachelors are hustling to get money enough to pay last month's board.

Here is some advice: Girls, when you do get married, and those who are married, don't find fault all the time, as I have seen some women do. Give the man a chance. He may have had to hold the pointer around to the proper place all night or day with poor coal and a heavy train behind him; or, if he is on the other side, he may have had to hold a slippery engine down to the rail all night with the frost or dew on the rail to make it more pleasant.

Here is some more advice: Boys, when you get married, and those who have a little or big wife, go back to the time when you first started to learn to "make her howl." Did you always have her just so, and do you, now since you have learned? I say no, you do not, neither can you expect a woman to always have her house as neat as a pin—especially if there are children around, nor can she have a bright smile on her face when her work comes extra heavy any more than you can when you have to double every hill between Palestine and Mineola and back. Hoping that the Editor of the Woman's Department may always have a space allotted to her in the *Magazine*, I will close with kindest regards to herself and all readers.

Yours truly,

Jim Dooly.

[Some woman seems to have missed an appreciative husband, but no doubt she will get him yet. We will be glad to hear from him again.—Ed.]

For Woman's Department.

IN LOVING MEMORY.

J. K., DIED NOVEMBER, 1890.

(From the boys of Queen City Lodge, No. 262.)

No; no one knows just how it was, or who was most to blame,
 What caused the fearful accident, with so much grief and pain.
 Some say his watch was not quite right—two minutes, only, wrong.
 Some say that he was tired out—"no rest," the old, old song!
 One thing we know, that brave and true, he nobly held his post,
 Nor feared to look death in the face, tho' life itself it cost.

For on that night, that sad, sad night, the last he spent at home,
 He thought that he could rest so well, for many hours to come.
 But no! scarce had he closed his eyes, when knocking at the door,
 The call boy shouts for "Special North," so he must start once more.
 Yes! off he goes—so brave so true, for duty must be done—
 Two trips to make—to Owen Sound, and to his Heavenly home.

No one can tell save God alone, what thoughts passed thro' his brain
 In that one fearful flash of time, ere train crashed into train.
 Perhaps they were of loving wife, or of his little son,
 Perhaps of some small kindly deed, he thought he might have done;
 Maybe time was too short for that—for Death was standing there,
 And left but space to breathe to God one brief unuttered prayer.

Tho' in his home, no longer now his dear voice makes her glad,
 We know that God will help the wife, and guard the little lad.
 The widow and the fatherless are His especial care,
 And tenderly He'll guide their feet, till all shall meet "up there."
 "Up there," with no more need for sleep, no calls North, East or West.
 No working on the Sabbath day—but perfect endless rest. F. M. P.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION, ONT., Jan. 1891.

CLINTON, IOWA, January 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have read every letter in the January number. With some I agree; with others I do not. As that is a matter of very little importance, I will say no more about it, as I might get into trouble.

I do wish there were more written on other subjects. It seems to be the same thing every month, the boys and husbands.

I believe I will talk about my neighbors. You know we ladies have the name, so why not the game?

I have one neighbor that seems to be more fortunate than I in one respect—she has a horse to drive when she pleases. Saturday she ran in and invited me to take a sleigh ride. Such glorious weather, such a comfortable sleigh, good horse and pavement to drive on; wasn't that nice? Shall I tell you never saying almost unheard of? This same neighbor never says a word of harm of anybody. I visit her without fear of gossip being made of our conversation. Isn't she a treasure? Such people make me feel so comfortable.

How nice it must be not to see other people's faults? I wish I couldn't. I try hard not to, sometimes, but my eyes will see things they ought not, and I turn the matter over in my mind, which I ought not, but I am like the girl that got married and sang, "Oh, how could I help it; how could I, mamma?" Don't think I am so shortsighted I don't see my own failings. I could tell you of enough

faults to make a good sized book, all my own, but I don't want to.

I have neighbors that I go to see through my back yard in their back door. To others I always go for a short call when dressed for the afternoon; still others I feel so much at home with I venture in with fancy work or sewing, and I like them all, every one. They all have a great many good traits, and some have a few faults. I think good neighbors are a blessing, and I am happy to say I am well blessed. My neighbors seldom borrow of me, and I seldom annoy them. I like friends and neighbors, but not solely to make use of them. I am willing to lend and help when necessary, but deliver me from a constant borrower.

One of my neighbors had a New Year's gift in the shape of a baby; yes, a real, live baby boy, and she don't like baby babies, and never did. She says that it all turned out wrong, and on the first day in the year, when everything should be right.

That reminds me that somewhere in the *Magazine* it was mildly suggested to turn over a new leaf. I will turn it, but I can't promise any more just yet, for it is so much easier to do as you please than it is to be straight laced and good. Oh, dear, it makes me ache to think of it.

When my husband goes out he has a habit of saying, "Be good." I tell him I can't, and I certainly don't know how to be real good. How easy some people do what is right. I guess they are like Topsy, they just grew so, but I didn't. I have to argue with myself until I think there are two of me—one wishes to do right, the other finds it up hill business; that is, when it is going to be any trouble. It is all right if it is all straight work and no inconvenience, but when self denial is required (and a great deal sometimes), then, well it simply goes against the grain. There, some one will lecture me for that expression. Please don't. I will close.

The Brotherhood will do without my well wishes, so I will only say, success to the Woman's Department and its writers. I remain

Yours, etc.,

Kittie B.

GOODLAND, KAN., Jan. 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Did any of you dear sisters ever have your "better half" tell you right after breakfast on Sunday morning, "I will have all my work done on the engine by noon and then we will have the afternoon together," and then when noon came and the better half with it to have him yell out, "Stock extra at 2:30!" If so, you can sympathize with me. Oh! dear, we all like to have "extra good things to eat," and "extra good things to wear," but no extra trains, if you please. I have just been reading the good letters from "Excelsior," "Joanna Ploughman," "Vernie," "Anna" and "A Fireman's Mother," and of all the receipts for pie and cake, I like "Fireman's Mother's" best.

How wonderfully such dessert helps out the plainest meal. We have seen the time that where the next meal was coming from was a profound mystery, but the pie and cake of affection was always plentiful. And now that our table is always supplied with plenty, the same pie and cake, keeps a prominent place.

The question of the right and wrong of playing cards seems to be pretty well agitated at present. Now, for pity's sake, some one that knows tell us mothers at once whether it is wrong or not, before we bring up our children all wrong. Don't say it is wrong because you think so, just give us a scientific explanation. I have known people to play checkers and most bitterly denounce cards, and I can't see the difference only that one is wood and the other usually pasteboard. Now if both, or any game, is played without betting, where can the harm come in, provided people have time and wish to play?

Now, wives all be good to your husbands; you can't afford to be otherwise. This trip may be their last, and how would you feel afterward if it should be? If you have plenty of tact and love for them, you can so manage them that you will have no family jars to speak of. May the New Year find each wife more patient and each husband more loving, is the sincere wish of the wife of one of the best firemen in Goodland.

Phillippa.

ABBOTSFORD, WIS., Jan 21, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In regard to playing cards, I repeat, that I agree with a "Fireman's Mother." In August number, I also join with the editor in saying "a very sensible letter." Her boy who was allowed to play cards at home, now a young man, has outgrown them with his marbles and jacks and they are no attraction to him now. The deacon's son, who is not allowed to play at home, plays in other homes, also barns, and plays for money. The question is, which is the best method? I approve of the method used by the "Fireman's Mother." To the young wife, whose little experience was related in the December number, regarding her husband—"If George is going to smoke, I am going to have him smoke at home." To her I would say, You have started in the right course for comfort and happiness at home. A man of good sense will appreciate such kindness and thoughtfulness, and never abuse that privilege by making a smokehouse of his home or a will barrel out of his mouth.

There is a right use and a wrong use for everything, from a locomotive down to a match, and it is very necessary to understand the right use. The locomotive is of great importance and benefit, when its wonderful powers are used in the right direction, and equally disastrous and fatal when the power is used in the opposite. Who would say that matches should never be made, because some one may set a house on fire? Take a boy at eighteen years of age, who had never seen or handled a match, one of the same age who had used matches all his life—which would you trust with a box of matches? To those who can not play cards without getting drunk, swearing, turning their homes into gambling dens, I would advise to put the cards in the stove and never allow another to come into the house. This is where I would draw the line between right and wrong. One sister says, "Children can't be satisfied." To this I will add, "Not for any great length of time." You may give them from the top to the clock, and each in its turn pleases only a little while or a few moments, and so from childhood up, we are nothing more than grown up children. The evenings would be rather dull and monotonous at our home should we have no change from reading the whole evening, or should I sit at the piano to play or sing without any information, or to use all our time for playing cards. Instead of that we divide up the time, and give a little to each. It is change that children want, large or small.

The boy who is denied the privilege of playing cards, is going to find out when he gets a little older what great secret or mystery there is in cards. The amusement will be new, the gambler's table very attractive. He is tempted and he falls. The boy who had the privilege of playing cards at home is better fitted to resist the temptation. It is *secrecy, mystery, and covering up* that depraves human nature. Those who get into trouble, such as quarrelling over an innocent game, are usually of a pugnacious disposition, and dispute about trifles. I know of a married couple who quarrelled and parted on account of a button; I should be terribly disappointed to go without buttons for such a reason. Some one has said, "Every one has his hobby." They also have the right to ride that hobby, providing they do not infringe on others' rights. It is abusing the privileges we have that makes trouble and unhappiness. We all have mouths and the right to use them, but when people are inclined to slander, to circulate untruths of their own manufacture, in the attempt to drag their betters down, for the purpose of elevating themselves, they not only abuse the right which they are entitled to, but degrade themselves with every additional falsehood. Mothers are responsible to a certain degree for the characters formed in their children; therefore, I say, prepare them to fight the "devil" that be. Covering up evil only allows it to spread in the darkness. Doctoring symptoms never cures the disease. You can assist in making an honest, frank, openhearted boy with self respect and esteem enough in him to choose the right and shun the wrong for principle's sake, not out of fear. Or can be the means of making a narrow minded, despicable snark one who sails around under false colors like the Pinkertons. Liberty loving people will rejoice when Pinkertonism is suppressed.

The extract from the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, in the *Firemen's Magazine* of July, is worthy of notice; that he is level headed is correct. So is the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*. When I hear people boast of their home being founded on the Bible, it recalls to memory the story of the "Pharisee and Publican" in the Bible, we have too many Pharisees. It is rather an indefinite expression, saying our government is founded upon the Bible. One naturally asks, "On what part of the Bible?" Which of its many sides did the founders select? The Bible allows polygamy, slavery, war, incest, and many other evils that we now condemn as wrong. It deals in revengeful punishments, while the race is now evolving out of all kind of savagery and brutality, and into love, kindness, and charity.

The man who first wrote the words, "The free and independent states of America," was not a Bible believer, but a Deist. Thomas Paine, and there are proofs, incontrovertible proofs, that he was also the real author of our famous Declaration of Independence. Washington and Jefferson were also Deists, and did not believe in the divine inspiration of the Bible. Ours is by no means a Christian Republic, but a Republic of humanity, where Christians, Mohammedans, Jews and atheists should have full and equal rights, and would have, did we inherit the rights designed by its founders. Nearly all our presidents have been what the Christian calls infidels. Our best beloved ones, Lincoln and Garfield, were broadly liberal and grandly humanitarian; Grant, too believed in entire separation of Church and State. In taxing church property and having no sectarian Sunday laws, but leaving the day free for each to enjoy in his own way, so he did no harm to others. The names of Paine, Adams, Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant were none of them upon the class roll of a Christian church. They all worked for universal mental liberty and not Bible theology. All that is good may be carried to excess and become evil; card playing, dancing, theater going and like amusements, wisely enjoyed, are good.

We must take a wise means and not go to extremes.
Engineer's wife. H. C. P.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., January 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I would ask a little space in the *Magazine*. I had always thought the B. of L. F. a good society, but never knew its real worth till my husband was hurt. When the news came I was stunned, for he was gone so few hours, and coming home on a stretcher; I felt so alone and it all seemed so terrible. But the brothers brought him home, and never ceased in their attention to our wants; and their kind and hearty encouragement did much to restore him and strengthen me for the trials and worry which always follow sickness. They, as a body, have our heartfelt thanks. And all who may chance to read this, and have loved ones on the road, I hope God in His kindness will spare you like pain; but should it come may you trust Him, and may you find as firm and willing helpers as the generous boys of Calhoun Lodge, No. 84.

Long live the B. of L. F. Mrs. J. E. Williams.

CARROLLTON, MO., Jan. 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having received the *Firemen's Magazine* for the past few months through the kindness of a friend, I have become very much interested in them. I think the Woman's Department is just grand, and as instructive as interesting. I have thought several times (after reading the nice letters) that I would write, but as I had never before ventured to write for any paper or magazine, I felt rather timid in making a start. I like the *Magazine* better every time I read it. I read the letter in the last *Magazine* signed "Belle," and I think her idea is quite right in regard to managing husbands. I am not married, but may be some day, and if I ever am, I hope that managing my husband will be my least trouble.

If this letter is accepted, I may come again. With best wishes to the *Magazine* and good luck to the firemen, I am, yours truly,

Grace, a Firemen's Friend.

For Woman's Department.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

The April day was waning.
The springtime eve was near.
When I heard outside the cottage
The step of one most dear.
Soon at the dear old doorway
Appeared the smiling face
Of one so true and faithful.
So winning, full of grace.

But had he come to tell me
Good news to cheer my heart?
Ah! far from joy his message—
'Twas that we soon must part.
Oh! could it be forever?
There's none but God can tell.
Still there was fond hope cherished
In that last and sad farewell.

"You will kiss me once, my darling,
Will you not, before we part?
'Twill be long years in the future
Ere I press you to my heart."
Then we parted, 'twas the gloaming,
The sun was sinking low;
All nature seemed sweetly smiling,
The birds flitted to and fro.

Still not a ray of sunshine
Could penetrate the gloom
Of my sad heart that evening.
When I knew that he was gone.
Need I tell of days that followed
Since that day so long ago.
Of patiently, longingly waiting,
As the seasons come and go?

Months have passed, and still I'm waiting
For that loved one's presence near.
Oh! that he would come to-morrow,
Then to-morrow would be so dear.
Fondest hopes are often buried
Like the rear leaf long been dead;
Fondest hearts for others beating
Have too often sorely bled.

Am I waiting for a future
Full of happiness and truth,
Or to see my hopes all vanished
And behold a blighted youth?
God knows best, I must not murmur,
Only trust him while I stay;
If this life is all a shadow,
Bright will be the eternal day.

S. E. C.

POCATELLO, IDAHO, January, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

January 7th and the welcome *Magazine* at hand, new, improved and instructive. Its cheerful contents add another ray of brightness to the new year and do much credit to the editors, who deserve a word of praise as well as the boys on the road. "There be some who appreciate your noble endeavors," as Will Carlton says. We have taken the *Magazine* since '84. I find much improvement. Mrs. Harper's articles and the Woman's Department have been both entertaining and instructive. I have gleaned many good ideas from them, and not willing to take much for nothing, I will send a small contribution.

Perhaps you would like to hear something about Pocatello. It is away out here among the foot hills, sage brush and Indians, on the Union Pacific R. R. I think we have about 3,000 inhabitants. The Indians come around and frighten us women folks. They stick their red painted faces against the windows and ask for biscuit. If we don't give them any they say "Ky, no," no good; if we do, we are "Y no," heap good. The squaws wash for us but they won't do any kind of housework. The Indians have dances and we go to see them dance. They sing all the time and go in a big circle. They dance for a week or two at a time. They dance for grass or game, the same as we would have a week of prayer and thanks.

We have a fine climate here. The sun shines most every day the year round. For amusements we

have socials, dances, five churches with their various entertainments, six labor orders, and they each give a ball during the winter, and also the Knights of Pythias, Masons and Odd Fellows, take a turn on the programme; but the most attractive and healthful enjoyment here is horseback riding and driving. Everybody rides that can possibly afford to. I think there is nothing to compare with it for real enjoyment.

Now ladies, I was thinking we've had our husbands and kickers and lunches and lodges, all sandwiched and dished up for a year or two. Suppose we talk about books. What are the most instructive magazines to subscribe for? And also about how to spend money wisely, how to dress well and what things we need most in this life, for it is not what we want but what will do us the most good for the money. I have seen ladies spend enough money for fancy work to buy four of the best magazines of today and not one in the house. They say they can't afford it. They buy two or three new hats a year, at from \$4 to \$10. I can do without fancy work and expensive hats, but I can't do without my reading. I take the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Arena*, the *Cosmopolitan* and this *Magazine* and others. I like to have my husband read when he is in and I get the best I know of and place it where he will see it. We have quite a library. I liked that extract from C. A. M.'s letter and "Belle" and "Fannie's" crispy letter in this last number. I believe in a woman having a little dignity and, when she has done her best, she is not expected to overdo. If there is any petting she needs it for that is a woman's nature. The most of the family trouble arises from ignorance of what we owe each other. This fault comes from early training. A mother should train her boy to respect his sisters more. There is no well trained boy who will neglect his wife or his duties in the household.

Here is another fault: no fireman will ask a girl to marry him unless he can earn enough to keep up the expenses of a home, but how many girls know how to fill their part of the contract and how to use money usefully. I think every girl who marries a fireman ought to know how to keep a house—clean, wash, mend, do plain cooking and do her own dress-making, and if there was any management at all they would never get in debt. My husband was a fireman and is a B. of L. F. man. Still I know just what can be done with his wages. I have seen so much of time, money and patience wasted and people discouraged.

Well, I have only touched lightly on the subject and if my letter is worth reading I may write again sometime. Let us have more plain dresses, less fancy work and more comfortable rocking chairs and good lights and more good literature. With kind wishes for the Woman's Department and hopes for the brotherhood, I remain

Yours truly,

An Engineer's Wife.

[A very sensible letter. Come and see us again.—Ed.]

HENDERSON, KY., Jan. 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am a constant reader of the *Magazine* and having read so many letters from your charming circle I have at last summed up courage enough to ask for admission into the same circle.

I do not remember of having ever read anything in the *Magazine* from Welcome Home Lodge, No. 317, so I am going to tell you about them. They are in a prosperous condition and still adding members to their list. This lodge is one of the best in the city, and is composed of the best and truest set of boys you could find. They are ever willing and ready to go forth and extend a helping hand to a brother in need or a friend in trouble. Some of the boys seem to be glad that they are living, for they have moved from the left to the right hand side of their engine lately and among them are Bro. G. A. Brown, G. W. S. Austin, E. H. Zirkel. Well, as this is my first venture into your bright circle, I must not make this letter too lengthy. Hoping this will find space in your department I will close with my best wishes for the B. of L. F. and the *Magazine*.

Callie, A Fireman's Wife.

SALIDA, COLO., December 21, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have just this minute finished reading the *Magazine*. (For some reason we didn't get ours till quite late.) I never read the *Magazine* till this year, and I think there has been a great improvement in the *Woman's Department* especially. I only hope it will continue to improve in 1891. I have never seen but one letter from here and it didn't take me long to guess who wrote it. Now she can have a chance to guess who wrote this one. I think the idea absurd of "how to manage a wife." What man wants a wife he has to manage? There are lots of men who marry to get a manager for themselves and their home. And in nine cases out of ten a divorce will follow a wife who has to be managed. A railroad man, especially, expects to find in a wife a partner and companion who will help him to manage his affairs. So if he gets left, then, and then only, is marriage a failure.

"W. I. F.," "them's my sentiments, too." Education will only open the women's eyes a little bit, and they will consequently not throw themselves away on a worthless man. Not that they would look down on a good, honest, hard working, sober man, even if he didn't have an education equal to their own. Women as a general thing look at both sides of the question. It seems to me that boys are not given the advantages which are bestowed upon the girls. Too often the boys are sent out to rustle for themselves, while the girls are kept in school.

"Poor 'Violet Eyes'!" I feel for you. How I would like to live near you, so I might console you. And if I knew more about the "disappointment so bitter" which remains as bitter as ever in spite of the "song of the bard" and the "poem of the poet," I might know more how to sympathize with you. The greatest disappointment I have experienced as yet was when I expected a—I won't say what—for Christmas, and then didn't get it. Now, produce your Cupid with a greater disappointment than that.

Why is it better to have loved and lost than ne'er to have loved at all? I don't understand it unless it means that we ought to have better sense than to fall in love after being left once. I know I wouldn't feel very much like trying for anything *again* after losing once. I would rather be putting in my time at something else, but perhaps that would be violating "Try, try again." It makes me weary to read letters from those wives who think a woman ought to smile when her husband comes home. I'd like to know if a woman ought to hide her feelings any more than a man? If I were a man and should come home tired and sleepy and hungry, and my wife would meet me with a *great grin* on her "phiz," I would feel like asking her what tickled her. Of course it is all right to be pleasant, and not always look like "somebody sued for murder," but I believe that "circumstances alter cases." So when I get a man I am going to smile when I feel like it and when I don't feel like it I am going to look just like I feel. Well, I guess I have said enough to make some of the *Magazine* readers tired, so I will close by saying I do hope that "W. I. F." will make use of the 12th string quite often. *Au revoir*.

K. L. W.

PLACER, COLO. Dec. 20, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been an interested reader of the *Magazine* for over a year, and I have never seen a word from the Pioneer Lodge, No. 108, Chama, New Mexico. I think they are noble and true hearted boys; trying to uphold the order in its onward march to success. They are always willing, with a kind heart and free hand, to help a brother or his family in time of need.

As for managing a husband, I am not very well posted, as I have none of my own to manage. But I think if the husband and wife are loving and true, to each other, marriage will be a blessing instead of a failure. Perhaps in the future I may be able to say more on the subject. As this is my first attempt in writing, I will close wishing the B. of L. F. good success, especially the boys of 108.

Yours sincerely, A Fireman's Daughter.

ST. ALBANS, VT., January 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am a fireman's wife. I have been married scarcely a year, and in that time have been a constant reader of your valuable *Magazine*. I read it carefully, and like it ever so much. I am impatient to have the month roll around, so that once more the *Firemen's Magazine* will gladden my eyes. At times I get lonesome and tired, and I take up the *Magazine* and am happy once more, for where is there a fireman's wife lonesome when the *Firemen's Magazine* is at hand? After reading awhile I forget that I was lonesome or tired. Well, as there are a number of articles in the *Woman's Department* regarding the management of a husband, I will say I have not had much experience in married life. I do not think it is very hard to manage a husband if a wife goes about it in the right way. I find that kindness, loving words, and good advice go a good ways; at least I have found it the best way. I do not believe in driving a man. Now, let a railroad man go out—and we all know it is a hard life, and perhaps that day was a hard one—what will be pleasanter for a man when he comes home than to find a neat, tidy house, and have a loving wife meet him with a kind word and a kiss? Oh, that black face will soon forget that he is tired, and will find out that there is no place like home, and no one like his dear wife. Now, my advice to all girls that can marry is to marry a railroad man, and you will never regret the step you have taken. I have married one of the boys of Lodge No. 332, and I must say I do not regret having done so. My most fervent wish is that all railroad men are as true and brave as the boys of No. 332. May God bless them all and guard them while at their posts of danger.

I will conclude with best wishes to the *Firemen's Magazine*. It is with pride I sign myself

A fireman's wife,

Annie.

ELDORADO, KAN.

Editor Woman's Department:

A constant and eager reader of the *Magazine* for the past year, I watch and hail its coming with almost equal pleasure that the signal of my brother's engine conveys to me the glad news of his safe return home again. More especially is this so of the *Woman's Department*, for the correspondence of our married sisters furnishes us with an abundance of subjects for thought, and in some instances almost makes us believe that their journey through life was over a rough road and all up hill, since they have taken upon themselves the herculean task of "managing a husband." I am well aware that life has but little joys for those who do not cast the "shadows behind," yet my life for the most part of twenty summers of sunshine does not entitle me to pass judgment on the sisters who have experienced the sterner realities of life. I am aware that little sorrows enter each home, and we are apt to exclaim with the poet:

"That life is short and full of care,

The end is always nigh;

We seldom half begin to live,

Before we are doomed to die.

Were I to start my life again,

I'd mark each separate day;

And never let a single one,

Pass unenjoyed away."

And we should ever be ready with a helping hand to administer to the wants of those whose strong arms and stout hearts enable them to brave the dangers incident to their calling.

My brother is a member of the B. of L. F., and so far as I know the order is in a flourishing condition. The boys have recently organized a dancing club here and quite a number participate in the enjoyment. This gives their sisters as well as the other fellows' sisters a chance to while away a few pleasant hours while they are off duty. Now, for fear that a continuation of this train of thought may incur the editor's displeasure, I will cease my prattle with a promise that if acceptable to you between the time that Jack Frost comes to leave his tracks on the window pane, and the "Robin's return," I may call again.

Olga Lane.

For Woman's Department.

THE BOYS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

You may talk of the noble boys of the past,
We own they were gallant and gay;
The boys of the past were true to the last,
When terrible war held her sway.
We read of brave deeds fearlessly done,
In many a bloody affray;
But boys just as true, you'll find not a few
'Mong the boys of the present day.

The boys of the past were dauntless and bold,
Fought faithfully both night and day;
They fought for their own, and seldom were known
Their own country's flag to betray.
But should war again be our country's fate,
You would find not many would stay
At home, but would go, their country to show
She should not want for brave boys to-day.

Yet we do not need war to prove beyond doubt
That the boys whom we see run and play,
Are as loyal and brave as any that gave
Their lives while in battle array.
The boy that protects and supports, with a will,
His mother, and her does obey—
We say proudly you'll find many boys of that kind
'Mong the boys of the present day.

When we read the names of the boys of the past
Who were noble and true, we can say—
And our words are as true as the heavens are blue—
They cannot outshine those of to-day.
Our boys have some faults, but not more, I think,
Than those of the boys passed away;
So here is a toast to the glorious host
Of boys of the present day.

May they ever be noble, gallant and brave,
Endeavoring to allay
With a will that is good, as all boys should,
All sufferings that come in their way.
God bless the bright faces so bonny and true,
Of the generation which we now survey;
May we speak without shame of the honorable name
Of the boys of the present day.

Mrs. A. M. Coffenbarger.

DENVER, COL.

ABBOTSFORD, WIS., Dec. 28, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

Looking over the list of letters written on the home, I failed to see any telling of the husband doing the washing. It matters not how frail or delicate a woman is, that work seems to belong to her, simply because she's a woman. Very often a husband could save her a good many steps that he does not.

I am fortunate in this respect. My hubby did the washing over a year and a half. I'll tell you how it came about. After trying three different women in the short space of six months, the clothes continued to turn yellow. I became discouraged and concluded to try it myself, although I had never had any experience. To this he objected seriously, saying that he would do it in preference to running the risk of having an invalid wife. He believes there would be fewer invalids if men tried to save their wives' health while they had it to save; an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Building up invalids is very expensive and seldom satisfactory. After our second washing (of course I did the starching and kept an eye on the bluing bottle) the clothes were as white as snow. At present we have a woman and use "Dobbin's Electric Soap" according to directions; think it very good.

Such men as laugh at this ought to try the experiment. Besides softening up their hands once a week, they would learn how hard their wives have to work and why there are so many invalids.

Wearing corsets is also injurious to women. And could they be abolished entirely, we would see a healthier race. "Race Culture" is one of the pressing problems of the day, and is getting the attention it duly deserves. When married people are mismatched and do not agree the sooner they divorce the better, not only for their welfare, but for the safety

of the people in general. Offspring produced by such unions do not make the best of citizens. Instead of enlarging the reform schools and penitentiaries and legislating the poor unfortunates into existence, every precaution should be used to prevent such. Their efforts should be to bring about a purer, healthier and happier race. The scandal monger of to-day would be a thing of the past and innocent persons would not be victimized, who are more sinned against than sinning. That the "Cloak of Religion" is used as a shield also to accomplish their end is a deplorable fact. That religion should be so dwarfed and misconstrued as to cover a multitude of sins, is indeed a sad state of affairs.

Education and evolution are the only hope, and will do as much for the future as they have done for the past.

"The Prodigal Daughter, or the Price of Virtue," (price 10 cents), by Rachel Campbell, is a book I wish every person would read, especially those who have their tongues tied in the middle and wiggle at both ends.

"Save the Girls," by Mason Long, is another good book.

When Bellamy's predictions in "Looking Backward" are fully realized, the keynote of happiness will be struck.

Engineer's Wife.

LA GRANDE, OREGON, January 12, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a constant reader of the *Magazine* for several months, and as I have never seen anything said in favor of Blue Mountain Lodge, No. 348, I will try to say a word in its favor. The boys are as noble and steady a lot of boys as you can find, and I am proud to say that my "hubby" is one of them. Some of my young lady friends say they would never marry a railroad man. Now, girls, if you want a good husband (and I know you do), marry a railroader; for when he comes in off the road, tired and hungry, and finds something nice and warm, his supper or dinner, whichever the case may be, and his wife meets him with a smile and a kiss (which I most always do, and it don't cost anything, either, if you only try), he is sure to appreciate her, even if he doesn't say so just then. If my boy comes home and I don't meet him with a hug and a kiss, he very soon reminds me, and asks for them. I will send my recipe for chocolate layer cake:

Half cup of butter, one and one half cups of sugar, three cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half cup of milk or water, the yolks of five eggs, and half a teaspoonful of lemon. Bake in layers. For the fillings, take the whites of the eggs and beat to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of white sugar to each egg and add last two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. I know that this is reliable.

If this finds a place in the *Magazine*, I will come again. With best wishes for the success of the B. of L. F., especially Lodge No. 348, it is with pride I sign myself

A fireman's wife,

E. M. H.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Through the kindness of friends in 203 (Garfield Lodge), I am permitted to read the *Firemen's Magazine* from time to time, and think the January number the most interesting I have seen lately. I do not think card playing will pollute any home, and firmly believe that the father and mother that see their sons and daughters and young companions spend an evening playing "pedro" or "euchre" can look forward to the future with less fear of their sons becoming gamblers, than many other parents who will not allow this pastime in their homes.

I am a church member, and I think there are more sins committed and harm done at "kissing parties" and sociable gatherings, where the scandals of the day are rehearsed, and stories told that should bring the blush to any modest brow, than by playing cards or dancing.

Success to the brotherhood.

Minnie Steele.

MATTOON, ILL., January 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

With the first copy of the *Magazine* for the new year before me it reminds me I have been a constant reader of its valuable pages for over two years. My husband was a member of the noble order when we were married and is still one of its thousands. I think it is one of the grandest orders there is. As I write I think of the sadness the new year has brought for some. One's trouble is never so great but that you will see others more miserable than you are. Let those that are in trouble cheer up, for there never was a cloud so dark but that there was a blue sky beyond. If some of these unthoughtful husbands would take the advice of "A Fireman's Mother," how many happy homes and smiling faces there would be. Yes, many of the sisters that read these letters are starving for the want of a few loving words. How they would brighten many a sad heart. A woman needs love and affection as much as the flowers need sunshine. What is life to a woman without her husband's love and confidence? Some men think so their wife has something to eat and a little something to wear. It is all they need. They can find amusement at home. Little do they realize the many heartaches and lonely hours their poor wife has. A few loving caresses would make her more happy than all Vanderbilt's wealth. But they can be their slaves. He can enjoy himself in other company without one loving thought for her who is praying to God to protect him and bring him home safe. God pity the wife that is neglected by her husband, him who promised to love and protect her.

I believe in waiting on one's husband. When my husband works all day in the cold I know he is tired. I never leave anything for him to do when he comes home. He can eat his supper, which I always have ready, and sit down by a good fire. I finish my work, fix everything ready for morning, then I can enjoy his company for a few hours, for he never goes to town without he has business to attend to.

What has become of "Mother Jones," that we don't hear from her?

With a wish for a prosperous year to the *Magazine*, good luck and happiness to Mrs. Harper, my best wishes for the boys of the B. of L. F., I am as ever,

Mrs. J. W. Taylor.

[Come again.—Ed.]

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 12, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In looking over the Woman's Department I came across "Fannie's" letter. In it she states that our husbands would never reveal, no they would die before they would tell our faults, but women, just let your husband speak one cross word, and the town knows it. I don't mean to offend or to criticize, but I do mean to say that one side is as free from fault as the other. I don't wish the readers to misunderstand me and think that my husband is cross with me, or I with him, for we get along very nicely, but I know an engineman who runs in, or rather lives here, who is always telling his wife's faults, and says if she was more saving he would not be so poor, but he never says if I had the money I spent in such and such a saloon, I would be better off, or I would not be where I am to-day. No, the women has to bear the blame. Justice is justice on both sides. I could give other circumstances if I had the space and time, where it would favor both sides, but it isn't necessary. Circumstances alter cases.

Now, for the lodge: I don't mean the men's lodge but the women's: we often hear the ladies speak of such a lodge but it is always the men's, and in reality we know nothing about them. They run their own lodge and why not we run ours, that is if we have one to run? We have no lodge in the city of Columbus. I don't know why, but I think it is a shame, and some of us ought to rally and see if we can't have a lodge here as well as other places. I know we have the material if we only could get one started. But let us hear from our sisters, at least I would like to hear how they are prospering. I will close, wishing you all a happy New Year.

Yours truly,

Altona J. L.

MEMPHIS, TENN., January 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The boys of Ft. Pickering Lodge, No. 306, wish to return their thanks to Ethel May, for her kind and gracious words of encouragement to us in her letter to the Woman's Department, in the January number.

If good wishes go for aught her life will be one of perpetual joy and prosperity, her blue eyes undimmed by tears of sorrow. May her step ever be as light and joyous as when tripping to the delightful strains of the Firemen's Band.

May God's choice blessing follow her and her particular fireman, be with him on his trips and bring him safely back to her. Is the earnest wish of the boys of Ft. Pickering Lodge, No. 306, B. of L. F.

Thanks are due Mrs. Thos. Cosgrove, Mrs. John A. Murrey, and Mrs. Geo. A. Robertson. Owing to their untiring energy and self-sacrifice in a great measure is due the grand success of the ball, as all can attest who attended.

Very respectfully,

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Jan. 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I am a constant reader of the *Magazine* and have never seen any communication from the lady residents of St. Joseph, I have decided to be the first to lift the veil and reveal St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, B. L. F., of which my husband is a member.

I think the article signed "A Fireman's Mother" and published in the January *Magazine* is just splendid. As my hubby is out this eve., and he does not know of my intending to write I am not going to tell him about it, but let him see it himself in the *Magazine*. This being my first entrance into your bright circle, I will close with best wishes to the *Magazine*, and the boys of the B. of L. F.

I remain, a fireman's wife, A. B. N.

COLUMBUS, KY., Jan. 7.

Editor Woman's Department:

I always read the *Firemen's Magazine* and enjoy it very much. I think it is very good. I don't know if any one from this part of the world has ever written to you. We are a railroad family. My husband is an engineer in the Columbus yard, has been for sixteen years. Our daughter is married to a fireman that is a brotherhood man. God bless the brave engineers and firemen. I think they are the noblest men living, always kind and true, always ready to help the unfortunate. The widow and orphan never suffer where the railroad man is concerned. Wishing the *Magazine* great success in the future.

Yours,

Mrs. S. Burton.

THINK NOT.*For Woman's Department:*

Think not because you see me smile
And laugh with joyous glee,
That I am happy erst the while,
Because I smile for thee:
I've quaffed the dregs from sorrow's cup—
Have seen bright hopes depart—
Have known of grief through dreary years
That left its lurid print on the heart.

I've seen fond hopes fade, one by one,
As fades the mist away
Before the bright, effulgent sun
That heralds in the day:
I've dreamed of future bliss; alas!
It ne'er fruition reached—
In vain I've reached for happiness,
That only brought defeat.

The surging tide of weary years,
Has stranded many a life barque,
And ships go down in the world's broad sea
Engulfed in waters dark:
Thus my life is encompassed in shadows here,
While hope from the heart is gone—
Like the storm tossed barque on the sea of life,
I am helplessly drifting on.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL., Jan. 8, 1891.

AUF WIEDERSEHN!

Auf Wiedersehn, friend I speak it,
And tears dim not my eyes;
The German word hath a sweeter meaning
Than all our cold good-byes.

It hath a faith for future moments,
And days that pass us by,
And so I say Auf Wiedersehn,
I will not say good-bye.

To meet again! ah, hope believing,
It spans the ocean wide,
It sweeps the joy and mirth of living,
Across life's surging tide.

Auf Wiedersehn! words so hopeful,
They give us joy, not pain;
For parting loses half its sorrow,
When friends may meet again.

To meet again! ah, shall we say it
When death, the king, comes nigh?
Or must we look with tears and heart break
And simply say good-bye.

Oh! death would lose its pangs of sorrow,
And life its fiercest pain,
If we could stand beside the dying,
And say, Auf Wiedersehn.

Sophie Basse.

LAREDO, TEX., Jan. 10, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I have never seen anything from our Lodge 278, I hope you will allow me to say something of the boys. I am neither wife nor sweetheart of a fireman, though I love to read the *Magazine*. I think the Woman's Department very interesting. I can not give any advice how to manage a husband for I have not gone that far yet, though if I had one I would just let him manage himself and I would do the same; then there would be no misunderstanding. Well I must change the subject.

The Lodge is in a prosperous condition; the boys are all good, responsible and intelligent, therefore causing much good to be done in our city by the brotherhood. How I wish I were a railroad. If I were a boy an engine would be the first thing I would make for. Laying all this aside, I have a warm heart for all the firemen and engineers. I live just a little way from the Mexican National road, and my greatest pleasure is to watch the trains come and go. It is really distressing, the long trains they pull out of here, but who is it that suffers? No one but the poor firemen, for their work is hard at all times, and think of the danger they are in. You may be surprised to hear from this part of Texas. Just a few steps and one can be in Mexico; but I prefer Uncle Sam's country. As this is my first letter to the *Firemen's Magazine* I will not write too long. May God bless and protect the brotherhood.

Miss Fireman.

EL PASO, TEXAS, Jan. 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

For the past few months I have been an interested reader of your valuable *Magazine*, and I like it very much indeed, especially the Woman's Department. It seems to me that almost all the letters in the Woman's Department are headed by the same title, "How to Manage a Husband." Now it is my idea that a husband does not require "management;" let him "manage" himself. When a man gets married he is certainly old enough to do as he likes, and also to manage himself. In "Ida's" letter, in the January number, she says the pleasures and comforts of home depend mostly upon the woman. Now, I do not think so; it is my opinion that it depends as much upon the husband as the wife. It is all very well for the wife to keep her home neat and clean, but I do not think a woman should have a warm supper (or whatever the meal may be) just to the minute when her husband comes home, but let her get it as soon as she can. I agree with "Belle, a Fireman's Wife," when she says she could not love

a man whose first look when he comes home is to see if his dinner is waiting for him. I know I could not love a man like that, but I am afraid I would hate him. I think a husband's first thought and question would be to ask his wife if she had been well while he was away, and I am sure if men truly love their wives that is their first question, and the dinner can be prepared afterward. But if husband and wife really love each other there will be no need of management. Now I am not a married woman, but I expect to be some day, and I am sure if my husband will love me as I shall love him, there will be no difficulty in "getting along," and if we each try to please, our home will be a "haven of rest."

I will close, for I did not intend to write so much in the beginning. Wishing the *Magazine* a successful future and all the firemen good luck and prosperity (I am partial to the firemen, for there is one fireman that I think a great deal of, so I can afford to be generous). I remain a fireman's friend,

F. M. S.

PANA, ILL., January 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I read the *Magazine* and like it very much. I have often thought I would like to write a letter but was afraid I would make a mistake of some kind. The ladies seem to be having a rather hard time in trying to manage their husbands, but as I have not got mine yet I can not help them any. I think I shall let my husband manage himself, and I will do the same. I have neither father, brother nor husband that are firemen but may have the husband soon.

As this is my first letter I will not write any more this time, but if I see this in print I will write again. With best wishes for the B. of L. F., I remain

Yours truly,

A Fireman's Sweetheart,

A. T. G.

VANCEBOROUGH, ME., January 24, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having seen nothing in the *Magazine* about 357 I shall make a start, hoping some one else will try and put something in, too. Writing is something almost out of the question for me but something should be said of the boys of Justice, 357, so I shall make the start. They are all a good lot of fellows and are loyal to the old B. of L. F. flag. I take great pleasure in reading the Woman's Department and wish I could write like some of the sisters. May the order ever prosper and may the boys be guided by the unseen hand of God through the many dangers which they have to meet. A firemen's best friend.

Nan.

Work for Women.

What a blessing it would be to the many "superfluous women" if a knowledge of light carpentry was an essential part of their education! So many small comforts and conveniences would result from the ability to use a hammer, gimlet and saw handily and well. In one of the pleasantest suburbs of the Hub, a set of bright society girls took a course of lessons in carpentry, to their great enjoyment and profit. There was, necessarily, some scoffing and much laughter and railery, but the brave damsels were nothing daunted, and have declared since that few more pleasant hours have fallen to their lot than those spent among the sweet-scented woods and the clean disorder of the canny old Scotchman's shop, and the good man himself declares that he had never more willing and heedful pupils than these same gay girls.—*Dress.*

A Chapter for Mothers.

"Why did you do that when I had expressly forbidden it? Answer me at once."

The voice was harsh and threatening, the face was flushed and angry, and in the uplifted hand was a stick sufficiently large to have beaten out the life of the trembling little culprit whose frightened blue eyes were raised entreatingly to the face of the indignant mother, as in spite of fear he answered her the simple truth:

"Because mamma, I forgot to think."

"Forgot to think, did you? Well I mean now to give you something that will make you remember to think in the future."

And then followed a scene which it is hard to think of as often occurring in a country which boasts of its civilization, and among some of the most respected of its citizens.

A few minutes later a little quivering bundle of humanity lay sobbing in one corner of a comfortable sofa which was decorated with tidies, and an angry mother was trying to still the inward motherly feeling which was uneasy because of the treatment she had given her boy, by heaping still more abuse on his unprotected head. "In all the world there was not such a thoughtless child, or one who cared less for his mother's wishes."

"He was so bad that she almost despaired ever making anything of him, and was ashamed of him every day of her life."

Hard speeches for a little fellow to hear, who was still sobbing from physical pain, weren't they? This is not an overdrawn picture, but something which occurred in a neighboring door yard, and to which I was an eye witness. The woman was not an "unnatural mother," but one who loved her boy dearly, was very indulgent at times, was intellectual, well liked by all who knew her, a conscientious church member. There are mothers like her in nearly every block in the city. This degrading scene was enacted because she, like her little boy, "forgot to think," but she will not be so brave about owning to her fault.

Her cruel after speeches were delivered not because she believed them, but because she "forgot to think" how miserably false they were. She was nervous from overwork, and when her boy "forgot to think" of what she had told him, she "forgot to think" whether there might not be some better method of making him remember, where the heroic method had so often proved a failure.

It may be when night came and her boy was quietly sleeping and she had become a little rested, that she had time to think, and her heart would ache for the little fellow. Very likely she would reprove herself for her harshness and resolve to be more tender and considerate with him in the future, but the

very next time that he would happen to be disobedient when she was nervous, or tired, or cross, she would "forget to think" again, and the same miserable scene would be repeated, and one step more would be taken away from the path which leads to a knowledge of the beauties of child-culture.

Oh, if there were only some way to teach mothers to remember to think how much more perfectly could they accomplish the duties which are theirs to perform, and how much less often would they find it necessary to resort to the rod as a means of exacting obedience.—*Selected.*

Confide in Your Wife.

Men can be largely at fault for an indifference of this kind, on the part of the wife. They take it for granted that a woman has not the ability to wade through business problems. They say nothing to her of business, and often pay the wife the compliment of thinking she is not even able to take care of a bank account; consequently the wife, having no responsibility, takes what she can get, and trusts to luck in getting more as soon as the amount just received is gone; she keeps no account, because she knows just what she expends—she spends every cent she receives. If a husband placed a certain amount to his wife's credit the first of every month and she understood that was to suffice, in nine cases out of ten there would be something saved out of it. She would pride herself upon her management and would not betray the trust imposed upon her. She would be happy in the thought that she was not a "beggar," and that her husband considered her capable of attending to the finances of the household. Many men add to their business cares by compelling the wife to appeal to them for each individual dollar that goes to supply the daily necessities.—*Terresa H. Dean, in Chicago Herald.*

Nurse was giving Merle his bath, and presently arose a great commotion and shrill squeals of delight. Mamma hastened to the rescue, and found her wee son girded about with a towel—guiltless else of raiment—and dancing around poor nurse, who was looking damp and dismayed. "O, O, Mamma! Merle shrieked gleefully, "I are John Baptist, don't you see? An' I'm bappertizing nurse!"

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Bessie was having her doll dressed, and when it came to the bonnet, the little maid called for feathers, refusing to be satisfied with flowers. "But they don't wear feathers now, dear," mamma said. "I can't help that, mamma; the thinks inside of me isn't like the thinks inside of other folks." Of course the feathers won.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Plain Words to Mothers.

Thousands of the best homes and kindest parents in the world turn their daughters out into society to drift about in the snares and traps lying thick about them, letting them go out with young men of doubtful morality, going to balls that take up nearly the whole night, and keeping as late hours as they please and with whomsoever they please, and then are horrified when they are awakened to the horrible fact that their girl, that they sent out all innocence and trust to cope with the world, has fallen a prey to some scheming, but polite, genial and winning man who is all guilt. Can parents who are thus guilty curse a daughter who has fallen into the pits from which they could and should have warned her?

It is the first wrong step of a girl taken innocently, and not the last, that ruins her. And nine times out of ten that first step the watchful, careful eyes of parents could have prevented. Let no parents, who know how full the world is of temptation to women, blame too harshly the daughter who has fallen by reason of not knowing a little of the things of which her mother might have warned her. For it is too often the over-indulgence and the mistaken kindness of parents that give the reins and license for the first step in the way that leads to the ruin of the girl and to the sorrow and woe of all who love her. Any close observer in a city or in a town now can see almost every day sweet and lovely and innocent girls taking this fatal first step. Girls are seen taking this first step in handkerchief flirtations on the streets, with some man they do not know, or it they do they ought not to know. Again, it is seen in one step too far at the ball, in some sacrifice of modesty, or too great familiarity, of which the young libertine who was her partner boasts to his chum the next day, adding still some more to it. Sometimes it is taken in receiving and answering a clandestine letter; at others in long and late walks at night in secluded places, terminating in a supper somewhere at which wine adds fire to a flame already, but perhaps unconsciously, started. It is taken, too, in a clandestine kiss at the gate or in a carriage—a kiss not of a brother or an accepted lover, but of a pirate and his poison; in the secret reading of an inflammatory book, secretly and shrewdly loaned, and in many other ways I need not mention.

The sweetest, purest thing in all the world is a pure girl, when she is just emerging from the daisy and violet field of youth, and blushing into all the beauty of womanhood. Standing thus in her purity, she moves more a thing of heaven than of earth, and all heaven contains nothing that ought to be more sacred from the touch of the spoiler. But the earth is no heaven, and that which good people would hedge about as sacred

thousands of evil-hearted men would trample down into the mire of the earth and into the fires of hell. Let the parents who know this, and who see their daughters stepping out of their arms in all the radiance of girlish beauty or ripening womanhood look more closely to the safety and purity of their jewels. Let the girls, too, listen more faithfully to the low-toned monitor of delicate instinct that nature has placed in every pure woman's breast, and not trust as fair all that seemeth so, and there will be fewer such tragedies, fewer girls and women daily falling to a depth that is below and beyond even the kindness of death.—*C. M. Des Isles, Ph. D., in Omaha World.*

In Union is Strength.

When people aspire to have a purer society they say, "We must have a stricter society; we must be more ascetic; we must diminish the opportunities enjoyed by the sexes for meeting each other; we must keep a tighter hand upon our boys, and keep our girls closer indoors." I believe that is all wrong, and rotten from bottom to top. I think that God Almighty knew a long sight better how to make this world than you or I, and it always seemed to me that if He in His creation had taken a hint from some of our wise men and wise women, He would have had all the boys born in one family and all the girls born in another. No; as brothers and sisters we are born into the world in the same family, so as men and women we must mingle in all departments of human life. Wherever you exclude either the one or the other element, therein I believe you have a source of weakness and of danger. The true unit of humanity is not the man or the woman, but the man and the woman; and the more you can bring together in your church and in your industries, in your social life and in everything, man and woman so that we can reproduce the family life in which you have brothers and sisters meeting on equal terms, therein you will have less danger, more purity, much more happiness.—*William T. Stead.*

PRETTY little silk handkerchiefs, which come in all colors and at low prices, make very artistic lamp-shades over the white porcelain shade. Red, pink, or yellow are the favorite colors, on account of the soft light they give. Lay the handkerchief flat on the table and with a pencil mark out a circle the size of the globe-top. Then cut out the center and hem it neatly around with silk of the same shade, and sew a frill of soft lace inside so that it falls over the top, and another around the bottom. They may be further ornamented with an embroidered design or a bow of ribbon, if desired.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Things to Make for Church Fairs.

A table nicely covered with light felt may have lots of novelties on it, and be called "The Variety Table."

A useful newspaper-holder is made by taking an ordinary wire toaster or broiler. Paint the toaster with liquid gold paint, arrange wide ribbons in two shades, run in and out alternately through the wires, each piece of ribbon being in one continuous piece all around, thus banking the sides; the ends are neatly joined at the back. A ribbon bow is fastened to the top at the sides, and ribbon is also tied in a bow near the top of the longest handle, by which the pocket is suspended.

A dainty lamp screen is made by taking a Japanese fan, of medium size, and covering it with satin, upon which a floral design has been previously painted. The handle, which in such fans is hollow, is wound with narrow ribbon and decorated with a bow of wider variety, and slipped over the point of a common letter-file having a round iron standard, the latter being concealed by a full gathered cover of satin.

A convenient trifle is a little box lined with rubber cloth or oiled silk, and covered on the outside with imitation leather, heavy paper, canvas or any material that looks well and is not too frail to withstand close packing in satchel or trunk, because the box is designed to hold brushes and blacking, or dressing for the shoes. A catch that will keep it securely closed when its contents are not in use is essential, and if a box possessing such an attachment is not available, a small, leathern strap, with buckle, may be tacked firmly to the back to take its place. "Shoe Dressing" may be marked on the cover with brass tacks.

Scrim cushion-covers, for cushions in every-day use upon the toilet table, and dressing-case covers that can be taken off to permit of brushing off the dust that penetrates through them and readjusted without loss of time, are the most practical, but they must be pretty as well. Along the sides and ends of the cover threads are pulled out to permit of running in the narrow ribbons, their ends hanging down and folded under to form loops. A large bow of wide ribbon is fastened near one corner. There are a great many varieties of scrim, but that showing a uniform and rather loose weave is best adapted to this purpose. The narrow ribbons may be all of one shade, or in two or more contrasting colors. Pink and blue give a dainty pompadour effect, which is heightened if the cushion case be of either color. A pin thrust through each corner will hold the cover in its place. Sides of cushion may be trimmed with lace.

A strawberry basket held under running water and scrubbed lightly with a brush may be freed from fruit stains. Having re-

ceived the freshening, paint the outside with blue, white or pink enamel, or with any of the metallic paints, applying the latter with their own special medium or with French glue, or thin white mucilage. Line it with silesia, sateen or India silk.

The baskets in which grapes are bought may also be so treated. Various uses for these baskets will suggest themselves, to hold silver, etc. Enamel may be bought in pound cans and applied by almost anybody.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Miss Anthony and Political Parties.

Much has been said about Miss Anthony's attitude towards the political parties. This is what she says for herself in a recent letter:

Not one of the new state parties that I have heard of has put a woman suffrage plank in its platform. Each and all of them, like the old Republican and Democratic parties, have welcomed women to work for them and have nominated women to some school offices. The new parties may have nominated more women, but not one of them has made woman's right to vote a party measure, requiring its nominees and its official papers to speak of it as one of the planks in its platform of principles. And until some great party does this thing, I shall not shout the praises of any one of them for nominations of women. The thing we are asking is not for men to put us into office, but for them to let us have the power to vote into office whomsoever we please.

A RATHER precocious infant had its christening unfortunately deferred until it was able to talk. After the minister had dipped his fingers in the water, and made the sign of the cross on her forehead, the unawed child leaned down, and catching up the long sleeve of his white gown, wiped the water away, calmly remarking: "Baby's face clean. Don't want wassin; dot it wassed 'fore ustummed out."—*Harper's Bazar.*

RISE AND FALL.

'Twas a breach of promise suit, the letters all were read,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John,"
"My Darling Four leaf Clover,"
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," then
"Sir," and all was over.

Chicago Post.

The pipe of peace is a gentle thing,
And worketh pleasing charms:
But O, the stove pipe is not so!
It changeth weal to bitter woe,
And soundeth war's alarms.

The following curious advertisement appeared not long ago in a newspaper in Paris: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of a rich mahogany color desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match."

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers are required to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

THE NEW NATION.

We have on our table No. 1, Vol. I, of *The New Nation*, published weekly, by Edward Bellamy, at No. 13 Winter street, Boston, Mass. In an article captioned "The New Nation," the editor pays special attention to the question, "Why will not the old nation do?" Among the reasons why the old nation will not do, and in what special particulars the new nation will be an improvement, the editor says that: "In the old nation, the system by which the work of life is carried on is a sort of perpetual warfare, a struggle, literally, to the death, between men and men. It is a system by which the contestants are forced to waste in fighting more effort than they have left for work. The sordid and bitter nature of the struggle so hardens, for the most part, the relations of men to their fellows that in the domestic circle alone do they find exercise for the better, tenderer and more generous elements of their nature." The editor further remarks, that in the old nation—that is, in the present nation, "the people are divided, against nature, into classes: one very small class being the wealthy; another and much larger class being composed of those who maintain with difficulty a condition of tolerable comfort constantly shadowed by apprehension of its loss; with, finally, a vastly greater and quite preponderating class of very poor, who have no dependence even for bare existence save a wage which is uncertain from day to day." It is also pointed out that "half of the nation—the women—are dependent upon the personal favor of the other half, the men, for their means of support"—that "a million of men are crying for work; that, not only does wealth devour poverty, but wealth devours wealth," etc. Under the "new nation," all these things will be changed. There will be "neither rich nor poor," all will be employed except the sick, the old and infirm, and they will have every possible attention.

In the new nation it is said that "the children will be cherished as precious jew-

els, inestimable pledges of the divine love to men. Though mother and father forsake them, the nation will take them up," and that "education will be equal and universal, and will cover the entire period of life during which it is now enjoyed by the most favored classes," and when these things are accomplished, then—"for the first time in history, the world will behold a true republic, rounded, full-orbed, complete,—a republic, social, industrial, political."

W. A. SHEAHAN AND MISS JENNIE PRATT.

We have seldom sharpened our fable for a more agreeable task than to record the marriage of Brother W. A. Sheahan, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, to Miss Jennie R. Pratt, of Galesburg, Ill.—the happy event having taken place on the 10th of February last.

How much pleasure it would have afforded us to have been present on the delightful occasion, we shall not attempt to explain, but it would have been all that we are capable of realizing, when a friend, noble, strong and true, endowed with every ennobling trait of manhood, appropriates to himself the highest prize man can draw in all of the lotteries of life, a beautiful and accomplished woman, to be his partner, for weal or woe, through life. On the occasion referred to, we fancy Bro. Sheahan was oblivious of his records, cash account—death and disabilities, and grievance committees, and, contemplating his wife in her bridal robes, whispered audibly—

"Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only world I see:
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile on me."

It is needless to say, how warmly we welcome Brother Sheahan and his bride to the ranks of home builders and beautifiers, or how much or how generously we wish them the largest possible share of happiness and prosperity.

We have before us Vol. I, No. 2 of the *Brotherhood Home Journal*, a new monthly paper published in the interest of the Brotherhood of Railway Employes' Home, a very worthy and beneficent enterprise which we have discussed at some length in previous issues of this *Magazine*. The *Journal* is edited by Dr. Frank M. Ingalls one of the vice presidents of the "Home" and can be had at the low rate of 60 cents per annum. It is designed to disseminate the gospel of fraternity and fellowship and has our best wishes for success. Address, Brotherhood Home *Journal*, 1014 W. Lake St., Chicago. Send for a sample copy and see how you would like to invest sixty cents in a year's subscription.

BROTHERHOOD OF BLACKSMITHS.

That the "brotherhood" sentiment is abroad in the land and that it is growing at a phenomenal rate, is apparent to even the most indifferent observer of the signs and tendencies of the times. All trades and occupations are coming into line. It is the shibboleth of the age and is destined, as we believe, to arouse mankind from social lethargy and stupor to a full comprehension of their rights and the requisite courage to defend and maintain them. In this connection it affords us pleasure to introduce an official circular issued at Denver, Colo., under date of January 19th, by our valued friend and co-worker, James H. Cater, who has recently succeeded to the office of Grand Master of the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths, an organization in all regards in sympathy with the protective spirit of the times and meriting the unqualified support of every friend of labor. The full text of the circular, which voices heroic sentiments, is as follows:

DENVER, COLO., January 19, 1891.

To the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths of America:

BROTHERS:—By the resignation of Brother James Edwards, our first grand master, I, by virtue of being the vice grand master, am his successor, to serve until the next annual convention of the grand union in the capacity of grand master. Therefore I feel it my duty to address you upon a matter of very grave import and of great moment to the unions. I beg of you to give the subject that amount of consideration and thought that it demands.

To my mind, and I believe a large majority of the brothers are with me, the time has come when something of an active nature must be done in order to win success. We are passing through the experimental period as an order. Very much depends upon our action in the next few months. If we act with wisdom and zeal for the brotherhood we shall pass through the period of trial with credit and prosperity.

In view of the importance and desirability of our existence as an organization, is it not worth our while to make a strong and united effort to make the order a powerful body and a complete success? We believe the brothers generally deem the cause of sufficient moment to us all to push forward any measure of a reasonable character to promote the best interests of the brotherhood. It may appear to many of us that we are a very small body of men, and it will require many years of patient effort before we amount to much, that it is best to grow slowly and take time to develop.

We are living in a wonderful age and one of its distinguishing characteristics is the remarkable progress of labor organizations. There are many powerful orders to day which a few years ago were only weak and struggling societies. By active work and persevering endeavor they are to-day in the foreground.

Why the same results cannot be accomplished by us we cannot understand, providing we show the same commendable spirit of zeal and persistence. Anything worth having requires an effort to be made in order to secure it. From every standpoint we may look upon the matter of our expansion and increase it means benefit and advantage to us.

My proposition to the brothers is for the executive officer to make a circuit all over the manufacturing districts and proceed to organize unions. The work cannot be successfully accomplished by mail—it is too slow and does not perform the labor satisfactorily.

We can have the valuable help of labor leaders in the various cities of importance in organizing the

trade if the brothers desire it. We feel able to make the effort, starting for Chicago and forming unions along the line from there to the middle eastern and southern states: call open meetings to the trade; lecture to them on the labor cause, and show the necessity of a Blacksmiths' Union in every city in the United States and Canada.

In this endeavor we can count on the cooperation of such men as Gompers, Debs, Howard, Sweney, Gruelle and a number of other able men who are desirous of seeing unionism flourish. It will entail some expense, of course, but that will very largely be defrayed by the new unions that will be brought into our ranks. We would like to hear from the unions on this subject and be guided by their decision. A small amount from each union will be sufficient—say ten cents from each member in good standing on the books—to carry on this line of work.

Brothers, please take action on this matter at your next meeting if you are desirous of seeing our honored organization go to the front where it belongs. We have a bright future before us if we can prove equal to the emergency, and make a strong and determined effort to succeed. There is nothing to prevent us having as powerful a brotherhood as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, save our own inaction and lack of interest. Brothers, let us prove worthy of the task imposed upon us, and by the use of that irresistible power, organization, win a glorious victory.

Yours fraternally,
JAMES H. CATER,
Grand Master.

N. B.—Presidents and secretaries of unions will please send all communications for the grand master to James H. Cater, 428 Charles Block, Denver, Colo.

Having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Brother Cater, who, by the way, is also the editor of *United Labor*, published at Denver, a dauntless advocate of the rights of workingmen, we do not hesitate to say that he is eminently the right man in the right place. His mental equipments are such as to make him a superior presiding officer, while as an executive he will be equal to every duty his office imposes. The members of our brotherhood, who are the friends of all brotherhoods of workingmen are urgently requested to aid in every way in their power in promoting the interests of the Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and by so doing they will be contributing to the advancement of the great cause of labor to which we are all consecrated.

AN English statistician, having given national wealth special attention, says that "public wealth is made up of ten items, every one of which can be calculated to a nicety except the value of public works. Thus; land is worth thirty times the assessed annual rental valuation. Houses are worth eighteen times the rental. Furniture, according to insurance agents, is worth on an average half the value of the house. In the comparison of aggregate values arrived at by this computation our own country comes out ahead. The wealth of France is \$15,500,000,000, that of the United Kingdom, \$18,000,000,000, and that of the States, \$68,000,000,000." This would give the people of the United States about \$180 per capita—several millions have less than 18 cents per capita, but Jay Gould is not of the number.

MR. D. J. BROWN, OF THE B. OF L. E.

In the B. of L. E. *Journal* for January appears an article attacking D. J. Brown, of Leland Stanford Division, No. 283, B. of L. E., and captioned "A Miserable Effort." The caption is singularly expressive. The article is, sure enough, "A Miserable Effort"—that is to say, it is of very poor quality, really worthless. The *Journal* never hit the nail squarer on the head than when it captioned its attack on D. J. Brown, "A Miserable Effort." It was a happy idea. It filled the bill. The writer must have been inspired. It was a center shot. As a "trade mark" nothing could have been more felicitous—in a word, "A Miserable Effort" tells the story.

"O! ah! alack! exclaims the *Journal*, you don't get the hang of the "shooting match." What we intended saying was, that the oration of D. J. Brown, at the San Francisco convention of the B. of L. E., was a "miserable effort, not our criticism of the address." Well, your explanation of your "miserable effort," scarcely helps you, for if you intend to say Mr. Brown's splendid address was a "miserable effort," then, in that case, you made a miserable mistake.

Mr. Brown's address, instead of being a "miserable effort," was a masterly effort. Print it alongside of Chauncey M. Depew's Pittsburg oration, and then call for votes as to which is the "miserable effort," and Chauncey will win by a big majority. It would be seen that Mr. Brown was the most thoughtful and indeed, the most brilliant.

From first to last, D. J. Brown's address held the audience and won applause. It was bold, honest, courageous, and thoughtful. It was the address of a man who dared to tell the truth and take all the responsibilities.

In our notice of the address, our words were not too eulogistic. We sought to do the gallant locomotive engineer simple justice, without the slightest reference to his criticisms upon Grand Chief Arthur. Mr. Brown not only knows the Grand Chief Engineer, but is capable of measuring him and weighing him, and why should not a veteran engineer, a member of the B. of L. E., who is a friend of all the orders of trainmen, say, "We want a leader whose charity goes a little farther than his own threshold?" Why should he not tell the truth and say, "Our order is and has been for years dominated by one man," and that this one man "is an autocrat in the organization over which he presides."

In this connection it is well enough to say that Leland Stanford Lodge, in censuring (?) Brother Brown, does it in such a mild, courteous and considerate way, that it becomes equivalent to an indorsement. The language is as gentle as a zephyr. If every word had been chips of pig lead, and

had fallen a thousand feet, they would not have injured the wing of a gnat. The "whereases" and the "resolutions" are equivalent to saying, "Ah! Brother Brown, you naughty man, don't you know the truth need not be spoken at all times?"

The division did not resolve that Brother Brown's address was a "miserable effort," and it is just here that the B. of L. E. *Journal* made a mistake. It should have been content to let the division speak.

The editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*, in referring to the address of D. J. Brown, kept largely within the boundaries of admissible commendation. The hearty and constant applause awarded the speaker from start to finish, was in the nature of an ovation. A veteran engineer, with gray hairs, furrowed cheeks, bronzed with exposure—himself once a fireman, and whose great heart was full of kindness, touched responsive chords. His address was really eloquent. If Grand Chief Arthur would utter such sentiments, or, more properly, if he would practice such sentiments, he too could have the applause of conventions other than those of his order. Let it be said right here, that "the locomotive firemen's association" approve the address of D. J. Brown at San Francisco. His utterances were not dictated by the B. of L. E. convention. He spoke from his own knowledge and his own experience, and no one has said that he did not *speake the truth*.

In closing this article, already too extended, we desire to quote a sentence or two from the article of the *Journal*:

The *Journal* has in the past, and we hope we may never forget our position in the future so far as to be guilty of giving our personal opinions editorially against a sister association. [The italics are ours.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

Why talk of "sister associations?" Why use such an endearing expression? What associations are referred to? When did the *Journal* treat any association of workmen as a "sister association?" When did it ever speak a generous word for a "sister association?" Was it when P. M. Arthur said "sister associations" must "mind their own business?" Was it when he declared he "never had and never would cooperate with any 'sister associations?'" It does not matter if the *Journal* has been silent about "sister associations"—what has been its policy, except cold, callous, unfeeling indifference? Not one kind, encouraging word has been spoken; no helping hand given. Such has been the policy of the B. of L. E. *Journal* toward what it calls its "sister associations."

Again, says the *Journal*, "If our readers will devote a few hours of their leisure time to the perusal of the several railway official publications, the most skeptical of them will perceive that there is a lack of that fellowship that should exist."

The *Journal* starts out as a pseudo evangelist. It wants to be known as an advocate of "fellowship," when its policy toward all its "sister associations" has been that of "mind your own business," as foreign to brotherhood, companionship, fraternity, generosity, fellow feeling, as fire is to an icicle. To look for a sentiment of fellowship, of interest in the welfare of a "sister association," in the *Journal*, would be like hunting for sunflowers in Spitzbergen, and yet it would have its readers believe that all "the railway official organs" are opposed to "fellowship."

Consistency, verily, thy name is B. of L. *E. Journal*.

THE GIFT BUSINESS.

Some railroad officials are fond of costly presents, quite as much so as was old Solomon and all the breed of kings down to the young Hohenzollern William, who wears a four pound crown, stuck full of precious stones, valued at several millions.

This thing of giving gifts to august personages has vast antiquity to back up the custom and is likely to continue for some time to come. The *Railway Age*, however, is disposed to sit down on the custom and save:

Presentations to railway officials, either by employees or by patrons of their roads, should cease to be tolerated. No employee should be subjected to the moral compulsion of being asked to contribute toward a gift for his chief; no shipper should dare to seem to invite special consideration in return for a present; no railway officer should accept a gift in his official capacity which represents money contributions. When an esteemed officer is retiring from service or going to another company a handsomely written expression of good will from his associates and subordinates is appropriate, and its possession should be far more gratifying to the recipient than costly gifts of gold or silver or precious stones, the money for which he knows, to some extent at least, has been wrung from unwilling givers or at any rate from some who have robbed themselves or their families in making their contribution.

As a matter of course the whole thing is ridiculous. There is not a redeeming feature in it. It is not only ridiculous but vicious. But nevertheless, this thing of giving gifts to kings has a practical side to it. True, the maxim is, "Kings can do no wrong." They can forget gifts and all other exhibitions of sycophancy, still the givers hope that substantial returns will be made. They hope for the king's favor when it is required, and having the gifts the king ought to remember the givers in the time of trial. Kings like substantial things: a gold watch, a medal, a gold headed cane, a diamond ring or breastpin, are of more value to them than a set of gilt edged resolutions, and the employees know it, hence they give what the boss will appreciate. The idea is founded in human nature and it will take some time to reconstruct the average official. In this connection the *Locomotive Engineer* remarked some time ago:

This is about the season of the year when the Christmas present fiend commences to pass his little

list for the names and dollars of such suckers as will put up. If there is an official on your road who needs a Christmas present, don't stand in the way of his buying one for himself. You buy your own. If some official is going away who has been a man among men, and you want to encourage him for it, it might do to give him a present. But a well-written memorial or set of resolutions will show him your appreciation just as well as a gold watch—and is cheaper. If there is an unfortunate fellow worker of your acquaintance, or the needy family of one, put your hand in your pocket and fish up all you can spare. When the man who has the list for the "old man's present" comes around, don't plead poverty, don't sneak away, but say "No," in as good clear English as you can command.

This thing of thanksgiving resolutions has gone quite far enough. They are, to say nothing, syntax; a mass of slush and gush. The simple way out of the business, is, as the *Locomotive Engineer* says, say "No." Should the time ever come when the officers present gold watches, diamond pins, etc., to faithful employees, who change from one road to another, or pass highfalutin resolutions, it will be the time to discuss reciprocity; till then, let "no" be the watchword.

CHICAGO is to have a Masonic temple eighteen stories high. It will be the grandest structure in the world and architects of Europe are sending for cuts of the building. Norman S. Gassett says in the *Chicago Herald*:

The temple will be built so as to resist successfully the wind at a velocity of 135 miles an hour. Such a wind would level all the ordinary business blocks of the city. The highest wind known in Chicago was but forty-two miles an hour. The weight of the people on each floor has been overestimated. We have provided to sustain a weight of as many people as could be packed in solid as sardines on every foot of space on every floor. We have also exaggerated the weight of the beams and of fire-proofing. The upper floor will be as strong as the lower. They will so depend upon each other as to be of uniform strength. Built on this principle it could be safely made forty stories high on that foundation. The only objection would be it would require too much room for elevators. We now will have fourteen elevators, eight foot cars, all arranged in a circle. That's more elevators than there are in any other building in the city. The superstructure and foundation are alike solid. Externally the four sides of the temple will be exactly alike. Even the alley sides will be a duplicate of the State and Randolph street sides. It will appear exactly the same, no matter from what direction viewed. The general appearance of the temple will be that of a gigantic monument.

The temple speaks for Chicago which carries at least 500 pounds pressure to the square inch of boiler surface without the slightest danger of bursting.

The following is from German authority upon railway mileage January, 1889: Europe, 133,900; America, 190,000; Asia, 18,000; Africa, 5,200; Australia, 10,500; total, 357,600, as compared with 293,000 in 1884. Of the increase of 64,600 miles during the four years, 40,000 is in America and 30,000 in the United States alone; 11,000 miles were opened in 1885, 17,000 in 1886, 23,000 in 1887 and 13,000 in 1888.

WARES, MERCHANDISE AND MEN.

Kate Field's Washington has the following:

The Ways and Means committee say:

"Those who advocate duties for revenue solely see only as a result of their theory cheaper prices of wares and merchandise, and are blind to the other necessary effect, that of lower wages and cheaper men."

If that sentence has any meaning whatever—which I do not assert—it is that the less price one pays for provisions and clothes the more expensive is living, and that the cheaper the cost of necessities the cheaper are the buyers.

I find a similar thought embodied in a speech accredited to General Harrison, in March, 1888. He says:

"I am one of those uninstructed political economists that have an impression that some things may be too cheap. I cannot find myself in full sympathy with this demand for cheaper coats, which seems to me necessarily to involve a cheaper man and woman under the coat."

I will not do the President the injustice to infer that he measured the value of the man by the cost of the coat which covered him, or that he held a laboring man in a jeans coat to be less worthy of his consideration than a manufacturer in broadcloth; but as an "uninstructed political economist" he has fallen into the error of implying that a man who wears a coat which was bought with the price of ten bushels of wheat was a "cheaper man" than if he had paid the price of twenty bushels of wheat for the same coat; or that the housewife whose dress was bought with fifty pounds of butter was a "cheaper woman" than she would have been if she had bought the same dress with one hundred pounds of her butter.

Running through the foregoing, is the association of men and women, and children as well, with goods, wares and merchandise of every description.

The admission is made that "lower wages" make "cheaper men." The terms "cheap men" and "cheap women" are becoming as common as "cheap pork" "cheap beef" "cheap wool" or "cheap cotton." Low wages, say the political economists of the times, make "cheap men." In old plantation days negro traders talked of "cheap men" and of "cheap women." Prices ranged from \$50 for a "yearling nigger" to \$500 for a "field hand," and \$800 to \$1,000 for a superior male or female "nigger." Now we hear "cheap men" talked of in what is called the "Northern labor market," and in congress men chatter about labor as a "commodity."

"Cheap men" and "cheap women" are, if employers can bring about the change, to constitute a class. A "cheap coat" is to designate a "cheap man," and a "cheap dress," a "cheap woman."

Words are the signs of ideas, of conceptions of the mind. What do the terms "cheap men" and "cheap women" signify? Are they intended to convey the impression that such people are independent, self respectful, the peers of high priced men and women? Why should a "cheap coat" and a "cheap dress" signify that those who wear them are "cheap?" A rich man may wear a cheap coat, and a rich woman may wear a calico dress, and not be known and referred to as "cheap" people; but compel

them to wear cheap clothing, and then the rich designate them as "cheap" men and women. Withhold from them honest wages, compel them to work for such wages as are being paid by hundreds of corporations, and you have entered upon a policy which degrades men, women and children, and they become cheaper the longer the injustice prevails.

Already, in the United States, it is known that human life is cheap. The reports from New England, officially made, and presented to congress, demonstrate that New England is full of "cheap men," and particularly, "cheap women." They not only wear cheap coats and cheap dresses, but live in cheap huts and subsist upon cheap food and too little of that. In the mining districts of the country, particularly where the Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Co., holds sway—cheap men and women abound. "Cheap men and cheap women" is the shibboleth of corporations—of monopolists and millionaire employers. This cheapness brings rags and filth and degradation.

Philanthropists blubber over conditions which would shock the sensibilities of savages. Crime is steadily increasing as men and women are cheapened. What is the matter? This: Employers, by methods that are cruel to devilishness are robbing people who work, and as a result, degradation is increasing. What is the remedy? This: Pay fair wages. Let labor have its fair share of the wealth it creates. Stop stealing by processes that shame civilization and make our boasted christianity a gilded sham, and our laws a menace to advancement. Stop taxation by which the poor are made poorer and the rich richer. Cleanse the Augean courts and put honest men at the helm to make laws. The multiplication of "cheap men" is dangerous.

The Switchmen's Journal, under the editorial management of John A. Hall, is developing into a robust and influential publication. The February issue, as the cockney said of Niagara, is "dom'd foine, well got up," and seriously Brother Hall is making the *Journal* all that the most exacting could demand. It is out and out a brotherhood publication and in discussing subjects relating to labor, displays the *map* and *grit* characteristic of the organization it represents.

READERS of the *Magazine* who purchase goods from merchants, firms or companies who advertise in its columns are requested to state always that they saw the advertisement in the *Firemen's Magazine*. The value of the *Magazine* as an advertising medium will thus be made manifest and the pecuniary advantages therefrom will accrue to the brotherhood.

THE *Steam Railroad Men's Journal* is the title of a new monthly publication which has just made its appearance, the initial number of which is on our table. It is published at Boston, with Chas. A. Kellar as editor and manager, and is the official organ of the Steam Railroad Men's Protective Union. In his "bow to the public" the editor, among other things, says: "This journal will be devoted exclusively to the work of forwarding the interests of railroad men and the publication of such news, from various parts of the country, as shall be of interest to those who are engaged in the hazardous and laborious work of setting brakes, pulling pins and throwing switches." Also the following: "The immediate interests of railroad men are multifarious and highly important. Lives and limbs need protection, wages are entirely too low, railroad employes are required to work too many hours daily. The managers of railroad corporations are slow to make improvements in the service. They are fearful that safety drawbars, guard rails, increased wages, reduced hours of labor and higher bridges and many other needed changes will decrease dividends, and hence that the manager will be forced to resign. While we do not propose to deprive the stockholder of his dividend nor the managers of their positions, yet we do emphatically claim that the lives and limbs of human beings, whether they are employes or travelers, should be placed above every other consideration."

While this *Magazine* is committed to the "brotherhood idea," that is to say, that each department in the railway service should organize separately and then unite together in a federated alliance, still we are not disposed to discourage others who, with equal faith in their particular plan of organization, are seeking, by such means as may to them seem prudent and advisable, to promote the interests of the great body of railway men of the country. The end in view is always the same, and ultimately, as we believe, the principle of the "survival of the fittest" will prevail and all men who favor the triumph of workmen over oppression and injustice will be brought together in harmonious alliance and work together upon the same lines to achieve success. We wish the *Journal* success in its work equal in all regards to its expectations.

SINCE the time when Professor Morse hitched electricity to the wire and made it talk, the United States has built 776,500 miles of telegraph wire, and in 1889 no less than 56,000,000 messages were sent through the country. France has 220,890 miles of wire, on which in 1889 were transmitted 30,050,000 dispatches. Great Britain has 180,000 miles of metal line, and in 1889 sent 51,000,000 messages.

THE BURNS LIABILITY BILL.

The following is the full text of the bill introduced by Hon. Wm. E. Burns, of Chicago, in the General Assembly of Illinois, defining the liability of railroad corporations for injuries to their employes:

A bill for an act to define and establish the liability of railroad corporations for injuries by and to their fellow-servants.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly.* Whenever any railroad corporation operating any railroad in this State, shall have in its employ two or more fellow-servants, co-employes, or agents who shall be, by the nature of their employment, habitually associated and jointly engaged as such in the same line or branch of railroad service, connected in any manner with the use and operation of its railroad in and about its business as a common carrier of passengers and freight, and one of such fellow-servants, co-employes, or agents shall be injured or killed by reason or in consequence, wholly or in part, of the wrongful or negligent act or default of another of them, occurring in and about the latter's performance of his part of such branch or line of such railroad service in, or in any manner connected with, such use and operation of said railroad in and about its business as such common carrier of passengers and freight; and such wrongful or negligent act, or default is such as would have entitled the said party injured; or in case of his death, his personal representative, for the benefit of his widow and next of kin, to have maintained an action against such railroad corporation, and to have recovered therein damages in respect of such injuries or death, had the party so injured not been such fellow servant of the party so causing such injury, then and in every such case such railroad corporation shall be liable to an action for damages for such injury at the suit of such injured servant, employe, or agent, or in case of his death at the suit of his personal representative, as aforesaid, for the benefit of his widow and next of kin, as if the relationship of fellow servant had not existed between the party so injured or killed and the party so causing his injury or death; and no rule, regulation or contract between such corporation and any servant, employe, or agent thereof, shall impair or diminish such liability of such corporation.

SEC. 2. Whereas, an emergency exists, therefore this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

The bill is eminently just in its provisions. There is not an element of injustice in it. All that is contemplated in the bill is that railroad employes, when injured in the discharge of their duties, shall not be made the victims of unjust discrimination in the courts, as has hitherto been the case. No special privileges are asked or desired. Simple justice—fair play, is all that is demanded. The railway employes of the State of Illinois are profoundly interested in the passage of the bill, for should it become a law it will protect them against outrageous decisions of courts, by virtue of which, no matter how just their claims, they are deprived of their rights to recover damages in case of injury while in the discharge of their duties. As a matter of course a powerful lobby has been organized at Springfield to defeat the bill in the interest of the corporations. Every conceivable influence will be brought to bear against the measure, but if the railway employes of the state are alive to their interests, if they will rally to the support of the representa-

tives who are championing their cause, the bill will pass in spite of corporation attorneys and be incorporated in the statute books of the state. In this connection we desire to introduce the following circular, which has been issued by the Grand Lodge of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association:

CHICAGO, January 24, 1891.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The inclosed "bill" was presented in the house by Wm. E. Burns, representative from the Fifth district. Mr. Burns is a member both of the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F., and was elected by the railroad men of his district. The bill was prepared by Judge Barnum, the legal adviser of our association, and he is the best authority on constitutional law in this city. So many bills of this character have been passed by the various states, only to be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, that it is absolutely necessary that we permit no tinkering or amending of this bill. Mr. Barnum is *our own paid attorney*, and stakes his professional reputation upon the constitutionality of Mr. Burns' bill, and we cannot afford to have its usefulness destroyed by our would-be friends in the legislature, who think that they can improve upon it, as the introduction of a single word may render it null and void. If these men are our friends, they will fall in line and support this measure: if they are paid by corporations, they will endeavor to render our bill useless by amending, or supporting another bill that would not be worth the paper upon which it is written.

The grand lodges of the S. M. A. A. of N. A., B. of L. E., B. of L. F., B. of R. T., B. of R. C., and O. R. C., have indorsed the bill presented by Mr. Burns, and have pledged themselves to use their influence towards its passage. A committee has been appointed to make the proper representation to the members of the legislature at Springfield, but it is now desired that each lodge of the above named organizations appoint committees to wait upon their representatives, in both the house and senate, at home, and enlist their active cooperation in securing its passage. This is not a political measure in any sense. We must have the aid of both parties. Give your representatives plainly to understand that we will not permit any amendments or legislative trickery of any kind to interfere with this bill. Make it distinctively and emphatically known that no amount of technicality will blind us; we know what we want and will strip the veil from every man, and let him stand out clear and distinct. In the broad light of day, either as a friend or a foe. Heretofore party affiliations have been too strong with us. Let your representative be informed that if he is our friend and honestly supports this measure, we will bring an army of friends to his support. Independent of party lines; if he is our enemy in this work, and attempts to defeat our bill, either openly or by supporting a fraudulent measure, we will unite every railroad voter in his district against him. We will generously reward our friends, and as certainly punish those who are lukewarm or refuse to give us their aid.

Having outlined the policy to be pursued, let us impress upon your minds the imperative need of immediate action. Brothers Simsrott and Hall have just returned from Springfield and report favorably on our chances, but it is necessary for railroad men of the districts to confer with their representatives, and let each of them know that their constituents are vitally interested in this bill, and request their aid. *Do not delay action.* Call a meeting at once, appoint a committee with proper credentials or authority, who will call upon the senator and members of the house at their first visit home, and in the meantime the secretary of the committee must write them at Springfield advising them of the action taken by the railroad men in indorsing Mr. Burns' bill and requesting their influence to secure its passage. Let that letter be signed by the whole committee or as large a number of their constituents as possible to obtain in so short a time.

The foregoing states the case fully and

explicitly. No time should be lost. If the bill fails to pass, it will be because of the supineness of the men themselves. They have it in their power to make a law of the Burns bill. Will they do it? We shall see. For years we have heard men talk about what they proposed to do in the way of securing fair and honest legislation and now the time has come for action and we hope that it will be such that its force will be felt and respected and that when the legislature of Illinois shall have adjourned, the cause of labor will have triumphed in so far as the statutes of the state relating to labor's interests are concerned.

A bill similar to the Burns bill is pending before the legislature of Indiana and has passed the lower house. The same measure has been introduced in other legislatures. The demand for its passage is spontaneous and universal, and what is here said in reference to the duties of railway employes in combining their influence to carry it through will apply to all states and localities. Let there be prompt, vigorous and united action, and victory is certain.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Our esteemed friend, J. H. Cater, Esq., of *United Labor*, Denver, Colo., is pleased to say:

We are pained to notice the intended retirement of the above named distinguished leader and teacher from his position as Grand Secretary-Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Editor of their able *Magazine*. We fully realize the loss that the gallant knights of the scop are about to sustain by his resignation. Beyond all question he has been the leading spirit of their splendid organization. It was his bright mind that led them on the pathway of success and devised the methods that secured such triumphant results. Surely we cannot help but regret the severance of so strong a tie and the resignation of so great a worker and champion from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, an organization we have always admired and for whose prosperity we ever desire. It may be that a broader field of usefulness opens for Mr. Debs in the establishment of a large daily labor newspaper on the same scale as the *World, Sun or Herald*. It is possible that he can do more good in that capacity than where he is now. We trust that such may be the case, but in view of the efforts of Swinton and other noble and gifted journalists who have made the experiment in a weekly paper and failed, we must confess we look upon the project with some misgiving, but we shall be glad to see our fears unfounded. With the restless energy, business tact and great literary abilities that Mr. Debs possesses, backed up with sufficient capital, he may be successful in accomplishing the greatest work of the present time for the labor cause by establishing a truly great labor daily.

The project is a noble one, a gigantic task, which, if it succeeds, will prove an inestimable boon to the workers and civilization. We hope that in everything the tireless leader of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen undertakes for the advancement of the cause he will be unanimously supported by the hosts of organized labor.

Such generous words may not appear to every one like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," but to one soon to take his position in the ranks, they possess inestimable value.

And here are more in the same line, from Comrade J. N. Corbin, editor of the *Union Pacific Employes' Magazine*:

E. V. Debs, General Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*, announces in that journal for January that he is about to resign from his position. Mr. Debs has demonstrated that he is possessed of the qualifications necessary to fill the dual position, and we trust the Brotherhood will select a man equally as qualified. Mr. Debs has our best wishes for success wherever duty or inclination may call him.

Journalism has its rough places, but without, its sunny spots, so bright and endearing that when found they live forever in the memory while all else is forgotten.

And here is one of them made specially pleasant by the artistic pencil of our friend and co-laborer, L. W. Rogers, of the *Railroad Trainmen's Journal*:

Eugene V. Debs has announced his intention of retiring from public life, and sincere will be the regret of his many thousand friends. For more than thirteen years Mr. Debs has been the Editor and Manager of the *Firemen's Magazine*. For several years he has also been treasurer of the organization, and through his hands have passed the millions of dollars gathered in small sums from all parts of the country, and distributed among the unfortunate. During these years of service for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen Mr. Debs has made a reputation as a writer that is by no means confined to railroad circles, while his sturdy defense of the rights of labor has won for him a place in the hearts of the toilers that may well be envied by the ablest leaders and advocates.

The organization to which he belongs will find no little difficulty in filling acceptably the position of so able a man.

"Kind words never die" has been set to music for Sunday school children, but with even more propriety, and in a louder tone, they can be sung by stalwart men. That's a fact.

The *Federationist*, having read our note "To the Brotherhood" in the January *Magazine*, is kind enough to comment as follows:

We confess to a feeling of more than ordinary sorrow upon reading the above, for, look at it any way we may, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a calamity to the best interests of our order. There is no doubt but that to Mr. Debs more than any other one man the great and prosperous Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen owes to-day its greatness and prosperity. There can be no doubt but that to him belongs the credit of raising it from an obscure handful of men, comparatively without protection, credit or standing to its present splendid condition. To him belongs the honor of placing its official organ, the *Magazine*, in the very front rank among labor journals, and in making this assertion we except none. And lastly to him belongs the credit of keeping it where his energies and business ability had placed it. Therefore, we say his resignation cannot but be regarded as a calamity, and one which will be worse felt in realization than in anticipation. True, many—very many—will say we have men in our order of equal ability with our present Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and it is not for us to say that we have not, but it may, and probably will, take a long time and much research to find them. We hope, for the good of the order, that Mr. Debs will reconsider his determination, and we believe that he owes it to the organization, which is such a splendid monument to his ability, not to sever his connection with it until some vital problems are unraveled at least.

The *Midland Mechanic*, of Kansas City, in commenting on the same subject, is kind enough to say the following:

In the January number of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Eugene V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Editor of the *Magazine*, makes a for-

mal and positive announcement of his intention to refuse a re-election to that or any other office.

Mr. Debs has held his present office over a decade and has been re-elected without a dissenting vote on six different occasions. When he accepted the office, which is more closely allied with failure or success than any other, the order was practically bankrupt and had less than 2,000 members. To-day the order has over 20,000 members and a financial standing second to none.

Since Mr. Debs' induction as editor the *Magazine* has increased from 3,500 to 33,000 copies per month. Eugene V. Debs has been one of the most successful labor agitators in the country and wields a pen which is a terror to the opposition and a comfort and encouragement to his co-workers. He has never been a trimmer and, while conservative, has yet been one of the foremost in the battle for labor's rights. He is a great federationist, and to his efforts is in a great measure due the success of the Federation of Railway Employees.

The reason given by Mr. Debs for his retirement is that he intends engaging in other business. The *Associated Press* says he is going to found a labor paper in New York city.

If this is true, it will mark two important facts. First, that the metropolis will secure a first class, live and enterprising labor paper, and the *Associated Press* will for the first time in its history have told the truth in a matter which interests the labor organizations of the country.

No matter what vocation Mr. Debs may decide to follow, he will take with him the respect and well wishes of thousands who will still continue to fight in the cause of unionism and federation.

Such expressions are appreciated and like wine will improve with age, but the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen without trouble will find the man to carry forward the work in which we have been engaged.

We would be less than fair if we failed to introduce such testimony as may be offered from the *other side*, and hence reproduce the following extract from a communication which appeared in the *Engineers' Journal* for February, written from Portland, Me., under date of Jan. 1st, 1891, and signed "Division No. 40":

MESSENGERS. EDITORS: Am very glad to see the improvement in our *Journal*. It is getting to be a very strong publication, and it was a good move making its subscription a part of our grand dues. I am not in favor of compulsion—by railroad companies—but if a member don't think enough of the order to take its official organ his case ought to be attended to. I have read the *Firemen's Journal* a good deal lately, and the principal part of the editor's business seems to be in trying to injure the Brotherhood of Engineers, its grand officers and *Journal*. Happily, the aforesaid editor is harmless. Still it shows a woeful lack of decency and good sense in a person holding such a position, and if not prompted by personal feelings, shows him to be a dull scholar of the times in which he lives. His *extensive* railroad service did not make him a great student of human nature. I don't think any great portion of the firemen take any stock in his utterances, and perhaps the best editorial he ever published was the one giving notice of his proposed resignation. I hope the next editor of the firemen's journal will be more liberal-minded. His utterances against Mr. Depew were in very bad taste. I should be very sorry to have our *Journal* indulge in any such criticisms upon any prominent man who might address the firemen upon a public occasion. It is an honor to us when such men go out of their way to address us, and we should cultivate their acquaintance as much as possible. It is a part of our Grand Chief's policy of "let us reason together," and neither Mr. Depew nor the Brotherhood of Engineers have lost any of their self-respect or manhood by the few hours of social intercourse they have had together. May the friendly feelings long exist.

The question of federation is still "on deck"

among part of our members, though from my standpoint I am happy that the number is in the minority, and very much so. I am in favor of joint action with the firemen in matters pertaining to our mutual interests. I am not in favor of a federation as proposed.

To what extent firemen "take stock" in our utterances is not for us to say; and the writer may be correct in his opinion of the "best editorial" we ever published. From his standpoint we are not inclined to differ with him. At all events we shall have no fault to find with the final verdict.

INUENDOES.

The *Railway Service Gazette*, under the caption of "A Suggestive History," refers to "a certain railway official" who has "just discharged from his employ nearly every one of his old passenger conductors." The *Gazette* says:

We have for the last fifteen years been pretty familiar with the career of this official. His history furnishes a curious and remarkable comment upon his action in discharging his old conductors. When we first knew him, and knew of him, he was a poor man and was the general freight agent of one of the leading lines of railways, with a salary not exceeding \$2,500 a year. He is now a millionaire.

Throughout the entire article there are insinuations that this railway official has been a railroad wrecker and has made money by his scoundrelism. His plan has been to discharge conductors ostensibly because they were dishonest, but the *Gazette's* article, from first to last, suggests that his purpose was to bankrupt the road, throw it into the hands of a receiver, that he might enrich himself.

Now then, who is this railroad wrecker? Name him. He is one of those railway rascals whom it was a compliment to call a villain. He wrecks character that he may the better wreck railroads. He ought to be named, so that every honest man may have a whip to scourge him. Such a wretch ought to be "white-capped." Metaphorically, it will be pleasant for the *Magazine* to engage in the business; all we want is the name and the facts. The *Gazette* professes to be posted. Let us have the name of the miscreant.

The first issue of the *Toiler*, a new monthly paper published at Mason City, Iowa, in the interest of workingmen, is before us. In his salutatory the editor says: "The *Toiler* now enters on the brink of its laborious task of assisting the masses to wrest from unprincipled tyrants and oppressive corporations that which is justly theirs. The laboring men have accomplished much in the past few years, and the *Toiler* now joins in the onward march to victory. Its cause is the laboring men's cause, its sympathy is solely with them." All of which is very commendable, and we hope the *Toiler* may meet with success in its mission.

"A TIME TO SPEAK."

Said "The Preacher," "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to keep silence and a time to speak."

It is a time to speak when great wrongs exist and remedies are demanded. At such times courageous men are required to speak, and they will speak though the heavens fall.

The widely lamented Henry W. Grady, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, on June 29, 1889, delivered an address to the graduates of the Virginia University, and said many things that should be read and remembered.

Mr. Grady saw with the vision of a seer "that the time is approaching when the issue between plutocracy and the people will be forced to trial." What form the trial will take Mr. Grady did not intimate. He left his listeners to form their own conclusions, but added:

The fact that a man ten years from poverty has an income of \$20,000,000—and his two associates nearly as much—from the control and arbitrary pricing of an article of universal use, falls strangely upon the ears of those who hear it as they sit empty handed while children cry for bread. The tendency deepens the dangers suggested by the status. What is to be the end of this swift piling up of wealth? When the agent of half a dozen men who have captured and control an article of prime necessity, meets the representatives of a million farmers, from whom they have forced \$3,000,000 the year before, with no more moral right than is behind the highwayman who halts the traveler at his pistol's point, and insolently gives them the measure of this year's rapacity, and tells them—men who live by the sweat of their brows, and stand between God and Nature—that they must submit to the infamy because they are helpless, then the first fruits of this system are gathered, and have turned to ashes on the lips. When a dozen men get together in the morning and fix the price of a dozen articles of common use—with no standard but their arbitrary will and no limit but their greed or daring—and then notify the sovereign people of this free republic how much, in the mercy of their masters, they shall pay for the necessities of life, the point of intolerable shame has been reached.

Economists have held that wheat, grown everywhere, could never be cornered by capital. And yet one man in Chicago tied the wheat crop in his handkerchief, and held it, until a sewing woman in my city, working for ninety cents a week, had to pay him twenty cents on a sack of flour she bore home in her famished hands. The men held the cotton crop until the English spindles were stopped, and the lights went out in three million English homes. Last summer, one man cornered pork until he had levied a tax of \$2 per barrel on every consumer and pocketed a profit of millions. The Czar of Russia would not have dared do these things; and yet there are no secrets in this free government of ours!

Having said so much in such splendid English, having pointed out crimes perpetrated by gilded robbers who have played "highwaymen," men who have made bread dear to famishing families, atrocious acts which "the czar of Russia would not have dared to do," Mr. Grady asked, What is the remedy? and answers the question as follows:

To exalt the hearthstone; to strengthen the

home; to build up the individual; to magnify and defend the principle of local self government.

The man who kindles the fire on the hearthstone of a holy and righteous home burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who lives his most

Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the (national) government for nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government, nor merge it with the mob. Let him stand upright and fearless—a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his state, loyal to his republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

The question arises, did the eloquent speaker suggest any practical remedy for the monstrous crimes he pictured most truthfully? Did he not fail at the supreme moment? Did he not his address end in rhetorical pyrotechnics? Did he say "Ho! all ye millions robbed by a few robbers, under laws or in defiance of all laws, human and divine; band together, and with the ballot, the mighty weapon of free men, elect honest men to make laws and honest men to administer the laws?" No; nothing of the sort. He would "exalt the hearthstone," would "build up the individual" he would "exalt the citizen." But the men who have despoiled the hearthstone, degraded the individual and the citizen, made "flour" and "pork" dear, and home gloomy, and poverty universal, are in the saddle, and unless the treatment of conditions is heroic they will continue to rob as Mr. Grady showed they had done.

To crush the wrongs of which the eloquent speaker spoke, there must be organization of the masses, the victims of the robbers.

The lessons Mr. Grady would have the citizen taught have been taught for a couple of centuries. What is wanted is more than teaching; it is to put what everybody knows by heart into practice. The country wants organization, federation and ceaseless agitation, determination and action to roll back the encroachments of the money power organized for plunder.

If this is not done the continuous triumph of wrong and injustice is assured.

The *Journal of the National Association of Machinists* for February comes to us enlarged in form and materially improved in all respects. It now has 32 pages and its columns are replete with matter both interesting and instructive to the general reader. The *Journal* is a growing publication and fitly represents a growing organization.

SENATOR INGALLS, OF KANSAS, ON MILLIONAIRES.

In the senate of the United States, on the 14th of January, Mr. Ingalls of Kansas, delivered a speech which has attracted deserved attention. It seems that Senator Sherman, of Ohio, had referred to millionaires as "speculators." In reply, Mr. Ingalls said:

They are nearly the same, for the millionaires are not the producers and laborers of the country. They are arrayed like "Solomon in all his glory," but "they toil not, neither do they spin." Yes, they do spin. These gigantic accumulations have not been the result of industry and economy. There would be no protest against them if they were. The people had suddenly awoke to the conception of the fact that the great bulk of the property of the country was passing into the hands of those whom the senator from Ohio called by euphemism the speculators of the country. They were not of this country alone; they infested the financial and social system of every country. They were men of no politics; of all nationalities, and of no nationality. They had no politics but plunder, and no principle but the spoliation of the human race.

One man in this country, the Midas of the century, at whose touch everything turned to gold, had in a lifetime acquired, out of the aggregate of the nation's wealth, earned by the labor of all, a sum that exceeded the assessed value of four of the smaller states, and which was many times more than the entire wealth of the republic when it was founded. This was the most terrible commentary ever recorded in the book of time. And Nero fiddled while Rome burned. The means by which these fortunes were acquired were euphemistically denominated book-keeping and financial speculation. This process was going on with constantly and frightfully accelerating rapidity, by means of combinations. We were accustomed to speak of this as the land of the free and the home of the brave; and it would soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave. It was no wonder that the laboring and agricultural masses of this country had at last awakened, and the speculators must take warning.

Referring to the late election, he said that it was neither a Republican defeat nor a Democratic victory. It was a great uprising, independent of and superior to both political parties. It was a crisis that might become a catastrophe. It was a peaceful revolution. He attributed the depression in the country, in a great measure, to the demonetization act of 1873. He did not claim that that act had been passed fraudulently. His only explanation of its passage was that both houses of congress and the President had been hypnotized by the money power. He had not the slightest doubt that a great majority of the people, irrespective of party, were in favor of the free coinage of silver, and had been for the past fifteen years. They had been paltered with in a double sense and their will had been thwarted, defied, and contumeliously trodden under foot. Warnings and admonitions had been plenty in this debate; but he would say to those who were arraying themselves against the deliberately expressed judgment of the American people—he would say to the senate, to the house, and to the executive—that there would come a time when the people would not be trifled with on this subject.

The foregoing language, be it remembered, was used in the United States Senate in the month of January, A. D. 1891.

The language used by the senator may be, doubtless is more polished than that used by the average workingman orator, but is it less severe? He says the "gigantic accumulations" of the millionaires of the country "have not been the result of industry and economy." He says these millionaires "have no politics but plunder

and no *principle* but the *spoliation* of the human race."

Workingmen are constantly beset by these millionaires, and they are endeavoring to protect themselves against the rapacity of such men. Mr. Ingalls says their politics is "plunder" and their principles "spoliation;" in other words, their politics and principles are robbery, pillage, rapine, devastation and destruction; their victims are "the human race," and especially workingmen.

Who will charge Senator Ingalls with fomenting a war "between labor and capital?" No one, not one. He simply points out a truth that workingmen are acting upon, that certain capitalists are plundering the weak, and none so successfully and criminally as workingmen. Admit the truth of what the senator says, and who can blame the victims of the millionaires' greed for organizing, combining and resisting their plundering schemes?

The fight is not between labor and capital, but between workingmen and that class of capitalists, "millionaires," whom Senator Ingalls of Kansas denounces as men who "have no politics but plunder and no principle but spoliation."

THE COLOR LINE.

The governor of Texas discusses the question of separate railroad coaches for whites and blacks as follows:

Exigencies have arisen and produced a demand by the people that the railway companies of this state be required to provide separate coaches for their white and black passengers. It is regretful that such a measure has ever become necessary in Texas. Intolerance on the one side and intolerance on the other, unnecessarily exhibited by the disturbing elements of both races, have borne this fruit. Nothing less than wise legislation can now correct the evil. Avoiding all unjust discrimination, the law should be so framed as to be sufficiently flexible to relieve the companies of unreasonable burdens resulting from its application and enforcement. The passenger business of some roads will not justify the outlay and expense of providing separate coaches for the two races. Others are differently situated, and can do so between points in populous sections on their lines without much inconvenience or unnecessary expense. An arbitrary law without qualifications to vary with the conditions of the railways and the travel over them is not demanded nor could it be expected by a just people. Therefore it would be well to pass one requiring the companies, under penalties to be enforced at the instance of the state, to provide separate coaches as demanded; or in cases where business would not otherwise justify them, to sectionize their cars so as to separate their white and black passengers. It is doubtless best to place the regulation, adjustment and control of this matter under the law with the Railway Commission.

There may come a time when in the South whites and blacks will be on terms of social equality—but till then, it were better to separate than to fight.

Poor's *Manual* should make a note of the fact that railroad officials are making tracks in all of the legislative halls of the country.

MORTGAGES.

The *Bankers' Monthly*, supposed to know, speaking of the farm mortgages in six of our best states, gives the amount carried by each as follows: "Kansas, \$235,000,000; Indiana, \$645,000,000; Iowa, \$567,000,000; Michigan, \$500,000,000; Wisconsin, \$357,000,000; Ohio, \$1,127,000,000." The estimates are far too large, but supposing they are true, what can be done about it? A man owns a farm. He wants money. The only way he can get it, we will suppose, is by mortgaging his farm. Who can stop him from borrowing?

If he wants money to purchase better stock, to build fences and barns, he may borrow money as prudently as any other man. But if he mortgages his farm that he may send his boy to college instead of to the field, the probability is, the penalty of his folly will be the loss of his land.

Another trouble is, a great many men are farmers only in name, they know little or nothing about farming. Such men ought to sell their farms and go at something they understand. A still greater trouble is, the boys on the farm want to be educators, doctors, lawyers or preachers, and the farm is mortgaged to give them a chance, and in such cases the farm is usually sold. There is absolutely no remedy for such folly.

No party and no policy can remedy the difficulty—except that farmers must be farmers.

THE FEDERATIONIST.

Beginning with the March number, the *Federationist*, hitherto published at Mattoon, Ill., will be published in Terre Haute. The *Federationist* gives ample proof that it has come to stay and that its editors have a clear comprehension of its mission. It says:

The railroad principle of blacklisting persons whom they are pleased to regard as labor agitators has reached such a state of perfection that it is almost useless for a person on their list to try to get employment. The editor of this paper knows this to his sorrow. Have we not brains enough in our order to find a way to put a stop to this criminal practice?

Yes, plenty of brains; all we want is to *federate* the brains.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Switchmen's Journal*, says:

In the January number the *Firemen's Magazine* enters upon its 15th volume. The new cover is a model of neatness and simplicity and bears an additional attraction in a table of contents. Inside the new number is similar in point of excellence to the volume just ended, which was not surpassed in editorial and literary merits by any labor publication which came to our notice. Judging the new volume by the past record of the *Magazine*, we do not know where a railroad employé could invest one dollar or ten dollars and secure a title of the benefits that he would receive from one year's subscription to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*.

We accept such remarks, as we take the hand of a friend, with all our heart, and say, "Draw on us 'at sight.'"

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS AND THE LABOR PRESS.

We write entirely independent of partisan influence. We propose to discuss the election of last November upon propositions, which, if not new, have not been brought into deserved prominence, in fact, have not been alluded to at all, as factors in the recent struggle.

It does not matter to the *Magazine* which of the two great parties of the country, considered as an aggregation of men, succeed. We are not interested, as to whether A or B goes to the legislature or to Congress—nor are we tied to the fortunes of any nominee for President. Parties are of no consequence to workingmen, except as they advocate principles and policies which antagonize class legislation, and seek to do justice to all.

Hitherto the workingmen, by party leaders, have been regarded as a class of citizens in the keeping of bosses, to be brought into line and voted as they might decide.

The employer has regarded them as largely subject to his will—an unthinking herd, of little intelligence, who were deflected right or left, as he might choose. He had but to indicate his pleasure, and his employes obeyed without question or protest. The employer was supposed to know everything; the employe nothing, or so little as to exert no influence at all in deciding his vote.

In these regards the country has been awakened to a sweeping change of programme and it is eminently worth while to inquire what causes have been at work to produce the new order of things.

We shall state them briefly and they are signs of the times of wonderful import.

In the first place, labor organizations are in the nature of schools. Every member of a labor organization is more or less a student of economic questions. He no longer accepts the dictum of the employer. He studies and thinks for himself. He grasps facts, he analyzes statistics, he notes investments and dividends; he estimates the constant increase of watered stocks and marks well how interested parties mix fiction and facts for the purpose of reducing wages—and in the lodge and assembly rooms discusses economic questions with earnestness and with an intelligent appreciation of cause and effect, which rivets attention and secures conviction.

This constitutes a new era in politics, a new departure in campaigns. There is not a labor organization in the country, that has not put into operation mind forces hitherto dormant. It will no longer do to count upon the votes of workingmen based upon party fealty—partisan prejudice or the pride of partisan victory. Something more rational is now demanded. The boss can

no longer cajole nor intimidate. Workingmen will no longer blindly follow a banner nor a transparency. Symbols must hereafter relate to something practical.

Workingmen see that money erects the palatial residences and surrounds their owners with luxury. The fact does not create envy in the minds of workingmen. They do not want to pull down the palace nor destroy the carpets, furniture, mirrors and paintings, but knowing these riches are secured from their surplus earnings, they are resolving that they will have comfortable homes instead of shanties or dens; they are resolving that their homes shall be supplied with the necessities and comforts of life. They are resolving that they will have so much of the wealth they create as to furnish an abundance of good food and good clothes; at any rate, they are resolving that their votes and influence shall no longer be secured for their impoverishment and degradation, and in these regards, the workingmen of the country are rapidly solidifying and in so far as their votes can change the aspect of affairs, they will cast them with a purpose to better their condition.

In proof of this, it is worthy of note that labor organizations are taking a profound interest in state and national legislation and are appointing committees to look after certain measures, to urge or to prevent their adoption. What are these measures? The list is too extended to introduce here were it in our power to name them all.

Take for instance, the employment of Pinkerton thugs by corporations. A blacker crime was never perpetrated in any civilized land. It is too monstrous for contemplation, and yet, the corporation of which Chauncey M. Depew is President, employs Pinkerton murderers, abandoned wretches scarcely fit to be sent to hell, to overawe workingmen because they dare protest against outrages which no workingman can submit to, and retain a grain of independence or self-respect.

All over this broad land, workingmen should see to it that the employment of these thugs should be made a felony and the matter should be brought to the attention of every legislature in the country.

The co-employe iniquity, which has not one trait of justice in it, an infamy which makes law a farce and judicial decisions worse than jugglery, can be knocked in the head and killed only by express statute. It is an imported infamy—an antiquated monstrosity, the spawn of the divine right to rule curse which through all the ages has made the workingman the victim of oppression, symbolized by prisons, dungeons, rack and thumb-screw, and yet this devilish deformity of justice, hideous as a living skeleton, stalks into all the courts and chatters

its decisions against the rights of workingmen.

How long, in the name of Eternal justice, is this ghastly remnant of infernalism to prevail in American courts? When will workingmen by the fiat of the ballot, banish it to its native hell?

Labor organizations exist, because of a right to exist by virtue of laws that antedate constitutions, statutes or kingly decrees—while corporations and monopolies, trusts and syndicates exist, at least in the United States, only by statutes—statutes which workingmen can, if they so decide, repeal. And still the corporation, with an impudence that defies exaggeration decrees that a man, because he exercises his inalienable right to join a labor organization shall not work.

Governments exercise three supreme prerogatives which touch the individual at vital points. First, government can take the life of the citizen. Second, it can deprive the citizen of liberty. Third, it can take the property of the citizen, confiscate it, and send him forth a pauper to drift or to die. But the victim in every case is awarded a trial; his case is to be determined by a jury of his peers. He can be heard in his own defense. He has the right to appeal, until he reaches the highest tribunal known to the law.

Let us see how the case stands between the corporation and the victim of its hate in this God favored land:

There stands the workingman. What is his condition? Go look at his home. There it is by the way side. There is his wife and little ones dependent upon his daily wages. Intelligent and hardworking, he would better his condition, and the condition of those dependent upon him. He joins a labor organization. In doing this he becomes obnoxious to the corporation. He is a marked man. The corporation issues its decree. The workingman is discharged. At one blow everything goes down. Without work, without wages, the home is made as dark and gloomy as a tomb. Unable to pay rent, he is evicted and thrust out upon the highway. Without money, hunger comes with its pangs and fangs. The home is broken up—the father is a tramp. Now every appalling fancy becomes a frightful fact. What becomes of the family? Would you know the details in thousands of instances? Search the records of poor houses, prisons and brothels.

What was the workingman's crime? What was the height and depth of his offending? The answer is, he joined a labor organization and the corporation, with more power than the government that created it, decides without a hearing, without a trial, to take from him the means of living, which in thousands of instances is taking life, liberty and property.

We do not paint the picture too black. We challenge the record, and aver that in the archives of hell there is nothing more infernally repulsive. And such transactions are of daily occurrence, not in Russia, not in Turkey or Persia—not only in autocrat cursed lands, but here in the United States; here where we are told the government is by the people, of the people and for the people.

We state no hypothetical case, we are not drawing upon our imagination for the facts. There is not a reader of the *Magazine*, not a reader of newspapers, not a man of intelligence in the land who does not know that every day in the round year, men are discharged from work because they are members of some labor organization.

Just here we make the point that workingmen by concert of action can change this state of affairs by their votes. There is nothing impractical in the proposition. Why should the corporation be permitted to boycott the labor organization? Why should the corporation be permitted to inflict the direst penalties upon men for exercising an inalienable right? Why may not the monstrous wrong be eternally exiled by statute? There is no good reason why such a change may not be wrought by the ballots of workingmen. They have the power, and in due time we verily believe they will exercise it.

In surveying such subjects, the labor press of the country looms up and blazes forth like a light-house on a rock-bound coast. It is pointing the way to the harbor. It shows workingmen the way to steer. It is a Bethlehem star leading to redeeming possibilities, a conquering force that partisan politicians have neither weighed nor measured.

The corporation is even more obtuse than the politician. They do not see that class legislation is doomed. Their greed and their arrogance blinds them to coming events. They rely upon their money.

It was Goldsmith who said:

"For just experience tells in every soul
That those who think must govern those who toil."

But it so happens that an era has dawned when those who toil are those who think—those who write and reason, those who grasp and solve problems, and those who lead. The labor press forms a grand torch-light procession. It blazes on the highlands and in the lowlands—in the shops and in the halls of legislation. It is helping on the revolution. It is the avant courier of a new dispensation in law and logic. There is one demand and it is being heeded. The labor press of the country, discarding party and creed as under the old regime, is blending its clarion notes and bugle calls, for unity of purpose in the councils of all labor organizations. This accomplished and labor's jubilee follows.

"HERO WORSHIP."

The *Railway Service Gazette* in a recent issue has an article with the above caption—"Hero Worship"—and opens its batteries as follows:

The railway service is not altogether free from that form of lunacy known as hero worship. It has several times shown itself in the setting up of a base image as an officer of some of the employes' associations and the kneeling down of members of the particular association represented and the groveling in the dust and worshipping at his feet. Some of these images have been shattered. Others are still posing before the public, but they will be shattered.

It would seem from the foregoing that it is not "hero worship," after all, that "the railway service" is engaged in, but a sort of an "image" worship—an "image of an officer" or an employé, hence not "hero worship," but idol worship. It occurs to us that there is a vast difference.

It would seem proper in this connection to have a correct conception of the term "worship." We presume our esteemed cotemporary uses the term metaphorically. We do not suppose that members of any association "kneel down" in the dust at the feet of an officer and worship him. We take it that is hyperbole. But, if there are those who do such things, then it is a *fact* and not "a fallacy." Not "a delusion," not "an idle dream."

Our esteemed cotemporary says there are "heroes in the world," true heroes, noble heroes. We are told that we are meeting them constantly in the streets, so frequently indeed, that we do not so much as dream "that they are heroes." This leads us to inquire, what constitutes a hero?

Webster says: "a hero is a man of distinguished valor;" but our lexicographers have so many grades of heroes, that the term "hero" has lost much of its significance. We have heroes in the "prize ring," at all the various modern tournaments (?), base ball, foot ball, cricket, boat races, billiards, etc., etc., to the end of the chapter; the woods are full of them, all heroes according to modern estimates. In fact, we have revived the "Heroic Age." Some people believe that Chauncey Mephistopheles Depew is a hero, not an image, not a thing of wood, nor of clay, but of brass and brains, with legs and arms and eyes and ears, a Vanderbilt god who gets \$50,000 a year,—an oracle, who, when he has on his blouse and overalls, and speaks for labor, is received with the "wildest kind of cheers." And there is H. Walter Webb, another Vanderbilt *deity*, who inhabits the same temple that glows with the presence of god Depew, a fighting god whom the Pinkertons worship, the god that distributes the guns and ammunition and makes Knights of Labor get up and hustle, or be caressed into quietude by a bullet. Are we dreaming? are we nursing a fallacy? Nay, verily we can almost hear the resounding

shouts, the deep-toned thunder of the cheers as god Mephistopheles Depew, the labor god, steps to the front, waves his hand and squirts his liquid taffy with perfect abandon over P. M. Arthur.

"He spake, and bowed with muttering jaws;
The wondering circle grin'd applause."

Yes, we guess our esteemed cotemporary must be right, that such railroad "employés" as Depew are worshiped, but it is not a "fallacy," a "dream," an hallucination, a vagary, but a fact.

These heroes, it will be noticed, are not "wooden images." They are not images. They are flesh and blood, and the same may be said of a ground hog. The mistake is, they are not heroes, they are not men of distinguished valor. Now, then, in the "railway service" there are both officers and employés who have the "distinguished valor" to look with proud contempt upon pseudo heroes. They have the courage to denounce with unmitigated scorn, men who seek to establish an aristocracy of labor—an aristocracy predicated upon the difference between \$2.00 and \$4.00 a day, a \$2.00 a day aristocracy. It is such an aristocracy that Chauncey M. Depew would have locomotive engineers cultivate, but the engineers should remember that this labor leader, this labor agitator, this walking delegate, receives more for his *work* one day than they receive in thirty days.

But returning to the question, who are real heroes? Not that they may be worshiped, but that their heroism may receive its just meed of praise and admiration. It is not difficult to estimate exhibitions of physical courage. Not long since, two gold medals were awarded two heroes by the Government for saving life at the peril of their own. But after all, are there not instances of moral courage, as justly entitled to applause?

See you that man? He is at the head of a great labor organization. He loves his fellow man. He has witnessed his oppression and his degradation. The sight has aroused him, fired his soul. He speaks, he works for the deliverance of his fellow toilers. He would not abate his energies to relieve them a milligram for an ocean of Depew's taffy, nor for the wealth of the Vanderbilts. He would rather die as poor as a Lazarus, with only vagabond dogs as his nurses, than accept the millionth part of a mill for the applause of the enemies of labor and the luxuries of a Vanderbilt. He is a hero. We do not worship him, we simply admire him and it is a privilege to praise him.

Again, we impersonate a brotherhood for illustration: The C., B. & Q. strike was brought about by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Did the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in that fight, exhibit "distinguished valor?" It entered into an alliance with the Brotherhood of Locomotive

Engineers. It stood by them. The men saw their situations go. They peered into the future and saw desolation coming, they saw themselves wanderers looking for work, they saw separation between father and family inevitable, they saw poverty and destitution. Did they quail? Did they murmur? Did the membership hesitate to pay? Let the figures tell. We like that sort of heroism amazingly. It is the sort that will emancipate labor, if the victory is ever to come.

As we write we have in our mind's eye a man earning a large salary. He needs it. He is not rich in shekels. He can go on, take his salary, and be quiet. No, he sees a large body of men with whom he has been actively identified, oppressed, wronged, degraded. He resolves to find a remedy and apply it. He gives up his comfortable and lucrative position. He proclaims his purpose. He goes forth on his mission. He plants the seed of a new brotherhood, and, as if by magic, it comes forth equipped for the fray. It grows in numbers, in force and in influence. It sounds the keynote of protection and federation. What of it? George W. Howard is the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors. Is he not a man of distinguished moral courage? We admire his zeal, his integrity, and his noble work is winning applause.

Again, there is a heroism of integrity when assailed by temptation, that will not yield, that stands and withstands.

See you that man? He is the financier of his lodge, the custodian of its funds. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands in his hands. His lodge is in easy distance of the Canadian boundary. Did temptation ever assail that man? It has attacked others and they fell. We do not know. This we know, his hand is a burglar proof safe. Bonds to the winds. He would rather pluck out his heart and feed it to the crows than to part dishonestly with a farthing. He is a hero. Put him anywhere and he will fight for the right. We will not worship such a hero, but we will applaud, and where rests his dust is sacred ground.

"Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth."

RAILROAD companies seem to have the power of hypnotizing legislatures by making passes.—*Omaha World.*

And legislatures hypnotize law by passing bills.

A GREAT many railroad men who are laboring to pass righteous laws in the interest of employes, find their bills can't pass over a railroad pass. The railroad pass blocks the way, and though they have faith sufficient to remove mountains, the railroad pass won't budge.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AND THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

On Wednesday, February 4th, the Supreme Council was convened at Montreal, Quebec, in response to the official call of Grand Master S. E. Wilkinson, of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. For some weeks the conductors and brakemen on the eastern divisions of the system had been making ineffectual efforts to have their wages increased, which, in many cases, were barely above the living point; while the general average was not much better. The committee were patient to the utmost limit of endurance; they sought by every honorable means to obtain what was universally conceded to be their due, but they were doomed to disappointment. The management, while ostensibly willing to receive the committee and discuss their grievances, turned a deaf ear to every appeal for justice and finally refused point blank to make any concession that would even remotely touch the grievances involved. At this juncture the members of the B. of R. T. sent for their Grand master and the members of the O. R. C. appealed to their Grand Chief, both of whom responded promptly and made renewed efforts to have the differences between the employes and the company amicably adjusted. Failing in their efforts the Supreme Council was convened and each organization was fully represented. At the opening session the grievances were discussed and every mooted point was carefully investigated. The result of the meeting was that the grievances were approved as a whole and a committee was directed to call on the officials and request an interview in behalf of the council. This request resulted in the committee being sent for by the officials, and after a brief conference an amicable adjustment was effected, which was perfectly satisfactory to the committee and the men they represented. The concessions made by the company were such as will materially increase the pay of the employes in the train service and all hands were pleased with the outcome of the meeting.

The potent and effective influence of federation was never demonstrated to better advantage. It filled the bill, it met every requirement, it was equal to the emergency. Without federation it is safe to say that no concessions would have been made by the company. Indeed, we doubt if the employes would have had the temerity to even approach their autocratic officials on the subject of grievances.

It is proper that we should give credit to the Order of Railway Conductors and its grand officers, E. E. Clark, Grand Chief, and C. H. Wilkins, Assistant Grand Chief, who coöperated with the Council in all things necessary to effect a settlement. The grand

officers, committees and members of the order were in hearty accord with the spirit of the occasion and gave unquestionable evidence of their "stickability," whatever the outcome of the negotiations might be.

We had the pleasure of meeting Grand Chief Clark personally for the first time, and much to our satisfaction we found him to be a gentleman of liberal and advanced views, wide comprehension, and in all regards fully abreast of the progressive spirit of the times. We believe Grand Chief Clark to be a man of principle and honor, officially as well as personally, just such a man as will by unflinching rectitude, courageous defense of the right and unswerving fealty to obligations, inspire confidence and achieve success.

INFAMOUS.

The *Rocky Mountain News* remarks that "two thousand railroaders killed and 20,000 crippled annually because of defective appliances for coupling cars, is a frightful record, and yet it is well attested. The law of Colorado, as established through senseless and unjust court precedents, debars railroad employes from indemnity for accidents occurring under nearly every condition of the service. The courts discriminate against a company's servants and in favor of passengers who are maimed or killed in the same disaster, to which none of the parties have contributed by their own carelessness." "Such infamous proceedings under infamous laws continue from year to year, without reference to the party in power. When will workmen band together and declare by the fiat of the ballot that such detestable things shall disappear?"

TEXAS AND PERSIA.

A cotemporary, with the eye of a detective remarks that "traveling about the press of the country are the following lines:"

"Dear, the sweetest songs are those
That have never yet been sung,
And the noblest deeds of all
Are the deeds we have not done.

"And the tenderest prayers are those
That our lips have never said;
While the saddest tears of all
Are the tears we have not shed.

"Dear, the joys we found the best
Was the joy that first has flown,
And the truest loves are those
Which our hearts have never known."

"They are credited to Reba Gregory Prelat in the *Galveston News*. The ideas are very poetical and very dainty, but they are not as well expressed as they were in the original Persian, or even in the best translations of them. It is a long way from Persia to Texas."

(One remarkable difference between Texas and Persia is that the former is celebrated for steers, and the latter for seers.

THE B. OF R. C.

The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors continues to make commendable progress. Grand Chief Geo. W. Howard, than whom there is not a more active or intelligent executive, is in demand in all parts of the country. The work of organization goes steadily forward and all the signs of the times are cheering for the stalwart young order. Since the brotherhood established its headquarters at Toledo and made the *Railway Service Gazette* its official organ, its growth has been unprecedented and the future promises to be even more fruitful of success than the past. The gallant young brotherhood adopted correct principles from the beginning. Its policy has been, is now, and will continue to be aggressive and progressive, and its crew being manned with courageous men, it is bound to reach its destined port.

WHEN poor old UNCLE SAM or any of his brood of states go into the railroad building business, they get *done up* in a style immensely artistic, as is seen in the Pacific roads.

The *Chicago Herald* says:

The whole amount of bonds guaranteed for the Pacific roads was \$4,623,512. On this principal the government has paid interest to the amount of \$86,363,968, of which the companies have repaid \$23,221,374 by transportation service, and \$1,103,620 in cash, supposed to be five per cent. of their net earnings, leaving \$62,038,974 due from the companies to the government on account of interest. Against the principal the companies have been made to provide a sinking fund of \$13,275,089. All this debt matures between January 16, 1895, and January 1, 1899. It will be seen, therefore, that the companies will owe the government nearly twice as much at the end of the thirty years' term of their bonds as they did at the beginning.

With such facts in full view, the Nicaragua Maratino Canal Company, wants UNCLE SAM to guarantee some more bonds, to mature in 1911—when the old dupe will be stuck for about \$200,000,000 which his working children will have to pay. It will occur to a good many people that UNCLE SAM better keep out of such *maps*, or he will earn the sobriquet of a durned old fool.

AN English tourist crossing the Continent on the Union Pacific, when out on the plains between Omaha and Denver, wrote in his scrap book:

Prairies, boundless prairies, as far as eye can see.
A broad expanse of level plain, no rock, nor ridge,
nor tree.
No object breaks the vast horizon stretched in
beauty round.
A perfect circle where the sky seems resting on the
ground.
No mountain chain disturbs the view, no forest,
lake or pond.
One fading of the here to where it blends with the
beyond.
A peaceful sea of waving grass with naught to
mark its shores.
Here freedom is exemplified. The land of out-of-
doors.

HON. SAMUEL GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor, addressed a monster mass meeting of workmen at Terre Haute, Indiana, on February 14th. The unanimous verdict of the audience was that the address was a masterly effort from start to finish. From the opening to the close the speaker held the undivided attention of the vast audience who applauded again and again as he delivered his telling blows at the enemies of workmen. The speech of President Gompers should be heard in every city, town and hamlet in the union. It is filled with facts and logic and unanswerable argument. His ringing words are full of inspiration and we are persuaded that great good will result from the campaign he is making in the Western States in the interest of labor, which will end only at the Pacific coast. Sam Gompers is a valiant defender of the rights of labor, and has our best wishes for success.

A young gentleman residing in Beef-borough, a suburb of Chicago, where slang is the vernacular of the people, relates his experience when making a courting call, as follows:

She came from Boston, so I kept my speech from
slang expressions free,
And hoped thereby my lofty tone would cause her
to admire me.
For well I knew that eastern maids—so I had reason
to suppose—
Are greatly shocked when'er they hear those words
which lack of taste disclose.
I told her I detested slang. Said she, "me too. It
makes me tired
And chumps who monkey with the stuff should all
be very promptly fired."

THE people of Iowa want to derive some benefit from the railroads of their state, and the idea seems to be that the rates hitherto charged can be reduced. The roads kick, and the cry is set up that Iowa is driving capital from the state, as no more railroads will be built within her borders. Iowa wants to squeeze the water out of her railroads. She desires that dividends shall be declared only on cash investments, and not on water. All she has got to do is to stick to her policy. The water will disappear eventually. This done, corporations and people will get their rights. The motto should be: "Water must go."

THE *Midland Mechanic*, published weekly at Kansas City, Mo., in the interest of labor, is one of the most interesting and versatile exchanges that come to our table. It discusses with decided ability a wide range of topics and is in all regards a sturdy champion of the industrial classes. The subscription price is \$1 per year, and those of our readers who have that amount to invest can do no better than to subscribe for the *Mechanic*. Send for a sample copy. The address is *Midland Mechanic*, northwest corner Eighth and Main streets, Kansas City, Mo.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

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[The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to me by a friend who visited Ireland during the summer. On the voyage eastward my friend made the acquaintance of an old man, who in his frank and candid way, told him he had been thirty years residing in "the States," and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life in the Old Land, amid the scenes of his boyhood. His anxiety to see Ireland once more was so deep and fervid that my friend took a special interest in him. The night before the ship reached the Irish shore they remained on deck, and as the dawning broke, they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened all the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was, "The top o' the mornin' to ye, Ireland, alana."]

Th' anam au Dhia! but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my a Ireland!
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent up love of my heart,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning;
Oh, Ireland don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea birds fly
(On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it;
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells.
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, astore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
Over Memory's dim horizon.
Even so 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams and my eyes would ope
To see Texas skies still o'er me.

Ah! oft upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future day,
All danger and doubtings scorning,
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended.
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you top of the mornin'.

John Locke.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth day* of each month.

The Supreme Council.

POCATELLO, IDAHO, Feb. 7th, 1891.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As the constitution of the Supreme Council of the Federated Order of Railway Employees has been forwarded to all subordinate lodges in numbers sufficient to have a copy thereof placed in the hands of each individual member of the Brotherhood; and as the time draws near for holding the next annual session of the Council, a discussion into the merits or demerits of said constitution, with a view to having amendments proposed which might improve or strengthen it, ought to be in order.

Before entering upon the subject, however, I wish to state, by way of preface, so there may be no misunderstanding of my motives, that I am actuated by no desire to engender ill-feeling, excite bitter controversy, or in any manner whatever antagonize Federation; and by federation I want to be understood as meaning the principle, the abstract theory. Federation may be defined, simply as a mutual compact between two or more parties by which each engages to render some benefit to the others.

This principle I believe in fully, and am ready and willing to give it all the support I am master of. It is the plan adopted by the Supreme Council to apply that principle to organizations of railway employees that I wish to review.

Several men may agree to erect a building as necessary for business purposes, but they may not agree on the architectural design and materials to be used in construction. They agree in principles but differ in details. It is so with the advocates of federation for railway employees. They all agree as to principle but differ as to details. Some desire a strong central body, or national federation, such as the Supreme Council is supposed to be; others advocate local system federation without any central head or national council; while, still others believe that neither the plan of the Supreme Council, or the proposed local system federation, each in itself separate, meets the requirements of the case, but believe that by a judicious compromise or merging of both ideas into one the best and most substantial system could be perfected.

I confess that I am of the latter party of

federationists. Our idea is that the plan of federation should copy more nearly the design of the government of the United States—the Supreme Council to be national head, each system of railroad, organized and federated, to bear the same relation to it as a separate state of the Union does to the central government. In the present article I do not propose to compare the plans outlined above but shall confine myself to the Supreme Council alone. Progress towards the truth is best made by honest differences of opinion. I hope those who differ with me in this matter, and their name is legion, will be honest yet fearless in expression, but do not resort to abuse and vilification.

Since its inception the Supreme Council has done excellent good work; I want to pat it on the back and say, "bravo!" It is a young giant, and presents a vigorous, healthy exterior. But how about the interior? Will it stand the test of time? Is there any possibility of internal disintegration from constitutional defects? I believe there is, and wish you to follow me through the constitution itself while I call attention to what appears to my mind as defects. If I am wrong please correct me.

Begin with section 2.

Each organization under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council shall be represented by its chief executive and two associate grand officers selected for the purpose.

This section takes away from the Supreme Council all semblance of a Republican, or representative, system of government, and makes it entirely autocratic. It is dictatorial, and robs the organizations concerned of their independence by denying them the right of free selection. Each organization ought to be the best judge of the qualifications of its representatives and it should be left free to choose whomsoever it deemed proper.

A benevolent autocracy may be an excellent form of government could there be any assurance that it would remain so, but the possibility of its becoming corrupt, tyrannical and inimical to popular interests is what makes it feared. It has been tried in the past and found wanting.

It has been contended by supporters of the Supreme Council that its plan of federation was analogous to the government of the United States and that each order represented bore the same relation to the Supreme Council as the separate states do to the union of states. I dissent from this view and challenge any supporter of the council to point to one single essential resemblance.

The Supreme Council is an alliance of the grand officers of the orders connected with it. Its members are not elective but by virtue of the offices they hold in the different orders become *ipso facto* representatives in the Supreme Council.

The government of the United States is representative of the people in every essential feature. Its president is chosen by the ballots of the people; though not quite as direct as might be. Its senate is elected by the legislatures of the states; not a good policy either. Its representatives in congress, apportioned to districts on a basis of population, are elected by popular vote. The executive and other officers of a state do not become by virtue of their office representatives of the people of the state in the government of the United States.

"There are," says John Stuart Mill, "two different modes of organizing a federal union. The federal authorities may represent the governments solely and their acts may be obligatory only on the governments as such; or they may have the power of enacting laws and issuing orders which are binding directly on individual citizens.

"The former is the plan of the so-called German confederation and of the Swiss constitution previous to 1847. It was tried in America a few years immediately following the war of independence. The other principle is that of the existing constitution of the United States and has been adopted by the Swiss government in recent years. The federal congress of the American Union is a substantive part of the government of every state. Within the limits of its attributions it makes laws which are obeyed by every citizen individually, executed by its own officers, and enforced by its own tribunals. This is the only principle which has been found, or which is ever likely to produce an effective federal government. A union between the governments is only a mere alliance and subject to all the contingencies that render alliances precarious."

Speaking of the system of federation in vogue immediately after the war of Independence and before the present constitution was adopted, Washington said: "It was little more than a shadow without a substance," and "congress being a nugatory body, its ordinances being little attended to."

The Supreme Council does not very much resemble either of these systems, but its nearest prototype is the alliance of governments spoken of by Mill.

It is, as I said before, an alliance of grand officers. It is not representative in the full acceptance of that term, its members are not chosen by the orders direct, its ramifications do not permeate the rank and file, and its mandates are known to us only through the heads of our organizations.

Section 6 is somewhat ambiguous. First it declares that a full representation of each organization shall be required to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. A "full" representation means three grand officers from each order, no more, no less.

At the end of this section there is a *proviso* that if any organization should fail to be represented as herein required, such failure shall not affect the quorum or interfere with the proceedings.

Is not this *proviso* a nullification of the first paragraph of the section? If an organization should fail to be represented as required, would the action taken by those present be binding on the order not represented? I ask this question because of the spirit and intent of section 16, which will be referred to later, and also because I consider it possible for several contingencies to arise under it that might seriously hamper the operations of the Council.

Section 14, provides for the complete surrender of independent action of individual organizations in cases of grievance necessitating a strike, and speaks of a penalty to be imposed for its violation. Is not this too great a sacrifice? The Supreme Council should certainly reserve the right to extend or withhold its support of any grievance; but should it have the right to prohibit organizations from taking action on their own responsibility after being refused aid by the Council?

Section 16 provides for the investigation of grievances, and the taking of a ballot to decide on action, &c.

This section contains within itself the essence of disruption, and puts it within the power of any two representatives of one organization to defeat the ends for which the Supreme Council is at present constituted. It reverses all precedent and places absolute power in the hands of almost the smallest possible minority. Think of the absurdity of two men being granted power to decide on a course of action binding ten others besides themselves! It is preposterous! The members are allowed to prepare their ballots in secret and not in open session. Why? If they are honest, as they are presumed to be, they should have the courage of their convictions, and ought not to be either afraid or ashamed to speak out before the entire Council, and have their votes go on record before all the orders. The rank and file of the organizations whose interests are most at stake in this issue, should have a means of fixing responsibility where it belongs when those interests are jeopardized through the timidity or corruption of representatives. This clause leaves a loop hole for bribery, treachery and cowardice to crawl through to the council chamber. It should be amended at the next session and the majority rule inculcated. This rule may not work any harm in the Council at present but remember that you are earnestly striving to induce other orders in the railway service to join you. Suppose such men as C. S. Wheaton, or W. P. Daniels, should become members of the

Council; or should the engineers at any time roll up the necessary two-thirds majority in favor of federation and their grand chief, Arthur, become a member of the council—to his great disgust no doubt,—would not this minority rule prove a dangerous weapon in such hands?

Section 17 says:

The Supreme Council may, upon a two-thirds vote of the representatives in meeting assembled, modify or amend a grievance, or strike out any portion thereof.

This is just as it should be; but pray, why not apply the same rule to section 16?

Section 19, provides for declaring a strike at an end by the unanimous consent of the chief executives of the orders represented. Failing to agree the Supreme Council as a body is given the right to declare the strike at an end by the same process had in its inauguration. Presumably by the process specified in section 16.

Section 21 makes a two-thirds majority necessary to the election of an applicant for membership.

Section 23 permits of no alteration or amendment to the constitution only by a two-thirds vote. All very good and perfectly satisfactory. But is the declaring of a strike on, or off, of less importance that a small minority should be given power to decide it?

I believe this section 16 was drafted with the best intentions, and that the idea was to have no organization drawn into a conflict without the consent of a majority of its representatives. But, *perdu*, why should they be allowed to nullify all action and tie up the hands of the entire council?

This rule if permitted to exist, is liable at any time in the future to render the present plan of federation abortive.

The question of federation has been before the various organizations of railway employes a sufficient length of time to have its meaning and import understood alike by all. Understanding its principle, and knowing what is required of all connected with the Supreme Council, any organization deciding to apply for membership therein does so with its eyes open, and no doubt fully resolved to carry out its part of the compact. Such being the case there could be no serious objection to the two-thirds majority rule as necessary to determine a line of action.

Each organization having deliberately decided to federate for purposes offensive and defensive it should not be left to the cowardice or treachery of the representatives of any one order to defeat that purpose.

The last session of the Supreme Council adopted a resolution which has stirred up considerable wrath in certain quarters. The resolution in effect declared the work of the Supreme Council perfect, incapable of improvement &c., and pledged the members

to decry and oppose all efforts to establish any other plan of federation.

I do not want to see any division or rivalry either; one system of federation for railway employes is sufficient for all useful purposes, and we want but one. I do, however, consider the bold assumption of infallibility as expressed in that resolution to be supremely silly. There never yet was work of human hands made absolutely perfect and indestructible; all are capable of improvement and subject to change. Time has few favorites and laughs to scorn our most sublime efforts.

Governments are not the results of inspiration, but of growth, superinduced by necessity.

"Governments," says John S. Mill, "in every stage of their existence are made what they are by human voluntary agency." The Supreme Council is no exception to this rule. It is hoped that it will admit of alterations to its constitution at the next session that will strengthen and improve it.

In federation we have a tremendous power for good or ill, as virtue or mendacity shall direct its energies. Being by nature an optimist I am hopeful of the future, and feel confident that beneficial results will follow a judicious application of this great power. I do not believe in confining its application to the adjustment of grievances alone; its scope should be made expansive enough to include within the limits of its attributions a number of interests not a whit less material to us.

T. P. O'Rourke.

Quack Medical Examiners.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in the February number of the *Firemen's Magazine* an article entitled Quack Medical Examiners. Now, I hope we are not so unfortunate as to have quacks to make examinations for us, but if we have, it is to be hoped that such examiners will be removed from office and good men put in their places. The case cited in that article certainly never should have happened, because if a man is suffering from phthisis pulmonalis and is within one month of death, it was certainly gross neglect on the part of the doctor or else because he did not care, for I do not believe that he could have been so ignorant as not to know the physical signs of consumption at that late stage of the disease.

This goes to show that this order, like all other insurance companies, ought to have a supreme medical examiner to look over and examine thoroughly every application before it is accepted. This would have a tendency to make examiners more careful and if there were any things that were not satisfactory, the applicant could be rejected.

My plan in examining is not to accept a fee if I cannot pass the applicant, but simply tell him not to make application for insurance.

If a man is rejected once it is next to impossible to get insurance in any other company, even though he may be in a very much better physical condition, therefore I do not wish to debar him from getting in to another order if he can. I hope this will be taken into consideration at the next convention and that the constitution may be changed so as to allow the order to have a supreme medical examiner. I am a member of the order and have interests in common with the other members and I hope this matter will receive careful investigation.

Herbert A. Robinson, M. D.

CHICAGO.

PAPA'S WHISTLE.

To little Nellie, daughter of J. C. Milroy, Div. 17, B. L. E.

The wintry winds and the falling snow
Keep Nellie indoors to-day;
And she merrily scampers to and fro
In the mirth of her childish play.
But the sound of a train attracts her now:
She runs to the door with skip and bound—
What a joy lights up that little brow
As she hears the welcome sound!

She knows that whistle: "That's Papa," she cries,
As she claps her hands in childish glee,
"The two long whistles for you, Mamma,
The two little toots for me!"

How dear to the heart of the engineer
The thoughts of his little child,
As he blows the blast that she can hear
Though the wind may be high and wild.
The run from "The Bluffs" was hard to-day,
But the "Eight Spot" pushed through all the snow
Toward the home where Nellie stops her play
When she hears that whistle blow.

She knows that whistle: "That's Papa," she cries,
As she claps her hands in childish glee,
The two long whistles for you, Mamma,
The two little toots for me!

Through the lonely night, though his careful gaze
Is fixed on the track ahead,
Another vision before him plays—
Of his Nellie asleep in bed:
And he thinks when the run is made at last
How she sometimes murmurs in her sleep,
"That's Papa," as loudly the well-known blast
Swells out through the silence deep.

She knows that whistle: "That's Papa," she cries,
As she claps her hands in childish glee,
The two long whistles for you, Mamma,
The two little toots for me!

O, well for that innocent little Dear
That she only knows of the joy
Instead of the perils the engineer
Must meet in each night's employ!
May the day be far, if there be a day,
When that whistle shall cease to thrill
The heart of that little child at play,
Or its sounds be forever still!

She knows that whistle: "That's Papa," she cries,
As she claps her hands in childish glee,
The two long whistles for you, Mamma,
The two little toots for me!

Geo. W. Hall.

STANBERRY, MO.

ON EASTER MORN.

May the joys of a happy Easter be thine, my child,
this day,
And meek devotion's soothing voice drive cankering
care away;
On every Easter's due return may those joys still in-
crease,
As long as thy earthly race shall run, and may thy
end be peace.

Edward Splaine.

WATER VALLEY, MISS, Feb. 16, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—The February *Magazine* is at hand, laden with its "Golden Treasures" of instruction and general information. And whilst we peruse its many pages, our mind cogitates upon men and things. In taking a retrospective view of the progress and development of our order, and with it our *Magazine*, we are forcibly impressed with its vitality and innateness, and had it not been for that which is inherent in its nature, it could not have survived the unmerciful attacks of its many foes from without and from within. The present number demonstrates its strength of will to do, to dare, and even to die for justice, truth and humanity.

Seeing the stand, Mr. Editor, you have taken against the oppressors of your fellow-men, I would like to unite my feeble efforts with yours, in an appeal to my brothers to use every effort that they possess, at this opportune time, to push the anti-Pinkerton bill before their several state legislatures, to use every means at their command to impress upon their representatives the necessity of supporting our bill. Whilst much has been done in the past, much remains to be done. Whilst I was living in Boston, I had much to encourage me from my immediate associates in bringing our anti-Pinkerton bill before the people and the legislature of that state. And had I met with that hearty response which the importance of this bill demands of our brothers, to my three hundred and two (302) communications which I personally addressed to the several lodges of our order, and labor assemblies, east of New York City, to the confines of the Canadas, we should not now be regretting that Pinkerton thugs, thieves, and cut-throats were still alive and waiting to do the bidding of the N. Y. C. R. R., or any other corporation who might wish to employ them to further murder their employes who refused to bow to the oppressors' yoke. Their existence we all deplore. But what are our members doing either individually or collectively to suppress this pest, this national curse?

I read the communication of my esteemed friend and brother Ed Ferrill, to you, Mr. Editor, with mingled feelings of surprise and regret, surprise at his lack of sympathy with you, sir, in your "David and Goliath," like warfare with our oppressors, and regret that he did not use his influence with the members of 284 to form a legislative committee for the purpose of bringing our anti-Pinkerton bill before the legislature of his nutmeg state. I am afraid Bro. Ferrill's letter only indicates too truly the supineness and servility of too many spineless members of our noble brotherhood.

I notice with pleasure Mr. D. J. Brown's vindication of the position he took in the

opening exercises of our late convention, but I was much disappointed when I found that he used the *Magazine* to reply to the *B. of L. E. Journal*, I think Mr. Brown would have shown good discretion had he sent his communication to the *B. of L. E. Journal* first, and then if it was not accepted by that journal, the *Magazine* should have been his to use. I trust however Mr. Brown will make his reply to the *B. of L. E. Journal* yet, for I am satisfied by so doing he will find that he has more brothers in the *B. of L. E.* who share his views, than he can possibly dream of.

Whilst the motto of our order is a grand one, I would like to add another one to be constantly used by every member of our order,—"Excelsior;" yes, "onward and upward" should be the motto of every brother, putting forth every effort and using every opportunity at his command to bring about a better state of things for every railroad employé in the land, and never rest contented until the goal has been reached, when every man shall have a "fair day's pay for a fair day's work," when there shall be no more misunderstanding between employer and employé. Then Righteousness, Peace and Good Will to all men shall reign supreme upon this Earth.

T. H. Haines.

THE STRANGER.

He stood on the beach and his heart was sad
For his native land was over the sea,
And he thought of the time, when a careless lad,
He roamed o'er the hill, the meadow and lea.

He thought of the cot that stood near the wood,
With the rill that ran by the garden gate;
He thought of his mother so kind, so good,
And sad he lamented his wayward fate.

His father, his brothers, his sister too,
With many a friend that he loved dear,
All seemed to pass in a grand review,
As his thoughts went back for many a year.

He thought of the clough where blackberries grew,
And the birds built their nests in the early spring,
And the rippling brook, full well he knew,
Where minnows he'd caught with a worm and string.

In his mind he could see the old gray church,
With the maypole on his dear village green,
Where the noble elm and the silver birch
Afforded the children a sylvan screen.

And he sighed as those dear scenes passed away,
And he came to realize once again
That his own native land, so fair and gay,
Was thousands of miles away over the main.

Edward Spaine.

We have received from the Matchless Metal Polish Co., of Chicago, an assortment of polishes which, by virtue of their superior qualities, have become widely known among users of metal polishes of whatever description. After putting the polishes to a practical test we do not hesitate to say that they are in all regards up to the standard claimed by the manufacturers, as any one will be convinced who will give them a trial. Locomotive firemen being specially interested in metal polish, we suggest that they try a package which can be obtained by addressing the Matchless Metal Polish Co., 88 Market st., Chicago, Ill.

The Old and Reliable Watch and Jewelry House.

The majority of the readers of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* have so long since become familiar with the extensive watch and jewelry establishment of Messrs. Jos. P. Wathier & Co., 178 W. Madison Street, Chicago, through dealings of a more or less extensive character, that it seems almost superfluous for us to occupy a few moments of their time by speaking briefly of the firm and its business. However, as one is always glad to see an old and valued friend, so will those of our old readers who have enjoyed business relations with the house named, be pleased to hear through us of its increasing success. While those who have not dealt with it, but would be glad to know of a strictly first class and thoroughly responsible house, in which they can have complete confidence, when wanting anything in the way of watches, clocks, diamonds or other precious stones, or jewelry of any description, will thank us for placing them on the right track to reach just such an establishment.

The foundation of the firm of Jos. P. Wathier & Co. dates back to the year 1874, and its inception antedated that time by several years, as its senior member, Mr. Jos. P. Wathier, had for a long time previous to the organization of the existing firm been prominent as an expert in this branch of business and to his thorough practical knowledge of its every detail is largely due the credit for the constant success and remarkable growth of the present establishment.

The ramifications of the business are so great at the present time that hardly a state in the union is unrepresented on the firm's books, and it is understood that the shipment of goods to other countries than our own is not infrequent. In the several manufacturing departments of the house operations are conducted on the factory basis, so that every workman's time is employed at the class of work for which he is most especially qualified. This also serves in a measure to unite the whole in a brotherhood of common interest, to the advantage of all concerned. As our readers are well qualified to appreciate, there are many advantages to be derived from harmonious and united effort, and an establishment operated on the plan named accomplishes, though only to a moderate extent, some of the objects of our own brotherhood. It is an old and trite saying that "Fellow feeling makes the whole world kin" and this, on a smaller scale, can well apply to the extensive dealings between firemen and other railway employes and this firm, for on both sides exists the feeling of confidence which this mutuality of ideas engenders. When to this is added the well known fact that every article sent out by the house is fully warranted, that only first class goods are sold and these furnished at the very lowest price, the reasons for the extensive and constantly growing trade with railroad men, enjoyed by the firm are at once evident.

As a closing word, it will be well to mention that the repairing of watches, as well as jewelry, is made a special feature by the firm and it does work of this kind successfully that few houses would undertake.

In The Queen's last word contest, Dr. Edmund T. Stevens, of Buffalo, N. Y., won the first prize of a free trip to Europe and \$50 in cash, and Annie B. Turner, of Deposit, N. Y., secured the special prize of a handsome Shetland pony.

The publishers of this well known magazine have decided to offer one more competition, and to the persons sending them the largest lists of English words (of not less than four letters) constructed from letters contained in the three words, "Dominion of Canada," they offer many useful prizes, including \$750 in cash, Shetland ponies, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle locks, etc., all to be awarded strictly in order of merit. An elegant Silver Tea Service (valued \$50) will be given each day to the persons from whom the largest list is received that day from the State in which they reside. The object of this Special Daily Prize for each State is to increase the interest in The Queen's Competitions in every locality in the United States. Those desiring to contest for one of these valuable prizes may start on their list at once, but send six U. S. 2c. stamps, and receive last number of The Queen with full particulars before forwarding your list. Address The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

DREHER'S CAR (CLEANING COMPOUND, the advertisement of which appears in these columns, is reported to give entire satisfaction wherever it is used. The Dreher Company are introducing their compound on many of the railroads of the country and from their references we do not hesitate to bespeak for their agents the courteous consideration of all whom they may call upon in their travels.

THE attention of locomotive men is specially called to the advertisement of the Jaros Underwear Co. which appears in these columns. The underwear of this company is specially adapted to railroad men who have to undergo rapid changes of temperature in their work and the bowel band is spoken of in the highest terms by those who have given it a trial.

MEN who advertise and need a new idea now and then, or who have not always the time or inclination to prepare their advertisements, will find a valuable assistant in the novel book of "Ideas for Advertisers," just published by D. T. Mallett, publisher, New Haven, Conn., and sent on receipt of \$1.00, post-paid. He also publishes a tasty pamphlet called "When" (price 25c.), a treasury of good advice to business men. Descriptive circulars of both these new books can be obtained upon request to the publisher.

Literary Notes.

WE have received from the publication office of the *National Car and Locomotive Builder* a copy of the book of Arthur Woods, M. M. E., on Compound Locomotives. The book contains 167 pages and is liberally illustrated. In his preface the author says: "The aim of the author is to combine the description of the various forms of compound locomotives which have been actually used, with so much of the theory of the design of compound engines as would seem to be directly applicable to locomotive practice. The book is divided into twelve chapters, discussing as many subjects in a clear and comprehensive manner. The work is of special interest to students of the compound locomotive, who will find in its pages a thorough and exhaustive analysis of the subject."

THE February *Arena*, in addition to a brilliant array of American authors, presents two papers of great interest by foreign essayists. Camille Flammarion, probably the most eminent European astronomer, writes at length on "New Discoveries on Mars." His paper is accompanied with a full-page geographical map of this wonderful star, as prepared by Flammarion and other leading astronomers. It also contains two small maps illustrating strange changes that have recently taken place on one portion of Mars. The distinguished Frenchman's paper in the short compass of sixteen pages gives the busy reader the important astronomical discoveries of recent years in a nutshell. Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., LL. D., contributes a striking paper on "The Nature and Cause of Apparitions." In the field of psychical research, Doctor Wallace seems as thoroughly a master as in the realm of natural science. His paper will doubtless produce a profound impression on numbers of readers who have hitherto paid scant heed to the alleged facts of psychic phenomena. The paper which will probably attract most attention in this country, however, is by C. Wood Davis, whose contributions to the *Forum* last year, were so widely quoted. This paper is on "The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway." It is a careful, exhaustive survey of one of the problems, which is to-day challenging the widest attention. Everyone, especially every farmer who would intelligently discuss an issue which will be a paramount political issue in the near future, should not fail to read this remarkable essay and make a note of its valuable facts and statistics.

PALE youth (to dusky brother): "Wouldn't I be a fool to fight wid you, anyhow? What would be the use? If I give you a black eye it wouldn't show."

MY PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Ye front each other, face to face.
Dear friends of long ago;
Your air serene but commonplace,
Your costume comme il faut
Since ev'ry smirk and ev'ry smile
Came first beneath my ken.
'Tis more than just a little while:
We all were younger then.

Tom, Dick and Harry meet my gaze—
How much I liked the three!
As thick were we in early days
As four could ever be.
But why expect the glow of youth
From silvery headed men?
'Tis true, although 'tis bitter truth,
We all were younger then.

Ah, Mary Ann and Emma Jane,
My flames of other days;
Alternately, although in vain.
For you I wove my lays.
By fate my hopes were overcast
(It boots not how or when),
Your married names I quite forget,
We all were younger then.

Some errant stars are gathered here
Who nightly lit the stage:
But very few to mem'ry dear,
Though lost to sight and age.
Do many look so lovely now?
Nay, hardly one in ten,
My errant stars, you must allow
We all were younger then.

But let me not morosely brood,
Old "Chronos" o'er thy flight,
And waste, in sourly cynical mood,
My hours by day or night.
Dear friends, I merely pause to say—
Before I drop my pen
And put your photographs away—
"We all were younger then."

Domestic Monthly.

A Fine Point.

Tommy—Mamma, will it be wrong if I make a kite to-day?

Mrs. Peterby—Yes, my child. To-day is Sunday.

Tommy—Well, s'pose I make it out of the *Christian Advocate*, will it be a sin then?

MAMMA:—"Well, Edith, how did you like the kinder-garten?" "I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and eat and she never gave me the present."

Teacher—John, of what are your shoes made? Boy—Of leather, sir. Teacher—Where does the leather come from? Boy—From the hide of the ox. Teacher—What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat? Boy—My father.

A REVEREND gentleman, addressing a school concert recently, was trying to enforce the idea that the hearts of the little ones were sinful and needed regulating. Taking his watch and holding it up he said; "Now, here is my watch; suppose it don't keep good time; now goes too fast, now too slow; what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a youngster.

Gould's Golden Grip.

THE RAILROAD WORLD AT HIS MERCY.

[Chicago Herald.]

Jay Gould will—Jay Gould has—Jay Gould says—Jay Gould wants—these have been the overtures to a mass of telegraphic announcements which, following each other in rapid succession, have astounded the financial and railroad worlds for two weeks. It has been Gould in every other line, and when Gould was not the magic name that ticked from the telegraph instrument it was Standard Oil. Gould and Standard Oil have together made the greatest monetary manipulation in the history of the world. To accomplish their ends they have jeopardized the financial safety of governments, not to speak of individuals. At the close of the fiscal year of American railroads in 1889 these corporations had a total debt of \$9,931,453.146, about seven times the amount of the national debt of the United States, and considerably more than the aggregated federal, state, municipal, county and town debts of the entire nation. This monster indebtedness is divided as follows:

Capital stock	\$1,495,099,318
Funded debt	4,828,365,771
Unfunded debt	357,477,160
Current debt	250,510,897
Total	\$9,931,453,146

This debt is secured by about 161,000 miles of railroad. Upon this debt was paid in interest on funded debt the enormous sum of \$219,877,150, while \$81,264,029 was disbursed as dividends upon the stock. More interest fell due than ever before in the history of American railroading and less dividends were paid than in any previous year since 1880, except 1888. Upon this pile of American railroad securities American credit is largely based. Place the value of these securities in jeopardy and a financial panic is precipitated. To attain their ends Gould and Standard Oil have risked the value of these securities, and at the eleventh hour averted the panic only to save themselves.

It may be asked how a combination of one man and a single corporation could do all this. It is very simple. American railroad systems are so interlocked and competition is so close that reckless rate cutting by one disturbs all. Cut the passenger rate between St. Paul and Chicago to \$5 and it will affect rates between Chicago and Omaha and Kansas City, St. Louis and Kansas City, Omaha and St. Louis, St. Paul and Kansas City, and then the rates between the Missouri river and Denver will follow. Let this situation stand a year, and, as under the long and short haul clause of the interstate commerce law, a local rate cannot be higher than a through rate, all passenger rates between Lake Michigan and the Rocky

Mountains will be in chaos and the roads in that region will sacrifice from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 in revenue. A cut in freight rates precipitates more disastrous consequences, because it compels roads in a large section of territory to meet it, spreads faster and wipes out revenue in hundred-thousand-dollar chunks. Jay Gould and Standard Oil owned enough railroads to start the rate cutting going, and did not hesitate to do so. For almost a year railroad rates in the West, Southwest and Northwest have been demoralized, with a view to reducing revenue, causing most of the roads to fail to pay dividends, or pay them on borrowed money, thus impairing public confidence in them as an investment and sending down the price. Like a piece of good luck for Gould and Standard Oil came the British panic in Argentina, caused by the inflation and revolution at Buenos Ayres. London was compelled to raise money, and threw more than \$100,000,000 in American railroad securities into Wall street in one lump, which crushed through values, carrying everything before it.

Then came Jay Gould's hour to act. He has an income of \$700,000 a month, and for years he has been hoarding ready cash, dollar by dollar, until his vaults were bursting. The Standard Oil has even more money than Gould. Its directors sit in nearly every New York bank. It can make money tight or easy at will. It joined hands with Gould. Millions upon millions were dumped into Wall street by the government in the attempt to stem the tide of panic, only to be locked in the vaults of Standard Oil financial institutions.

When bottom was almost touched Gould and Standard Oil were buying. For 100,000 shares of Richmond & West Point Terminal Gould paid between \$1,500,000 and \$1,800,000 in cash—probably nearer the smaller amount. What the control of the Northern Pacific cost no one knows. The status of the Union Pacific stock is yet an unknown quantity, except that Gould and his friends are in the majority. Pacific Mail again changed owners and passed into the hands of Gould and Standard Oil. Great blocks of Atchison were secured by this alliance. By their purchase they have become absolute dictators of transportation in the South, in the Southwest, in the Pacific Northwest and several minor or isolated localities, each large enough for an empire. More than one-quarter of the railroad mileage of the continent is now in the control of Gould and Standard Oil. More roads are expected to fall into the grasp of this combination. New York dispatches say that Gould is after the Rock Island and Burlington. Where it will end he best can tell.

In the shake-up that he has given Wall street and the railroad world Gould has de-

rived keen pleasure, for while he played with millions as easily as a newsboy pitches pennies, he has settled many an old score. Calvin S. Brice and his partner Thomas have felt his wrath. George J. Gould was once a director in Richmond Terminal, which is owned by the Brice-Thomas syndicate. He resigned because he could not have everything as he wanted it. Then the Brice-Thomas crowd joined hands with Collis P. Huntington and ran the Gould party out of the Pacific Mail directory. Now Brice and Thomas are at Gould's feet and Huntington's great Southern Pacific Company is forced to show at least an outward feeling of friendliness for the king of Wall street and join in his great trans-continental combination.

Wonderful Trees.

The following statements are compiled from apparently reliable accounts of tree wonders: One tree of the Mariposa grove, in California, is 90 feet in circumference; through another a roadway 27 feet long, 10 feet wide and 10 feet high has been cut, yet the tree is still vigorous and growing. Columbia county, Georgia, has a quivering tree, every twig and limb of which, however large, is constantly trembling as if in fear. A white mulberry of Newton, N. C., constantly emits puffs resembling smoke, which issue from every part of the tree. A tree of New Zealand catches birds in a sticky fluid given off by its seed vessels. The calabash tree of the West Indies has a fruit, often 12 inches in diameter, with a hard shell that is made into dishes of various kinds, and may even be used over a fire for boiling water. A tree of the Nubtan forests grows ready-made whistles, galls left by insects having holes through which the wind blows with startling effect. The vegetable wax tree of Japan bears berries from which fine candles are made. The stinging tree of Queensland is dangerous to the touch, but leaves no mark, though the pain is maddening, and the part stung is tender for months when wet. A palm of Pedur, India, 11 feet high, changes its position morning and evening, a handkerchief tied to its leaves so as to touch the ground at 4 A. M. having been 6 inches from the ground at 5:30 A. M., 18 inches at 8 P. M. and 9 feet at 3 A. M. A leaf-stalk of the travelers' tree of Madagascar contains, even in the driest season, a quart of water. Schelwisch, the Bavarian naturalist, found in the heart of Africa an iron tree, from which the leaves could only be removed by filing. Another African tree yields butter. An engineer who has been surveying in Central America reports a tree which shines with a brilliant light at night, a tree which gives milk, and a tree which bears dough for bread.

Above the Clouds.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF A CELEBRATED AERONAUT IN A BALLOON.

[Youth's Companion.]

Herr Maximilian Wolff, the celebrated aeronaut, in his balloon ascension from Cologne, last June, had one of the most frightful experiences recorded in the annals of balloon travel. On June 31 he received orders to prepare the "Stollwerck" for her fourth ascent from the Kaiser-Garten, the trip to take place on the 6th. Usually, he began work at the filling before daybreak, to have ample time, but on this occasion wind and rain delayed him till past eight o'clock in the morning. He dreaded making the voyage at all on such a day, but as an air-sailor, like his brother at sea, makes money only while on his ship, he decided to take the risk.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon, the balloon was ready. The weather was worse, and my courage was ebbing fast. I would gladly have given my pay twice over to remain on solid ground, but my reputation was dear to me, and I dared not face the jeers and insults of the vast crowd assembled to see me off. Two gentlemen, Herr S— and Herr D—, from Cologne, were to accompany me.

"At half-past five I gave the signal 'Los!' and our ascent began favorably. Our course was southwest to northeast, and in one minute we had risen five thousand feet. The temperature was cool. Behind us lay Cologne in a thick fog and a gathering thunderstorm. Our 'Stollwerck' soared continually higher in a fog that grew every moment more dense. The aneroid barometer showed a height of eight thousand feet. The basket swung like a pendulum—a proof that we were moving with great rapidity.

"A second thunderstorm gathered and burst beneath us. Then after a quarter of an hour, the clouds dispersed, and we could see the earth far below. We were spinning over long stretches of dense forest, very unfavorable for landing. The air had grown icy cold, and the balloon dropped rapidly.

"At last I spied a clearing on the mountain-side, which seemed our best chance for alighting. I pulled the check, dropped anchor and we sank gently toward the ground. The violent wind knocked us about for a time, but fortunately the anchor held. We had been seen, and the people were seen hurrying to the spot. The strength of eight men was barely enough to hold my struggling, pitching ship long enough for my companions, S— and D—, to clamber out.

"So far all was well. Then, without a moment's warning, a violent gust, like a whirlwind, broke over us; we were tossed wildly to and fro, but by straining every

muscle managed to hold down the 'Stollwerck.' Still in the balloon, I threw out a rope and with great difficulty tied it in a tree. Then came a violent wrench, and I fell over backward in the basket. As I sprang to my feet I found myself soaring cloud-high once more, and to my horror, two men were clinging to the outer edge of the basket!

"I seized upon one, and tried with all my strength to draw him in. He was a peasant of the neighborhood, a good-hearted, sturdy young fellow, who had worked with a will to quiet the wild plunging of the 'Stollwerck,' as she dragged at her anchor down in the clearing. But it was of no avail; my arms were as weak as a woman's, and the poor fellow's strength was spent. With a wild, despairing look straight in my eyes, he let go, and I heard his body strike upon the ground with horrible distinctness.

"My heart stood still, my head swam, and I should have sunk down indifferent to my fate, had it not been for the cries of poor S——, my companion, clinging to the other side of the railing. I tried to rescue my friend from his frightful position, but alone I could not drag him over the edge of the basket, and he was powerless to help himself.

"It was an awful moment. Already the clouds began to float below us; we must have been at least nine thousand feet high. I leaned out so far that it seemed every instant as if I must lose my balance, and seized S——'s coat in my teeth. I managed to grasp a rope with which I hoped to tie him fast. Those minutes, not knowing whether I could succeed or not, were like an eternity.

"At last the rope slipped under his arms. I drew it taut and to my inexpressible relief it held. But the danger was postponed for a few moments only; if S—— lost consciousness, he would be sure to drop, in spite of the rope.

"It was life or death to the poor wretch, according as our descent was rapid or slow. I pulled the check and we sank noticeably, but alas, into the thick of a thunder-cloud! The balloon spun round like a top. It hailed, thundered and lightened, as if hell itself had broken loose. We swung to and fro with frightful violence. I fell on my face with a roaring in my ears like the screams of a thousand angry fiends. But I dared not give way.

"S——, I called, frantically, 'hold on, for God's sake!'

"It's all over with me—the rope is slipping,' my poor friend gasped in reply.

"Pull yourself together! In a moment more we will touch ground,' I screamed hoarsely.

"But the nearer we came to earth, the more wildly we pitched to and fro.

"Don't let go the first moment you touch the ground or we are both lost,' I cried to S——.

"We skimmed over a house and barn—cracking, snapping, jerking. A rent yawned above my head. We flew onward swift as a feather before the wind. Nothing but extreme measures could save us now.

"Let go, S——,' I panted; 'let go, and jump for your life—to one side, away from the anchor.'

"Not a moment too soon, he obeyed me. The balloon, lighter, by one hundred and ninety pounds, swept me up again to the clouds. With all my remaining strength I laid hold of the check, not letting go till the anchor caught in a tree.

"A second's pause only, and the giant tree was jerked up by the roots. With the force of the wrench the basket was so turned that I hung head downward. The anchor gripped a second tree, again a moment's rest, and that tree was torn from its bed. Knocked about like a ball, I at last took my fate into my own hands. I jumped into the top of an oak, and slid through its branches, down to the blessed ground.

"I had landed at the 'Neuen Hause,' near Cleves, and straightway set the whole neighborhood on the search for poor S——, who must be lying somewhere terribly injured, if not dead. None of my emissaries were able to find him.

"Broken and bruised in mind and body, I set out for the station at Overath. Suddenly, from a side road, we saw a troop of men approaching. 'They're bringing somebody this way was called from mouth to mouth. I dashed forward, and a moment later S—— and I were in each other's arms, sobbing like a pair of children.

"To-day my head is heavy; a hammer pounds steadily at my temples, and I cannot rest for thinking of the other poor fellow who lost his life trying to save mine. I would give all I own in the world to see him once more in life and health. Never shall I forget this most horrible journey."

A week after the foregoing events, a notice appeared in a Cologne newspaper, which must have been balm to Herr Wolff's troubled soul. The paragraph stated that the man who fell from the balloon "Stollwerck" on June 6th, had by amazing good luck suffered no serious injury, and was as well as ever.

To cure a felon, says a correspondent, mix equal parts of strong ammonia and water, and hold your finger in it for fifteen minutes. After that withdraw it and tie a piece of cloth completely saturated with the mixture around it and keep it there till dry. If this treatment is adopted when the ailment is at first realized, the pains will cease at once.—*Scientific American*.

THE NEWSPAPER AFFIDAVIT LIAR.

The snake liar and the fish liar, both bowed in their gray old age.

Came traveling back from their journeys wide, from their earth-wide pilgrimage;

A tear drop stood in the snake liar's eye, and the fish liar groaned in pain.

And a death-like look of infinite grief came over the face of the twain.

"I cannot compete with the modern liar," the sad-eyed snake liar said,

"In its limitless length and breadth and depth, and I wish that I were dead:

For I stand rebuked with a shame-faced look 'neath the triumphant gaze of the eye

Of the newspaper affidavit liar, with his circulation lie.

"For the snake liar and the fish liar and the horse liar own his away.

And the easy-going liars who work by the job, and the liars who work by the day;

The traveling liar, old inhabitant liar, and liars of low degree.

And liars who lie for the fun of the thing, and liars who lie for a fee.

"The horse liar, the peach-crop liar, the sea-serpent liar and all,

With the wide, untraveled wastes of cheek and their soulless seas of gulf,

All bend the knee to the sceptered sway of this crowned and peerless one,

And the father of lies looks tenderly down on his most accomplished son"

Unidentified Poet.

Railroads and Forests.

The St. Louis *Lumberman* has the following to say concerning the use of timber for railway purposes:

The consumption of timber for railway purposes includes ties, bridge trestles, fences, telegraph poles, culverts, depots, rolling stock and fuel. The consumption of railroad ties goes for constructions and renewals. The number needed for annual renewals is estimated at 60,000,000; to this may be added an average of 13,000,000 for new construction; in round numbers, our railroads consuming 73,000,000 ties, requiring at least 365,000,000 cubic feet of raw material. An approximate computation of the proportion of the various kinds of timber used places the distribution of material:

Oak ties	45,000,000
Chestnut ties	3,500,000
Pine ties	12,500,000
Cedar ties (red, white and California)	5,000,000
Hemlock and tamarack ties	2,500,000
Cypress ties	1,500,000
Redwood ties	2,500,000
Various	500,000

The oak, therefore, our most valuable timber, furnishes over 60 per cent. of the material, and not only from choice trees mostly, but from the young growth, which may make "one tie to the tree," or "one tie to the cut."

Sixty million cubic feet of sawed material may be added for bridge and trestle timber, etc., making a consumption of 500,000,000 cubic feet of wood in the shape of round timber chargeable to the demands of railway service. This requires the annual

culling of probably more than 1,000,000 acres of forest land, and would require not less than 10,000,000 acres of well managed forest to continue the same ratio of supply.

The consumption of wood for fuel amounts to two and a half or three million cords, to which but one objection can be made, that timber fit for other purposes is largely placed in the wood pile. Railroads being responsible for such an enormous drain on our timber resources—and no system of forest management being yet practiced in this country by which the supply of timber would be constantly renewed—the economy of its use by railroads is one of the more direct and immediate escapes from a possible timber famine.

The use of iron and steel will necessarily reduce the consumption of timber. The steel mail car is already a fact, and metal coaches on elevated railroads are a success. Freight cars are built with metal frames and others with steel and iron panels. Bridges are very largely replaced by stone and iron structures, and the old wooden culvert is making way for cement, pipe and masonry, and yet with all this in the favor of timber, some of our Western roads use 3,000 feet per mile, and on some of the middle group of Eastern roads from 3,500 to 4,500 feet of timber per mile is used. It may, however, be safely assumed that in a general sense the inroad of railroads on our timber domain has had its best days.

Be Moderate.

[I. L. E. in Printers' Ink]

Moderation is a virtue always.

The possession of the quality does not imply lack of ambition, lack of power or lack of ability.

Crudity generally runs to extremes. It is often said that a man realizes his ignorance of a given subject only when he actually begins to know something of it.

Especially in advertising is it wise to be moderate. A little ostentation goes a long way, and the public is surfeited with it.

Take out of your advertisements the "verys" and the "greats," the superlatives and the exaggerations. Be moderate.

If you understate rather than overstate your case, the sympathy of the reader is won. He is made to feel that there is some one who pays him the compliment of crediting him with a reasonable amount of penetration. Thus he is led to add to rather than to discount your story. He or you may not analyze all these feelings, but they exist just the same.

To be moderate sometimes requires more "nerve" than to be boastful.

Lastly, let us not lose sight of the fact that there is such a thing as ostentatious humility.

Iowa's Aged Athletes.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Something over a year ago the *Tribune* printed the challenge of Mr. A. C. Owen, of Mason City, Ia., 84 years old, to run a forty-rod foot-race with any man of his age for \$1,000 a side. We are sorry to say that he has now withdrawn this challenge; as he has not been able to arrange a match, and has grown tired of negotiating with irresponsible persons, who are willing to talk, but not get out on the track and run. But Iowa must still be regarded as the land of aged athletes, as with the withdrawal of Mr. Owen's challenge there comes a proposition from Dr. L. K. Garfield, of Algona, aged 79, to race any man in the United States of as great an age, on a bicycle at any distance for any reasonable amount. He would not object, of course, to any man older than himself, though he would not care to race with a man who was over 110, as he believes that at that age a man should retire from the track if he ever intends to.

As we just remarked, Iowa furnishes our best example of the great-grandfather in athletics. Other States have alleged aged athletes, but when it comes to putting up their money and getting out on the cinder-path they make dismal failures. Mr. Owen's experience proved this, and we sincerely trust that Dr. Garfield will have better luck. The first to respond to Owen's challenge was a man named Palmer, living in Oregon, Ill. He wrote that he was anxious to run, and Owen told him to come on. Then Palmer began to make conditions and find fault with the articles of agreement, and it finally came out that he had lost a leg in the war of 1812 and wanted fifteen rods start. Owen promptly replied that it was no handicap race, and that he would not give an inch the start, even if he had lost both legs in the Revolution, and that if he meant business to come on and toe the scratch. That was the last he ever heard of Palmer. Then a man in Michigan offered to race if the purse was made \$20,000, and another in Kansas would gladly run if the distance was extended from forty rods to four miles, but Owen saw that they were only seeking notoriety, and refused to have anything to do with them. One of the last to try to arrange a match was a man named Stark, living in Canton, O. He claimed to be 94, but his eyesight was poor, and he said that it was necessary that he run with a dog, the intelligent animal being supposed to lead him and keep him on the track. Owen was inclined to arrange a match with him at first, but investigation showed that Stark ran with a big dog weighing 140 pounds, and that he would yell, "Sic 'em, Tige!" and the dog would start off like a jack-rabbit, leaving the old

gentleman with nothing to do but to hang to the string and skate behind. Indeed, it was intimated that even if he did get ahead the dog would grab him by the calf of the leg and hold him while his master shuffled along and went under the wire. Naturally Stark was dropped.

But in the case of Dr. Garfield the conditions are rather more liberal, and we presume that he will be able to arrange a match. He is willing to race any distance for any stakes, and he will be fair in regard to the gate receipts. His opponent may ride any sort of wheel he chooses, and in case he has lost one or more legs the Doctor will give him a reasonable start. He even hints that rather than not get a match he would be willing to throw off a few years in the age, and race any man over 75 years old. Of course, he can not afford to fool away his time on young men under 75. The Doctor seems to "mean business," and any of the *Tribune's* readers between the ages of 75 and 110 who consider themselves experts on the wheel would do well to communicate with him. His postoffice address is Algona, Kosuth County, Ia.

The French Stove.

Eli Perkins, whose luxuriant fancy does not permit us to take his statements too literally, thus describes the French stove: "The stove is about the size of an icewater tank in a Pullman car. It is loaded with two quarts of coal, the small three-inch pipe adjusted to the chimney and the coal lighted. After burning a while the draft is shut off, and the stove is wheeled around the room. The room is warmed in sections. First it is wheeled up to the old man, who throws out his fingers, then across to the old lady, who embraces it, and then up to the baby. Then it is wheeled back to the chimney, the draft opened, and the fire rekindled. There are usually two chimney holes about the room. After one room has been treated to a fire, the stove is rolled into the hall or into another room, or taken by the handle and carried up stairs. The same stove is used in the bedroom to dress by, rolled into the breakfast room, like a baby carriage, then into the sitting room. It is *multum in parvo*. It is a cook stove, fireplace and furnace. The American who burns ten tons of coal in a range, twelve tons in a furnace, and two tons in the grates, is amazed when he sees a whole house in Paris warmed with one ton of coal. The twenty tons used by the American would warm the Boulevard des Italiens. Such overstrained economy has, however, its disadvantages in loss of health, and occasionally of life itself."

Any railroads left out over night are likely to pass into the hands of Mr. Jay Gould.

THE OLD HOME.

In vain we strive to keep the tears
 From falling as we turn to face
 The dear old home, the dwelling-place
 Of ours for many happy years.

A spirit seems to whisper low
 In language quaint, sublime and queer:
 "How can you leave without a tear
 The old home of the long ago?"

The old, old home where happy hours
 Were often passed in childish play:
 Where memory sweet did pass away
 Beneath time's overwhelming powers.

We turn to go, yet linger nigh
 Unwilling still to leave the place
 Which time alone will soon efface
 Beyond the sight of any eye.

Again we look, and through our tears
 The purest feelings of the heart
 Awake to life, and quickly start
 Adown the mystic flight of years.

Again we walk in childhood's prime
 Viewing the bright scenes as of old;
 Our mother's form we do behold
 With gladness, for she seems sublime.

Our father, working near the door,
 Has given leave that we depart;
 And now our teardrops quickly start.
 For now we leave forevermore.

Yes, we must go; our mind is set
 On something dearer yet to find!
 The dear old home we leave behind
 With "one pure image of regret."

O, blessed place of rest, farewell!
 We leave thee with our hopes and fears
 To sail adown the fleeting years
 To some fair isle where seraphs dwell.

Adieu, thou peaceful realm of light!
 Along the gulf of time we stray;
 We'll think of thee when far away—
 We'll think of thee with glad delight.

Farewell! In leaving, all the years
 Of happy childhood quick return:
 Farewell! Farewell! We yet may learn
 Of something grander for our tears.

Old home, adieu! Yet as we roam
 Far from thy peaceful vale of rest
 We can not hope to be more blest
 Than we were in our dear old home.

Howard C. Tripp in Western Rural.

The Birth of Labor Day.

[New York Star.]

The first inception of the Labor Day festival took place in Brooklyn in June, 1882, when a meeting of Advance Local Assembly 1562, was in progress.

Some of the members fell into a chat and began recalling holidays they remembered, such as the birthdays of statesmen and soldiers, the dates of great battles and the events which marked great changes in the history of the republic. Suddenly one of them asked why labor should not have a holiday of its own.

The idea was eagerly indorsed by every one in the room, and a sort of informal discussion took place, resulting in a unanimous resolution that they would advocate

the celebration of one day in the year in honor of the genius of industry. No time was lost in carrying out the idea.

At the next meeting of the Central Labor Union P. J. McGuire and Mathew Maguire, who were then members of Local Assembly 1562, brought the matter up and by unanimous vote it was resolved that the first Monday in September of every year should be set apart for a labor holiday and called "Labor Day."

The leaders in the movement had another matter in view in connection with the first Monday in September. It so happened that just then General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, and Local Assembly 1562, were not on good terms, and their chief had expressed himself in pretty hard terms about some of its members.

The General Assembly was to convene in New York City on the first of September of that year, and it was determined to hurry up matters and have the first Labor Day festival then, with Mr. Powderly and his aids to review the procession.

The programme was successfully carried out, Mr. Powderly and the other members adjourned the Assembly to review the parade, 1562 and its chief again were friends.

Labor Day of 1886, when Henry George ran for mayor, was a memorable one. The United Labor party, which he was supposed to represent, rallied for the occasion in great numbers, forming probably the biggest labor parade ever seen in that city.

The same year Geo. E. McNeil ran on the labor ticket for Mayor of Boston, and one of the largest demonstrations ever seen in that city was held.

The idea of setting a day in the year apart as a labor holiday is by no means a new one. In France during the revolutionary days a century ago a meeting was called by the revolutionary leaders and it was ordered that Labor Day 10 should be set apart as a labor festival.

In latter days the custom is gaining ground in the other countries in the Old World, and in a few years it is thought there will be a labor festival every year in all the civilized countries in the world.

A French magazine, devoted to geographical matters, figures up the areas of African territory appropriated by the European powers. They are as follows: France 2,300,000 square miles; Great Britain, 1,909,445; Germany, 1,035,720; Congo Free State 1,000,000; Portugal (not yet ratified), 774,993; Italy, 360,000; Spain, 210,000. While the area secured by France is much the largest, so far as value is concerned England has no rival in Africa. There are still 2,500,000 square miles in possession of the native rulers.

The Car Stove Still Lingers.

That the car stove is a dangerous thing, and has caused the roasting alive of a large number of people, is well known. That cars can be heated by steam is also well known, for many cars are so heated, and the New York Court of Appeals recently fined a railroad company \$7,000 for continuing to use stoves in defiance of the law. People who ride on railroads in other states are therefore not a little surprised this fall to meet with the car stove in its accustomed place, and to discover no signs whatever of an intention to discard it. But this is precisely what might be expected of a railway company until the law has collared it and choked it into a decent regard for human life.

Railroad presidents, superintendents and directors have a vague impression that the money they receive from the public is the source from which their salaries and dividends are drawn, but of any obligation incurred thereby their notions are extremely indistinct. What they do realize, however, and can be made to feel very acutely, is a law which is likely to be enforced, and which subjects them to a penalty which they have reason to believe will be collected. There is no other way of reaching them. Complaints and remonstrances which do not take the form of penal statutes might as well be addressed to an Indian pagod as to an American railway magnate. Even against legislatures and courts the railroad companies are able to make head for a considerable time; first by owning as much of the legislature as possible and thus staying off inconvenient laws, and second, by using their abundant resources to prolong any litigation which may arise in the courts, until the attacking party is either defeated or tired out. But in an extreme case, like that of the car stove, the continual pressure of public opinion does at length make itself felt, and attain its end. In some parts of the country, as we have seen, it has already succeeded; and it will do so everywhere whenever the men whom the people send to their state capitals find it safer to represent their constituents than to receive their instructions from the attorney of a railroad.

ONE sheep raiser recently sold at Albuquerque, N. M., 200,000 pounds of merino wool of the finest texture. It was brought to market in sixty-three wagons, each drawn by four oxen. Before it was taken from the wagons a street parade was made. The procession was nearly a mile long.

LONDONERS consume 30,000,000 gallons of milk—or what is sold as milk—per annum, and pay £50,000 for it.

Beliefs About a Hell.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN IDEAS CONCERNING PUNISHMENT AFTER DEATH.

The idea of a place for the punishment after death of wicked men is found in most, though not all, of the religions of the present time and of antiquity. According to some beliefs the punishment is to last forever; according to others, the torments are to continue only for a time, and are to result in purifying the imprisoned souls and fitting them for heaven. No idea of penalty was connected with the classic Hades—it was simply an under-world where dwelt all those who had the misfortune to be dead, irrespective of their conduct in life.

The word comes from the Greek adjective *Aides*, meaning unseen. The English word hell had also originally the same meaning. It is derived from the Teutonic base *hal*, whence also the Anglo-Saxon *helan*, to hide, "so that the original sense is the hidden or unseen place." (Skeat.) The conception of future existence which lays claim to the greatest antiquity is that of the ancient Egyptians.

According to the Egyptian belief, if the great judgment resulted adversely, "the condemned soul is either scourged back to the earth straightway, to live again in the form of a vile animal, as some of the emblems appear to denote; or plunged into the tortures of a horrid hell of fire and devils below, as numerous engravings set forth; or driven into the atmosphere, to be vexed and tossed by tempests, violently whirled in blasts and clouds, till its sins are expiated, and another probation granted through a renewed existence in human form."

From Persia, also, we get a religion of great antiquity—Zoroastrianism—which, in a modified form, is held to-day by the small body of Parsees still to be found in Persia and India. According to the Parsee belief the good after death pass safely over the bridge *Chinevat*, which stretches from Mount *Alburi* up to *Garotman*, the blissful realm of *Ormuzd*; while the wicked fall from the bridge into the Gulf of *Duzabk*, which yawns beneath, where they are tormented by devas.

At the end of the world a comet will fall upon the earth, causing a vast conflagration by which the whole earth will be melted, and the molten stream will pour down into *Duzabk*, carrying with it the sinners who are on earth at the time. Here they and the earlier comers, except those already redeemed by the prayers of friends, will burn for three days and nights, and then, thus purified, will be received into heaven. Afterward all the devas, and even the archfiend *Ahriman*, will have their evil burned away and will also enter the abode of light.

The "Laws of Manu," one of the early

sacred books of Brahmanism, names twenty-one hells. Punishments for different sins are to be reborn into one of these hells, or to return to the earth as a beggar, cripple or leper, or in the form of a rat, a snake or a louse, the penalty being in each case appropriate to the crime. Punishment need not be endless for any one, as each successive life is a new probation, in which righteousness wins admission to a higher stage of existence.

In Buddhism, which is one of the religions of China and the state religion of Thibet and other countries of Eastern Asia, future punishment is provided for in a great hell, comprising a system of 136 lesser hells. The torments of these hells are depicted in many Buddhist books and paintings with much detail and vividness. As for the two other religions of China, Confucianism tells nothing whatever about punishment after this life, while Taoism has a theory of retribution much like that of Brahmanism.

The Jews in Old Testament times had no idea of a hell. There was no mention of punishment after death in the teachings of Moses, nor is this doctrine taught by the prophets. The word *sheol*, which is translated by hell in the King James version of the Bible, meant simply the abode of the dead, and corresponded to the Greek Hades, used in the New Testament and other Greek writings.

Gloomy and repulsive ideas were associated with *sheol*, similar to those we connect with death and the grave, but it was the destination of good and bad alike, and not a place of punishment. The troubles which the wicked and the enemies of the Jews were threatened with by the prophets pertained to this world. They were pain, disease, loss of possessions and kindred, hostility of neighbors, death and indignities to the dead body.

The idea of *sheol* first became modified after the Persian captivity. The place was divided into parts, which were separated only by the width of a thread. One of these divisions was for the good awaiting resurrection, and was called Paradise; the other, set apart for the wicked, was called Gehenna. This latter designation means "the valley of the son of Hinnom," and was originally the name of the gorge outside of Jerusalem in which the Jews had practiced the fiery worship of Moloch, and where afterward offal from the city and the bodies of criminals were thrown to be consumed by the fires always kept burning there.

The idea of Gehenna as a place of future punishment had appeared in rabbinical theology and become quite detailed a century or more before Christ. Hell was represented as having special apartments for different kinds of torment.

One place, from its darkness, was called "Night of Horrors." The fire of Gehenna was said to have been kindled on the evening of the first Sabbath, and would never be extinguished. The religion of Islam is characterized by lack of originality, and the Mohammedan hell contains nothing but easily made variations of the Gehenna of the Jews. To the man who disobey the precepts of the Koran it is promised that "God shall cast him into hell fire; he shall remain therein forever."

Opening of the New Broad Gauge Line to Ogden.

[Omaha Bee.]

The opening of a standard gauge road from Colorado Springs to Ogden is an event of considerable importance to the railroad world. The route comprises a large part of the Denver & Rio Grande system, but does not traverse the Royal Gorge and Marshall Pass, those scenic wonders which have made the Rio Grande famous. The road traverses Ute Pass, South Park, Leadville, the valleys of the Roaring Fork and Frying Pan, and joins the Rio Grande Western near the Utah boundary. The gauge of the latter road has been broadened through to Ogden. The great advantage of the line, which is controlled by the Santa Fé Company, is that it affords a standard gauge road from the eastern base of the Rockies to the Salt Lake valley, and places the Santa Fé on an equal footing with the Union Pacific at Ogden. Despite the discomforts of narrow gauge passenger cars, the splendors of this route have attracted the cream of transcontinental travel. The change of gauge and equipment will make it a most profitable summer feeder for the Atchison system. Aside from the importance of the change to the railroad systems of the West, it is a notable evidence of the gradual disappearance of narrow gauge roads as avenues of trade and travel in the mountains.

How Not to Succeed.

[Golden Cross Journal.]

After joining the order, pay no attention to it; the officers are paid to do that.

Let those who are desirous of a large tent work for it; it is their privilege.

Have no faith in the order, as you might make a mistake.

In argument about the order always take back water; it is easier.

Never attend the reviews; they are so dull.

When the order is beset with enemies, help them out; tell them things they forget.

Always hope you will come out right; pray for yourself.

If any mistakes are made, herald it to the world; it is your right to spread knowledge.

The Silver Law.

The workings of the new silver law have, so far, surprised the expectations of its best friends. At the rate at which silver is advancing in price, the silver dollar will soon be on a par with the gold dollar. Then we can have the free, unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, without the least disturbance of the financial or commercial condition of the country.

There was a very general demand among farmers for silver legislation, and since it has been accomplished, "things are going their way." The advance in wheat has kept pace with the advance in silver. Not all the rise in the value of our products can be attributed to the advance in silver; there are other causes, but, undoubtedly, the new silver law has been a great benefit to agriculture.

The bearing the advance in silver has on agriculture is clearly pointed out in the following able editorial of the *New York Sun*:

The advance in the price of silver from 94 cents to \$1.20 per ounce has a wider bearing than seems to be generally appreciated. There is a general disposition to see in this new departure merely a variation in the amount of currency, or a speculative phenomenon incident to a great and sudden advance in the value of an important commodity.

We have, heretofore, in round numbers, exported about 20,000,000 ounces of silver per annum, the remainder of our product being absorbed by government purchases and by use in the arts. For these 20,000,000 ounces there is now opened a market at home, and it would seem at first sight as if for their former export to pay our debts abroad we should have to substitute a corresponding export of gold, but this is not the case. In our three staple exports, petroleum, cotton and wheat, we come in competition with silver-using countries exclusively, with the exception of Australia. Egypt and India supply cotton and wheat to Europe, and with declining values of silver in terms of gold, so long as we were on a gold basis those countries were competing with us at a tremendous advantage. This is proved by the enormous increase in the exports of wheat and cotton from India during the last few years. By causing the appreciation of silver, as measured in gold, we make Indian wheat and cotton cost just so much more as the rise in the gold price of silver measures.

Of course, we cannot expect to get the full measure of this advance. The augmented price of wheat and cotton in India and Egypt must, to a certain extent, react in order to meet the increased competition from America. But European markets will rise in sympathy with the higher cost of these exports from those countries measured in terms of gold. Of our cotton crop we ex-

port in round numbers 5,000,000 bales, and of our wheat crop from 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels. It is fair to assume that the advance under normal conditions in the price of the exportable surplus of these two staples would reach two-thirds of the advance in silver, allowing one-third to be taken off the increased standard for Indian and Egyptian wheat and cotton, to enable those countries to export at all.

As against the export of 20,000,000 ounces of silver bullion we have therefore the enhanced value of the exportable surplus of wheat and cotton, to say nothing of oil.

Assuming that we receive two cents per pound more for our cotton out of the now inevitable 30 per cent. rise in the value of silver, we should thus have \$10 per bale added to the value of the exportable surplus of cotton, and thus the country would receive from Europe \$50,000,000 more than it has received from this staple previously. The same calculation applies relatively to our surplus of wheat and oil.

We believe it will be found that this new value of silver provides the true protection to our agriculturists. And the inferences to be drawn from these facts are plain. Given \$100,000,000 more in the pockets of our farmers, and it is safe to argue that an activity such as we have not witnessed for years in this country must follow in all lines and ramifications of business.

An Unmistakable Sign.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"How long yer bin in Christian country, stranger?" asked a native, stepping up to me as I was riding slowly along one of the narrow roads near Chadwick.

"About six months," I replied.

"Startin' er boom?"

"No," I answered, with some astonishment.

"Gotter patent right?"

"Not that I know of."

"Runnin fer offis?"

"I rather guess not."

"B'long to the Bald Knobs?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Serkit ridin'?"

"No."

"Makin' moonshine?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I broke out, impatiently.

"Oh, nothin'," ingenuously replied the native, digging one of his bare toes in the gravel. "I on'y wanted ter know which yer waz, fer ef er man aint one er them things down hyar, it's purty nigh ter set him down fer hoss stealin', an' bein' er consterbul, I'm jes' carryin' on mer dooty."

THE English are the tallest race among men, their average height being 5 feet 10 inches.

PUBLIC SCHOOL IDYL.

Ram it in, cram it in,
 Children's heads are hollow;
 Slam it in, jam it in,
 Still there's more to follow—
 Hygiene and history,
 Astronomic mystery,
 Algebra, histology,
 Latin, etymology,
 Botany, geometry,
 Greek and trigonometry,
 Ram it in, cram it in,
 Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
 What are teachers paid for?
 Bang it in, slap it in,
 What were children made for?
 Ancient archaeology,
 Aryan philology,
 Prosody, zoology,
 Physics, clinicology,
 Calculus and mathematics,
 Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
 Hoax it in, coax it in,
 Children's heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
 All there is of learning;
 Punch it in, crunch it in,
 Quench their childish yearning
 For the field and grassy nook;
 Meadow green and rippling brook;
 Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
 Teach the children that they are
 But machines to cram it in,
 Bang it in, slam it in—
 That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
 All that they can swallow;
 Fold it in, hold it in,
 Still there's more to follow.
 Faces pinched and sad and pale
 Tell the same undying tale—
 Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
 Meals untasted, studies deep.
 Those who've passed the furnace through,
 With aching brow will tell to you
 How the teacher crammed it in,
 Rammed it in, jammed it in,
 Crunched it in, punched it in,
 Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
 Pressed it in, caressed it in,
 Rapped it in and slapped it in,
 When their heads were hollow.

By Frank Lintaber.

How He Paralyzed Her.

[New York Mercury.]

"Rambo," said Baldwin, as the two sat down at a table in a restaurant, "watch me paralyze that waiter girl?"

He beckoned to the girl and she obeyed his summons.

"My dear," he said, "you may bring me some rare done chicken soup."

She went away and returned presently, bringing a bowl of lukewarm water with a chicken bone floating about in it.

"This isn't on the bill of fare," she observed, putting down a check for 25 cents, "and it costs extra. Anything else?"

THE London of to-day, with its millions of inhabitants, includes more Scotchmen than there are in Edinburgh, more Irish than there are in Dublin, more Jews than there are in Palestine, and, adds the *Industrial World*, more Americans than there are in Kalamazoo.

Buffalo Bill Ready.

HIS VIEWS ON RELIGIOUS INDIANS.

[Chicago Herald.]

Colonel Buffalo Bill may fight Indians again. He may go up into the Dakotas tomorrow. For two days he has been in his apartments at the Leland considering the advisability of going up there and spreading an advanced and refined civilization among the redskins with his long and trusty rifle. For two days he has been frequently consulting General Miles about this uprising at Pine Ridge, but as yet has reached no definite conclusion. The other night Buffalo Bill and General Miles sat at dinner.

"What you want to do," said Bill, dropping his diamond-plated fist upon the cloth, "is to stop these sun dances, these ghost dances."

"Can't you stop them?" asked General Miles.

"Well," said Bill, "well, I'll see." Then he leaned back into the leathern depths of the chair and thought. The eyes of the big gold buffalo head on his shirt bosom blinked into the lights that gleamed on General Miles' dinner. Buffalo Bill has been thinking over it ever since.

Yesterday afternoon he and his next friend, Dr. Frank Powell, the famous "White Beaver" of the wild West, which Colonel Cody and he have done so much toward currying, sat talking about the uprising. One of the *Herald's* men sat with them.

"A religious Indian," said Buffalo Bill, opening his eyes and staring into vacancy, "is the worst sort. Now, I am a deeply religious man. And I like religion among other men, except Indians. Down in Pennsylvania, at camp meetings, they work men up into such a religious furore that something's bound to break loose before long, and somebody'll join church."

"Do you gather my idea?" inquired Colonel Bill, putting up his fluent hair into a Psyche knot.

"A religious Indian," continued Buffalo Bill, "is the most disastrous kind. Some of my best Indian friends, when they get religious, grow cold and haughty and distant, and I can hardly get along with them at all. There is nothing so reprehensible to my mind as a religious Indian. When I was in London," the colonel continued, toying with an opulent gold beaver that hangs on the golden cable he wears for a watch chain, "I was going to dinner one night and told my driver to get me there as quickly as possible. As my carriage clattered along over the cobble stones of a narrow street we overtook a funeral procession. Immediately my driver got into a dispute with the driver of the hearse over the right of way. I told my driver to keep straight on the trail and not cut through the funeral

showing my deep religious inclination, and he said he wouldn't. He said he'd beat the hearse if it took a year. Well, we rattled on. The race was growing interesting and exciting. My driver, I feared, was getting the worst of it. Presently, however, they stopped to argue the matter, and I heard my man say to the cheerful driver of the hearse:

"Here, my man's in a hurry; your's isn't."

"Well," said Colonel Cody, shaking out his mane, "I thought that was pretty raw. But it hasn't anything to do with this story, has it? But to return to these Indians. I don't know yet whether I shall fight them or not. It might not look exactly right for me to do so, for I have made a fortune out of them, but if they get to shedding innocent blood I may, if I can be of any service, go up there. I am commander of the troops of Nebraska, and if ordered out, of course, would have to obey. This is very likely to be the most gigantic uprising of Indians ever known. There are ten thousand of them up there, all well equipped and well armed. The messiah craze has wrought them into a frenzy. They are ready for anything. And you must remember you only have 4,000 men in the army. It is mathematically impossible for 4,000 men to round up 10,000 light infantry, which the Indians are. And for this reason I fear trouble. An Indian is at once the most credulous and the most incredulous person you can imagine. He believes everything and he believes nothing. An Indian will never take the war path unless he has feed for his pony, which of course, is grass. There is no grass at this time of the year; but, recollect, these sun dances and ghost dances have wrought him into a religious furore. He believes a messiah is coming, and, believing this, trusts the messiah to furnish food for himself and horse. They must have some jerked meat on hand; they have plenty of arms and ammunition, and in their present state they are ready to do anything."

"Physical torture," interpolated the White Beaver, who was smoking on the bed, "has no terrors for an Indian where his religion is concerned. Every year they tear their flesh in these sun dances, and, the fight being waged for religion, they would risk anything. It may be the greatest uprising the Indians have ever undertaken."

"Yes," said Buffalo Bill.

THE area and capacity of the Hotel del Coronado, of San Diego, the largest hotel in the world, is: Area of grounds, twenty acres; area covered by building, five acres; total floor area, four and a half acres; capacity of reservoirs, 150,000 gallons; area of dining-rooms, 10,000 square feet.

Was It Instinct?

On one occasion, lately, writes J. A. Bartlett in *Longman's Magazine*, London, a particularly fine Newfoundland dog was sitting on a wooden bridge discussing a bone, when a predatory mastiff came along, and being unable or unwilling to distinguish between meum and teum, a smart altercation arose. So violent became the debate, that both suddenly overbalanced and fell into the stream beneath. The nearest landing place was a hundred yards down, and to it the Newfoundland betook himself without much difficulty, and, after a good shake, was preparing to depart, when he suddenly became aware that the other dog, which was more of a soldier than a sailor, was wildly beating the water and drowning as fast as he could drown. One look was enough. In went he of the shaggy coat, and, seizing the other dog by the collar, brought his late enemy safely to land. The two dogs then eyed each other with a perfectly indescribable expression for some seconds, then silently and solemnly wagged their caudal appendages, and with dignity departed. Some will, no doubt, say this was but instinct, and they may be right; but I prefer to give my four-footed friend the benefit of the doubt.

None of That For Him.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Your father refuses his consent to our union?"

"He does, Harold."

"Nothing seems to be left for us, then, except an elopement. Do you think, Myrtle," said the young man swallowing a sob, "that you could leave this luxurious home, forfeit all the enjoyments of wealth, banish yourself forever from your parents' hearts and go to the West with a poor young man, to enter a home of life-long poverty?"

"I think I could, Harold."

"Then you are not the practical girl I have always taken you to be," said Harold, with deep dejection, as he rose up wearily and reached for his hat.

Bacteria.

A writer on "minute marvels" states that the nature of bacteria was for a long time doubtful, but it has recently been determined that they are vegetable rather than animal, occurring in four forms—spheroidal, ovoidal, rod-shaped and spiral. So minute are they that 1,500, placed end to end, would only cover a space equivalent to one-quarter the head of a pin. They are composed of a granular, watery mass, surrounded by thickened walls. A drop of water is the ocean in which they live. Among their various functions is included a marvelous power of reproduction. In twenty-four hours one bacterium will produce over 16,000,000.

He Took It Hard.

[New York Sun.]

My room in a Virginia hotel was a large one and the bed stood in the middle of it. As I lay on my right side I faced two windows opening out on a veranda. At 1 o'clock in the morning a sudden draft of air woke me up from a sound sleep. It was bright moonlight, and a man had just entered one of the windows. I carefully lifted my hand and clutched the revolver under my pillow, and then I waited to see what the intruder would do. He kept perfectly quiet for five minutes, and then tip-toed over and took up my trousers. There wasn't over thirty cents in change in the pockets. He then tried my trunk, but it was locked. He picked up my coat and vest, but I had removed everything. He stood for a while as if in doubt, and then started to come to the bed.

"Want anything?" I asked, as I covered him with the pistol and sat up in bed.

"Oh, shucks!" he exclaimed, as he sat down on a chair.

"Who are you?"

"Nobody nor nuthin'! I hain't fitten fur hogs. If I knowed anything, I'd hev pizened myself last year."

"You seem to take it hard, old fellow."

"Can't help it. Everything I go into busts up on me. I've busted a sawmill, a sand bank, a yoke of oxen, a tobacco crap, and a saloon, and I was in hopes to get cl'ar of this county when this had to happen. Git up 'n tote me off to jail, and finish me up, fur I hain't fitten to be around alone."

I talked with him a while, and, finding him down on his luck, I let him out by the window and closed it after him, giving him \$2 to start the world anew on.

"I'll try it, stranger," he said as he climbed out, "but I shall look fur a bust up. When a feller hain't fitten with fittiness, then he hain't, and all the fitten he kin do won't gin him proper fittiness. Good night."

Paternalism.

[Harper's Weekly.]

THE question of a protective tariff, as Mr. Gladstone shows in his recent article, is not one of infinite and complex details only, into which experts alone can hopefully enter, and in which they often merely array assertion against assertion, but it is one which involves great principles of government. Its chief principle is foreign to the American doctrine of liberty, because, as its name implies, it is paternalism. Protection is paternalism applied to trade or commercial intercourse, as the various degrees of despotic administration in other countries are paternalism in the sphere of politics. The public authority which regulates individual freedom in travel, in residence, in public meeting and debate, in speaking, in writing, and in voting, is akin to that which restricts the same free-

dom in buying and selling. It is indeed an authority which, under the plea of the public good, tends to absorb every function, and instead of exercising only the power which is expressly given to it, assumes that the individual may exercise only such freedom as it may permit. Louis Napoleon, in the effort to establish his personal rule in France, called himself the savior of society, which is the ancient plea of despotism.

This general view was admirably and forcibly stated at the late dinner of the Tariff Reform League in Boston, by Mr. John M. Forbes, who until recently was one of the strongest and most liberal and efficient Republican leaders in New England. But upon the question of protection as in itself a good and wise policy he has parted with the party. He cited the course of events in France under the two empires, which ended in fearful disaster for the French people. Every omnibus wheel and post-horse wore the government badge. The interfering hand of public authority reached everywhere. Overtaxation, extravagance, corruption, jobbery, and all kinds of tyranny and injustice, and the general dry-rot under which the Second Empire crumbled, were due to the spirit of paternalism, which Mr. Forbes defines as over-government, or an absorbing centralization, as opposed to local government, or Lincoln's government "of the people, by the people, for the people." High tariff, posing as protection of the poor laborer, and holding on to a surplus which breeds extravagance, corruption, and jobbery, necessarily tends to a reaction in which the laborer will be the sufferer. Moreover, he argues, it is the precursor of socialism, or communism; for if the interests of trade may be properly protected by the government at the expense of other interests and industries, those other interests may in turn, and logically, be equally protected by government, until Mr. Bellamy's Look Backward will be shown to be merely a Look Forward.

This is the philosophy of protection. It is a form of paternalism, and therefore it is not agreeable to what we call Americanism, in which Mr. Forbes has great confidence. Whatever may have seemed to American enlightenment and common sense in a certain degree and under certain circumstances permissible or desirable, yet the tendency to convert a medicine or stimulant into daily food or drink must be jealously watched. He finds comfort in Lincoln's shrewd saying, "You may fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all the time," and from Burke's famous sentence, "The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion." The paternal aspect of protection is well worthy universal attention, apart from the contested details of the tariff schedules.

Wonderful Dogs.

[Mechanical News.]

A remarkable story is told of a dog—a pointer—owned by a gentleman in Cincinnati, who three times gave him away to friends at some distance from the city, only to find him back again, once through a blinding snow storm, very shortly after his banishment. It was resolved to experiment with him, in order to test the fact whether this was the result of memory or of some keenly developed scent, or other sense not known. He was accordingly dosed with morphine and taken to a town in Kentucky, 150 miles away. In twenty-eight hours he was at his master's door. It was thought, however, that he might have recovered from his lethargy in time to see in what direction he was going, and so had found his way back by simply keeping to the railroad track. He was therefore dosed with ether, put in a closed basket, and taken northeast and southeast, then kept in a dark shed over night, and let loose in the morning. He at once set out in a straight line and on a run—not at all like a dog that had lost his way—crossed two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, through five large towns and a network of roads and cross roads. Although he had never been in that part of the country before, in four days he reached Cincinnati again. He could not have remembered or known anything about his journey down, for he was unconscious the whole of the time. What, then, induced him to start in the right direction and keep it until he arrived home? This question has long puzzled the naturalists, for stranger instances of animals finding their way home even than this have occurred. They are, however, rare, and suggest the idea that this instinct is exceptional, and not common to animals.

Alaska's Bears.

[Juneau Letter to Denver News.]

To the bear hunter the wilds of Alaska offer a paradise that can be found in no other country on the globe, as is attested by the yearly shipments of hides. The most chosen are those of the black bear, which roam the woods by hundred, and prime skins bring from \$25 up to as high as \$100 each in the market. During the excursion season tourists from all parts of the globe make a thriving trade for Alaska merchants in the bear-skin line. There are five distinct species of the bear in Alaska—the black, brown or cinnamon, and a cross which inhabits all portions of South-eastern Alaska and the upper portion of the Yukon country. Further north, in the St. Elias Alps, is the home of the grizzly which in size, ferocity and color much resembles the grizzlies of the Sierra Nevadas; and still further north, along

the lower reaches of the Yukon and the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean, is the white polar bear. As brave and skillful in hunting bear as the Alaska Indian is, he seldom hunts the St. Elias grizzly, both because there is little profit in the hides and the great size and ferocity of the beasts make hunting them a most hazardous undertaking. Their mode of killing them is by shooting into them from a heavily charged smooth-bore musket a heavy slug of lead, copper or iron, then awaiting their charge, which never fails to follow the shot, with a long, heavy and strongly made spear, resting the butt of the weapon on the ground and planting one foot firmly against it. The point of the spear rests at an angle to pierce the bear in the breast, and the bear's own weight when it strikes the spear in its mad charge, is calculated to drive the weapon through him or pierce him deep enough to cause death. As will be readily seen, if at this critical moment the hunter's courage should fail him, or by a miscalculation the spear failed to impale the charging beast, the hunter would be knocked senseless and immediately torn into shreds. This mode of bear-hunting may have its advantages, but only the Alaska Indian has the courage to try the experiment.

Anecdote of Girard.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A man who had just set up in the hardware business, and who had been a clerk where the eccentric millionaire, Stephen Girard, had been in the habit of trading, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, but when the bill was sent in, he found fault and marked down the prices.

"Cask of nails," he growled, "which I was offered for so and so. You have charged so and so, and you must take it off."

"I cannot do it," said the young merchant.

"But you must do it," roared Girard.

"I can not and will not," was the final reply.

Girard bolted out, apparently in a rage, but soon after sent a check for the whole bill.

The young man began to relent and say to himself: "Perhaps he was offended, then, at that price, but it is all over now. I am sorry I did not reduce the bill and get it out of him on something else. His trade would have been worth a good deal to me."

By and by Girard came again and gave him another order. The young man was very courteous, and said he was almost sorry he did not reduce the former bill.

"Reduce a bill!" exclaimed Girard. "Had you done it, I would never trade with you again. I merely meant to see if you had cheated me."

Let each man take what he needs—no more.

Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard—
Who beats down the wages of the digger of ditches,
And steals the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage
Bought with the labor of half-paid men—
Men who are shut out from home and marriage,
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen.

Let the clarion voice of a nation awake them
To broader views and fairer play,
Or let the hand of a just law shake them
Till their ill gained dollars shall roll away.

Let no man dwell under a mountain of plunder,
Let no man suffer with want and cold;
We want right living—not alms giving;
We want just dividing of labor and gold.

Mrs. C. I. Wolf.

Have But One Object in Sight When on Duty

[Locomotive Engineer.]

Every engineer should train himself to think only of his work while on duty, to lay aside all his troubles, and joys, and hopes, and fears, and aspirations, and think only of that particular engine and train, and how best to bring them to their destination safely, on time, and in the best possible manner known to the art of locomotive engine running.

Just think for a moment, and see if you don't remember of a wreck, and a bad wreck, when in your own mind you are satisfied that it was caused by an engineer thinking of something else—family troubles, religion, love or real estate.

When you step upon your engine, try to lay aside every other care, and every other thought but the exacting duty in hand.

If you were out riding with a friend, and telling him or her a story, and your horse suddenly took fright and ran away, you would bend every energy to subdue the horse, and then resume your story. Learn to do that on your engine.

Lay aside all engrossing thoughts on religion, love or money, as of secondary importance, until you are at the end of the run; then, if you so desire, take them up where you left off.

The writer once fired for a man who, in this particular, had mastered himself completely; he left all his cares at home—and he had some sad ones—and thought only of his work.

He would sit as rigid as stone for an hour, his hand on the brake valve, his eyes on the track; you would think his thoughts far away, but ask him where any train was, what orders he had, or what the extra click was, and he would tell you in an instant—he was thinking of his work.

He put all his life and soul into his present duty; ask him a question outside of the work in hand, and he invariably replied, "I wasn't thinking about that." This man was afterward killed by a fireman who, after letting their light engine into a siding

at night, locked the switch for the side track, and let an express train crash into the engine from behind; the fireman confessed at the hearing that he was thinking about what the Rev. So-and-So said the day before, and forgot what he was doing.

If you are running, remember that your success and reputation do not depend on how good an all-around, average man you are, or how much you know about running the master mechanic's office; it depends upon how well you perform your duties each hour and each minute.

The safety of your train does not depend upon your remembering what place you will meet a train that has just left the other end of the line, but upon your knowing where and where not to meet the *next* train.

If you are a fireman, remember that your first duty is to do your particular work the very best you know how; to think of your fire, and all that pertains to its evaporating the most water on the expenditure of the least coal; to think of your signals, your lamps, and of everything under your care; you will rise in the estimation of your engineer and the officers of the road, only on your reputation as a fireman.

You cannot afford to think of anything else than your duty while on an engine; train yourself to this now, it will be of the greatest value when you are promoted.

No man does his whole duty to his employers or to himself when he "thinks about something else" while on a locomotive—do you do it?

Jay Gould's Prayer.

A newspaper published in the far west says they have it from the very best of authority that the Wizard of Wall street prays when he prays at all, as follows:

Our father who art in England, Rothschild be thy name; thy financial kingdom come to America; thy will be done in the United States as it is in England. Give us this day our bonds in gold, but no silver; give us plenty of men's votes to keep a monopoly in power and their friends in office. We know, our father, we have done wrong; we have robbed the honest poor and brought distress to many a door. We know it was wrong to refund the bonds and make them payable in coin; we know that it was wrong to water our railroad stock, but thou knowest we made money by that. Thou knowest our father, that we are above politics. It is the same to us whether Democrats or Republicans rule, for thou knowest we are able to sway all political jobs in our favor. Lead us not in the way of strikers, but deliver us from the hands of the insane Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Alliance. Thus we shall have the kingdom, bonds, interests, power and gold until the Republic shall end. Amen.

The Life of a Rail.

[Benjamin Norton in August Scribner.]

It is not economy to allow anything to be out of repair, on the supposition that it is less expensive than it would be to spend comparatively little from day to day to keep it up. The day of reckoning will come in the end and the sacrifice will be considerable. As the track is the fundamental feature, the cross ties or sleepers and rails should be the best. Iron rails are practically out of date, and it is fair to assume that the time is approaching when wooden ties will be things of the past. Where the traffic is light, heavy steel rails may not be necessary; but it has been generally found economical to put in use rails which do not weigh less than 67 or 70 pounds to the yard; and even greater weight than this is not ill advised—they require fewer cross ties to the mile, and in consequence the force of men required to keep the track in condition is less. Light rails are soon worn and battered out on a road over which heavy engines are run and large trains are hauled. The powerful locomotives now built require a well-kept track and a solid and substantial road-bed. Heavier and faster trains have tended to reduce the average life of rails, even though the weight of the rails has also been steadily increasing. Circumstances vary on the different roads, but it safe to say that eight to ten per cent. of all rails on the track must be renewed every year.

Shingled Farms.

[Daniel R. Goodloe in Forum.]

The Western States have given more attention to the collection of statistics of mortgages than any other part of the country. The subject is one of great and growing interest, and it is well worth the careful examination of statisticians and statesmen.

Ohio is the oldest of the Northwestern States. The state bureau of statistics reported for the year 1888, 291,640 mortgages upon real estate, and the amount for which the land is mortgaged is \$330,999,000. The assessed value for real estate was \$1,220,262,000. The mortgage indebtedness, therefore, was, within a fraction, one-third the value of the whole real estate of Ohio.

The aggregate mortgage indebtedness of the people of Indiana is at least \$26,000,000.

The total number of real estate mortgages in Illinois in 1887, apart from city lots, was 12,777, for an amount of \$142,400,000. The overdue interest amounted to \$4,919,754, and the total indebtedness of the farmers, therefore, was \$147,320,000. The number of acres mortgaged was 8,082,794, and the rate of interest was about 6½ per cent. But of course the interest "nominated in the bond" was not all. The interest, in one

form or another, will rarely fall below 10 per cent.

The annual report of the Michigan labor bureau for 1888 shows the following results: The total number of farms in the state was 90,803, of which 33,079 were mortgaged, their assessed value being \$79,713,000 and the mortgage indebtedness \$37,456,000. The rate of interest was 7.2 per cent., and the accrued interest was \$2,701,000. The percentage of mortgages to the assessed value of the mortgaged lands was 46.8. The number of mortgage foreclosures during the year was 1,067, and the number of redemptions 131. The number of sales under execution was 244, and the number of redemptions was 33.

There are said to be 270,000 farms in Kansas, and on this basis the editor of the *Topeka Advocate* concludes that the total mortgage indebtedness of the state among the farmers is \$146,563,000. The report adds: "A great many have had to borrow interest from the banks, and others have not paid interest for two years."

Female Factory Slaves.

Dr. Matthews, the pastor of Centenary church, St. Louis, who has achieved quite a reputation by his advocacy of the rights of the poor, and who frequently raps his aristocratic congregation over the knuckles because of its vainglory, has preached a sermon on the factory girls of St. Louis that has excited much comment. He was bitter in his denunciation of the employer who "herds" men and women into the same apartments to work, and declared that the tendency is to destroy and unsex womanhood. He also roundly scored the men who work with these women but so far forget themselves as to fail in their respect to the sex.

Touching on the labor question generally, he said there was much to say regarding the miserly wages paid these young girls, many of whom are in poverty stricken circumstances. "Here are the brickmakers, carpenters and mechanics," said he, "along all lines fighting for eight hours a day. Able bodied men fighting for what they think is justice, but who says a word in behalf of the ten and twelve and fourteen hours a day child, at nothing a week practically? I understand there is to be an emancipation day for the laborer and mechanic who works more than eight hours a day. Why does not some one plead for the emancipation from the pernicious surroundings, fourteen hours a day and small pay, of the girls in the factories?"

JACOB's well and the plot of ground surrounding it have been sold by the Turkish government to the Greek church for £4,000.

Forty Proverbs of the Sea.

He who would learn to pray should go to sea. When one falls into the sea he stays there. When you walk, pray once; when you go to sea, pray twice; when you go to be married, pray three times. Women are ships and must be manned. The sea refuses no river. All the rivers go to the sea, and it never overruns. The sea is not soiled because a dog stirs it up. To a drunken man the sea only reaches to the knees. If the sea boiled, where would one go to find water to cool it? What comes by starboard goes by larboard. Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle. He that will not sail till he have a full, fair wind will lose many a voyage. Unless you have the wind astern you must know how to navigate. You cannot sail as you would, but as the wind blows. In a calm sea, every man is a pilot. To a rotten ship every wind is contrary. What fear would he have of the waves who had Noah for a pilot? Every sea, great as it is, grows calm. A large ship needs much water. Where the ship can go the brigantine can go. It is easier to get away from the bank than from the bottom. The ship which doesn't mind her helm will mind the hidden rocks. He who can steer need not row. It will not do to have two mainmasts in a ship. Better lose an anchor than the whole ship. Good roller, good sailor. Do good and cast it into the sea; if the fish ignore it, God will know it. If the clouds look like they had been scratched by a hen, get ready to reef your topsails then. The full moon eats clouds. He who sends a mean man to sea will get neither fish nor salt. Every port serves in a gale. A mariner must have his eyes on the rocks and sands as well as on the North Star. Ill goes the boat without oars. From the boat we get to the ship. Don't judge of the ship from the land. The freshest and sweetest fish come from the saltiest sea. No one can complain of the sea who has been twice shipwrecked. He gets his passage for nothing, and winks at the captain's wife. The sea isn't burning. He that is embarked with the devil must sail with him.

Gutta-Percha.

[Electrical Review.]

It appears that there exists a serious risk of the extermination of the plant or tree from which gutta-percha is obtained. This gum is used in many industries, but principally in the manufacture of submarine cables, as it is capable of sustaining its insulating qualities when submerged under water at great depths; in fact, the insulation of gutta-percha actually improves with age when kept continually under water. The disappearance of the curious tree from which gutta-percha is obtained would,

therefore, be a calamity of world-wide importance, yet it would appear from a report recently made to the French Academy of Sciences that we are actually threatened with such a calamity. The French government, recognizing the importance of possessing an intimate knowledge of the source of supply of this precious material, entrusted to M. Sérullas, a distinguished scientist, the task of exploring the Malayan Archipelago, which is the home of the *isonandra-gutta*, with a view to studying the peculiarities of the tree and methods employed in cultivating it and extracting the gum.

M. Sérullas spent three years in Malay and studied the *isonandra* in all periods of its existence, acquiring a complete knowledge of its natural history and physiology; but he reports that there is absolutely no method in the manner employed by the natives in robbing the tree of its sap, and that no effort is made to cultivate and propagate so valuable a member of the plant-world. The natives adopt the wholly barbarous system of cutting a tree at the roots in order to extract the gum; thus each tree only gives one yield and is then dead forever. No wonder gutta-percha is rapidly getting to be worth its weight in silver. We would suggest to our British cousins, who are probably the largest consumers, that the simplest way out of the difficulty would be to annex the Malayan Archipelago and place the cultivation of the *isonandra* on a scientific basis.

A Veritable Salt.

Mrs. Belle Wooster Higgins, of Sullivan, Me., is described as a "veritable salt." She has been at sea almost constantly for nineteen years, and during that time has sailed to nearly every part of the globe, including several European ports, Africa, Australia, the Island of Sumatra, South America, every port of the West Indies, and nearly every Atlantic port in this country. She is expert in navigation, and is possessed of sufficient nautical skill to enable her, if it should ever become necessary, to take full command of a vessel and sail her to any part of the world.

He Meant Well.

[Chicago Evening Post.]

Dr. Squills—Yes, I realize my time to die has come, but I feel that I am not going among strangers.

Parson Snooks—No, indeed, doctor. Think how many of your patients have preceded you.

A boy in a Braintree Sunday school, when asked from the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" said: "The chief end is the end with the head on."

Betty's Many Husbands.

[Bradford (Pa.) special to Philadelphia Press.]

Ten years ago the little tavern of Emersons' Mills in the Pine Run lumber region was kept by an odd character, Elias Benton. He had a very pretty daughter named Betty. Her mother was dead and she looked after the household affairs of the tavern. She was sixteen years old, and Edward Shott, a bark contractor, young and well-to-do, was in love with her and wanted to marry her. Betty wanted to marry young Shott, but her father had other plans, and she was compelled to obey.

He chose for her husband a man three times her age, who owned a large pine tract in the neighborhood, a valuable property, that Landlord Benton was anxious to possess. He compelled his sixteen-year-old daughter to marry this man, Aulds by name. He lived only six months and left his young widow the pine land, which her father sold and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. Young Shott, in the meantime, had closed his contracts and gone away. One year after the death of her husband, Mrs. Aulds married, to spite her father, John Grover, a sawyer. He was killed in his employer's mills one month later.

The landlord's daughter was now twice a widow, although she was not yet eighteen years old. Two months after her second husband's death Edward Shott returned to Emersons' Mills, and on her eighteenth birthday young Widow Grover, who had grown defiant of her father, married her old-time love. The couple lived happily for one year and a child was born. The child was not two weeks old when the father was crushed to death by a falling tree in the woods. Widowed now for the third time, the landlord's daughter mourned her third husband sincerely for two years. About this time her father died.

At the age of twenty-one she made what was regarded as a most fortunate marriage, her fourth husband being Elmer James, a young Warren County lawyer. James turned out to be a drunkard. He abused his wife and her child so shamefully that she had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce, which was granted four months after she became Mrs. James. She remained single then until she was twenty-three, when she married George Rhone, a widower of fifty. He was a prominent man in the locality. Before they were married a year Rhone died with the small-pox. His young wife nursed him all through the course of the dreadful disease, escaping without taking it herself. Rhone left his widow \$10,000 in cash.

Not long after her last husband's death she took her child and went to Ohio, where

she had relatives living. This was one year ago. Last Tuesday she wrote to a friend in this city that she was to be married the next day in Covington, Ky., to a young man named Charley Green, a blue-grass farmer.

REPORTER—Can I see Mrs. B.?

Servant—She's out, sir.

Reporter—One of the family, then?

Servant—All out, sir.

Reporter—Well, wasn't there a fire here last night?

Servant—Yes; but that's out to.

Acknowledgments.

SLATER, MO., February 14, 1891.

To the Members of West End Lodge, No. 18:

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received through Brother Rufus McCormack a draft for \$1,500.00 on the policy held by my beloved husband, Eugene Rogers. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the prompt adjustment of the claim. May God bless your order and let it still continue to prosper. I sincerely thank the brothers of Lodge 18 for their kindness to me during my great trouble. May God in His goodness and mercy protect the members throughout the land in the earnest prayer of

MAGGIE ROGERS.

DEFIANCE, OHIO, January 9, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I wish to offer my sincere thanks to Messrs. H. N. Lamb and Chas. F. Reneman for a draft for \$1,500, the amount of insurance held by my late husband, C. J. F. Cook. My heartfelt thanks are tendered to Garfield Lodge 283, for their many acts of kindness to me in my affliction and sorrow and also for their handsome floral offerings. May peace and prosperity go with you through life in the best wishes of

MRS. LAURA A. COOK.

LOGANSPORT, IND., January 25, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of \$1,500 due me on the policy of my dear son, Frank M. Dudley, through Mr. C. E. Wallace, Receiver. I also desire to express my thanks for the beautiful flowers presented by Wm. Hugo Lodge, No. 166, and also to those who accompanied the remains and who so kindly assisted at the funeral. May God ever bless and protect your noble brotherhood in the sincere wish of his parents.

MRS. DOLLIE DUDLEY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, January 31, 1891.

To the officers and members of the B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I desire to return my sincere thanks through the columns of our Magazine for the payment of \$1,500 on my disability claim, also to the brothers of Forest City Lodge No. 10, for their kindness and help through all my misfortune and sufferings. Hoping that our beloved order will continue to prosper and with best wishes for all its members, I remain

Yours fraternally,

JOHN MINKE.

LIVINGSTON, MONT., Feb. 18th, 1891.

To J. K. Gilbreath Lodge, No. 264, B. of L. F.:

DEAR BROTHERS:—I have received the draft for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), due on the policy of my beloved husband, Mr. Jacob Hutter, who was killed last September at South Butte. Hoping you will accept my heartfelt thanks for your kindness and sympathy shown toward me in my great sorrow, and praying that the good Lord will prosper the B. of L. F., I remain,

Mrs. Georgia Hutter.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

MARCH, 1891.



Assessment Notice for March.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 1, 1891. }

ASSESSMENT No. 19, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 382. Morgan D. Tindall, of W. H. Thomas Lodge, No. 159, was killed by Railroad Accident, December 13, 1890.

CLAIM No. 383. C. D. Hennessey, of Big Four Lodge, No. 337, was killed by Railroad Accident, December 13, 1890.

CLAIM No. 384. Frank Thorpe, of Windsor Lodge, No. 421, died of Heart Disease, December 24, 1890.

CLAIM No. 385. Michael H. Brown, of Endeavor Lodge, No. 267, was killed by Gun Shot Wound, December 25, 1890.

CLAIM No. 386. William E. Fisher, of Petroleum Lodge, No. 383, died of Typhoid Fever, January 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 387. Murdock McLean, of S. M. Stevens Lodge, No. 150, died of Abscess of the Brain, January 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 388. Hiram W. Stephens, of Clinton Lodge, No. 34, died of Heart Failure, January 13, 1891.

CLAIM No. 389. Alexander McGilvrey, of Maple Leaf Lodge, No. 151, was totally disabled by Loss of Leg, January 15, 1891.

CLAIM No. 390. Chas. A. Young, of Success Lodge, No. 33, was killed by falling into Coal Shaft, January 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 391. Jno. F. Stafford, of White Breast Lodge, No. 278, was killed by Engine Turning Over, January 21, 1891.

CLAIM No. 392. Gus Altenberg, of S. S. Merrill Lodge, No. 188, was killed in a Collision, January 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 393. Fred S. Brouse, of Pike's Peak Lodge, No. 218, was killed in a Collision, February 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 394. Patrick J. Loneygan, of Violet Lodge, No. 365, died of Pneumonia, February 3, 1891.

CLAIM No. 395. Albert H. Miller, of Adair Lodge, No. 100, died from injuries received in a Wreck, February 4, 1891.

CLAIM No. 396. Samuel G. Allison, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, died of Paralysis of Bladder, February 8, 1891.

CLAIM No. 397. Hugh Monford, of Belle Plaine Lodge, No. 311, died of Pneumonia, February 11, 1891.

An assessment of Two DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership MARCH 1ST, 1891, said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than MARCH 20TH, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all the benefits of the order, as per Section 52 of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Disability Claims.

A large number of disability claims have been filed with the Grand Lodge since the new law enacted at the San Francisco convention took effect, and as this law requires the grand officers to make a *personal* investigation of all such claims, they will have to wait their turn as it requires time to visit the remote points from whence the claims are filed. The claims will all be reached in due time, but in the nature of things no immoderate haste can be taken. In so far as it lies in their power the grand officers will allow no claim that is not legal and just. The fraud and imposition practiced under the old law, which cost the order thousands of dollars, will not be re-enacted if diligent investigation and mature deliberation will prevent it.

Addresses Wanted.

R. P. KLEINHAUS—A member of Oasis Lodge, No. 396. When last heard from was employed on the Seattle & Eastern Railway. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts will please advise Chas. A. Smith, Box 372, Ogden, Utah.

FRANK ALEXANDER—A member in good standing of Northwestern Lodge, No. 82. When last heard from was in Mexico. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard ave. Minneapolis, Minn.

J. S. WOOD—Left Montpelier, Idaho, last July. He was employed there as locomotive fireman. Anyone knowing his address will confer a great favor by addressing his father, Eli Wood, Boulder, Boulder County, Colorado.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TYLER BLAUTE, IND., February 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges: The following is a statement
of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of January,
1891: RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	75	200	149	388	223	48	297	82	371
2	18	76	66	150	160	224	36	298	61
3	442	77	300	151	100	225	36	299	90
4	90	78	148	152	104	226	110	300	68
5	200	79	74	153	58	227	70	301	62
6	112	80	58	154	64	228	262	302	38
7	82	81	206	155	70	229	56	303	34
8	82	82	238	156	82	230	56	304	31
9	198	83	140	157	44	231	112	305	46
10	140	84	146	158	158	232	60	306	124
11	152	85	148	159	122	233	307	94	381
12	254	87	76	161	36	234	86	308	52
13	382	88	136	162	242	236	134	309	94
14	88	89	10	163	70	237	132	311	66
15	194	90	94	164	106	238	102	312	52
16	61	91	94	165	120	239	88	313	60
17	104	92	88	166	98	240	156	314	114
18	102	98	124	167	102	241	252	315	110
19	102	98	124	168	82	242	442	316	390
20	164	95	262	169	316	243	36	317	110
21	22	96	78	170	82	244	128	318	60
22	118	97	188	171	48	245	319	48	393
23	138	98	76	172	118	246	106	320	130
24	138	99	204	173	104	247	110	321	40
25	166	100	100	174	176	248	102	322	66
26	156	101	175	175	128	249	88	323	30
27	134	102	96	176	58	250	210	325	104
28	56	103	212	177	76	251	210	325	104
29	62	104	74	178	124	252	158	326	84
30	54	105	84	179	253	70	327	80	401
31	102	106	48	180	44	254	134	328	30
32	78	107	184	181	24	255	56	329	22
33	52	108	51	182	256	61	330	72	404
34	102	109	100	183	232	257	86	331	120
35	104	110	64	184	58	258	42	332	140
36	80	111	168	185	52	259	112	333	172
37	114	112	76	186	114	260	86	334	56
38	58	113	140	187	64	261	64	335	70
39	118	114	188	188	182	262	96	336	30
40	70	115	62	189	38	263	110	337	410
41	36	116	130	190	38	264	110	338	412
42	126	117	98	191	98	265	132	339	114
43	128	118	50	192	142	266	134	340	74
44	128	119	193	193	62	267	82	341	56
45	96	120	168	194	212	268	44	342	56
46	170	121	220	195	75	269	76	343	38
47	112	122	60	196	136	270	200	344	418
48	90	123	210	197	104	271	60	345	32
49	122	124	90	198	72	272	38	346	32
50	101	125	54	199	88	273	111	347	42
51	114	126	76	200	32	274	48	348	118
52	122	127	200	201	86	275	349	82	423
53	88	128	58	202	96	276	350	62	424
54	62	129	246	203	130	277	21	351	32
55	68	130	124	204	40	278	59	352	82
56	348	131	112	205	118	279	36	353	66
57	182	132	118	206	102	280	42	354	106
58	22	133	100	207	160	281	72	355	66
59	156	134	100	208	88	282	58	356	430
60	108	135	86	209	90	283	122	357	76
61	72	136	54	210	50	284	122	358	48
62	137	137	58	211	118	285	128	359	80
63	86	138	56	212	92	286	136	360	70
64	100	139	213	40	287	106	361	122	435
65	154	140	150	214	66	288	38	362	42
66	141	141	220	215	118	289	61	363	132
67	86	142	201	216	68	290	18	364	52
68	78	143	116	217	60	291	68	365	82
69	144	144	218	218	52	292	50	366	58
70	145	145	102	219	96	293	42	367	54
71	146	146	128	220	84	294	82	368	58
72	82	147	84	221	90	295	54	369	84
73	40	148	108	222	64	296	74	370	32

Balance on hand January 1, 1891 \$40,984 75
Received during month 39,091 00

Total \$80,075 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349,
350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358 and
359 \$27,000 00

Balance on hand February 1, 1891 \$53,075 75
Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

Magazine Agents ATTENTION!

PRIZES FOR 1891!

\$350.00

In Cash Prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded by
the Grand Lodge for the year 1891, viz:

1ST PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the largest
number of paid subscribers to his credit on
the Grand Lodge books December 1st, 1891,
Two Hundred (\$200.00) Dollars in
Cash.

2ND PRIZE.

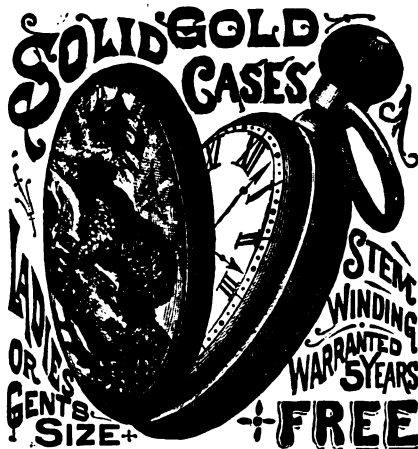
To the Magazine Agent having the second
largest number of paid subscriptions to his
credit, One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars
in Cash.

3RD PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the third
largest number of paid subscriptions to his
credit, Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars in Cash.

The foregoing cash prizes should prove an
incentive to every Magazine Agent in the
order to roll up his sleeves and enter the
competition.

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time with proper management and square, honest and truthful statements to our subscribers that we will be friends with every person in the land. Then again, we know that our elegant Solid Gold Watches and our paper will give such perfect satisfaction that we will get as much as 50 to 100 new subscribers in every town where our paper goes, and as there is something like 50,000 towns in America, you can easily see what an immense circulation we are sure to build up. Remember we are after a large circulation! You must have it! Even though it costs Two Millions of Dollars! Other papers are sure to be sold and fail, but we will not. We will be the most popular and the most profitable Home publications that is printed. You'll say so too, when you see it. It is a complete family paper in every way. Each issue is beautifully illustrated, containing complete and serial stories of fascinating interest, and a rich variety of funny sketches, anecdotes, news, condensed notes on fashion, art, industries, literature, &c., and stands conspicuous among the illustrated journals. When the New York World, Herald, Times, Tribune and other papers have an income of over One Million Dollars each year, we can't see why we can't do it. Use a man every day, and you can't see anything yet that another one couldn't do! Any person with money to invest, can make money! Isn't this true? Now read the following and secure a splendid premium.

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PATENTS

THOMAS P. SIMPSON. Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.



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Will hatch larger percentage of fertile eggs at less cost than any other hatcher. Send 6c for Illus Cats. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

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Where to obtain a thoroughly reliable watch that will stand the hardest kind of usage without impairing its value as a time-keeper, is a question the locomotive firemen, as well as railroad men generally, often find hard to get answered. The difficulty is overcome by the opportunity presented in this advertisement. This is no less than the offer of our celebrated **Standard Watch** for Railway service, which is well known as one of the very best time-keepers now on the market, at prices so low that one cannot afford to buy any other. It is a watch that will be passed by the most critical

Railroad Inspector. The movement contained in this watch is made by the celebrated Waltham Watch company. It is Non-Magnetic, gilt, has fifteen red ruby jewels, four pairs of jewels in gold settings, chronometer-compensation balance, patent regulator, patent Breguet hair spring, double sunk dial with fine Arabic figures, quick train, dust band; is ADJUSTED TO HEAT AND COLD and THREE POSITIONS and is NON-MAGNETIC.

Styles and Prices.—We furnish these watches in the following styles and at the prices named:

4 oz. Silverine cases, open face	\$15.48
4 oz. Plain open face, gold joint, coin silver case	21.48
14 K. gold filled case, open face, screw bezel and back, handsomely engraved and warranted to wear 21 years	38.48
14 K. gold filled case, hunting, handsomely engraved, and warranted 21 years	26.48
14 K. gold filled case, open face, Louis XIV. style, screw bezel and back, handsomely engraved, and warranted 21 years	28.48
14 K. gold filled case, hunting, Louis XIV. style, handsomely engraved, in assorted designs, and warranted to wear 21 years	31.48

Any watch here described will be sent by express C. O. D., subject to thorough examination, on receipt of \$1.00 as a guarantee of good faith, which amount will be credited on the bill. All goods are guaranteed to be exactly as represented.

References—Your local bankers, managers of express companies doing business in Chicago, the Prairie State National Bank of Chicago, and the publishers of this paper. Our 160 page illustrated catalogue for 1891 will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps. Our watch and jewelry repairing department is the best equipped in this country. Fine and complicated work promptly done at wholesale prices.

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Established 1874.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in Insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

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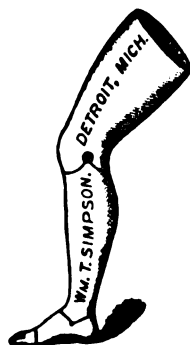
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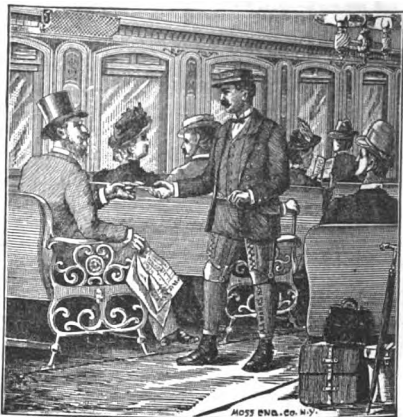
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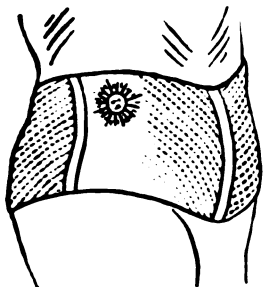
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On Friday evening, October 3, 1890, a freight train, rushing down a heavy grade at full speed to the entrance of a tunnel, plunged into a land-slide which had completely blocked the entrance, burying the engine and piling up the cars in a heap of ruins. To add to the horror the wreck took fire. The Engineer and his Fireman were covered in the debris. The Fireman, GEORGE KNUCKLES, was caught by the arm, and was not released until about daylight the next morning, while ENGINEER MCCOY was literally buried beneath the pile of wreckage. With his head terribly crushed and his body almost cooked by steam and water, he finally succeeded, after more than an hour, in crawling out more dead than alive.

Both men were insured in the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND CONDUCTORS' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**, and the history of their case is interesting.

ENGINEER JAMES B. MCCOY, Of Atlanta, Georgia,

was insured in the Railway Officials' and Conductors' Accident Association for \$1,000 at death and \$5 weekly indemnity. He was in a wreck on August 12th, being badly scalped and bruised. On August 18th, the Association sent him, while laid up, his first week's indemnity, and on October 3d, the morning of his death, had sent him the balance of his indemnity for seven weeks. His first run after his recovery was that in which he was killed, on October 3d. He lingered in a awful suffering until three o'clock Saturday morning, when his brave soul went out from his poor, maimed body. At nine o'clock that morning the Association in Indianapolis learned of his death, by telegraph. Before ten o'clock they telegraphed to his widow \$250 Funeral Benefit, and it reached her four hours and a half before the remains of her husband were brought home. Saturday afternoon's mail carried the balance of his death indemnity, which was paid over to Mrs. McCoy, and her receipt in full obtained on October 8th, just five days after his death. The following acknowledgment was received October 10th:

ATLANTA, GA., October 8th, 1890.

W. E. KELLS, Secretary Railway Officials' and Conductors' Accident Association, Indianapolis, Ind.:

DEAR SIR:—I have this day received from J. D. Collins, your agent,

the sum of \$1,000, being the full amount due me on policy held by my late husband, J. B. McCoy, who was killed at Little Tunnel, E. T. V. & G. E. R. R., October 4th, by running into a land-slide. I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the noble Accident Association. The \$250 funeral benefit was paid to me in six hours after my husband's death occurred. The full amount of \$1,000 was settled in five days after day of death. I remain, truly yours,

Mrs. JAMES B. MCCOY.

FIREMAN GEORGE KNUCKLES, Of Atlanta, Georgia,

had his arm badly crushed and burned, but the Association did not learn of his being in the wreck until Monday evening, October 6th. He was insured for \$2,000 death and \$10 weekly benefit. On Tuesday the Association sent him his first week's indemnity. On Thursday they were notified that his arm had been amputated on the night of October 6th, at the hospital in Dalton. The same day, October 6th, they telegraphed to him the sum of \$250, and sent by mail the balance, \$750 due him as *Half Benefit for loss of one limb*. On Saturday morning, the 11th, they were notified that he had died from his injuries on the night of Tuesday, October 7th, and the same day (October 11th) sent to their agent in Atlanta the remaining \$1,000 having settled the full claim of \$2,000 in five days from the first information received of his injury, and within four days of his death.

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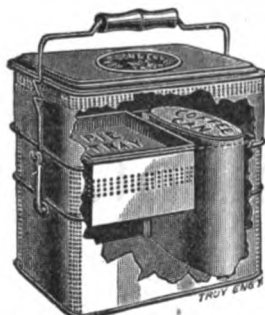
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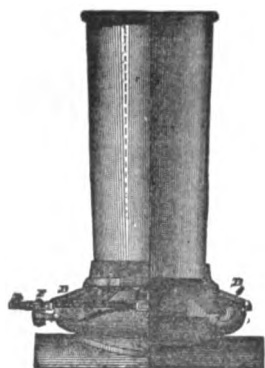
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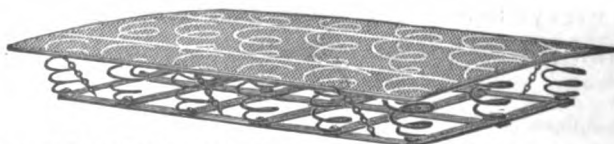
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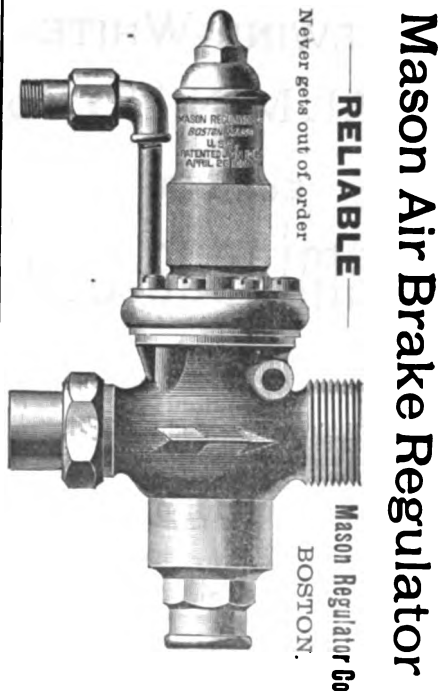
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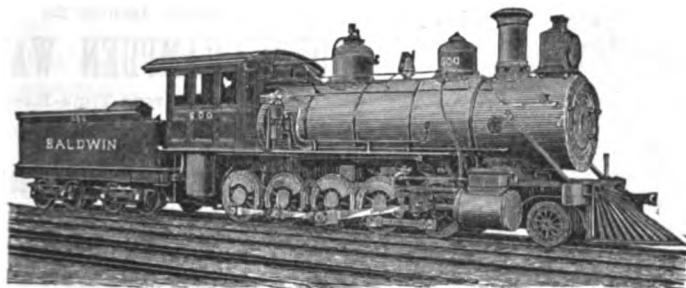
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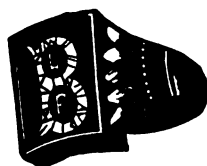
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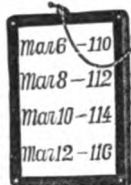
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LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

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No. 4.

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EUGENE V. DEES, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

At this writing it does not occur to us who first used the expression, "The Almighty Dollar"—nor does it matter in the least who was the author of the phrase—it has long since been canonized in the literature of the times, and all admit that it would be difficult to coin an expression more vividly indicative of the animating spirit of the age in which we live.

There is, confessedly, in the term, "The Almighty Dollar," a large ingredient of playful irreverence which admits of no question and is shockingly apparent when the terms, "The Almighty God" and the "Almighty Dollar" are placed in juxtaposition, but they should be placed in close proximity to enable the reader to comprehend the force of the term as applied to the dollar.

Throughout christendom the "dollar" has more devout worshippers than the omnipotent God—indeed, it is to be doubted

if there is in all recorded history more than one instance where the dollar, in a national policy, was required to take second place or a still lower rank as compared to the station of the gods—in fact, Lycurgus, some centuries before the days of St. Paul, gave the Spartans to understand, that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Lycurgus is dead, and St. Paul is dead, but the dollar is not dead. The temples of Mammon are more numerous than ever before in the world's history, the god is worshipped more devoutly and his devotees are numbered by millions, and nowhere is the idolatry more repulsive and debasing than in Christian (?) lands, and to such an extent has the debauchery proceeded in the United States, that the term, "The Almighty Dollar" tamely expresses the national degradation the worship has fastened upon us.

This debauchery is universal; no class, calling or profession has escaped its contaminations. It is a national disgrace. Its defilements are seen in every community. It pollutes the national mind, poisons every fountain of thought, and humiliates, shames and mortifies the few who, like the immortal three, would not fall down and worship the golden image the king had set up.

The worship of "The Almighty Dollar" is fruitful of all things detestable in national life. It is the prolific source of envy, jealousy and pride. It creates its aristocracies, all along the line, from rag pickers in their dens to the millionaires in their palatial homes. The worship of "The Almighty Dollar" breeds suicides and murders, and

every vulgar vice known to Sodom. It is licentious and lustful to a degree that ten thousand homes, however beautiful their exterior, are within like whited sepulchers, full of all manner of uncleanness, and still the worship goes forward and the soulless, heartless devotees, with blind and desperate eagerness, crowd around the shrine of their god like wild beasts at a lick.

In the January *Magazine*, attention was called to the announcement made by Thos. G. Shearman, of New York, that seventy persons had succeeded in securing \$2,700,000,000 of the wealth of the country.

In the January *Forum*, the same gentleman reiterates his statement, and in further replying to the question, "Who owns the United States?" says "one-half of all the national wealth is owned by 40,000 families, and that three-fourths of it is in the possession of fewer than 250,000 families.

The term "almighty" means all powerful, omnipotent, irresistible. The wealth of the United States expressed in round numbers is \$62,000,000,000. The population of the country is 63,000,000—divided into families of five each, and we have 12,600,000 families. Mr. Shearman says that "40,000 families" have secured one-half of the wealth of the country—\$31,000,000,000, an average of \$775,000 each. Again, he says that "fewer than 250,000 families have in their possession three-fourths of the wealth of the country—\$46,500,000,000, an average of \$186,000 each. As a result, if 250,000 families have secured \$46,500,000,000, there remains \$15,500,000,000 for 12,350,000 families, which would give an average of \$1,255 each. Tabulated, the showing is as follows:

250,000 families at \$186,000 each . . .	\$46,500,000,000
12,350,000 families at 1,255 each . . .	15,500,000,000
12,600,000 families. Total . . .	\$62,000,000,000

But it may be profitable to extend the analysis a stage further. If the wealth of the country, \$62,000,000,000, is divided by the population, the average amount per capita would be \$984.12. But according to Mr. Shearman's estimate, 250,000 families or 1,250,000 persons have secured three-fourths of the wealth of the country, \$46,500,000,000, or \$37,200 per capita, while 12,350,000 families, or 61,750,000 persons, have the remain-

ing one-quarter of the wealth, or \$251.00 per capita.

Such figures suggest to Mr. Shearman the coming of a billionaire, one man who will have one thousand millions of "the almighty dollars." He says:

"The least that can be said is that there are seventy American estates that average \$35,000,000. During the year, by the consolidation of two estates, one individual has become worth at least \$200,000,000. * * * The evolution of such enormous fortunes, absolutely inconceivable forty years ago, as an American possibility, naturally leads us to look into the future and to ask how far this concentration of wealth may go, and whether the existing hundred-millionaires foreshadow the coming billionaire. Is he coming? When will he come? What effect will his coming have upon society? Unless some great change takes place in our financial or social system, the billionaire is certainly coming and at a rapid speed."

The billionaire is coming with rapid speed, and will get here on time, unless some great change takes place in our financial or social system. What changes can be wrought in either the financial or social system to head off the coming of the billionaire?

Is it proposed to take the "almighty" out of the dollar? disarm it, deprive it of its power and subject it to restraints? Is it proposed to put a stop to the worship of the dollar? destroy its temples and its shrines, and disperse the worshippers?

If the billionaire is coming, he is coming with ten thousand millionaires in his train. He is coming in all the pomp and circumstances that wealth can bestow; and he is coming to stay and to multiply.

Mr. Shearman predicts that the billionaire will be here A. D. 1930, forty years hence, and asks, "what would be the effect upon our social order of the advent of the billionaire?" Some people are so mistaken about the effect of his coming, that they have drawn "lurid pictures of his tyranny," but such pictures, Mr. Shearman thinks, "have no basis in fact or common sense." Mr. Shearman is of the opinion that "the possession of such vast wealth brings a large degree of caution, and even timidity, to its

owner;" and this view he seeks to support by saying that "at the present time nineteen-twentieths of those who are worth more than ten millions keep out of active public life, and three-fourths of them are anxious to avoid even the suspicion of political influence."

Here we have the declaration that men worth from \$10,000,000 to \$200,000,000 are made "cautious, and even timid," by their wealth; but men worth from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000 do not hesitate to exert their political influence, or the influence of the almighty dollar with ostentation, and the opinion is expressed, that those of still greater fortunes are "coming to the front" in political affairs.

It would have been well if Mr. Shearman had named a few of the men worth from \$10,000,000 to \$200,000,000 who are so exceedingly prudent and faint hearted as to take no interest in public affairs, and are anxious to let it be known that they are without "political influence." True, such men may not be candidates for office, they may exercise great caution in declaring their partisan predilections, but all this caution and timidity vanishes the instant any interest they represent is in peril. Then they are no longer cautious about their declarations; they are at once transformed, they are daring to rashness, and bold to audacity. Then their money, in a steady stream, goes to support lobbies, to influence legislators and courts, and the influence of "The Almighty Dollar" is usually sufficient to carry the day. It is then that the millionaires everlastingly upset Mr. Shearman's declaration that they are timid, and that they seek no political influence. They are worshippers of "The Almighty Dollar," and they eternally stand guard around the temple of their god.

Mr. Shearman says, "the lurid pictures of the tyranny and cruelty of the millionaire have no basis in fact or common sense." That depends entirely upon what Mr. Shearman and others of his ilk may call tyranny and cruelty. The millionaire does not burn the objects of his vengeance alive, apply thumbcrews or break their bones upon the wheel. Such forms of cruelty and tyranny are not tolerated in the United States just

now. But the Millionaire Vanderbilts, under the laws of the Empire State of New York, did employ Pinkerton thugs to murder workingmen, an instance of "tyranny and cruelty" paralleled only in lands where a czar, a sultan or a shah, assumes the right to murder their subjects when it suits their whim.

Just here the question arises, Why is it that the laws of the State of New York, or for that matter, of any other sovereign state, permit the employment of Pinkerton thugs? Is it not because workingmen are supine and permit "The Almighty Dollar" to rule? Is it not because one class of workingmen, or men of one calling, totally disregard the rights, interests and welfare of other callings? Is it not palpable, glaring and notorious, that the wrongs to which workingmen are subjected, by virtue of the influence of the millionaire, are because of the suicidal divisions in their ranks, where oppositions, jealousies and indifference are ceaselessly nursed? And is it not true, that to bring about such divisions and enmities, is where the millionaire gets in his work?

When was there ever such an impudent illustration of this policy, as was furnished by Chauncey M. Depew, when he appeared before the engineers at Pittsburg to help P. M. Arthur defeat federation? On that occasion the Vanderbilts, three hundred times millionaires, were represented by Depew, and "The Almighty Dollar" was brought to the front to down federation, the last hope of railroad employes to win a final victory over the influence of millionaires.

Mr. Shearman is of the opinion that the coming "billionaire will bring an army of paupers in his train." But this is not all. "The masses, under a system which gives to one man a larger amount of wealth than can ever be attained by a million of his fellow citizens who are fully his equals in skill and merit, and far his superiors in industry," is to breed discontent which will forever increase.

What of such a picture? A train of "paupers" and universal discontent among the masses. How much further is it to scenes which the French revolution presented, and which live in crimson vividness? "The effect of such concentration of

wealth upon public and private morals," says Mr. Shearman, "may well be anticipated with concern. Already the wealthy classes," he says, "are hard pressed by the temptations of idleness, the parent of all mischief. Gambling has increased enormously, especially around New York, and a limited license for it, previously bought from local officials, has now been purchased from the legislature." Here we have it that the state of New York is completely under the sway of millionaires, and the debauchery has proceeded until the legislature of the state licenses gambling that the millionaire class may overcome some of the "temptations of idleness."

Say what we will, "The Almighty Dollar" is on top, and the billionaire is coming—coming not only "with paupers in his train," but coming with influences fruitful of discontent of the masses, coming with influences "which will corrupt multitudes less favored by fortune."

This picture is drawn by Thos. G. Shearman, a close student of events, and a man careful of statements. Men talk of the conflict between capital and labor, or between labor and capitalists, as if labor, disregarding all laws, human and divine, was rushing headlong to destruction; but Mr. Shearman sees in the growth of wealth in the hands of the few, the direst calamities to the nation, and he sees clearly the inevitable consequences of such a state of things.

The worship of "The Almighty Dollar" will proceed, and the devotees of the god will increase. Aristocracy, plutocracy and autocracy will combine their forces against democracy. It will be money against the masses.

As matters now stand, 1,250,000 persons have possession of \$46,500,000,000 of the nation's wealth, and 61,750,000 persons have possession of \$15,500,000,000. The plutocrats have an average of \$37,500, and the democrats an average of \$251.

If the masses will it, a fairer divide can be secured. If they submit to present arrangements, the billionaire will come and the little share of the national wealth they now possess, will disappear, and then they will have surrendered their rights, and will live by permission.

MANKIND IN A BAD WAY.

Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, in the *Fortnightly Review*, refers to his latest conversation with Darwin, when the eminent naturalist "expressed himself gloomily on the future of humanity, on the ground that in our modern civilization natural selection had no play, and the fittest did not survive. Those who succeed in the race for wealth are by no means the best or the most intelligent, and it is notorious that our population is more largely renewed in each generation from the lower than from the middle and upper classes." And an American writer is quoted as saying that "We behold the melancholy spectacle of the renewal of the great mass of society from the lowest classes, the highest classes to a great extent either not marrying or not having children. The floating population is always the scum, and yet the stream of life is largely renewed from this source. Such a state of affairs, sufficiently dangerous in any society, is simply suicidal in the democratic civilization of our day." Such facts must indeed be very discouraging to philanthropists who deplore the fact that the highest classes do not marry extensively, or, if they do marry, prefer lap dogs to children; as a consequence, bearing children and obeying the command to "multiply and replenish the earth" is left to what is designated the "lowest classes," the "scum," and the "American writer" is quoted as regarding that sort of increase of population as "dangerous" anywhere, and "suicidal in the democratic civilization of the day."

It is such pestiferous stuff, constantly published in the magazines, that poisons the fountains of healthy thought, than which nothing could be more vicious.

In England, where Mr. Darwin lived, and where Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace lives, there are "upper classes," classes recognized by law. To say nothing of the Queen, who for a time was amazingly prolific, the "upper class" of England do not have many children. They care little for children, their preference being, as a general proposition, for horses and hounds. The middle class, to which Mr. Darwin belonged, and which includes merchants and bankers, traders and "well-to-do people," guard against a numer-

ous progeny. As a consequence, the replenishment of population is left to the lower classes, but for whom England would be without either sailors or soldiers.

Mr. Wallace is of the opinion that the fact that what he calls the "lower class," the "scum," are addicted to having children, acts as a "check to progress," and he regards the problem as serious because it has "attracted the attention of some of our most thoughtful writers, and has quite recently furnished the theme for a perfect flood of articles in our best periodicals." Mr. Wallace, it will be noted, says "the floating population is always the scum," and that the "stream of life is largely renewed from this source," and the fact is attracting "the attention of some of the most thoughtful writers," and that periodicals are flooded with articles upon the subject.

It may be well to remark just here, that whatever may be true in England, where Mr. Darwin discovered that God did not create man at all, nor anything else, for that matter, the "floating population" is the "scum," but it is not true in the United States. Since Noah's ark rested on Ararat, and man was permitted to touch dry land again, he has been a "floater," necessarily so. Naturally a man is a nomad. When Columbus discovered America, Europeans began floating to the New World and have kept it up ever since, and after reaching its shores, they began floating across the continent. They are still floating westward. The floating population is still engaged in subduing the wilderness—in making farms, in building towns and cities, and in laying the foundations of empire states. They move on from place to place, and instead of being a "check to progress," there would be no progress without them. And it so happens that these floaters have children and rear families. To designate them as the "scum" may suit the fancy of the "upper class" and the "middle class," as such classes exist in Europe, but here in America they constitute the bone and sinew, the strength and glory of the country.

We do not doubt that there are those in the United States who regard themselves the "upper class" and the "middle class," and that these two classes fancy there is a

class below them, whom they, as readily as Mr. Wallace, call the "scum."

We do not doubt that there are people in the United States who may be properly designated as the "scum" or the "dross." They are to be found in all of the large cities, and are the class from which the N. Y. C. draws its Pinkerton thugs when it wants to quiet dissatisfied railroad employes with bullets. We do not doubt that these people have children, too many perhaps, but when it is charged that the "stream of life is largely renewed from this source," a monstrous slander is perpetrated, for which the facts furnish no excuse.

It is doubtless true that the working classes, men engaged in physical labor, rear the largest families—and it is well that such is the case—indeed it is shown that of the 13,000,000 families in the United States, about 11,000,000 belong to that class who must work for a living, and of these 11,000,000 families it would be simply villainous to intimate that any considerable number should be classed as the "scum" of our population, or to state as a fact that they are "checking progress" by having children.

It has been held by men who were supposed to understand the subject that "education, hygiene and social refinement had a cumulative action, and would of themselves lead to a steady improvement of the civilized races," and it is said by Mr. Wallace "that view rested on the belief that whatever improvement was effected in individuals was transmitted to their progeny, and that it would be thus possible to effect a continuous advance in physical, moral and intellectual qualities without any selection of the better or elimination of the inferior types. But of late years grave doubts have been thrown on this view, owing chiefly to the researches of Galton and Weismann as to the fundamental causes to which heredity is due. The balance of opinion among physiologists now seems to be against the heredity of any qualities acquired by the individual after birth, in which case the question we are discussing will be much simplified, since we shall be limited to some form of selection as the only possible means of improving the race." Just here comes in to prominence the conclusion of scientists (?)

"Education, hygiene and social influences are no longer to be trusted," and "some form of selection" is to be introduced whereby a better type of children is to be produced. Manifestly, the "upper class" will not select from the "middle class" or the "scum," hence if an "improvement" is to come by "selection" the "scum" must select from the *superior* classes. The "scum" must look up and demand entrance to higher social circles.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, it is said, in a remarkable essay on the theory of population, comes to the rescue and shows by the "phenomena of the whole animal kingdom" that those animals which have the shortest lives produce "the greatest number of offspring," and the "upper" class doubtless regard such phenomena as proof that the "scum" is short lived. It will be seen at once that Mr. Herbert Spencer's idea is to compare the "lower classes" with the lowest type of animals, rabbits and rats, and the like, and this is called science and the authors of such drivel are known as scientists, investigators, men who hew out new highways of progress, men who have discovered at last that education, hygiene and social refinement, will not answer the requirements of progress, and that the hope of the world centers in "selection."

As matters now stand, it is held that population is increasing too rapidly, and "hygiene," while it promotes increase, does not improve the progeny; but, says the writer, "the facts accord with the theory, that highly intellectual parents do not as a rule have large families, while the most rapid occurs in those classes which are engaged in the similar kinds of manual labor." And in this we have the final conclusion that men engaged in "manual labor" are the "scum" who have "large families" and are responsible for renewing the "stream of life."

Such is the logic of so called science, which designates the men engaged in "manual labor" as the "scum," and deplores the fact that they rear large families.

This sort of writing floods our "best periodicals," and seeks through such avenues to degrade labor. The "upper class" is the rich, the "scum" is the poor, the

toiler, the wealth creator, the taxpayer, those who build everything and preserve everything from wreck and ruin.

And here, we ask, what is the labor press of the country doing to counteract the growth of such pernicious doctrines? Much we hope. Certainly much it can do, and much it must do, if the time is ever to come when the badge of labor is to be something besides the insignia of degradation, and scientists (?) are to be taught the truth of Burns' philosophy that

"A prince can mak a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might,

Gild faith, he maunna fa' that.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WEALTH.

In the year 1790, George Washington was regarded a very rich man. He was worth about \$500,000, all told. An old almanac printed in the year named, informed the public that the "Father of his Country," "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," "possesses 10,000 acres of land in one body where he lives; constantly employs 240 hands; keeps twenty-five plows going all the year, when the weather will permit; sowed in 1787 some 600 acres of oats, 700 acres of wheat, and prepared as much corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc.; has near 560 acres in grass, and sowed 150 with turnips. Stock, 140 horses, 112 cows, 225 working oxen, heifers and steers, and 500 sheep. The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass; the farms are scattered around at the distance of two, three, four or five miles, which the general visits every day, unless the weather is absolutely stormy. He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. He is stimulated with that desire which always actuates him to do good to mankind. In 1786 he killed 150 hogs, weighing 18,500 pounds, for his family use, exclusive of provisions for his negroes, which was made into bacon." A hundred years have gone since that inventory of George Washington's wealth was taken, and now there are men whose income in a month is more than were all of George Washington's possessions in A. D. 1790.

"OUR COUNTRY'S PROSPERITY DEPENDENT UPON ITS INSTRUMENTS OF COMMERCE."

The caption of this article is the toast to which Hon. Wm. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, responded, at a banquet given in the city of New York, Thursday evening, January 29th. His speech on that occasion constitutes Mr. Windom's last utterances. He spoke and died.

We write no obituary of the great financier and statesman. We deal with his dying words. Still, we may be permitted to say that the late Secretary of the Treasury, whose word was law in matters of supreme moment to millions of men, was not born with a "silver spoon in his mouth," but in his young manhood was known as "Poor Billy," struggling against adverse circumstances to secure an academic education to fit him for the practice of law. He had pluck and persistency and won, as he deserved to do, and gained recognition as one of the thinkers of a great nation.

It would seem to be eminently appropriate to assign him the task of responding to the toast—"Our Country's Prosperity Dependent Upon Its Instruments of Commerce"—and as it naturally involves the question of labor, we deem it prudent to make allusion to it in the columns of the *Magazine*.

In beginning his address, Mr. Windom said: "The subject is very broad and my time is very limited"—and he therefore confined his remarks to what he designated "the two chief instruments of commerce—transportation and money."

We submit that one of the astounding hallucinations which not a few men, who rank as great thinkers, labor under, is that labor is not to be considered in any estimate of a nation's wealth and prosperity. In the discussion of commerce, transportation and kindred topics, labor is always omitted. It is like playing Hamlet without any reference to the old Dane. There seems to be an idea prevailing in all the charmed and gilded financial circles of the country that to mention labor, in the discussion of the "country's prosperity," is to degrade the subject—pull it down from its lofty habita-

tion and make of it the earth earthy, soil its robes of purple and fine linen, and make it totally unrepresentable at a banquet where wines at \$4.00 a quart, like Tennyson's brook, flow on forever, or thereabouts. Mr. Windom said:

A nation's wealth and prosperity are usually in proportion to the extent and success of its commerce, and commerce itself is dependent upon the adequacy and adaptation of these two essential instruments. The history of all civilized countries attests the fact that the nation best equipped in these respects rapidly becomes the most powerful, the richest and the most prosperous. Our own country is no exception to the rule. No nation has ever fostered more liberally or protected more carefully its internal and coastwise trade than we have done and the resultant magnitude and prosperity of our domestic commerce are, I believe, without parallel in the history of the world. We have more miles of railroad than all Europe, Asia and Africa combined. The floating tonnage of the United States engaged in coastwise commerce on our lakes and rivers is very far in excess of any other nation.

Such are the lofty periods of oratory that go circling over the country. They command attention, and smaller men than Mr. Windom, in banqueting halls less noted than Delmonico's, catch them up and repeat them, and thus wealth is ceaselessly exalted, while the source of wealth and the nation's prosperity, labor, receives never so much as a passing word. The allusion to the "coastwise trade" and our "domestic commerce" is made to speak volumes for *wealth*, but not a word for *work*. It has ever been thus and will be the same while the stars continue to shine, unless work can have a hearing and facts can take the place of gilded sophisms in the world's arenas of debate.

Go where all our "coastwise" fleets, all the steamers, boats and barges that float upon our rivers and lakes can pass in review before the admiring gaze of beholders, and no paddle, screw or oar will disturb the placid waters, if the *worker* is absent. No keel will cleave the waves and "commerce" will be as dead as in Central Africa, amidst the silence and gloom of its forests. If this is true (and we challenge all the millionaires and plutocrats from Dives to Jay Gould to deny a truth as immovable as the eternal hills) why should *labor*—workers—forever be denied a place where plutocrats are wined and dined?

Mr. Windom said:

Our increase of wealth from 1870 to 1880 as compared with that of other nations was United States, \$13,573,481,493; Great Britain, \$3,235,000; France, \$1,475,000; Germany, \$3,635,000. Our markets in 1890 absorbed five times as much of our manufactured products as Great Britain exported of hers to all the markets of the world.

Here we have an allusion to the increasing wealth of four great nations, of which our own stands at the head, and so far in advance that the sum total is bewildering in its magnitude. What better opportunity could have been offered to say a truthful word for *work*? Is it not true that, without work, instead of an increase of wealth amounting to \$13,573,481,493, there would have been not only no increase of wealth, but widespread desolation? A truth more fundamental and eternal could not have been uttered. There is not a political economist in the world who would deny it. Why not, in such discussions, bring labor to the front as one of the instrumentalities of commerce? It is the first and the most essential of all the agencies of commerce. In the name of all things rational, what is commerce? Is it not the exchange of commodities, the buying and selling of merchandise? Would it not be well for those who learnedly (?) talk commerce to name some one thing that goes to make up the grand sum total of commerce that labor has not made available for traffic? They might search for it until the sun had turned to a ball of ice, but they would not find it. Still, when men of wealth discuss instrumentalities of commerce, work is tabooed.

Reference was made by Mr. Windom to our markets in 1890. What was there in our markets? "Manufactured products." What produced them? Work—not wealth—and yet, from first to last, the Secretary of the Treasury, once known as "Poor Billy," never remotely alluded to work as an instrumentality, an agency of commerce or the prosperity of the country.

It is not required of us that we eulogize work. It speaks for itself. Still in a country where there are 11,620,000 families of workers, who produce everything, create all the wealth, make revenues possible and debt-paying possible, and without whose work and skill there would be no commerce, no

prosperity, it would seem fitting, when commerce and prosperity are topics of debate, some mention should be made of work. We are hopeful, and the signs of the times presage the coming of an era, when work and workers will have a place where men discuss national prosperity.

RAILROAD EARNINGS FOR 1890

It is a remarkable fact that we are constantly reminded that the railroads of the country are losing money, and then again we have the following statement that "the gross earnings of those railways in the United States, Canada and Mexico, which choose to make public statements, continue to show in the aggregate, a large increase thus far in 1890 compared with the same period in 1889. The returns for 143 roads for the eleven months ending November 30, foot up \$425,102,860, against \$390,247,948 in the same time last year, a gain of \$34,854,920. It is a very noticeable fact that of the 143 roads named, 132 show gains aggregating \$35,077,171, while only 11 show decreases, these aggregating only \$222,151. The roads which indicate the falling off are all very small lines with the exception of the Ohio & Mississippi, which suffered a decrease of \$86,882, and the Mexican railway, which lost \$100,583." There are a number of railroads in the country that are run to be wrecked, and to make money in that way for bondholders, who want the roads sold that they may take them in. Honest railroading pays.

ASTRONOMERS are making some startling discoveries nowadays. Dr. Huggins asserts that Sirius is a sun five thousand times larger than our "Old Sol," and that he is attended by planets a million times larger than the earth, and if these planets are inhabited the probability is the people are proportionately larger than those who inhabit the earth. Gods! just think of a Chauncey M. Depew a million times larger than our Chauncey M.—a Chimborazo making speeches against federation. At such a sight the old dog star, big as he is, would tuck his tail and run.

THE Standard Oil Trust Baron Rockefeller is building a palace to cost \$3,000,000.

THE BLUE PARLOR.

Congress is constantly making appropriations to beautify the "Blue Parlor" in the old White House at Washington, and make it appear so much like a room in a palace that the representatives of foreign courts will not turn up their aristocratic noses when they enter it. This old "Blue Room" is the focal center of American "damphoolism," as Josh Billings would remark. Already Washington society is so impregnated with snobbery that it is ashamed of the White House and wants to transform it into offices, and build for the President, the head servant of the nation, a palace of magnificent dimensions, where dudes of both sexes, and dunces generally, can display their feathers *a la urup*. A recent Washington dispatch says:

The decoration of the blue parlor, the historical private reception room of the executive mansion, was completed yesterday. The oval form of the room has been preserved, and the new decorations are of the historical blue, in exquisite shadings and gradations of color. The carpet, which was made by an American manufacturer, from American material, is a Wilton in shades of steel or electric blue after a special design. The wood work of the room is in cream and gold. The dado and frieze are in hand relief work in soft shades of blue lighted up with gold. The chair rail and the picture molding are of cream and gold. Between them the wadded wall is covered with blue silk of a graceful, subdued pattern. This silk was made in an American factory. In fact, everything about the new decoration is American except the beautiful embossed silk plush with which the old frames of the historical furniture of the blue room have been covered. The ceiling of the room has a beautiful relief border with a shield at either end of the oval. Within this border a summer sky effect is introduced, shading from morning light near the windows to evening shadows at the other end of the oval. The windows are hung in blue silk in harmony with the walls. The decorations cost \$12,000.

It is possible for the representatives of "foreign courts" to tolerate the old "Blue Room" for one season as it now appears; but next year the room will have to undergo another overhauling, when the decorations will be still more princely.

Only recently the word was flashed over the wires, that Minister Bob Lincoln would have to retire from the Court of St. James, because on \$17,500 a year he could not trot the required gait on the track with English snobs, and that Waldorf Astor would take his place. It is held that Waldorf could

shine so resplendently that the Queen would exclaim, "Well, now, but don't that beat anything;" and the Prince of Wales would make obeisance to Waldorf's gold. Labor foots the bills, and as long as working-men say, "Let'er go, Gallagher," she will go, and don't you forget it.

BANKERS.

Some months since, one of the most scandalous bank failures known as the Kean failure occurred in Chicago. One of the peculiarities about the wretched piece of business was the distinguished piety of Kean. He was a man of much prayer and great charities. He was one of the "sweet singers in Israel." Salvation was his theme on Sundays, and at social religious meetings, week-day evenings. He loved to dwell upon his "heavenly inheritance." On such occasions Brother Kean's soul "was on fire." He seemed to have electric communication with the "spirits of just men made perfect." He lived in full view of the "Promised Land." His ears were attuned to seraphic minstrelsy. He was, when not *banking*, on the summit of some sacred mountain, looking beyond Jordan's billows to the land of "milk and honey."

Brother Kean played his religious cards splendidly. He caught more gudgeons than fell to the share of other bankers. Money flowed to him in an ever-swelling tide, and as the cash came, brother Kean's piety took on a keener edge. He was *sharp*. He made religion pay. He speculated in *amens* and *hallelujahs*. He was not only a "pillar in the church" but was recognized as a power in the Sunday school, where the youth of Chicago are taught to be good. Brother Kean, as might be supposed, was deeply concerned in the welfare of youth. He would have them honest and virtuous—all of which helped Brother Kean in securing *deposits*.

In all of this, Brother Kean was shrewd, astute, wily. He feathered his nest. He got to himself a great name in Chicago, and then fizzled. The bank failed, the cash was gone, and with it went his piety—all of his professions and prayers came back to roost. Like ravens and owls, they took possession of the bank and amidst the wreck, ruin and

desolation, they croaked and hooted, while experts were determining, as near as possible, just how much Brother Kean had got away with.

But we did not begin this article so much to write about Kean, as about the hot shot other Chicago bankers deemed it prudent to fire into him on the evening of January 3d, 1891.

It seems that on the evening named, the Taxpayers' Association concluded to ex-coriolate the "praying swindler," and a number of "private bankers" concluded to be present, and put themselves on record in money matters and this they did with considerable emphasis. As for instance, one man said that "any banker who carries his religion so far into his bank as Kean did is a dangerous man," the audience loudly applauded the sentiment, as they also applauded the assertion of Herman Felzenthal that "a banker who would not pay his depositors ought to be hung." The purpose of the meeting was to appoint a committee to "formulate a bill for the better regulation of banks and the protection of depositors." One speaker remarked, that "the secret of an honest bank is an honest banker. If they are honest their banks will always pay." A lawyer said, "I believe that private banking business should be forbidden unless the person doing the business should first obtain a license under strict regulations." Another man remarked, "If a man goes to prayer meeting every morning before he goes to his bank, he is a hypocrite. He missed his calling. He ought to have been a preacher. He hasn't got time to attend to the safety of other people's money. Now, I am in favor, when a banker fails to pay, to hang him. And when men fail to pay the banker, hang them. Seriously, I think the dishonesty of bankers is overrated. I do not call the men who hang a bank-sign out bankers. Of sixty-eight banking firms in the directory to-day only ten are really bankers."

Another speaker said: "I have been reading a table of embezzlements in the United States, it occupies over two columns of a newspaper. The embezzlements for the year 1890 aggregated \$8,832,000. Nearly \$9,000,000, Mr. Chairman, embezzled by all

kinds of people, including bankers. From 1878 to 1890, the amount embezzled in the United States aggregated nearly \$63,000,000. One of the biggest sums was \$460,000, by a banker. A banker should be compelled to put up security with the state auditor to the extent of the capital invested. [Applause.] Each stockholder should be made individually liable for the entire debts of the banking company up to the last dollar he owns. You would then find fewer bank presidents fail. And I want to say that any man who, like Kean, carries his religion so far into his bank as he did, is a dangerous man. If we punished dishonest bankers here as they do in Germany, it would be a long time until a bank failed in Chicago. [Applause.] The criminal lawyers would have had several jobs recently. The English and Scotch laws are better than ours. I read the other day that the Glasgow bank, which failed by the dishonesty of its officials, had been wound up by the payment of every dollar due the depositors. How different in the Kean bank case. Instead of the bank owing the depositors, the investigation tended to show that the depositors owed the bank."

Another speaker referred to "the postal savings bank system of Canada, by which depositors obtained 3½ per cent. interest and their deposits guaranteed by the government. It was a matter of record that the government had not lost a cent for a period of ten years. Here in Chicago there were over sixty private banks doing business, and yet Mr. Mayer had declared there were not over ten bona-fide private bankers in the city."

All of this talk was brought about by the failure of Kean's bank—all the more aggravating because Kean was an arrant hypocrite. But the question arises, are not all bankers who obtain the money of unsuspecting depositors, hypocrites?

It is not important, however, to discuss such questions. Honest bankers always pay depositors. Dishonest bankers do not. They are thieves and swindlers of the worst possible type, and when religion, or more properly the profession of religion, is used as a cloak of scoundrelism, as in Kean's case, the crime merits double punishment, and here comes into prominence the fact that such

colossal scoundrels in a great majority of cases go free, while comparatively smaller criminals go to prison. Such things bring law, law-makers and courts into deserved contempt. The great mass of the people are made to conclude, that back of the law, the law-makers and the law's administrators, are corrupt forces, and the allegations are true to such an alarming extent that the courts are often regarded as helps to crime and rascality when sufficiently gold-plated.

DIPLOMATIC ETIQUETTE IN WASHINGTON CITY.

The British Minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote, the representative of Her Majesty the Queen of England, has been putting on extraordinary airs in Washington by attempting to take precedence in official matters. The German and Austrian ministers took the proud Briton at once to task and made him apologize, and Sir Julian will in future not lunge ahead on great occasions, but will take his place in the procession and put his nickel in the slot and receive recognition in return, according to the ironclad law of etiquette. But in such matters the people of the United States have little interest. It is a matter of no consequence to them whether Sir Julian Pauncefote is at the head or the tail of the diplomatic procession on great state occasions. They just say, "Let 'er go, Gallagher." But another incident in diplomatic etiquette is reported to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, in which the rank and file of Americans have a right to be heard. The incident referred to kicked up a serious disturbance in the diplomatic corps, and serious consequences are threatened. The incident as reported is as follows:

A young attaché of one of the South American republics was accompanied to the White House by a young and pretty lady well known to all the gay youth of Washington, and presented her as a member of his family. Her presence was noted and commented upon by many persons who knew her as the daughter of an avenue tradesman. She had no right within the charmed circles. No outward comment was made, however, at the White House. But when, an hour later, her escort had the effrontery to introduce her to the breakfast given to the corps by the Secretary of State at his residence, there was the greatest indignation. A proposition was made and seriously considered to invite her to bow herself out, but it was decided that the attaché was more at fault than she, and no steps were taken against her,

except that the couple were given the cold shoulder. The next day all the diplomats took occasion to file in writing with the Secretary of State the assurance of their most profound regret at the inexcusable breach of etiquette, and their further assurance that they in no sense condoned the offense of the vealy young attaché, to whom an official rebuke will be administered in due time, and which may take the shape of a recall to his native country.

Just think of it, all ye millions of Americans, who boast of a government of the people, that a young lady, "the daughter of an avenue tradesman," young, beautiful, accomplished in all things that go to make up honored womanhood, given the "cold shoulder" at a breakfast given by Mr. Blaine, the American Secretary of State! Just think of a gang of foreign snobs, representatives of decayed and decaying monarchies, making a formal protest to the Secretary of State, stating their "profound regret" that an American girl, the daughter of a tradesman, should be admitted to the breakfast of an American official, and should be subjected to the insult of being told that it was an "inexcusable breach of etiquette," and that the "vealy young attaché" is liable to get his walking papers for perpetrating such an outrage.

If such a protest was made to Mr. Blaine, he should have indignantly returned it. More, instead of giving the young lady the "cold shoulder," he should have given her his distinguished consideration at the breakfast; and if any effort is made to disgrace the attaché of one of the South American republics for having honored the daughter of an "avenue tradesman," then, in that case, the Administration should just tell the diplomatic dudes that nothing of the sort would be tolerated. "The daughter of an avenue tradesman" is as worthy of consideration as is the daughter of any bestarred and bedizened representative of any rotten dynasty of Europe.

DURING the year 1889, in Paris alone, 17,224 horses, mules and donkeys were slaughtered for food, making 3,650 tons of flesh. Of this 2,433 tons was put into sausages, the remainder being eaten fresh. The horse might do, but the mule and donkey sausages, we should think, would make Paris bray and kick.

VANDERBILT, HEWITT AND DEPEW.

We have on our table the "anniversary number" of the *New York Railroad Men*, a publication that combines in an eminent degree, railroading and religion, capital and christianity, money and morals; in fact, it is a publication which without special change, would be most welcome to the "home and fireside" during the long prayed for and much delayed millennial era, when wolves and lambs will live on terms of most delightful amity; when bulls and bears, no longer contending for supremacy, Wall street will be transformed into an angel promenade; when Satan, chained for a thousand years, shall see the Paradise lost by his beguiling diplomacy, regained by the triumphs of the "Carpenter's Son," the poverty-stricken Nazarene.

We are more than usually interested in the *New York Railroad Men*, because the number before us brings out for our contemplation three such splendid *roadsters* as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Abram S. Hewitt and Chauncey M. Depew, the occasion being the fifteenth anniversary of something, which we surmise is the founding of the "Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association."

The anniversary meeting was held in the railroad men's building, which we doubt not, is all that could be desired by the most fastidious employé on all the Vanderbilt system or systems.

We note that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt presided at the meeting, and delivered an address. It is awe-inspiring, we are told, to sit on a platform near a railroad president who receives a salary of \$50,000 a year; in fact, many a railroad man experiences sensations of dread in the presence of a second or third vice president of a railroad corporation; indeed, symptoms of trembling are noticed occasionally when any railroad boss heaves into sight in yard, roundhouse or on the tracks; but in the case of the "anniversary" meeting referred to, railroad men were permitted to behold in the flesh a man a hundred times a millionaire. There he stood sure enough, a superior being, flesh and blood and bones, dressed in store clothes, a born millionaire. Look! he has

eyes, ears, mouth, limbs like a switchman, a brakeman, a fireman, an engineer, a hostler, a trackman, a baggageman, a Knight of Labor or a Pinkerton. In fact, it is said that he is a human being, with certain divine attachments which by the lifting power of money have placed him on top by a large majority.

Now, this great man, this *colossus of roads*, is on the stage. Look at his tracks, four feet wide and a thousand miles long. He has more ties binding him to earth than to heaven, and he is still making tracks across the continent. Well, this gigantic man, into whose pockets Fortune drops thirty cents every second night and day, for the round year, actually made a speech to railroad men, his employés. It was a speech that elicited no applause. It seemed to come down from the skies. It was \$150,000,000 talking to 75 cents and from that amount up to \$3.50, except in a few instances, where some *groundling* worth, say from \$50,000 to a million, was permitted to listen. It would have been grossly undignified for a \$25,000 a day man, to make a \$1.00-a-day man laugh. The New York "400" would have been thrown into spasms. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt didn't do it. It would have been as much out of taste, as for Mr. Vanderbilt to have asked his \$10,000 imported French *chef* to banquet him on corn bread and bacon. Mr. Vanderbilt thought he could see in his great railroad men's building some growth in "the *usefulness and value* of men engaged in railroad work." In that he touched the key note. He didn't say how much it added to the "*usefulness and value*" of his employés, nor did he intimate that as the usefulness and value of his *railroad men* increased, he increased their pay. Mr. Vanderbilt did not allude to the amount of money he paid to the Pinkerton armed murderers, employed by H. Walter Webb to shoot down men. Nor did he state how many Pinkerton thugs, skimmed from the slime, ooze, filth and mud of New York, were invited to participate in his great enterprise to improve the "*usefulness and value*" of employés; to wash, and study the Bible, that they might be fully prepared for translation to the "Happy Hunting Ground" in regular form or by accident. Mr. Cornel-

ius Vanderbilt didn't pretend to have any information relating to the "influence" exerted by his gymnasium and bathing tube, upon his employes in their "homes and lives," he believed such things would add to their "usefulness and value" as employes. The terms "usefulness and value" have a financial ring, they mean dollars and cents. If Mr. Vanderbilt's investment, say \$150,000, adds 5 cents a day to the "usefulness and value" of his employes, it means the creation of a fund out of which a small army of Pinkertons could be armed and equipped and kept ready for action at a moment's notice.

At the anniversary meeting in question, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, who married the daughter of Peter Cooper, thereby securing stacks of chips, was introduced to the meeting. He was introduced by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the president of the meeting, and, we surmise, the president of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, as a president of a railroad, as an ex-mayor and as one who had contributed to the usefulness of the "Cooper Union"—and the introduction was received with great applause.

It is proper to say that the distinguished gentleman married rich. With him, matrimony was *matrimoney*—and having secured a fortune he *husbanded* his resources. He was wedded to wealth, and understanding all the combinations of his wed-lock, and keeping the key himself, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt is in *shape* to hobnob with the Vanderbilts and New York's "400." He understands gilt edged christianity as thoroughly as Jay Gould, and can make New York religion pay splendid dividends.

His address was simply immense. He overflowed with facetiousness. He was reminiscent—was loaded with ancient history. He remembered the first railroad, the first locomotive, the first electric wire, and the first time the lightning bore a message upon it, and the first message was "What hath God wrought." He outlined the gigantic strides of progress—from the sloop to the palatial steamer, from the stage coach to the palace car, from the old tallow dip, the old whale-oil and lard-oil lamps to the electric light and then exclaimed:

Now, to understand what all this means, what kind of a world would this be if you removed the steamboat, the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, the cable, the electric light and the electric power, which has already begun to revolutionise the occupations of mankind? Go back the fifty years that I can remember, take away these elements of progress and of civilization, and what kind of a world would you be living in, or rather what kind of a world would you be dying in? for the population of the world, now subsisting in comfort, would perish of starvation if we took away the means of transportation and of progress which have been created by the inventions and improvements of which I have spoken. The world would be a desert. Destitution, starvation and destruction would run riot over the face of the habitable globe.

As a matter of fact, there is not a word of truth in the foregoing extract. Take away everything the distinguished speaker catalogues, and the world would not be a "desert." "Destitution, starvation and destruction" would not "run riot over the face of the habitable globe." The great man contradicts himself since he remembers a time when what he calls such great blessings were unknown, and in their absence the world was getting along amazingly well, in many regards, far better than at present. Old Commodore Vanderbilt, when he was captain of an oyster boat, and his good wife was keeping a boarding house, we doubt not were happier than their grandson, Cornelius, with his \$150,000,000—secured by processes which, if known in heaven, would make the "spirits of just men made perfect" lament the degeneracy of the times in which we live.

The ex-mayor, having ample time and money, had constructed a series of charts, which he displayed, showing the vast resources of the country and its growth in wealth; and then he asks: "Who has got all this wealth?" The question produced roars of laughter; it was exceedingly funny. Then he followed up the interrogatory with, "What has been done with it? and what are you going to do about it?" Then followed another outburst of laughter. Following up such brilliant strokes of wit—the old ex-mayor, the favorite of *Cupid* and the victim of cupidity—said, "There is a grievous complaint on the part of many people, who do not seem to have much else to do but complain that the distribution of this wealth has not been equitable or just." Mr. Hew-

it here took occasion to demonstrate that the distribution of this great wealth has been equitable and just, and that this honest and just distribution of wealth which labor creates is still going forward.

It is difficult to prudently characterize such an exhibition of mental infirmity—such a disgusting display of senility, coupled with miserly greed. A poor old dotard, with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel, drooling out platitudes in the interest of wealth, regardless of overwhelming proof that in no period of the world's history have robberies of labor been more infamous and numerous than now. This poor old man, hugging his wealth like a Shylock—proud of being invited to speak on a Vanderbilt platform—tells his audience that 90 per cent. of all the wealth of the country goes to labor and that capital gets only 10 per cent; that he knows this to be true, because "when a boy, his father was a mechanic," and that wages now are about twice what they were when he was a boy. He says capital is getting less every year, a smaller per cent. but *more in the aggregate*, and that the reader may have an idea of what the old man calls capital, it is only required to give his estimate of the cost of the railroads of the United States, which he places at nine billion dollars (\$9,000,000,000), when he knows, or ought to know, that fully four billions (\$4,000,000,000) is pure fiction, and does not represent so much as *one* dollar of cash, and that every dollar of dividends collected upon it is a steal without one extenuating circumstance or condition.

Mr. Vanderbilt, in inviting Abram S. Hewitt to make a speech to his employés, knew his man. He wanted some one to glorify capital, to exalt wealth. Hewitt was the man, and he performed the task to the best of his ability. He said, "Remember that if capital used in business were obliterated, the world would simply perish." Not at all. It is not true. Such language is unworthy of a man of intelligence. But paralyze the arm of labor, then the world would perish. The speaker impressed upon his audience that "the first duty of a member of society is to encourage the growth of capital," and the declaration produced

"great applause." Such remarks must have pleased Mr. Vanderbilt. Growth of capital is his hobby. He has an income of about \$25,000 a day, and Mr. Hewitt would have it \$50,000 a day. The speaker thought it might be true that "some people get too much of the accumulation of capital; but it is a matter of no special consequence, since the masses are better off than they ever were in any previous era of the world." Here again the speaker, to please Mr. Vanderbilt, indulged in a stupendous Munchausenism. In the United States there is more poverty, destitution and wretchedness than ever before. The poor old man, with his charts and his chatter, got things sadly mixed occasionally. He said, "Look up there," (pointing, we presume, to Vanderbilt,) "and you see men worth a hundred million of dollars; and look down here," (pointing, we presume, at New York,) "at the bottom, and you see a seething mass of poverty that turns the stomach of the beholder." Here were two object lessons directly under the eyes and noses of the audience. The millionaire was presiding; just outside of the room was the "seething mass of poverty,"—sickening, horrifying poverty, destitution, squalor, corruption and crime,—and the speaker himself,—the son of a mechanic, reared in a working-man's home, quickened into life beneath the heart of a mother the wife of a mechanic,—a man who in the matrimonial lottery drew millions; an old man, gray haired, forever worshipping at the shrine of Mammon, seeking to condone the crimes of the times which create millionaires, by telling his audience that New York, while it is a city where festering poverty horrifies hell, the "wretchedness" which poverty entails has a less percentage than in any other "age of the world that has existed." Why does this son of a mechanic, born at Haverstraw, who "lived among mechanics" and was "brought up" with them, declare the condition of wage workers now is better than in other "periods of the world!" But suppose the falsehood were a fact, does the fact mitigate in the least the revolting picture of wretchedness which the city of New York presents, and of which abominable duplicates could be furnished in the

mining regions of Pennsylvania, and in all of the large cities of America?

In all of his harangue, the poor old man with his diagrams, never uttered so much as one word in the interest of labor, the dignity of labor, what labor has done for the world and for this God favored land (?). He was engaged to glorify capital.

This poor old dotard, this driveler, said: "Now, as to these very rich men, and as to this very poor class, this wretchedly poor stratum, is there not a duty, is there nothing indicated by such a picture as I have suggested of this little fringe at the top of the social sphere—this fringe of excessive wealth—and this stratum of poverty, of want, of utter hopelessness at the bottom?" He answered the question affirmatively. He said "Yes." He said, "It is an ethical question; it is a moral question; it is a question of conscience; it is a question of religion." He said, "These very rich men have duties," that "this poor, hopeless, seething mass at the bottom have rights," and he thought the "very rich men" should devise ways for "lifting" them up—and this declaration received applause, and the Vanderbilt, who presided, doubtless accepted the applause as complimentary to himself; and it is quite likely that, like old Nebuchadnezzar, Cornelius said, "Is not this great Railroad Men's Building that I have built, for the honor of myself and the glory of the Vanderbilts?"

The poor old man Hewitt, the son of a mechanic, then asked, "What, then, is needed to reach this *apparent* wrong?" Now, then hear him: "It is only *apparent* let me say. It is a part of the *inevitable development of civilization* and of this unprecedented growth of wealth which the world never saw before." Was there ever such a lamentable exhibition of drivel on any platform in any age? This old man, the son of a mechanic, and the son-in-law of a man many times a millionaire, tells of colossal fortunes, of appalling poverty, says something ought to be done to raise up this "seething mass of poverty," and then says the wrong is only "*apparent*," not *real*, that it is a myth, a fancy, a hallucination, and an *inevitable development* of our Christian

civilization. And this is the kind of stuff that is expectorated in the interest of wealth in the Vanderbilt building. In one breath the poor old ex-mayor, rich, but still mercenary, the victim of overmastering greed, viewing the seething mass of poverty in the city of New York, exclaims, "Here is a wrong that appeals to men's consciences—the consciences of the rich to do something to remedy it," and then says it is only an "apparent wrong," and finally that it is an "inevitable wrong" inherent in our civilization.

This old man Hewitt, a railroad president, had a duty to perform to the Vanderbilt dynasty, and it involved a reference to the strike on the Vanderbilt system, and he did not hesitate to indorse Pinkertonism by telling his audience that men, who came from a distance to help their fellow workmen when engaged in a struggle for their rights, should be hunted down like "wild beasts"—shot to death like man-eating tigers, and with these murderous words in his throat and upon his lips he tells his audience that a rich man is one who is worth \$20,000,000, and amidst bursts of laughter asks Mr. Vanderbilt: "That's about it, isn't it?" Mr. Vanderbilt made no reply, and then the old man proceeded to say: "No man ever made twenty millions." He accounted for the possession of the vast sums by *inheritance*. He knew better. He knew the vast fortunes of some men in New York and elsewhere have been accumulated by fraud and robberies, and he knew that a large per cent. of the "seething" mass of poverty in the city of New York, which "turns the stomach of beholders," is the direct result of millionaire villainies.

But why pursue the subject? Old man Hewitt made his speech. He glorified wealth and possibly made the employees in the audience believe that they lived by the grace of Vanderbilts.

Chauncey M. Depew, as in duty bound, added his mite and might to the glorification of the Vanderbilts—the three Vanderbilts. He said:

The Commodore was a railroad organizer. He gathered these vast lines into one great system. Then came his son, *William H.*, who was a splendid railroad manager, and he brought the corporation together so that they would work harmoniously and

like a machine for the accomplishment of the results for the public and the stockholders, for which the consolidations were made, and the system was organized. Then comes the third generation, and it would be folly for them to undertake directly to reach and administer the details of the system which men can be employed to do. They have naturally grown into and acquired an interest in other and broader matters, many of them public in their character and requiring untrammelled liberty of time and action. But at the same time, it is proper for them, in view of their *vast investment* in their properties and of their *heredity of obligation* and trust, to see if something cannot be done which will bring the different departments of the companies in harmony and sympathy with each other, and *lift* the masses up nearer to the top, which will create a point of unity and common sympathy, and give opportunities for education, moral, mental and physical.

It would be difficult to conceive of more fulsome flattery.

Old man Hewitt said no man ever made \$20,000,000. Here are the Vanderbilts with fortunes aggregating \$200,000,000, or more, and there stands Depew, the attorney of the concern, and in the presence of his master exhausting the vocabulary of flattery and praise of the Vanderbilts, and in a patronizing way referring to railroad employ  s as the "masses" and of "lifting them up." It is the same sort of talk that was heard in old plantation times—when the master surveyed his army of "niggers" and deplored the burden divine Providence had imposed upon him, to feed and clothe the "niggers," keep them at work, and when financially embarrassed, auction them off. Such is the millionaire slush of the times—and unfortunately too many workingmen feed upon it until they are as spineless as fish worms.

HERE is something new: "M. Pedrous, a physician at Nantes, France, has the strange gift of being able to see the color of sounds. He says that human voices are red, blue, black, tan, slate, and all other colors, and that the color of some very handsome women's voices is like buttermilk."

AUTOCRATS are constantly searching for explosives that will do the greatest execution when workingmen become too clamorous for bread. Germany has discovered that carbohc acid properly manipulated will prove a great prop to the crown.

FREE SPEECH.

The *American Spectator*, referring to an article in the New York *Herald*, says:

The New York *Herald* has a well considered editorial on the right of free speech, suggested by the action of the Brooklyn authorities in refusing to allow the anarchists to hold a public meeting.

"The position of the authorities," says the editor of the *Herald*, "in this matter, is not well taken. The right of discussion is founded on bed rock. Our citizens, no matter what their peculiarities of belief may be, are guaranteed all possible liberty of speech. They can talk themselves hoarse, or even talk themselves to death, without any infringement of law.

"It is only when an overt act is committed that the rigor of the law should be applied. If they commit a breach of the peace or indulge in deeds of violence, they should be arrested, tried, and sentenced for the offense.

"But free speech, even when it gives vent to disgusting nonsense, should be tolerated. A man who is at liberty to keep his mouth open is seldom dangerous, but it is frequently hazardous to compel a man to keep his mouth shut because he doesn't agree with the views which are generally acceptable."

We are pleased to see great metropolitan journals taking this stand. It is time that all persons who value free speech, free thought, and indeed liberty, should boldly stand forth and demand that every citizen of the Republic should be protected in the orderly exercise of his rights.

We do not propose to discuss anarchism nor anarchists—simply "free speech," particularly this proposition announced by the *Herald*. "But free speech, even when it gives vent to disgusting nonsense, should be tolerated." Is that true? It covers the entire field of speech—all topics—all questions relating to politics, religion and morals. It imposes no restraints. Speech is not an "overt act" and therefore should be subjected to no restraint whatever. Is that true? Is it right? Is it in consonance with our best notions of civilization?

There are in the country a class of people who advocate what is called "free love." These people denounce marriage; they advocate indiscriminate sexual intercourse. They go into communities and in the exercise of "free speech," so-called, transform homes into brothels, pollute every shrine where virtue worships. Is that what the *Herald* calls "disgusting nonsense" which is to be "tolerated," which "should be tolerated?"

Again there are those who would exercise *free speech* in the advocacy of polygamy—and for a quarter of a century or more,

did advocate polygamy, unmolested, until thousands and tens of thousands were debauched, and a great territory became more loathsome than a charnel house; until the air was foully infectious and every mountain stream poured its floodtide of nastiness into Great Salt Lake. Was this simply "disgusting nonsense" which "should be tolerated?" Mind, we are running no parallels between such filth and anarchism. We are simply surveying the field of *free speech*, to inquire whether or not society has the right to protect itself from unrestrained liberties in that direction?

Let it be understood that free speech is not necessarily a crime, advocating speech. That which the *Herald* styles "disgusting nonsense" is all too often a deadly virus which inoculates the mind with diseases for which there is no remedy, a fact which the *Herald* understands full well.

This *Magazine* believes in free speech and a free press—but with limitations. It would have no free speech Satans in American Eden homes; no square foot of American soil defiled by the advocates of polygamy; no brothel beasts, advocating free love; no Sodoms, inviting Heaven's wrath in storms of fire. In a word, certain forms of free speech are crimes against humanity and should be suppressed and will be suppressed.

THE Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics has issued its annual report, showing the average wages paid by forty-seven industries in 1889 was \$419.17, or about \$1.33 a day. How low down wages were in these industries the report does not name. It appears their investigations included 1364 establishments, while wages are given for only forty-seven. What the public would like to know is, how low wages were crowded down in Massachusetts during the year 1889.

SOME genius, being asked by an ambitious youth how to get on in the world, replied:
Start in boldly, and go faster,
Be a Vanderbilt or Astor.

FRENCH workingmen want a ten-hour day and they are going to have it. The French Minister of Commerce says so.

It seems to be in order to compliment the Italians who are coming to this country by thousands as superior workingmen. A paragrapher says that "those who watch Italian laborers employed in building operations can easily see why so many contractors are desirous of securing their services for other reasons than their cheapness. They work hard; they work steadily; they are sober in their habits. They are as patient as the men of Germany and as alert as the men of Ireland. They go through the routine of their daily toil as though they were destitute of ambition, but it is a fact that many of them grow ambitious of rising in this world after they have been two or three years in this country." The Dago works for small pay, and lives far more like a savage or a wild beast, than the Chinese. He fattens on garbage, and caring nothing for civilization or any of its requirements, is able to underbid an American workingman. It is not difficult, therefore, for him to save money. Italy has millions of them to spare and they are coming.

THE Czar of Russia is watched by three sets of police, but to feel entirely safe, the Czar has to watch them all, and this makes him tired. The Russians want freedom, and he sends them to Siberia. As soon as possible they will send him to a warmer climate.

A PHILADELPHIA firm has turned a pair of scales for the New Orleans mint, which gives the precise weight of a human hair. The old reliable Fairbanks are still used in New York for human heirs.

JAMES S. RICHARDSON, of Louisiana, owns 49,000 acres of cotton land and employs 9,000 negroes. Stanley ought to explore that "Congo country."

ANSONIA, CONN., having been visited with a shower of ants, contemplates organizing a woman suffrage league.

BROOKLYN roofers work eight hours for \$3.50.

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The Single Tax.

MY attention has been called to an article in the March issue of the *Magazine*, by Mr. Charles Marshall, commenting on an article by Mr. S. D. Guion, on the "Single Tax." I have given the economics of the single tax a great deal of study, and although I do not wish to be considered an authority on the subject, I think I can clear up a great many points on which Mr. Marshall seems befogged. It seems to me that Mr. Guion has made an unfortunate use of the term "profits," in that he has used the term in an ambiguous sense. Strictly speaking, it is not "the profit which arises from the use of land," but the *profit which is expected to arise*, that determines its value. A person may be deriving an immense profit from the use of a certain tract of land, yet, if there is no competition for the use of that land, it has no value. Land values arise as a result of the pressure of population, and are determined solely by competition for sites between persons who expect to derive a profit from their use.

Mr. Marshall is inclined to think that in speaking of a tax on land values, as distinguished from a tax on land, we are making a distinction without a difference, and dismisses the subject rather cavalierly. Let us take Mr. Marshall's wool illustration. He did not carry his reasoning far enough. In comparing wool with land, we must suppose that it partakes of the same nature as land, in that it is a fixity, and cannot be moved from place to place. Land in the city of Boston is worth more than land in Texas, because it is nearer the centres of production and exchange. Wool is also worth more in Boston than in Texas, for a like reason, but while Texas wool can be moved to Boston with comparative ease, to move Texas land to Boston is a manifest impossibility. Let us assume, therefore, that wool cannot be moved, and that a uniform tax of 5 cents a pound is declared on wool. I have 100 pounds of wool in Boston; Mr. Marshall has 100 pounds of wool in Texas. My wool is worth \$1.00 a pound, while Mr. Marshall's is worth but 50 cents a pound. We each pay a tax of \$5.00 on our wool, a proceeding which is unjust to Mr. Marshall, as he derives but half the benefit from his wool that I do from mine. This would be a tax on wool (or land). But suppose, instead of declaring a tax on wool, the government should declare a tax of 5 per cent. on the value of wool. I would then pay on my 100 pounds of wool \$5.00; Mr. Marshall would pay on his 100 pounds \$2.50. This would be a tax on wool value (or land value), and as far as any tax on the products of labor can be just, would be a just tax.

Coming now to Mr. Marshall's comments

on Mr. Guion's illustration of the improved farm, Mr. Marshall again arrives at an erroneous conclusion through false reasoning. In order to reason fairly to the single tax, we must suppose 100 acres of wild land adjoining an improved farm, having a land value of \$700, but no improvement value; we must suppose the tax levy for the taxing districts, in which these two pieces of land lay, to be 76 cents and 6 mills on the \$100. Under existing methods the owner of the improved land pays \$45.96, the owner of the unimproved land pays \$5.36, a total for the two of \$51.32. Under the single tax each would pay \$35.00, a total of \$70.00, and a gain to the state of \$18.68, instead of a loss of \$11.00, as Mr. Marshall puts it. Under existing methods, the man who by his labor produces wealth and benefits the community in which he lives, is fined for so doing to the extent of \$40.60 a year, while the man who holds his land out of use and does nothing to benefit the community is exempt. Under the single tax both would be taxed alike. We would say to the owner of the improved farm: Go ahead and improve your farm to what extent you will, you are benefiting the community, and you shall not be taxed for it. We would say to the man who held his land out of use: You are monopolizing natural opportunities having a value of \$700; use them or not, just as suits your fancy, but this value was created by the community, and all the benefits of this value *which might accrue to you as a user*, must be returned to the community which created it, whether you use the land or not.

Mr. Marshall next inquires how the value of bare land is arrived at? I know of no better explanation to give him than Ricardo's theory of rent. This theory has but to be stated to be understood, its truth is self-evident, and it is accepted by political economists of all schools.

"Rent is that portion of the product derived from land, over and above what can be derived from the poorest land in use."

Now, as the selling price or value of land is but *rent capitalized*, it is an easy matter to arrive at; indeed, so easy is this value arrived at, that Mr. Marshall may go to a real estate agent in any city in the country with the description of any tract of land lying within that agent's territory, and he will tell him its value immediately, and without leaving his office. Suppose Mr. Marshall has a vacant lot in the city, and he decides to build a house on it. Suppose the legal rate of interest to be 6 per cent. and he puts up a house costing him \$1,000; he rents the house for \$120 per year; manifestly, his tenant is paying him \$60 per year for the use of the bare ground upon which his house stands; and just as long as he can collect \$10 a month, as rent for his property,

his land is worth \$1,000. In like manner the value which accrues to any piece of improved land can be determined with certainty. Although Mr. Guion uses the term "profits" in an ambiguous sense, I fail to find anything in his article that warrants Mr. Marshall's assumption that the single tax is a tax on profits, or that the profit made from using land, is (under a single tax régime) to be used as a basis for computing values for the purpose of taxation.

Mr. Marshall next makes an assertion that is open to a great deal of criticism. He supposes a city lot standing vacant, upon which a factory is to be built, and says: "Before the buildings were erected, and the machinery put in, and the men set to work, the land had no value. Now it has a value because of labor, and now the tax is levied upon that value." Let Mr. Marshall attempt to put a factory upon any vacant city lot, and he will very soon find out that his assertion will not hold good; he will find the lot *does have a value*. He will also discover that this value is predicated upon the profit that it is expected can be made from the business he desires to engage in, which profit may be estimated from the situation of the lot as regards facilities for carrying on that particular business—in other words, the owner of the lot will demand as rent for the lot "*all that portion of the product that can be derived from the use of the land, over and above what could be derived from the poorest land in use*" for that particular business. This rent the owner will demand either in a lump sum (rent capitalized), as purchase money, or so much per year as will pay him the legal rate of interest on the purchase money. Now, to show Mr. Marshall that improvements can add nothing to the value of land, *per se*, we must suppose a vast tract of land entirely unappropriated, and to be had for the taking; suppose Mr. Marshall to settle on a portion of this land, and that he can put improvements on his land to the amount of \$5,000, and derive a profit from their use; I come along and desire to settle, and think I would rather buy Mr. Marshall's improvements than make my own; I propose to buy out Mr. Marshall, and he agrees to sell, but wants \$6,000. I would very likely say: How is this; you only have \$5,000 invested here, including everything; how is it you demand \$6,000? Suppose Mr. Marshall to say: Why, don't you see, as I have improved this land it is now worth \$1,000 over and above the improvements. I am inclined to think that under the circumstances I should say to Mr. Marshall: Well, as I can get land equally as good as yours for settling on it, and as I can duplicate your improvements for \$5,000, I don't think I will be foolish enough to throw away \$1,000.

I come now to the most important part of

Mr. Marshall's article, viz.: How will labor benefit by the single tax? To fully explain this portion of the subject will take more space than at this time I feel at liberty to use, as I would like to treat the subject fully, and to do so must consider the incidence of taxation, the laws of rent, interest, and wages, and their relation to each other. I propose to treat this subject fully (as I understand it) in a future article, and will close this article after noticing briefly Mr. Marshall's remaining comments.

Yes, Mr. Marshall, it is the theory of the single tax advocates that "bare" lots, *having the same advantages for use as improved lots*, have the same taxable value. Take two adjoining lots in the heart of a populous city, having equal advantages for business purposes, one improved, the other unimproved; there is no value inherent in these lots; but they each have the same site value, which value is created by the community; this value is the only thing the community can justly demand as a means of supporting government. Suppose these lots to be worth \$5,000 each. Now, suppose the city to be moved away to some other location, what becomes of the value that attached to these lots? Why, it vanishes; but if you follow the community that left them, you will find that this same value attaches to other lots wherever they may happen to congregate, which lots formerly had no value.

Mr. Marshall says, he would like to see inaugurated, with as little delay as possible, a system of taxation that would tax the wealth of the country. Such a system of taxation has been the dream of sages from time immemorial, but the fact itself has never yet been accomplished. The old Romans attempted to tax the wealth existing among them, and to enforce the levy the assessors were armed with the most arbitrary authority; they could, if they even suspected a person of making false returns, seize and put them to torture. Yet, with all the forces of torture that stared them in the face, it is a matter of history that the wealth of Rome was not taxed justly; the very wealthy escaped; the moderately wealthy and the poor freemen bore the brunt of taxation. Does Mr. Marshall imagine that what Rome could not accomplish by means of torture, can be accomplished by us by threats of an action for perjury? Why, the very fact of their great wealth precludes the possibility of any such action succeeding. That *highly moral philanthropist and Christian gentleman*, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, recently declared upon oath that he could not estimate his private fortune within ten or fifteen million dollars. How would Mr. Marshall proceed to collect a just tax upon Mr. Rockefeller's fortune? I think he would have to

give it up. There is another side to this question, also. Even if it were practicable to tax the wealth of the country, such a tax would be neither just nor expedient. Wealth is what we are all striving for; the more wealth that is produced (provided its distribution is equitable) the better off we will all be. Consequently, anything tending to restrict the production of wealth is a national injury. The taxation of wealth tends to restrict its production; therefore, the taxation of wealth is a national injury. Take Jay Gould for instance. He is said to be worth \$200,000,000; now, if Jay Gould has accumulated this amount of wealth through his own exertions, and honestly, it is his as against all the world. No person has a right to exact one penny from him, either by means of taxation or otherwise; but if he has *not* come by his wealth honestly, it seems to me that instead of allowing him to go on robbing the people for his own enrichment, and then exacting a portion of his robberies in the form of taxation, it would be the wiser statesmanship to shut off the sources by which his robberies are accomplished. It would be small satisfaction to the poor slaves who are toiling their lives away for a mere pittance, in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, doomed to a cheerless and forlorn existence, because receiving but a small portion of the wealth they create, for our government to say to them: Yes, we know these people are robbing you right and left of your hard-earned wages, *but then we are getting even with them, we are making them deliver it up to us in the form of taxation*, so you just be patient, and God Almighty will take care of you after you die.

W. P. Borland.

School Books.

ORATORS of high repute often refer to the "palladium of our liberties."

This bulwark, this safeguard and security, is not always the same in the opinion of orators and writers. In the estimation of some, this palladium is the church; with others, the ballot; others assert it is the press; and still others, that it is the militia, the army and navy; but probably the greater number regard EDUCATION as the real palladium of American liberty and independence.

National liberty and independence is a splendid theme. Those who have a fancy for the florid in rhetoric, can find all the facts required to sustain them in their highest flights of eloquence when depicting the advantages of education.

In this connection, we notice the following from the Louisville *Courier-Journal* relating to the cost of national education:

Underlying all other public questions, pressing,

persistent, commanding, is the subject of education. Important in every civilized nation, it is in America of paramount interest. In America we have 12,000,000 children enrolled in the public schools alone; how to increase this attendance, how to lower absenteeism; how waste no money, no energy, no time, but to make every effort tell; what methods are best; what studies are essentials; what influences are to be stimulated; how to reach the hearts, the minds, the consciences of these children; what ideas to put before them—these are matters of most profound concern.

Our public schools require 347,292 teachers, and cost annually \$112,455,252—or did two years ago. These figures simply show the magnitude of the system, and are staggering even to imagination, but it is to be remembered that the United States pension list calls for more money than the schools receive. The future of the republic is committed to these 12,000,000 children, and to hundreds of thousands in private and sectarian schools—to these, and not to one or the other of the political parties; to these, and not to any church, nor any organization whatever.

In the foregoing we find a text inviting to extended remarks upon "national education," but our thoughts at this writing run in a somewhat different channel, that of individual rather than national education, and the subject naturally leads to reflections relating to school books.

When reference is made to the 12,000,000 children in the United States, and that more than \$112,000,000 represents the annual cost of their education, sum totals expand to such proportions that it is difficult to grasp them. To simplify the proposition, it is seen, by the simple process of division, that the cost *per capita*, or per head, of school children, is something over \$9; but this sum does not include the cost of school books. And just here comes into view one of the most heartless trusts that has ever cursed this land. We refer to what is called the "School-Book Trust"—a trust organized and maintained to make school books expensive instead of cheap.

The statement is suggestive of reflections every one of which gives haggard prominence to the overmastering greed which distinguishes the times in which we live. On the one hand we behold the people with lavish prodigality submitting to taxation that the children of the Republic may receive the rudiments of an English education; and on the other hand we behold capitalists organizing trusts for the purpose of making the education of the masses expensive—to increase the cost of books, without which all other expenditures are valueless.

We confess that it is difficult to grasp this form of scoundrelism. All things considered, it is an exhibition of rapacity unparalleled for its heartless venality. Those who have sought to measure its debasing influences have found it difficult to find illustrations to impress the public mind with the enormity of the wrongs it inflicts.

The men who organize trusts for the purpose of making school books for the masses dear, who would rob the children of the Republic to the amount of *one cent* in the cost

of school books, are infinitely more infamous than the wretch who "filches" the "good name" of a man. The men who create school-book trusts, that they may rob children, are guilty of an unpardonable sin.

What, we ask, would be thought of men who would organize a trust to make dwarfs, hunchbacks and cripples of children? Would not the world demand their extermination? Would they not be denounced as a scourge and an unmitigated curse? To rob a child of the means of a rudimental education, to place any obstacle in the way of mental growth and grasp, is to create in the land intellectual dwarfs and cripples. It constitutes a crime against mind, the one thing that allies the human being to God. The men who would, for mercenary considerations, make education dear to the children of America by advancing the price of school books, would, if they could, corner air, light and water. They would degrade and bestialize the rising generation; they would levy a tax upon the fountain of knowledge, and by processes compared with which the footpad's vocation is honorable, compel the stream to enlarge their fortunes, though universal ignorance and degradation should be the result.

If such views of the subject are in the line of prudent cogitations, then it follows that whenever the people rise in their majesty to throttle a school-book trust, they are animated by motives as patriotic as when they resolve by force of arms to repel an invading foe. They say that school books shall be practically free—that is, they shall be supplied at cost, and shall not be furnished by capitalists who create trusts for the purpose of making fortunes off of the necessities of school children; that they shall not stand, bludgeon in hand, at the threshold of home and the school, and determine the price of school books.

In this connection our readers are invited to note the splendid example set by the state of Indiana, in rescuing the school children of the state from the grasp of a school-book trust. The fight for state supremacy was one of the most remarkable conflicts on record. The trust, with the tenacity of an Indian, retired from its strongholds one by one, and though finally defeated, never surrendered; and when the law which crushed it was finally on the statute books of the state, it sought, by devices with which trusts are familiar, to defeat the law. But the people of Indiana, having long endured the iniquity, had framed a law which stood the test of legal criticism, and has redeemed them from trust tyranny the scandalous enormity of which it would be difficult to characterize.

We write of Indiana because it is our state and because we are familiar with the

facts of which we write, and not for the purpose of undue laudation because it is our state. We write to impress upon the minds of locomotive firemen and our readers generally, that a trust which seeks to increase the cost of school books is deserving of universal denunciation, and that in any state where such a trust holds sway, a movement to wrest from its grasp its power, is in the highest degree commendable, and that workingmen can with the greatest propriety engage in such a movement.

Such reflections lead us to the consideration of individual education, or *self* education, as distinguished from national education, or the education of the masses in schools.

In thousands of instances young men find themselves, on entering upon their chosen calling, deficient even in a rudimental education. They read indifferently, their orthography is sadly deficient, of arithmetic they know little, of geography still less, and of syntax nothing at all. It is to be presumed that their opportunities have been limited; that their ambition for an education has not been aroused; that they have not comprehended its importance, but now, seeing their deficiencies, they deplore them, and all the more because their school days are past and they are confronted by the cold logic of necessity. Their mission is work, but if ignorant, promotion can not be expected. Here the question arises, what can be done? Is there any way out of this wilderness? Is the highway to knowledge and the blessings it promises and secures forever barred against the young man who is ambitious to learn?

In this writing we would be frank. There is no hope for an ignorant young man who dare not confess his need of knowledge. The moment he assumes to know what he does not know, his case begins to be hopeless. On the contrary, when he says, "I do not know, and I want to know," he is as certain to know, if he lives, as that school books are within his reach. Such a young man will begin in his self education at the point where he knows he is deficient, even if it be with the alphabet. He will study orthography, and learn to spell correctly. He will learn to read, and as he advances he will know the meaning of the words in his lesson. He will advance, not hurriedly—he will make haste slowly, but his speed will increase as he advances. He will climb the acclivities, however steep and rugged; he will remove impediments to progress; he will surmount difficulties; he will break down bars and gates or he will climb over them. His mind thirsts for knowledge, and the more he slakes it the more intense his thirst becomes. His mental vision has a more extended horizon. His mind, invigorated by acquisitions, is eager for new con-

quests, and thus from study to study he proceeds until, emancipated, he is master of the situation.

We write of young men who in their school days were deprived of the training of the common schools of the country; and of those who, having such opportunities, neglected them, but who, comprehending their misfortune, would overcome the penalties it inflicts. And here the question arises, what about the books? Are they within easy reach, so that any young man who has work can obtain them?

We have on our table, as we write, a list of nine elementary school books, rising from "first reader" to "complete geography," of the "Indiana Educational Series," prices "fixed by law" at \$3.05. Such figures settle the question of elementary books. They make self education not only possible, but comparatively easy.

We do not doubt that outside of Indiana school books may be purchased at reasonable prices, but in Indiana the law fixes the price and declares school books shall be furnished at the lowest possible cost.

We have not written of the excellences or defects of national or state education, of qualifications of teachers or of their compensation. We have not alluded to the higher education of colleges and universities, but of such education as a young man may secure by his own efforts, aided only by elementary books.

We could without difficulty refer to a long line of distinguished men who, in their young manhood, found themselves deficient in education, a misfortune which they overcame by the exercise of indomitable will. But we are not writing of exceptional cases, but rather of and to the men of the "rank and file" in the great armies of work, who, deficient in education, can themselves, unaided by schools and teachers, overcome their misfortune and reduce its evil effects to the minimum, by the exercise of a manly determination to obtain an education.

Charles Marshall.

The Duchess of Marlborough.

THE present Duchess of Marlborough was a Mrs. Hamersley, one of New York's "400." She was the widow of a rich and doting husband, who provided for her a princely income, and didn't put in his will any matrimonial restrictions, but during her life time she could rake in the cash, about \$150,000 a year, and squander it as suited her whim.

An American woman with an annual income of \$150,000 is certain to be advertised throughout Europe, where titled beggars are numerous. As a matter of course, Mrs. Hamersley's fame went abroad, and the Duke of Marlborough, who was heels over

head in debt, saw his chance and besieged the rich New Yorker.

His dukedom was founded way back in 1704, when John Churchill was made a duke, for great military services, and money was given him to build the palace of Blenheim on an estate given him by Queen Anne.

The first duke was a splendid general and a wily diplomat, but his honesty was questioned and he was once sent to the tower, was a time or two deprived of his titles and estates, but managed to finally get everything back in good shape and to live until he was 72 years of age.

Such history would be of little consequence were it not for the fact that a live Yankee woman is now Duchess of Marlborough, a title for which she has paid and must continue to pay spot cash in large sums.

To put it square, the old Duke was flat broke. He had sold and pawned about everything he possessed and his palace was sadly dilapidated. He heard of the rich Mrs. Hamersley and went for her.

The lady was dazzled; a splendid title was in sight—that of duchess, a peeress of the United Kingdom. She would have a palace, coat of arms, coaches, footmen, outriders, style—if she was willing to pay for the gew-gaws. Mrs. Hamersley concluded to invest. The noble Duke wanted spot cash and as soon as the nuptial knot had been tied he got it. Mrs. Hamersley went to England and took possession of her palace. It was sadly out of order and soon as the noble Duke put foot upon his native heath he went in for a good time and the spot cash went as Maine once went for Kent, and then the noble Duchess had to try her credit. It was at par and she ran up the little bills amounting in all to \$700,000. She couldn't pay spot cash any more. Her creditors became alarmed and transferred their accounts, in a friendly way, to New York, brought suit and obtained judgment. Then the sheriffs and deputy sheriffs began hunting for property, and as the noble Duchess had come to New York with 180 trunks, containing her semi-royal robes, to dazzle the "400," and make Ward McAllister dizzy, it became exceedingly annoying to the Duchess, particularly as the noble Duke, her husband, was not with her, to wear his ducal crown and state robes—things which a New York deputy sheriff don't value, unless he can levy on them and sell them.

The Duchess became exceedingly exasperated and flew completely off the handle when the custodians of her estate, of which she is entitled to the income only, suggested she did not require \$150,000 a year to live in a respectable style. But these New Yorkers the noble Duchess denounced as a miser-

able set of plebeian galoots, who knew absolutely nothing about style—and she just gave them a piece of her duchess' mind in mighty plain English. She asserted that "her income fell below \$135,000 a year and that she had used all of it in her support as fast as it was received. She also denied with much vigor that a small portion of this amount was sufficient for her support. It was necessary, she alleged, that she should have the whole of the income to which she was entitled in order to properly discharge her social duties and live in the style and state to which she was accustomed, and befitting the usages and traditions of her position as the Duchess of Marlborough and a peeress of the United Kingdom." Her English creditors are very anxious to receive their money so that they can "live in the style and state to which they are accustomed," and it seems that the noble Duchess and her noble Dukey will have to get along on \$100,000 a year from the Hamersley estate, valued at \$5,000,000.

The late Mrs. Hamersley, widow of Louis Hamersley, now Duchess of Marlborough, was the daughter of Commodore Price, of the American navy, and comparatively poor till she married Hamersley. The noble Duke, now her husband, is of no account under heaven, and if required to work for a living would starve. It is said of him that "after going through his patrimony as far as he could, till he was blocked by the English law of entail, he was put to divers devices to raise the wind. I remember well what a time he had to obtain from Parliament, permission to sell two or three of the Raphaels that were in Marlborough House. The English papers made a great ado about the Duke selling the pictures, which were entailed the same as his estate, mansions, plate, &c., but finally Parliament took pity on him and granted him the permission he required. He realized \$300,000 by the sale of two of the pictures and paid some of his most pressing debts. It was thought at the time that the sale of the Raphaels would spoil the Marlborough collection, but the Duke fished up from among a pile of similar artistic lumber in the garret two Genoese tapestries that an ancestor had picked up in Genoa for a trifle, but which now have an artistic value almost equal to the paintings. These were stretched on the walls in place of the paintings and the Marlborough Raphaels were never missed." It is said that Marlborough House is a wonderful place, being the most richly stocked with artistic treasures of any in Europe, all of which would have been sold long ago if the noble Duke could have had his way. But Parliament can't control the Duchess. Her thousands will go to maintain style and keep her pauper husband clad and fed and in gambling money

—a more disgusting exhibition of parasitic degeneracy on the one side and of degradation on the part of American women on the other side, was never made.

The Vanderbilts, the Astors and Mackeys and the whole flunkey tribe, go to Europe to display their ill-gotten wealth and to feed the pauper nobility, and to marry off their daughters to titled vagabonds, who, when the money of these miserable dupes is all squandered, let them drift like abandoned hulks at sea—whither, is a matter of no concern to them.

George Flanders.

The Thistle.

THE thistle is not a beautiful flower, it is not even fragrant; one can scarcely touch it without receiving a painful thrust from some of its sharp defenders. But an old adage says, "Handsome is that handsome does." Taken from this point of view the Scotch think it the most beautiful of flowers, and have learned to love and esteem it for the good it once did them.

"The Danes invading Scotland determined to make a night attack on the sleeping garrison; could this but be gained possession of, without a doubt all Scotland would soon be subject to their tender (?) mercy. Upon the night appointed they slowly and stealthily approached until nearly up to the spot, when one of the soldiers stepped with his bare foot upon a large thistle; the intense pain caused him to utter a sharp cry, which aroused the sleeping soldiers, who seizing their arms fought bravely and repulsed the invading army." Thus was Scotland saved by a thistle, in acknowledgment of which the thistle is found upon the Scotch seal as the national emblem. The pure white lily, the sweet modest violet, or the glowing rose could never have accomplished what the ugly thistle wrought. The moral is plain: it is the thistle in the path of life upon which we tread and which causes the most severe pain that results in the most good.

The sharpest thorn in some lives is the necessity for them to labor. But what is obtained without it? A man may possess the strength of Hercules or the mind of Newton, and without labor, thought and earnestness, it will avail him nothing. He may live and die and still "leave no footprints on the sands of time."

"This life is a drama, the world a stage and we the actors." Each one has his share, part and position assigned him by the Great Manager and must execute it no matter how small, or the great play of life will not be complete.

The privilege of toil to earn an honest livelihood, without sin or taint of degrada-

tion is honorable, and should be so looked upon by all.

In Europe men are advanced according to rank and blood instead of brains. In our own free and glorious country, we see daily self-educated and self-made men rising to places of honor and distinction at an early age—so much for pluck and courage to labor honestly to win the coveted goal.

It is really amusing to see what a genuine awe we have of looking or appearing the least odd, or to be to any great extent different from our fellows. One would imagine all originality was sin, and to be honest one must follow exactly in some one else's footsteps. Not so our brave and worthy forefathers. They shaped their course in accordance with God's law and a kindness and charity towards their fellow men, and fearlessly followed it. Toil was the thistle upon which they trod, which enabled them to throw off the British yoke and be free, braving toil, hardships and peril to secure that most blessed boon, *liberty*.

"Oh Liberty! for thee we humbly plead;
For thee our bravest ones go forth to bleed and die!
Yes, die; and shout with dying breath,
God, give us liberty, or give us death!"

They were brave, industrious and persevering. *Idleness* did nothing toward clearing forests and rearing cities where once the red man dwelt in full possession and the smoke of his council fire curled up gracefully toward the sky.

Every leaf and blade of grass has its duty to perform. It is the little duties of which larger ones are made—little obliging acts, a few kind words gently spoken, or a sunny smile, may lighten some sorrowing one's weary heart. Little deeds, prompted by a tender, loving heart, very small indeed in themselves, all go to make up the sum of life—and as we cannot appropriate the thistle for our motto, let us take the substance, which is, Through patient toil, hope and cheerfulness we may work out grandly the destiny for which we were intended—and lastly let us not forget that while faith, hope and charity are a beloved trio, that the greatest of these is charity and that for all.

Vita.

The Two Sexes.

ALL through history we find humanity permeated with the conception that, as a sex, women have no more rights than those which we men are willing to give them. Just as if human rights could be made or left unmade by men! Just as if human rights did not lie at the foundations of the universe, placed there by the *One* who made the universe! Of course, all human blunders, all human disasters spring up from that misconception about human rights.

On one hand we find the bulk, if not the totality of fathers, infatuated with the idea

that the mothers of their boys—the educators of their boys for the first 10 years in life, anyhow, if not until 15—that those mothers must be kept back in the march of civilization, away from the very human activities through which we prepare the soil for new generations to grow.

On the other hand we find the mothers quietly accepting the situation as a matter of course. The idea of revolting against the oppression of their souls, that idea does not even dawn on their intellects. They will tell me, but how can woman revolt against the superior physical power of men?

But, my dear friends, the ladies, physical power never rules. It never rules in the Cosmos. It never rules among men. Intelligence alone rules. God is infinite power because He is infinite intelligence. The baby born yesterday is utterly powerless because his intelligence is yet down to zero.

In all the struggles of sixty centuries, among men, the masses, 90 per cent. of the men, have been in possession of physical power. All the same they have been invariably crushed. Even in the United States, the home of the free, even here we force 90 per cent. of the race to live mostly a mere animal existence.

We rob them of their manhood, as much as possible—rob them of the most precious gifts, of the most holy joys that God means all men should have, in time temporal, while traveling towards time eternal, towards joys eternal. And all because the 90 per cent. have not yet acquired intelligence enough in comparison with the few.

To be sure, as long as the male sex wants to play the despot against the female sex, however softly, so long shall the many, among men, be crushed by the few. Divine logic is inexorable. Men shall never trifle with God. They may squeeze themselves into Heaven, after a life of blunders and sorrows—of sorrows because of blunders, of blunders because of selfishness; but, the manhood of the race—the joys that can alone be evolved by manhood, individual and collective manhood—all that can only come from *justice* among men, that is, from absolute equality of rights among men. And the word men includes the word women.

Such is at least the divine meaning of the word men in the first and second chapters of Genesis. And those two chapters constitute the *fundamental charter of human rights*.

Now, it seems to me that so far humanity has only written the first volume of human development—the development of the animal man, the development of might against right. And it seems to me, too, that we are preparing ourselves to write the second volume—the development of right, the suppression of might.

The divine economy of human life ex-

cludes all conceptions of monopoly, and hence of all industrial monopoly, and hence of all sex monopoly. In the divine eyes the father and mother are one, the husband and wife are one, the two sexes are but one set of children, with absolute equality in gifts, in responsibilities, in rights.

We are advancing towards the grand and final battles of civilization, and the mothers of future generations must take part in those battles. Hence they must study all human problems, and thus prove—not their superiority over men—there is no other superiority but that of God—they must thus prove that they are willing and ready to help men to make the humanity of the future much more worthy of God than that of the past and the present, and thus corroborate the divine conception of fundamental equality in the two sexes blended with different external manifestations.

Equality in diversity is the divine motto all through the universe.

José Gros.

Socrates.

(Continued.)

THE most admirable phase of the sublime character of Socrates, that rises majestically above the weakness of human nature, was his greatness of soul, and unexampled patience, with which he suffered the ingratitude of his countrymen.

The beauty of the teaching of Socrates and that which strikes me as the most remarkable, aside from the profound wisdom of his doctrines, is their application to existing evils and in every walk of life.

To the youth Glauco, who aspired to the administration of public affairs, at a time when his years and abilities so little suited him, Socrates gave such timely and temperate advice as to entirely change his resolution. "Have a care, dear Glauco," he concluded after a lengthy conversation on the subject, "lest a too warm desire of honors should deceive you into pursuits that may cover you with shame, by setting your incapacity and slender abilities in full light." Glauco listened to the wise admonitions of the philosopher, and took time to inform himself in private before he ventured to appear in public.

Socrates did not urge his friends to enter early upon public employments, but first to take pains to improve their minds by the knowledge necessary to their success in them. "A man must be very simple," said he, "to believe that the mechanic arts are to be acquired without the help of proper masters, and that the knowledge requisite in governing states, which is the highest degree of human prudence, demands no previous labor and application." His great care in regard to those who aspired to public employments

was to form their manners upon solid principles of probity and justice; and especially to inspire them with a sincere love of their country, with a most ardent passion for the public good, and a high idea of the power and goodness of the gods; because without these qualities all other abilities serve only to render men more wicked, and more capable of doing evil. One can scarcely believe that such a wise teacher was speaking to the Greeks 2400 years ago. Who does not recognize the depth of the wisdom shown in this brief address to Alcibiades: "God has always prevented me from speaking to you whilst the tenderness of your age would have rendered my discourses of no utility to you, as an ambitious young man, for whom the laws open a way to the dignities of the republic." He foresaw the danger of holding serious conversation with Alcibiades at a time that would perhaps have given him a lasting disgust of such a subject. One day when Alcibiades, who was one of the most fiery and haughty of the Athenians, was boasting of his wealth and the great estates in his possession (for it is this that puffs the pride of the young in affluence), he carried him to a geographical map and asked him to find Attica. It was so small it could scarcely be discerned upon the chart; he found it, however, though with some difficulty, but upon being requested to point out his own estate there, "it is too small," said he, "to be distinguished in so little a space." "See then," replied Socrates, "what consequence you attach to an imperceptible spot of land."

Rising to this beautiful inspiration, given by that luminary of antiquity, Rollin continues: "For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the world itself to the vast extent of the infinite orbs which surround it? What an insect, what a nothing is the most powerful prince of the earth in the midst of this abyss of bodies and immense spaces, and what a portion of it does he occupy!"

In foretelling the disaster that befell the unfortunate expedition to Sicily, Socrates declared that he had simply spoken the promptings of his genius. A wise man, who sees an affair ill concerted, and conducted with rashness and precipitation, may easily prophesy the result of it, without the aid of any supernatural promptings. All modern authorities agree that it was Socrates' just and piercing judgment, joined with the most consummate prudence, that gave him that foresight and discernment to such a remarkable degree of excellence.

I shall make one extract from his discourse on the power, existence and greatness of the gods, which I believe will be sufficient not only to show his religious character but his conviction in the being of one supreme God:

It is easy to discern that there are gods, though we cannot discover them by our senses. Do we perceive the thunder whilst it crushes everything which opposes it? Do we distinguish the winds whilst they make such dreadful havoc before our eyes? Our soul itself, which is so intimately connected with us, which moves and actuates us, is it visible? can we behold it? It is the same with regard to the gods, of whom none are visible in the distribution of their favors. This great God himself, who has formed the universe, be continued, and supports the stupendous work, whose every part is finished with the utmost goodness and harmony: He who preserves them perpetually in immortal vigor, and causes them to obey Him with a never failing punctuality, and a rapidity not to be followed by our imagination; this God makes Himself sufficiently visible by the endless wonders of which He is author; but continues always invisible in Himself. Let us not then refuse to believe even what we do not see; and let us supply the defects of our corporeal eyes by using those of the soul; but especially let us render the just homage of respect and veneration to the Divinity, whose will it seems to be that we should have no other perception of Him than by His benefits vouchsafed to us. Now this adoration, this homage, consists in pleasing Him, and we can only please Him in doing His will.

At this time in Athens, a sect of assuming men who ranked themselves as the first sages of Greece, but whose conduct was the reverse, had prevailed to some extent among the young men of the city. There was nothing these masters did not profess. They knew everything, and could teach everything. Their young disciples acquired nothing from their precepts but a silly esteem for themselves and a universal contempt for everybody else; so that not a scholar quitted these schools, but was more impertinent than when he first entered them. They called themselves sophists. Socrates attacked this false philosophy with an irony that his dull and ugly countenance had greatly supported; in fact his whole appearance was that of a poor, simple man. When he had retired from the numerous assembly who had listened to the discussion, the admiration that they enjoyed was changed into contempt. Thus the name of sophist became odious and ridiculous. Socrates, for having endeavored to unmask their vices and discredit their false eloquence, experienced from these men, who had lorded it amongst the youth of Athens for so long a time, puffed with pride and arrogance, equally corrupt and haughty, all that could be feared or expected from the most malignant envy and the most envenomed hatred. They forthwith conspired to destroy him, but so strongly was Socrates entrenched in the affections of the people, that it took his enemies many years to prepare the public mind to endorse the slanders and calumnies they had forged against him.

The first blow was struck by the poet Aristophanes, who, to his eternal dishonor and the disgrace of poetry, lent his pen to the malice of Socrates' enemies and employed his whole genius and ability to depreciate the best and most excellent man that antiquity had ever produced.

Aristophanes wrote a very clever and subtle comedy called "The Clouds," in which Socrates was represented as a teacher of the most vicious doctrines and dangerous maxims, while he was perched in a basket swinging in the clouds. It was some time after this that Melitus appeared as accuser and entered a process in form against Socrates: First, that he did not admit the gods acknowledged by the republic, and introduced new divinities; and second, that he corrupted the youth of Athens, which was concluded with the inference that sentence of death ought to pass against him.

Never had accusation so little foundation, or probability a gauzier pretext. Socrates for forty years had made it his profession to instruct the Athenian youth. When the conspiracy thus became public, the friends of Socrates gathered and prepared for his defense. Lysias, the most able orator of his time, submitted to him an elaborate discourse, setting forth in a masterly manner the entire case, yet carrying through the whole some of the most tender and pathetic passages, capable of moving the most obdurate hearts. Socrates read it with pleasure and approved it very much, yet he told him frankly that it did not suit him.

Tim Fagan.

(To be continued.)

Queries for Single Taxers.

M^{R.} W. H. VAN ORNUM, of Chicago, who formerly was a single taxer, and who has since fallen from grace, or, as he would prefer, saw the error of his ways, now turns about and administers rebuke (in the *Twentieth Century*) by way of asking some hard questions. After he asks those questions he says: "It may dawn upon them (the single taxers) that the community has no more right to fix conditions upon which men may be permitted to exercise their natural rights than individuals have; and that the single tax, if carried out as proposed, would merely shift the landlord from the individual, as now, to the community."

He forgot to add the possibility that the community in its corporate capacity might do more to conserve the interests of all than individual landlords would. He might also be asked the question, namely: If the community has no right in the matter, who has? The landlords of all parts of the world would endorse such a theory, no doubt.

These remarks are only preliminaries, however. His difficult questions, the real hard nuts for single taxers to crack, are these, namely: "Is there any essential difference between rent and purchase money? Is not purchase money merely present value, or rent capitalized?"

A little more amplification would be in

order here. As it is, it is a hard nut indeed. It may mean one thing or it may mean another.

Rent is that which is demanded by a land or a house owner, and purchase money is that with which it is paid. Rent is now paid to the landlord as it would continue, in a measure, to be paid even if the single tax were adopted instead of the present system, with this "essential difference," that whereas the state or community now collects the revenue for the defrayment of proper governmental functions from other sources than the holders of nature's bounties, graded as the tax should be, according to the value of their respective holdings, with a system based upon the single tax it would be so collected; resulting, as it surely would, in an equitable distribution of the taxes necessary to maintain government. If Mr. Van Ornum is one of those who think that government is entirely superfluous, that is of course another matter. But unless I am convinced that he is opposed to all government, and, therefore, to all modes of taxation, I am inclined to think that he will agree with me that, of all systems of taxation, the single tax is the most equitable, and therefore the most just.

"If so, when a man rents land to another, say for one year or for any other time, is he not selling it to him for that time?"

He is not. If I had a piece of land and chose to rent it to A or B for a time, I would sell to him the exclusive right of possession of it, governed by certain conditions as to the use he made of it, but that is all I or anyone else would sell under such circumstances, provided, of course, that the proper agreement were made.

"And if it is unjust for one man to rent or sell land, is it not just as unjust for ten men to do it, or ten hundred, or even for the whole community to join in doing it?"

I deny the assertion that it is unjust to rent land, provided always that the nominal owner turns over to the community all moneys so collected, minus only such percentage as he may be entitled to for his services as collector, such revenues to be used only for the legitimate expenses of the community. In reality, the so-called owner of the most valuable land would have his taxes so adjusted that he could have no special advantage over those whose land would be of lesser value.

As for the selling of land under those conditions it seems to me that the repulsive features now so apparent in almost every transfer of land would be almost if not entirely eliminated. The transfer then would imply the absolute surrender of the right of possession to the bare land, and proper compensation for improvements made. The bare land of course would have no selling value.

Henry J. Wingardner.

Manufacturers vs. Farmers.

AN article, captioned as above, from the columns of the *American Machinist*, a paper of acknowledged friendliness to the cause of labor, is deserving of careful reading and consideration:

In some of the Central and Western states a contest is being carried on between the manufacturers on the one hand and the farmers on the other, regarding the enactment of laws supposed to favor the interests of one or the other.

The farmers of the country have become pretty generally and firmly convinced that something is hurting them, and they have evidently determined to right things, without any very clear idea of what it is that is hurting them, or how things can be improved. It is perfectly proper, of course, for any body of men to take concerted action looking to the securing of justice and equal rights for themselves; but it is of the highest importance to them as well as to others that, before taking such action, its ultimate indirect as well as direct effects should, so far as possible, be understood; and, when it comes to a matter of taxation, knowledge of the effects can usually be found only on a thorough study of the principles of taxation.

The farmers seem to have conceived the idea that the manufacturers escape from bearing anything like a fair proportion of the burdens of taxation, and to them it seems to be an easy matter to remedy this by simply giving the tax collector authority to collect additional taxes on manufacturer's articles ready for the market, or raw material stored or in process of manufacture; and they, innocently enough, think that every additional dollar which can be collected in this way will not only help to check the dangerous accumulation of capital in the hands of the manufacturers, but also correspondingly reduce the burdens of the farmers.

In Ohio, for instance, a bill has been introduced, and at last advice had actually passed one branch of the legislature, by the influence of the farmers, which requires every manufacturer to list for taxation all materials used during the year in carrying on his manufacturing operations, as well as all engines, machinery and tools of every description at a fair cash value, and every person who shall hold personal property of any description with a view to making a profit by changing it in any way, is to be considered a manufacturer, so far as the provisions of the law are concerned.

Now, it seems to us that the dullest farmer that ever turned a furrow ought to know that such a law would, if passed, utterly fail to accomplish the object intended by its framers. Let us trace its effects in one instance.

There are blast furnaces in Ohio, and the owner of a blast furnace is by the terms of the law a manufacturer, and will be required to pay a tax upon all the iron ore and other materials used by him in the production of pig iron. That is one tax. This pig-iron, we will suppose, goes to a mill near by, where it is made into bars of wrought-iron, and the manufacturer owning the mill must pay a tax upon all the pig iron used by him, which makes the second tax on the same material. We will suppose the finished bars of iron to go to a factory which makes a specialty of manufacturing bolts and nuts, and here a tax must be paid upon all bar-iron used, which makes tax number three on the same material. These bolts and nuts then go to a factory where machines are built and the manufacturer here must pay a tax upon all nuts and bolts used during the year, which makes tax number four which the same material would have to bear. A dozen such instances could be named, and they would show in the first place what a very heavy burden would be imposed by such a law, and how unequally it would fall upon different establishments, according as they themselves made or bought parts of their finished products. To illustrate this inequality, take the case of a manufacturer making a line of goods composed mainly of small castings and drop forgings. If he made these castings and drop forgings himself he would pay no tax except upon the pig and bar-

iron of which they were made, while, if he bought them of manufacturers making a specialty of such work, he would have to reimburse them for the taxes paid on them as raw material, with probably a profit on the taxes besides, and then himself pay an additional tax upon the castings and forgings. This total additional cost he would have to add to the price of his finished product, to be eventually paid by the consumer. In the case of agricultural machinery, which is extensively manufactured in Ohio, the consumer is the farmer himself, and it ought to be easy for him to see the final effect of the law. In the case of other kinds of machinery and goods, the additional tax would not be so directly paid by him, but in the end he might rest assured that himself, together with the other consumers of the goods manufactured, would pay all the taxes of whatever description levied upon them. All this, of course, is predicated upon the assumption that manufacturers in other states where such laws were not in force are to be in some way prevented from shipping their goods in to compete with those made in Ohio; but of course they would so ship them, and to that extent close up manufactures in Ohio, and cause their transfer to other states, resulting in the loss not only of the taxes, but of everything else of value resulting from the presence of manufactures. If all the states should pass such laws, then the final consumer of the manufactured goods would have no escape from the payment of all the taxes. The farmer could make the consumer of his products pay the additional cost of his farm machinery, were it not for the fact that a large surplus of farm products is produced here, which must find a market by exportation to foreign countries in which prices are fixed with respect to the cheapest possible production in any country.

The fact is that neither the farmers nor consumers generally have any just cause to complain of manufacturers as such. Very few manufacturers not protected from competition by some sort of an unfair monopoly, make more than a fair return upon their capital invested, with a fair recompense for useful work done in managing their business. There are many monopolies by which men are making more than this, and in some cases these monopolists are also manufacturers, in which case they make most of their money by reason of their being monopolists, not as manufacturers pure and simple. And the monopolists are regularly grinding the legitimate manufacturers as well as the farmers, and the remedy is not to lay additional burdens upon manufacturers, but to remove some of the facilities for building up and maintaining the monopolies.

When the farmers or any other body of men go to looking about for something to tax, they should examine to see whether the proposed taxes are likely to remain where imposed, or be shifted onto others, and whether the things taxed are in themselves desirable and useful or not, and, if they are desirable and useful, then whether or not they are likely to be driven elsewhere by the imposition of the proposed tax.

In the foregoing article it is shown that hasty and ill-considered legislation, urged under the hue and cry of one class and aiming at the interests of other classes, will entail harm to the whole of the people. While the farmers of Ohio are aiming at manufacturers, we find that in other states the railroads are assailed, and have to bear the brunt of adverse legislation, which is sure to result in retarding the growth and development of the state. Iowa, with its unequalled agricultural resources and great farm interests, has taken the lead of all the states in this direction, and as a result we find that during 1890 only one mile of new road is placed to Iowa's credit out of a total of over 6,000 miles built in the United States during that year. While Iowa has a

fair share of railroad mileage there is still room for internal improvement in this line, for not all of its 56,000 square miles of territory have their full share of railroad facilities, and it is only the adverse position of its legislature on this point which has interfered with the further extension of its railway system. What have railroads done to Iowa that she should be so much opposed to them? Finding that Iowa is one of the few states that have no debt, it is evident that the railroads have not ruined her finances. In looking at the map of Iowa, as it appeared when I was a boy, I find a large area of its surface blank, except for the words, "Country of the Sacs and Foxes," near the center, and the words "Pottawatomies," "Ottawas," and "Chippewas," across the western end, while the map my children are now using is dotted with the names of towns and cities, some of which have attained to such size as to be known all over the land. Have the railroads been a help or a hindrance to this grand development by which this desert has become populated? Or are the railroads a bar to further advancement?

Being a railroader, and sometimes engaged in freight traffic, I was naturally greatly interested in the tales of an old-time freight line, which a relative of mine, now well advanced in years, helped to operate in his younger days, and I think a good lesson may be drawn from his experience. The motive power on this old-time freight line was a four-horse team, the car a large covered wagon, and the road the old Brunswick turnpike, with New Brunswick, N. J., at one end and Easton, Pa., at the other. The distance between the termini was 45 miles, making 90 miles in the round trip, and this used to be made in five days' time. The average load was two tons each way and the average earnings about \$22 for the round trip; thus showing that the pay was at the rate of about \$4.50 per day; not very big pay for the work of four horses with a driver, and the natural wear, tear and expense incident to a life on the road. Let us apply this method and its prices to some of the present transportation problems and see what its effects would be on all classes of the community. During the year 1890 the D., L. & W. R. R. hauled over 8,000,000 tons of coal to market, the nearest tide-water being 145 miles from the mines. This coal would require 4,000,000 wagons to carry it, or at the rate of about 13,000 every working day in the year. As it would take each team 14 days to make a round trip, it would require 182,000 teams, or 728,000 horses all the year around. As it would take so many to do the work done by one coal-carrier, it is self-evident that there would not be horses enough in the country to haul the coal required for its use, and if all the horses were

used in this service, what would become of all the other trades, arts, manufactures, and agriculture, in which animal power is a moving factor? Again, the 13,000 teams a day, loaded and hauling the coal of this one company, would require nearly one hundred miles of road to allow of their moving along in single file, but as that is much faster than they could move, it would require a road on which five teams could be driven abreast, at the rate of 20 miles per day, to take the coal down, and of course the returning string of wagons would be just as great, thus requiring a road on which five wagons abreast would be moving at the rate of 20 miles a day in each direction, or about 80 feet wide and filled with a continuous moving procession. It would be almost impossible to keep a road in passable condition under such traffic, and would involve a ruinous expense to a state traversed by a number of such highways.

It has been shown that it would require seven days' work to bring two tons of coal to the seaboard, and supposing that the teams got a return load, out of which to make their wages in going back, we would still have to pay for seven days at \$1.50 each, or \$30 cartage on 2 tons of coal, or at the rate of \$15 per ton; this, with the mining, breaking, screening and profits, would bring the coal to about \$20 per ton, and cause high prices in every commodity in which heat was employed, besides the distress and suffering which a lack of fuel, on account of its high price, would cause among the poorer classes of our population.

But it is not in the handling of coal alone that railroads are benefactors to the country, for this extends into every article of manufacture and agriculture; for instance wheat, which forms so large a product of Iowa's fields, is now carried at a cost of about 13 cents per bushel from Chicago to New York, or at the rate of about \$4.34 a ton, or 17 cents a ton cheaper from Chicago to New York than it used to cost to haul a ton 40 miles in the old-time freight wagons. The railroads have thus practically brought New York and Chicago into closer connection than New Brunswick and Easton were by the wagon freight, and to the same extent this has been true of Iowa. But even these connections outside of the state would not help Iowa very much, were it not for its own system of roads, for Iowa is about 200 miles long in a north and south, and nearly 300 miles in an east and west direction, and a haul from its centre to its borders by wagons pulled by horses would cost more than a load of corn was worth, and nearly as much as wheat would bring. About seven years ago, while on a visit to some cousins living in the northwest corner of Missouri, and of course near the southwest corner of Iowa, I had a very good les-

son on the advantage a railroad is to the farmer. The cousins referred to, about three years previous to my visit, were obliged to haul their corn about fourteen miles to reach the Missouri river to find a market for it, and used to get from \$5 to \$6 a load for it, which, as it took a full day to make the trip, was but a couple of dollars more than cartage, even for that comparatively short distance. Their butter they had sold at 6 to 8 cents and eggs at 3 to 5 cents a dozen, but with the advent of a little railroad to connect them with the outside world, these prices were amazingly augmented, for they had a home market for all their grain and produce. While in individual and isolated cases some one may be injured by a railroad, the great public are benefitted by their existence, and even the most rabid "granger" would find that life would be without many comforts, not to mention luxuries, if railroads were obliterated from the face of the earth, as some of the laws passed seem designed to do, but which for the common good it is to be hoped will be repealed and supplanted by more sensible and statesmanlike legislation.

Wm. Weiler.

A Plea for Nationalism.

THE *New Nation*, in a recent issue, has an article captioned "Why all Workers Should be Nationalists," as follows:

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature to pension public school teachers after reaching a certain age in public service. The Illinois Legislature is considering a like bill. The Springfield *Republican* comments thus: "Nobody is able to tell for what particular reason" these propositions are brought forward.

On the contrary. It is very easy for anybody to tell what the reason is. A conviction has long been growing in the public mind, and of late has been growing very rapidly, that something is the matter with an order of society under which industry is a useful calling for all the working period of life falls, as it so frequently, and in fact usually, does, to insure sufficiency for old age.

It may very possibly be replied that an industrious person of right habits can lay up enough for this purpose. Now, if this were true, it would be no answer to the complaint, because a person may be faithful and industrious and yet lack thrift and business sense. Men and women who are the very salt of the earth, and the most useful members of society, may, and for that matter very often do, lack thrift, which on the other hand quite often is strongly characteristic of the meanest of men. Therefore, to the complaint that a life of industry ought to insure security in old age, the response that it will do so, if the worker is also thrifty, would not meet the case even though it were true.

But it is not true. No amount of thrift will afford a man nowadays any sufficient guarantee against want in old age. A safe investment for money saved is to-day what no one can find. Fraud, embezzlement, bankruptcy on every hand, with periodical business crises against which nothing can stand, mock foresight, almost justify the improvidence of the spend-thrift.

Therefore, it is not true that to-day thrift will secure the industrious man a safe old age.

Because men have learned this by bitter experience they are turning more and more to the state and nation for an assurance which nowhere else is to be

found. That is why nationalism, which proposes to turn the whole nation into one great insurance company which shall be also a universal employment bureau, finds so much favor.

It will be apparent from the foregoing that if the *New Nation* looks with favor upon laws pensioning public school teachers after a certain age and length of service, it is not because public school teachers are better than other people, but because it believes that it is the business of a true nation, while seeing to it, on the one hand, that there are no loafers, to guarantee, on the other hand, to all who have worked through the heat of the day, whether at school teaching or street paving, a quiet and untroubled evening of life.

But the *Republican* asks for a "particular reason" why the public school teachers, especially, should be pensioned, while the reason we have given is a general one wherefore all workers in useful pursuits should be pensioned. The particular reason is obviously the fact that the teachers are public employees, as soldiers are, and that to pension them would be no innovation in method whatever, but strictly in line with precedent.

Just here comes in the practical application. So long as the present system of the employment of labor by private persons and corporations continues, the workers cannot claim that they are employed in serving the public (except indirectly), and therefore have no clear claim for public guarantees. In proportion as the public control of industry takes the place of private and corporate control, will the workers have a clear claim on the public for protection and maintenance.

The moral is, that workers of whatever grade, from school teachers to street sweepers, who are not nationalists, have not stopped to think.

The closing sentence, "Have not stopped to think," is in the nature of an invitation to stop and think. The present ought to be a thinking age—and we are inclined to be of the opinion that more thinking is done *per capita*—per head, than in any other age, since, according to the Darwinian theory, man was a molecule or a monkey.

But so far, the *New Nation* is manifestly of the opinion that all the thinking going on is to little or no purpose in alleviating the ills to which flesh is heir, and that instead of advancement, the human family has taken the back track, or is plunging along at a fearful speed to conditions the contemplation of which is really appalling, and the remedy for all the woes, individual, social, industrial and political, is nationalism—or Bellamyism—either of which would usher in an era not specially different from the apocalyptic millennium.

There are many people who advocate nationalism. It is not a modern idea. It has been tried, not perhaps with as much intelligence as we Americans could bestow upon it. Nevertheless, it may not be out of place here to recall some of the features of nationalism as history reveals them, due allowance being made for such errors as may have crept into the transmission of facts.

Lycurgus of Sparta was a nationalist *par excellence*. Sparta was a very small kingdom, and Lycurgus concluded to modify the old government and establish one which partook of monarchial and democratic form. His next move was to get possession of all the land and divide it up among the people.

He then divided all the movable goods and chattels. He then cried down gold and silver and gave the people iron money and made it so heavy that it required two oxen to move \$100. His reforms went on swimmingly—nationalism took like wildfire. In the reform movements of Lycurgus he banished all superfluous arts from Sparta and then established public meals—where all ate at common tables and the same food. Nor was this enough: the children became the property of state; those that were strong and healthy were provided for, those that were infirm were condemned to perish. Such is a brief outline of nationalism in Sparta some eighteen centuries before Christ. Lycurgus having put things in shape, and finding the machinery of government running with scarcely any friction, persuaded the people to swear, as he was about to make a journey into a distant land, that they would stand by the government until he returned. Having done this, he consulted an oracle, and being told that nationalism was perfection, he deliberately committed suicide. As a consequence, he never returned to Sparta, and after a time nationalism in that land, as Lycurgus established it, ceased to exist.

Nationalism at one time existed in Egypt, not as in Sparta, but in a way that the government owned everything and the people nothing.

In the days of the famine in Egypt, Joseph, who stood next to Pharaoh, had for seven years previous to the great drouth secured all the surplus grain. He piled it up until no account could be kept of the abundance. Then came the drouth and the famine. When the people had consumed all their store, Joseph sold them corn for *spot cash*, till he had all their money. When supplies again ran low, the people demanded more corn, and Joseph took in all the cattle. Supplies again being exhausted, the people wanted more corn. They came to Joseph and said, "Buy us and our land for bread," and Joseph bought them and their land, and said to them, "Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh." After this the government was supreme. The people owned nothing—they were the slaves of the government.

In the one case, Lycurgus persuaded the people to give up their land; in the other case Pharaoh bought the land and the people also; and in both cases, in so far as the degradation of the people and the exaltation of the government was concerned, nationalism was established—and what came of it? The government in both instances cornered the people. The individual ceased to exist, except as a hanger-on of the government.

What is the American idea? The absolute sovereignty of the people, the sovereignty of the individual. The government is the

creature of the people, but the people are not creatures of the government. Individualism is the American idea, not nationalism as the term is used by the *New Nation*, Bellamy, *et al.*

It need not be contradicted that the people in a governmental capacity can do some things better than individuals, but it does not follow that they can do all things better. It is not required to particularize, life is too short.

The question is well put: "Why pension school teachers, at any age?" Fully one-half of the school teachers are totally disqualified for the positions they occupy. But were they all qualified, why pension them any more than locomotive firemen or any other class of workingmen? Worse still, where is the money to come from to pay their pensions? Labor pays all taxes now. If everybody is to be pensioned after a certain age, the sum total, if the pension is to be sufficient to supply the absolute necessities of life, would swell to such alarming amounts as would make Bellamy himself open his eyes in amazement. But under nationalism we surmise the idea is to pension all the sick, infirm, all who cannot work, and an army besides who will draw pensions at a certain age, sick or well. Again, we ask, how are the enormous sums of money to be obtained? Only labor can produce revenues. If at present, as the *New Nation* says, "no amount of thrift will afford a man nowadays a sufficient guarantee against want in old age," what can nationalism do to remedy the evil? Again, is it proposed that under "nationalism" the government will manage everything from a minstrel show to a gold mine—all the ten thousand business enterprises of the country? It is an axiom in economics that labor creates all the wealth; is the distribution under nationalism to be any more equitable than at present? Or is the government to become the corporation to determine, then as now, how much labor shall have? More, who is to be the government? Are we to have legislatures, congresses and common councils, elected, as at present? Is it assumed that under nationalism human nature is to be more sublimated, or that Satan is to be chained?

One of the reasons why "nationalism" should be promptly inaugurated is because "fraud, embezzlement and bankruptcy" is so prevalent that there is no "safe investment" for surplus earnings. As things are now managed, "business crises" are so common and disastrous that Pharaoh's dream of fat and lean kine illustrates conditions, conditions which it is believed nationalism will so change and modify that, instead of alternate plenty and famine, there shall be continuous plenty; investments will be secure, because fraud and embezzlement will dis-

appear; everybody at a certain age, whether a school teacher or street paver, will be pensioned. "The whole nation" will be "one great insurance company, a universal employment bureau." The "loafer" will disappear and the sun of every old man will set in a halo of supernal glory.

Contemplating such an earthly paradise, we confess to sensations of delight, of rapture, of transports almost divine. Nationalism would give us a new earth, and people would long to live forever. But in the background of the picture we fancy we discover written in characters vivid as lightning, "Labor must pay the bills."

The dream is one of ecstatic felicity. This poor sin-cursed earth, no longer producing briars and thorns, is one vast Eden, *minus* Satan—fruits and flowers, milk and honey, luxury and love abound. The government "insurance company," and the government "employment bureau," provide work and wages, and financial security. As we write, in fancy we take the "wings of the morning" and survey all the lands of our vast domain, and everywhere under the sway of nationalism everything challenges admiration. The bees and the brooks and the birds sing the praise of nationalism. The winds transform leaf and spray into harps to add delightful features to the concert of joy. The mighty forest trees sway and toss high their arms in token of approbation of the new régime. The lowing herds, the "cattle on a thousand hills," or on a thousand ranches, seemingly comprehend that they too belong to the nation.

But after all fancy must give way to fact, and labor comes forth from the mine, the field, the factory, roundhouse and cab, and asks, "Whence come all the revenues to support this splendid fabric?" and the answer comes quick as the flash from the storm cloud, "From your wages;" and "what is the compensation?" In old age a pension. Well, when will nationalism come? Just as soon as men can be educated to give the devil the cold shoulder and be governed by the divine rule, "As ye would that others should do to you, do you even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

Frank Forrester.

Advantages of the Single Tax.

IF Mr. Chas. Marshall had read the article in the January number of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, "The Shifting of Land Rents under the High Tax," he would have saved himself the trouble of writing the article in the March number. Of course it is true that labor pays all bills because labor produces all wealth; and the bills that labor pays now are: \$1,300,000,000 monopoly land rents; \$800,000,000 national and local taxes; \$200,000,000, if not more, interest upon

interest, or indirect taxes; \$700,000,000, if not more, earnings on incidental monopolies, fed by land monopoly; \$3,000,000,000 grand total.

Under that dreadful single tax of ours labor would pay, say, \$1,000,000,000 economic land rent, \$2,000,000,000 balance in favor of labor, equal to \$20,000 income as an average to 100,000 plutocrats. Besides, the single tax would give to labor free access to all the land worth having; that labor needs to become King, and stop being the *Industrial Slave* that labor now is.

In private mortgages and securities, which are but a general mortgage, we have over \$30,000,000,000 (held by less than 100,000 men), embodying not less than \$12,000,000,000 land values. At 5 per cent. single tax, those 200,000 men would pay \$600,000,000 annual taxes, besides taxes on whatever land they may hold directly, and at least one-half of all the valuable land is directly held by those 200,000 men or less.

J. Gros.

Distribution of Wealth.

IN a recent editorial in your *Magazine* you say 62,000,000 of people wonder how 200,000 secure it all—i. e., the surplus wealth labor has created.

I believe the distribution would be more equal if all charters for railroads, bridges, tunnels, mining companies, and the like, were required to raise all their money by sale of stock, nothing to be raised by a mortgage or bond to draw interest and so depreciate the stock. If the Pacific roads had been all by stock, our government, by holding stock for all money advanced, would have saved millions to the people. If ever the distribution is made more equal, dividends on the stock and not interest on the bonds must be adopted.

If this thought is of any value in showing one of the methods by which the few secure the surplus, you are welcome to it.

C. McK. Ingersoll.

Lonely Things.

I.

THERE are so many stars in heaven's high dome,
So many, so many to-night;
And the little stars cluster in loving groups
And merrily twinkle their light:
But the great bright gems that stud yon zone
Are so wide apart and so splendidly lone,—
They're so far, far away
From a kind, kindred ray,—
So brilliantly sad, that I long for the day
To usurp their glittering throne.

II.

There are so many brooks all over the land,
Little brooks running swift and free;
And these chattering streams rush on till they meet
And together rush down to the sea:
But imprisoned fast by its tree-crowned shore,
Lies a quiet lake, alone evermore.
Though unruffled it lies
And reflects the bright skies,
Heaven's wooing is vain: the lake only sighs
For the ocean's distant roar.

III.

There are so many hearts in this busy world,
Throbbing drearily on alone;
Hearts rich in affection, yet drifting apart
With their precious freight unknown:
Souls proudly patient, who utter no word,
No craving cry for the hope deferred;
Whose grand, possible life
Is spent in dumb strife,
While a shallower heart is with gladness rife—
At rest, with no depths to be stirred.

TROY, PA.

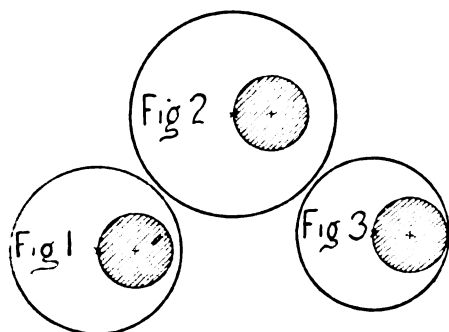
Ellen Oliver Van Fleet.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month.

Turning Down Eccentrics.



The other day I asked an engineer the question, what would be the effect of the throw of the valve if the eccentric were turned down to a true circle after it had worn out all around, and he said that it would lessen the valve throw. Now, I cannot understand why it would lessen it. The same ratio is preserved between the heavy and the light side of the eccentric. The valve would not re-adjust; it would be done by lengthening the eccentric rod by the same amount as was taken off the eccentric; then with a proper sized strap the throw would not be altered. Am I not right?

ANSWER.

Most good builders make the sheave as small as will give the desired eccentricity and throw, so as to reduce the size, weight, cost, and friction. Thus, of the two sheaves shown in Figs. 1 and 2, the well posted builder would use Fig. 1, which gives the same throw as Fig. 2 and has no unnecessary metal, there being on the light side only enough stuff to insure strength; and, in fact, if the eccentric were forged in one piece with the shaft, and no allowance at all would be made for wear and for turning down, it would be as in Fig. 3, which gives the same throw as the other two.

If the sheave shown in Fig. 2 were to be turned down, it would be turned on the original centers and would still leave plenty of metal all around the shaft. But Fig. 1 would, when worn, require to be given a new center nearer the shaft center, so as not to encroach upon the already narrow strip of metal upon the light side. Bringing the sheave center nearer the shaft center would, of course, lessen the throw, no matter what the diameter of the sheave.

This would give the valve less travel and the eccentric rod would, instead of being too short, be too long.

So, turning the sheave down from the dimensions likely to be given it, would generally result in lessening the valve throw.

Robert Grimshaw.

Railroad Ties.

Poor's Manual places the track of the entire railroad system of the United States at 161,397 miles, "therefore taking 2,640 ties per mile of track, there are in use at least 426,088,080 ties. This estimate, large though the total appears, is under the mark, for on the word of the superintendent of a Pennsylvania railroad construction corps, no road uses less than 2,640 ties per mile, and many of the roads with heavy traffic have 2,816, and in a few cases more.

"In a recent lecture on 'American Woods,' Prof. Bickmore mentioned the enormous consumption of wood for this purpose, but it is doubtful if the real magnitude of it was properly understood by his hearers. The life of these ties varies according to their quality and the climatic conditions. On the Eastern roads, where only the best ties are employed, the average life is found to be six years, while in the West, where poorer quality of timber is often accepted, and where dry rot and other disadvantages have to be confronted, the average life is from three to five years, so that even after allowing for a few exceptional cases in which ties may last ten years, the average life of ties in the United States can not be counted as more than five years.

"Therefore it follows that the annual consumption must be about 85,217,616, which, with steady increase of railroad building, must soon exceed 100,000,000—a gigantic demand to be satisfied from the forests each year when one considers the many other calls made upon them." Taking into consideration all the demands made upon the forests of the United States, taking the number of trees annually cut down and burned down—taking into consideration the trees destroyed to make farms and the time required for a twig to become a tree sufficiently large for a tie, and it would be no great task to fix a time when the American forests would disappear. After the forests are gone, then Sahara.

Illinois Railroads.

The State Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Illinois report for 1890 that the state has 10,163 miles of main track and that within the state there were 57,435 employes, whose wages aggregated \$33,991,986, an average of \$591 each a year, or \$1.97 per day for 300 working days.

The Vertical Plane Coupler.

After several years of study and cogitation, and the appointment, investigation and report of committees on the subject of automatic couplers, the Master Car Builders, in convention assembled, were led to adopt and recommend the so-called vertical plane coupler as the one above all others the most desirable. After so much consideration it would appear as if some good results might be obtained from it, but if the free expression of opinion about the defects of this coupler as shown in actual use, and given in the reports of the proceedings of the January meeting of the New England Railroad Club, are any indication of the true state of affairs among the car men, there is reason to believe that the choice was not as prudent as could be wished. In discussing the question, "What constitutes a defect in a vertical coupler sufficient to condemn the coupler?" Mr. Adams, of the Boston & Albany, said, "We do not believe in the coupler, and in saying so I think I speak for the New England railroad men in general," and, indeed, he seemed to have struck the keynote of New England sentiment, for not one of the speakers had a good word for them, and all complained of the liability to breakage resulting from uneven distribution of strains and also from imperfect workmanship. It is a very simple thing to get up a coupling that will work well, provided everything comes together on a level and at a suitable angle; but in actual use, with cars loaded and unloaded, standing in switches sometimes with a very poor surface level and at all angles, it is at once apparent that it will need a coupler with a wide range for all the contingencies of actual service. It is a mooted question whether the vertical plane coupler is a success under all of these unfavorable circumstances, even when it is to be coupled to another one of the same make, but in making up a mixed train the vertical plane coupler is a delusion and a snare; yes, it is not too strong to call it a trap, provoking more profanity and causing more delay and danger than security. Even after the train is made up the trouble is not over, for the inherent weakness of the design makes itself evident in many different forms after a very short period of service. All railroad men are well aware that no other part of a car is subject to as many or as heavy strains as the coupling, and in order to get one to stand these strains it should be so designed as to bring them as near in line as it is possible, and the lack of this feature in the vertical is no doubt the origin of most of its defects. In the first place, a deviation in height will cause the lower part of one "knuckle" to engage with the upper part of the other, and instead of a uniform distribution of the pull or push, as the case

may be, we have a downward torsion on one with a consequent upward twist on the other, which is increased by each movement of the car until fracture becomes inevitable, and it is only a question of time when it will take place. Another destructive cause arises from the fact that while the "knuckles" may be so designed as to draw them together, it is not always done, and as the jaw wears away, much chance for vertical slip is given, and this also keeps increasing with each movement. Hear what Mr. Adams says as to the result of receiving cars slightly defective:

Everybody who has had any experience knows that the breakage of the vertical hook knuckle is very detrimental to the service of the coupler. In other words, if the knuckle is removed entirely, the result is, when the cast iron bar is coupled to it, the connection will break the bar; and this, I suppose, led Mr. Buchanan to issue his order. He found when we carded a car with the knuckle broken, we were only liable for the knuckle at an expense of about \$1; but before it got many miles on his road the bar was broken, and that cost him \$8 or \$10. I found the same thing working against us and I had in mind the issuing of a similar order, and if I had done so should probably have roused the indignation of some other roads. We are removing knuckles or couplers, or both, for very small defects and it is very expensive business for the road.

Now, the question arises whether it is best or proper or safe for us to transfer cars from one road to another with defects existing in the knuckles. We all know that when some parts of them break it weakens them very much, and the tendency is to break worse, and it goes on until they are destroyed. Now, how much of a break shall we allow our inspectors to pass? I am not prepared to say, though I have about made up my mind. I would be willing to take a coupler with a small fracture, where I wouldn't take one with a large piece broken off. A coupler with half an inch broken off at the top or butt, or in the centre either way, I would accept; but if both parts of the center are broken off half an inch, I should hesitate about it. As soon as they are broken off at the top or bottom to any degree they begin to make a larger surface for the pin to spring out, and break worse until they break out entirely.

That these evils are not imaginary, but that they really exist to the great detriment of the roads and the commerce of the country, is proven by the testimony of Mr. Chamberlain, of the Boston & Maine, who says:

Our greatest trouble has been from our connection with the New York, New Haven & Hartford. About October 25 we had tied up at Northampton forty cars with cracked knuckles, some missing knuckles, and some broken bars, and in two weeks more there were sixty cars tied up with the same defects. We finally agreed that when a connecting line offers a defective automatic coupler and has not material to repair it with we will take the car with a common bar, provided the car is carded for wrong drawbar. If defective or missing knuckles are offered, we receive them, if the coupler is safe to run, provided the car is carded for defective vertical plane drawbar; but we will not receive it if carded only for broken, cracked or missing knuckles. We will not receive cars with defects of any kind and then card them.

From October 15 to December 31 we have either rejected or found broken on our line 632 vertical plane couplers broken in various ways. Not having the material to replace the bars, we put into these cars the common bar and carded them for the same—broken vertical plane drawbar. These defects were divided as follows: Cracked knuckles, 165; broken knuckles, 154; missing knuckles, 85; com-

mon bars in place of vertical plane bars, 41: defects of vertical plane bars where the knuckle was all right, 51: defects other than those noted, 136. The Boston & Maine had two of these hook couplers, and broke one. Did not buy any more. Taking the past experience of the roads, I don't see how they can afford to receive cars with broken or cracked knuckles. A small defect in a knuckle leads to a larger one.

One of our connecting roads offered us two cars with cracked knuckles, and we refused to take them. They hung the cars up for three or four days, and then offered them to us again, with new knuckles nicely fitted in, apparently all right, and we broke both of them before we got the cars out of the yard. We traced those knuckles right to a cast iron foundry, a good many miles from any malleable iron foundry, too. (On taking our connecting line inspector to task for that, he said he examined those couplers, and thought they were probably made of cast iron, and, in fact, he supposed they were all made of cast iron.

If such is the delay incident to the use of this "improvement" at one junction or point of exchange, it will defy calculation to ascertain the damage done to commerce by its continued or extended use; but if as indicated above, the inherent weakness is increased by poor material or construction, its effects would be disastrous to the best interests of railroads and shippers alike, for it would keep cars tied up and delay freight in transit beyond the limits of patience or profit. Mr. Barnes, of the Barnes Coupler Co., suggested the establishment of schools of instruction in the use of the couplers, just as if it were possible by that means to bring the draw-bars to a level or the line of pull direct, and stated that while it cost something to repair the vertical coupler, it also cost something to keep up the supply of pins and links. This called out replies from several of the car builders to the effect that the use of links, or rather their destruction, was increased by the use of the vertical coupler, in which opinion all railroad men will concur. With all these points in view Mr. Lauder, of the Old Colony, who ever says what he means and means what he says, gave voice to his opinion in the following strong language:

It is an old truism that the way to get a bad law repealed is to strictly enforce it. I believe the only way that the railroads of this country can get clear of this vertical plane coupler is to strictly enforce those rules that were first promulgated by the New York Central road—to refuse to receive cars with vertical plane couplers unless in perfect order. If that is done all over the country the life of the vertical plane coupler will be exceedingly short. So long as the mechanical men, who are responsible for the transmission in proper shape from one point to another, busy themselves with making rules governing the receiving of cars with defective vertical plane couplers, and the work is being fairly done, and there is no particular detention of cars, the managers may not realize the large expense to which their roads are put on account of this coupler. If every defective coupler or drawbar caused the stoppage of the car until the owner was notified and until he furnished a new knuckle or drawbar, the matter would come to the attention of the managers, and they might be surprised that the detentions were so often caused by this so called master car builders' coupler. This coupler has been foisted upon the roads by the mechanical papers,

not only by advertising, but by procuring the writing of editorials, to make the managers believe that the so-called master car builders' coupler was a panacea for all the ills we are troubled with in the interchange of cars. I do not refer to our friend Sinclair (who I see is present) nor to his paper in making this statement.

The experience of the last two years has proved that the most dangerous thing on our roads is this coupler, and I trust that some organized effort will be made toward rescinding the action taken by the Master Car Builders' Association some years ago—action taken honestly, because they thought that type of coupler held out something better than we had before. I think the unprejudiced men at the head of the mechanical departments of the railroads of this country would almost unanimously, were it not for their pride, condemn that coupler. Of course a man does not like to admit that he has made a mistake. That coupler, in my judgment, has got to be abandoned, because of its danger—danger of breaking apart and giving out on the road.

Others of his colleagues were not in the least backward in their expressions about the matter; for instance, hear Mr. Griggs, of the N. Y. & N. E.:

We are very short of links and pins, and the vertical hook coupler is one great cause. We may receive ten or fifteen cars, one from one direction, and the others from other places, and we have got to couple them up, and have to furnish the links and pins to do it. If I had my way, I would not take a car with a vertical hook coupler with any defect whatever; and still further, if I had my way, I would not take one if it was perfect.

Such are the deliberate ideas of these men, not formed amidst the hurry and bustle more or less incident to a convention, when often the fellow with the most gift of "gab" will carry his point over the best reasons on the other side, but forced upon them by watching the performance of the couplers in actual use. It is very evident that a change will have to be made for something better or more practical.

Vulcan.

Speed of Locomotives.

Mr. William Buchanan, superintendent of motive power on the N. Y. C., says: "It would be hard to say just how great a speed a locomotive and train can develop for a short distance over a perfect track and road-bed. I can imagine steam propelling trains above 100 miles an hour, but it is a mistake to say that any locomotive has ever been built which has accomplished the feat with a train of cars—even in England." Mr. Buchanan then refers to the performance of a locomotive, 541, built after his own plans, which made an extraordinary run in 1886, and says: "The special newspaper train made a pretty good record, and it is a fair sample of the best that can be done under existing circumstances of roadway and construction of locomotives. Locomotive 541, which drew the train, ran for all she was worth, and she had every chance. She pulled an average heavy train, with three cars, a stretch of eighty and three-quarter miles between Syracuse and Rochester, at a sustained average of sixty-seven

and one-quarter miles an hour. She made a spurt of twelve and three-quarter miles between Palmyra and Fairport at nearly seventy-five miles an hour, but the grade may have had something to do with this." Mr. Buchanan then proceeds to state what he regards as necessary for high speed in engines. He says: "The best possible speed for a continuous run of from 60 to 100 miles is less than 70 miles an hour under the most favorable existing circumstances. If we are to see anything better, it is clear that conditions must be changed. How are locomotives, cars and roadway to be improved? Engine 541 weighed 84,700 pounds, was eight-wheeled, with four 5½-foot drivers, had 17 by 24-inch cylinders, and an ordinary boiler. I could design a faster engine for long runs. It wouldn't be any heavier, but it would have fewer parts to its machinery. It would have a single pair of 6½-foot drivers and 19 by 24-inch cylinders. It would require some figuring to elaborate the details, for everything must be proportionate, so that the frame won't carry any superfluous weight, and so that it will be properly balanced. The boilers should be constructed with as much heating surface as possible. The American locomotives have every advantage over the compound English style. We had 7-foot drivers on the Hudson River Railroad thirty-five years ago, but for the repeated stops that were necessary they were not any better than the smaller wheeled ones, and much less economical. The smaller drivers get under way more quickly after a stop, but once the big 7-footers are started, they do good work on a long run. I think that a 6½ foot wheel would be in better proportion to the frame and balance of the engine, and that as high speed can be obtained from it as from a 7-foot wheel." The question of speed is up for debate and experiments will continue in the construction of locomotives. Never before, in the history of the world, has the maxim, "Time is money," had such a hold upon human affairs. Men of business and men of leisure when they travel want to go with the speed of electricity—though they go to their death.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., March 1, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish you or some of your correspondents would please tell me what is the cause of an engine pulling her fire. I fired a ten-wheeled McKay & Aldus locomotive, with a straight boiler and a straight stack, and she had a habit of pulling her fire when working hard on the hill. I also had the same engine after she had been through the back shop, and had a diamond stack put on and she would still pull her fire. After she had the diamond stack put on she would not steam unless she had a split put in her nozzles.

J. M. Brayton.

Theory.

It is frequently said of some one, "Oh, he has got too much theory," or "Well, maybe he will get along all right if he only don't let theory get away with him;" and various similar remarks are frequently made when discussing the merits pro and con of some intelligent, studious fireman whose prospects for promotion seem good.

Now I want to say, and in saying it I utter my own deep-rooted convictions, that theory never did hurt a man—unless it was some crank who thought he had a theory and in trying to solve it went crazy—and it never will; but theory and theorizing are two very different things, the one correct in its every detail, the other varying from nearly that to utter failure.

Let us look back to the days gone by and see what theory has done for advancement and enlightenment. Columbus had a theory that the world was round and that by sailing westward he could reach India. He sailed, and although he never reached India, he demonstrated his theory and discovered a new world; and so with everything invented, produced or discovered, there was a theory at the bottom of it.

Theory has produced the watch by which time is so regularly and accurately recorded, a marvel in itself when we stop to consider the regularity with which it performs its functions. The sewing machine, which immeasurably lightens work in that line, had theory as the spur to impel it forward to its final perfection. The printing press, that great educator by whose aid all are brought in easy reach of educational facilities, by which the learned and wise, the philosopher, the discoverer, the inventor, and all interested may convey to the world the results of their thought and research, was evolved from a theory.

Stephenson, after fifteen years of toil (from 1814 to 1829), proved that there was something in theory when his engine, the Rocket, took the prize of £500, or \$2,500.

Fulton had a theory, and the success of his steamboat proved that the theory was as solid as rock. The vast number of steamboats which to-day ply between cities along our river courses, the number of steamships that constantly cleave the waters of the great oceans, carrying the commerce of nations from shore to shore, demonstrate every day the validity of that theory.

Look at every material we have for use in every walk in life, every article or invention, from a sewing needle to a threshing machine, reaper, binder, mower, loom, automatic cut-off engine, locomotive, in fact, every piece of machinery in existence, and we can trace one or more theories in their origin and development. Metals are compounded on theory, cloth is

woven on theory, houses are built on theory, gardens and farms are cultivated on theory, people are educated on theory, medical science rests on theory, stock is bred on theory. Can any one who reads this tell me anything that is being done which did not in the beginning have a theory as the basis of its existence?

It used to be said of me that I had too much theory, but I deny it. The fact is, with my limited knowledge and education, I never had enough theory. I wish I could master the situation so that I could comprehend theory more fully, get right down to the bed-rock of it like a miner hunting for placer gold, and there I would be sure to find it if it existed, and if I failed it would be because I was on the wrong track, like H. W. Hall, of East Portland, on *leverage*, but as "Vulcan" has illustrated the lever question in the March issue, I presume Bro. Hall sees that he did not have theory, but was theorizing.

Take the entire universe, everything rests on theory; then can a man in such a limited capacity as his brain and reasoning power, have too much of it? I am inclined to think not, and as for me, I will say crowd in all the theory you can—it is like virgin gold or genuine diamonds, but don't accept pyrites of iron for gold, or quartz crystals for diamonds; be sure you have the genuine article and if you have one you are in doubt about ask some one who knows, and if the result of the query is not satisfactory make a practical demonstration, if possible, the first opportunity you have, and if you were wrong maybe you will find out what the correct theory is.

Seven months ago, after long years of toil and more or less anticipation, I found myself on the right-hand side, manipulating the throttle and reverse lever. I had every bit of that theory which it had been said was too much, but I have come and gone, pulled trains with different engines, and am ready to-day to say that my theories are as deep-rooted as they were when I was on the other side of the engine, and I have had twenty different firemen with me in that length of time, some "old timers" and some on their maiden trip, but have always got along, and all of the firemen, old and young alike, endorse my theory.

There is a certain place on our road a little over thirty miles from here where a train gets a terrible jerk; it is a famous place for breaking the train in two, a piece of down grade about a quarter of a mile, then a little pitch, then a little sag and then upgrade a little way. Over that pitch, just as the engine gets over the top, if there are any weak links, pins, or drawheads the train will part under ordinary circumstances. One night about two months ago I had a time order against a passenger train over

this same piece of track, and as I had only eighteen (18) minutes to make eight (8) miles and stop for a railroad crossing, I naturally did not want to part the train. I came down the light grade with throttle wide open, reverse lever in first notch, fairly burning the wind. (I was theorizing.) The engine started up the pitch and I was just congratulating myself on the success of my plan when the train gave such jerk as to almost throw me off the seat-box. I looked back but as an exhibition of more luck than sense the train was all coming. I made the run and reached the station all right in the allotted time, and then I began to investigate my theorizing on that subject, and decided that it was just the reverse of the true principle; so, a few days ago, coming over the same piece of road, after having been off of it for nearly two months, I tried another plan. I left the throttle wide open coming down the grade and about half way up the pitch (which, by the way, is not quite a train length); I then eased the throttle down so I could scarcely hear the exhaust until after I had gone several car lengths over the top, then commenced to open her up by degrees, and it was successful. I did not feel the slightest jar; and so with most reasoning—if false, a demonstration will prove it so, and then we must investigate causes to determine what is right.

I am pleased to see "Vacuum" still in our midst and must say that his illustrations of the force in condensation are so pointed that to me the injector mystery is no longer shrouded in impenetrable gloom, but as clear as the broad open light of day.

Now here is something lately brought to my notice: Take an engine with, say, left front cylinder head knocked out, engine placed on one side, and from whatever cause, the valve on disabled side becomes misplaced so as to permit a large quantity of steam to pass out through broken cylinder head; what effect will it have on the engineer's ability to stop by reversing the engine?

I decided the question a few days ago when I was brought in by one of two engineers, who had argued on the subject for several hours. I had never previously thought on the subject, but, as I saw at a glance a theory, I unhesitatingly gave my view, and when called on by the contestants, demonstrated my reason in a few minutes and ended the controversy. I hope to hear from all on this topic, as it is about as important as the breaking of an

Eccentric Strap.

The terminal facilities of the Philadelphia & Reading road in Philadelphia were estimated to cost \$8,000,000; \$2,000,000 of this amount has already been spent.—*American Journal of Railway Appliances.*

Free-Steaming Locomotives.

At a recent meeting of the New York Railroad Club, Mr. A. E. Mitchell, Mechanical Engineer of the N. Y., L. E. & W. R. R., read a paper on "The Qualities Essential for a Free-Steaming Locomotive," which was published in full in a late issue of the *American Journal of Railway Appliances*, and as it is replete with valuable information, I have clipped the following extracts which will no doubt be of special interest to locomotive men:

To make a locomotive boiler steam freely, it is essential that it should be designed correctly, that the various parts should be adjusted properly, and that the fireman should obtain as perfect combustion of the fuel used as possible.

The main feature in the design of a locomotive boiler is to get sufficient heating surface, and, having obtained this, the water space should next be taken into account.

Heating Surface.—Ample heating surface and grate area should be allowed in designing locomotive boilers, to insure that, with average coal, steam will be generated faster than the cylinders, under the heaviest work can use it; otherwise the locomotive will fall far from when a poorer quality of coal is used, or when the flues and sheets become incrustated, as they will be more or less, in a very short time, on the majority of railroads in this country. * * * * * From experience based on practical observation and tests of many free steaming locomotives on several roads in this country, I have come to the conclusion that on account of the various qualities of good and bad coal used the greatest amount of heating surface possible to obtain, under the style of construction adopted, should be furnished, and that the boiler should be designed to supply one inch larger cylinders than are to be applied. * * * * *

I will give short, unscientific but handy rules, which I have found from data obtained by careful study of the free steaming locomotives which have come under my observation to give very approximate results, which may be of value to many of you.

1st. Use cylinders one inch smaller in diameter than you design your boiler for.

2d. The smallest diameter of shell of boiler should be as nearly as practicable three times the diameter of the one inch larger cylinder.

3d. The required amount of heating surface in square feet, for bituminous coal burning engines, should never be less than four times the square of the diameter of the one inch larger cylinder in inches. One-tenth of this heating surface to be in the fire box and the balance in the flues. On anthracite coal burning locomotives more heating surface is needed in the fire box on account of the larger grate area required, but the heating surface of the flues, as given by above rules, should not be materially decreased. * * * * * The grates should be also designed to admit the greatest amount of air possible, as I know of no coal that can get too much of the oxygen of the air through the grates; but should there be, the amount of air admitted could be regulated by the dampers. Some time during the life of that locomotive, it may get coal that requires more air than it is possible to admit through the grate, and it would not then come amiss.

The grate should be designed of such shape as will prevent clinkers from adhering to it, and thereby cause it to stick, preventing cleaning and at the same time partially stopping the admission of air which is so essential to the free combustion of coal.

Water Space.—Ample water space should be provided in designing the locomotive boiler. A large body of water at the temperature of the steam acts as a reserve force, ready to come to your assistance whenever necessary, and these times are very frequent; often a train is taken over the last few hundred feet of a long, heavy grade on account of this reserved force, when without it the train would have to stop and wait for the boiler to be filled and steam generated. The large water space has also

another advantage—viz., the supply feed water in mixing with the large body of water in the boiler does not chill the mass as much as would be the case if the body of water was smaller.

Many, if not a majority, of the railroads, use what is known as the extension front, either in full or in part, in order to get the benefit of the receptacle for the sparks and cinders as well as the straight stack and cheaper maintenance of the netting. The extension front and smoke box is composed of the usual diaphragm plate, high nozzles and wire netting. We will take them up in regular order and explain their uses and what part they take in making the locomotive steam freely.

The Diaphragm Plate.—The object of the diaphragm plate is—

1st. To act as a deflector to deflect the sparks and cinders to the bottom of the smoke box and thence into the extension front, which, in turn, acts as a storage receptacle to carry the sparks and cinders to the destination of the engine, where they can be dumped through the usual hopper casting secured to the bottom of the extension front. With the half or shorter extension the heavy exhaust lifts the cinders and sparks and hurls them against the netting, causing them to become broken into particles sufficiently small to pass through and thereby escape to the atmosphere.

2d. The diaphragm plate is used to regulate the draft upon the fire, but does not increase the draft or suction through the flues, as many suppose. Care must be taken to have the apron, lower or adjustable plate, attached to the fixed diaphragm plate, horizontal at its lower edge in order to have the fire burn uniformly traversely across the box. Lowering the diaphragm plates causes the fire to burn stronger at the front end of the grates, whereas raising the plate will transfer the strongest traverse fire line further back; but when this plate is properly adjusted the coal will burn with nearly the same brilliancy over the entire surface of the grates. In adjusting this plate I prefer to place it in such a position that the fire will burn a little stronger or brighter at the front end, thus giving the unconsumed gases of combustion liberated at the rear end an opportunity of being consumed as they pass over the hotter fire at the front end. After this plate is adjusted properly for the average quality of coal it should never be disturbed unless the engine has to burn continuously one grade of coal, when it should be adjusted for that special grade. The improper adjustment of this plate produces a large waste of coal, hence it should have the proper attention.

The High Nozzles.—The high nozzles are placed above the netting in order to have an unobstructed opening to the atmosphere, but, inasmuch as the netting must necessarily be above the opening below the fixed diaphragm plate, the nozzles will be at a height somewhere between the top and fourth row of flues and above the center line of the boiler. The height of the nozzles, in my opinion, enters as a factor in the steaming qualities of a locomotive boiler; but to what extent I cannot state at present. The diameter of the nozzles, however, enters very materially as a factor in the steaming qualities of the locomotive.

Many draft their fires entirely by the nozzles, reducing their diameter to increase the draft on the fire and opening them to decrease the draft; hence we find many locomotives of to-day laboring under a heavy back pressure caused by too small a nozzle, this heavy back pressure crippling the power of the engine very materially and reducing the number of cars it is capable of pulling over the division.

The correct method of drafting a locomotive is, first, to enlarge the nozzles as much as possible and increase the draft, if required, by means of the stack, or at some other point; then, after all other methods of increasing the draft have been tried without avail, reduce the nozzles a little if more draft is required on the fire.

The Wire Netting.—The purpose of the netting is to prevent throwing sparks of a size sufficient to cause fires along the line, endangering the company's and adjacent property, and rendering them liable for damages. * * * * *

The usual netting used is 3x3, or 3½x3½ mesh per in., No. 11 to No. 13 wire, Birmingham gauge. With

this netting we get about fifty per cent. of opening for the gases and smoke to pass through, and care must be taken to have the netting of sufficient area to insure that the smoke and gases will have a free exit to the stack, otherwise it will choke the flues and decrease the draft. I believe in making the area of netting at least four times the area of the flue opening.

With the old style smoke box equipped with low nozzles and lifting pipe, the netting is placed in the bonnet of the diamond stack, the lifting pipe being used to adjust the draft on the fire and the diameter of same, together with the diameter of nozzles and stacks, determining the amount of draft on the fire; with this device it is usual to place the bottom of the lifting pipe on a level with the nozzles, and regulate the draft by a sliding sleeve at the top. Reducing the diameter of the lifting pipe increases the draft, and enlarging this pipe decreases the amount of draft.

Care must be taken not to get the pipe so small that the exhaust steam will be retarded by friction along its circumference, and that the stack is of a size to permit the steam to expand and fill it without choking; much of this can only be determined by experiment.

Knowing, therefore, that the stack is practically an ejector, we can utilize it for producing an increased draft on the fire, and therefore make our exhaust nozzles larger, as can be determined by experiment. Under this rule different sizes of cylinders will require different sizes of stacks; but if we equalize these values of stack and nozzle diameters we find it possible to use one stack with all usual-sized cylinders (17 inch to 20-inch diameters) and vary the nozzles accordingly. Having one stack to fit all locomotives, the cost of maintenance is wonderfully reduced, and if the stack is made of cast iron the scrap from a damaged stack will go far toward paying for a new one.

The subject of combustion is a very important one, and should be carefully studied by every fireman while attending to his every-day duties.

It is not necessary that he take up the study of chemistry to solve this problem, but, by carefully watching cause and effect, as he applies the coal, he will soon be master of the subject. The fuel expense of every railroad is one of the largest expenses to be met, and, as there are so many firemen engaged in handling this immense amount of coal, a little waste by each one means a large total waste, whereas a little saving made by each means a large total saving. Inasmuch as the railroads to-day are using many grades of coal—some good, containing but a very small percentage of foreign substances and ash, others poor and containing a large percentage of non-combustible matter, often as high as 25 per cent.—it is absolutely impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules as to the proper method of firing. We will, however, give a few general rules and mention the effect of firing to the contrary.

1. Never carry a heavy fire. Why? To burn coal successfully—that is, to get the greatest amount of heat out of a certain quantity of coal—it is necessary that a large amount of air be admitted to aid the combustion, and this air is admitted through the grates; it is also necessary that this air shall be heated to a high temperature, called the igniting point, so that the ingredient called oxygen, one of the components of air, shall be liberated and unite with the gases and carbon of the coal in the proper proportion to produce the most perfect combustion, represented in the fire box by that intensely white-hot flame so well known and sought after by firemen. If a heavy fire is carried a sufficient quantity of air cannot be admitted through the grates to furnish oxygen in sufficient quantities to successfully burn the coal, and this state of affairs is easily recognized by the firemen by a red-hot fire, instead of the intensely white-hot mentioned above.

To maintain this intensely white-hot flame in the fire box coal should be added only in such quantities as will not reduce the temperature of the flame and fire below the temperature required for heating the incoming air and liberating the oxygen; hence the coal should be put on in very thin quantities and at frequent intervals. This is readily illustrated by taking a pot of water, boiling violently, and adding

a small amount of water at frequent intervals. The water in the pot continues to boil, showing that the water added did not detract very materially from the temperature of the mass, but if a large quantity of water be added at one time, the water in the pot will be reduced in temperature below the boiling point, and the water will cease to boil; just so if too much coal be placed in the box at one time, the intensely white-hot flame is lost, the red-hot flame takes its place, the gases liberated from the coal pass off through the flues as black smoke and the steam pressure falls, all because the heavy bed of coal prevents a sufficient quantity of air to be admitted and heated to properly burn the fuel.

With anthracite coal, which is in a lumpy form, a heavier fire must be carried, as otherwise too great a quantity of air at too low a temperature is admitted to produce perfect combustion.

2d. Care must be taken in firing not to allow any holes or very thin spots to develop, especially with anthracite coal, as the air rushes in in such quantities at these spots as to chill the fire, causing imperfect combustion. When such thin or dead spots appear, nearly, or quite, exposing the grates, push live fire over the spots with your hook and then gradually build them up instead of throwing green coal on the dead spots and thereby spoil your fire. Firemen can readily detect the spots where the coal is getting thin by the exceptionally white-hot fire at such points.

3d. Bituminous coal, containing iron ore and sulphur, or other foreign substances producing clinker, should be fired exceptionally thin, so that the clinker will not congeal on the grates, but fall into the ash pan in a molten state.

As there are so many grades of coal, each fireman should carefully study the effect, first, of a very light fire, then gradually increasing its depth until that intensely white hot flame is produced, when he should maintain that depth as nearly as possible.

4th. When the locomotive is standing and will not be used for some time, close your dampers and open your furnace door on the latch, if necessary, to prevent the unnecessary waste of steam at the safety valve. Every pound of steam passing off through the safety valve means a waste of the coal required to generate it, which if it was saved on all locomotives on a road would result in a saving of hundreds of tons in a year.

5th. Seldom shake your grates. If your fire is properly taken care of there will not be much necessity of shaking the grates, as a large portion of the ashes and clinker will fall through the grates into the ash pan by the jar of the locomotive in passing over the track. Frequent shaking of the grates generally means a poor fireman on duty; he has either fired too heavy, causing ashes and clinkers to form on the grates, or else he has had dead spots in the fire which were not properly taken care of. Much coal is wasted by this practice of frequently shaking the grates, which could be avoided if the fireman handled his fire properly.

The engineer should carry the boiler water level, or as nearly so as possible, to assist the fireman in his work. If the boiler water is first up and then down, the steam pressure usually follows the same course and the fireman is crowding his fire with hook and shovel one minute, and the next opening his fire doors to prevent the steam from blowing off. This frequent forcing of the fire causes it to become dirty and inefficient, and is a great source of annoyance to a good fireman.

Again, many engineers are guilty of the bad practice of pulling out of a station, or from a dead stop, with their injectors on, when the boilers cannot more than supply the steam for the cylinders with the valves cutting off at full stroke. Engineers should have their boilers sufficiently full to supply all the steam required until they hook up their reverse levers to running position, when they can apply their injectors without danger of producing low steam pressure, otherwise they have simply themselves to blame for this state of affairs. Many engineers pull out of a station and let their valves work at full stroke until the train has gained sufficient speed to hook back their reverse levers to the running position, the frequent and sharp exhausts incident thereto tearing large holes in the fire.

causing extra work on the part of the fireman, and damage to the fire that cannot be repaired on that trip. Should low steam pressure result, the blame is often laid on the fireman when the fault was strictly attributable to the engineer; had he hooked back his lever notch by notch as he gained in speed, no material disturbance to the fire would have taken place.

Engineers and firemen should work in perfect harmony with one another, each trying to aid the other as much as possible with their several duties. Too many engineers consider it out of place to assist or instruct young and inexperienced firemen, adopting the rule that, as no one showed him how to fire when he was young and inexperienced, he in turn would do likewise by his firemen; this policy on the part of the engineer is very selfish and should not be tolerated by any railroad company. The progressive engineer is one who is anxious to get his train over the road at the least expense of coal, or repairs to power, and will render all the assistance possible to his fireman. Were all locomotive engineers and firemen interested in the railroad company's welfare and handled their property as carefully as they would were the same their own, an enormous saving to the company would result, not alone in the fuel expenses, but in the cost of maintenance of locomotives and cars.

The extracts relating to design and construction are of great value to the students of the locomotive, but those in reference to firing and running are of special interest to our readers, the great majority of whom are employed as engineers and firemen, and I have therefore quoted the latter in full believing that a careful perusal of the same will be fruitful of practical knowledge to those who are interested in the subjects discussed.

Vulcan.

The Webb Compound Locomotive—How It "Did the Work."

Concerning the Pennsylvania Railroad Company making any statement of its performance (the English compound), they have not, neither is it likely they will do so. It is, and has been a standard rule of that company, not to give any data of any trial of things tested on that road, and their reason for not doing so is that they are not in the "advertising business" and do not write letters endorsing anything, not even "Pears' Soap" after Henry Ward Beecher had done so.

Their idea of testing anything is, that they are at the expense of it, and it appears to them that the data acquired is their private property. Are they not right?

Now as to the English compound engine "doing the work, etc." It is an open secret that it ran months on the 8:20 A. M. train from Philadelphia to New York and returned in the afternoon, and was run by different men. The train often consisted of eight cars, which it has taken over the road in two hours, and burning from two to three thousand pounds of coal less than was used by the standard P. R. R. engines.

It also ran from Jersey City to Long Branch on the "Brokers' Express," hauling six cars, which was scheduled to leave Jer-

sey City the same time as the "Congressional Express" for Washington, which had five cars and one of the latest P. R. R. passenger engines, weighing much more than the English engine, and having cylinders 19 in. \times 24 in. with 68-in. wheel, while the English compound's cylinders were 14 in. \times 24 in. with 75-in. wheels.

Whenever there was any delay about getting off on time for these trains, it gave them a chance to go as fast as they could, and both used the same track as far as Rahway. The compound always went out first; as soon as one block was cleared the "Congressional" followed.

I will here state that the engineer on the standard engine was not once stopped by a signal on account of closing up against the "Brokers' Express." If that did not show it to be doing the work beside a standard engine, it certainly showed it doing its work away ahead of it.

There were many reasons why the English compound had no friends. Some of them were as follows:

First. "It was English."

Second. "It rode bad."

Third. "It was an awkward engine to handle."

Fourth. "The cab was no protection in bad weather."

Fifth. "Many runners did not know what the different parts were for, and it was much easier for some to condemn a thing that they did not understand, than it was to learn its use."—*American Journal of Railway Appliances.*

Current Notes and Comments.

Defective Air Brake Equipment.

The percentage of passenger cars that are running with their air brakes in a useless condition may be inferred from the fact that on one of our first-class roads, where particular attention is bestowed upon every part of the car equipment, 1,432 passenger cars arrived at an inspection point with the air cylinder piston at the end of its travel. Of these cars 1,091 were sleepers, 48 day coaches, 254 express cars, 18 dining cars, and 21 refrigerator cars running on passenger trains. The Potts piston indicator is used on the road and appeared to have had the effect of gradually reducing the number of cars that were running with their brakes in a useless condition. In January the number of cars reported to have their pistons up was 204, while in the December following the number was reduced to 74.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

With the introduction of air brakes on cars it was reasoned that a greater speed could be given to trains without passing the limits of safety, because by means of the air brake the train could be checked and stopped in so much shorter space than with the old hand brake, and the responsibility for the control of the train was thus shifted to the engineer, while the risks were increased by added speed. While engineers have accepted the added trust and have generally been able to discharge the duties imposed by it to the satisfaction of all con-

cerned, isolated cases are on record in which the air brake failed and as a matter of course the first person to fall under criticism was the engineer, but the above article goes to show that if the engineer is not assisted by a competent and faithful corps of inspectors, the utmost care and vigilance on his part will be neutralized and rendered ineffective by the neglect of others. A train of cars may pass a certain inspection point and be called all right, and yet after making a number of stops and wearing the brake-shoes a little more, this wear may let the piston to the end of its stroke and render the brake ineffective for a number of the cars and cause damage, and this is very likely to be attributed to the engineer in charge.

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Freezing to Death on English Railways.

The comment aroused by the case of an unfortunate English lady who froze to death in a first-class railroad compartment on an English railway last week will not result in the general introduction of American cars. The prejudice of the British public against the American car is so great that two resident agents of our car companies have recently returned permanently from London. Foreign railroad men acknowledge the superiority of the American car fully, and it has been adopted everywhere by the continental railroads. But in England the public is obdurate. For two years a Pullman car has been attached to the regular train between Edinburgh and London. This is an eight hour trip and it is calculated to bring out the advantages of the American car in the full-st manner. Yet English travelers invariably take the cramped compartments of the English carriages rather than the comfortable American cars. They sleep all night, wrapped in rugs and shawls, and keep partially warm by cans of hot water which are pushed into the cars every two hours during the night. They might for the same price have a comfortable berth in a car that rolls on luxurious springs, is beautifully upholstered, admirably warmed, lighted by electricity, and in the hands of a skilled attendant who can serve breakfast or supper on board.

Nowadays American cars are attached to the Liverpool trains, but that is only because Americans going to and from Atlantic steamers insist upon them. There are numerous and successful methods of heating cars, but none of them secures adoption in Her Majesty's kingdom. At certain stations along the route they have a big tank of hot water. Before a train is due this water is poured into cans and the cans are piled on small four-wheeled trucks. When the train comes to a standstill a guard rushes along and throws open every door from the beginning to the end of the train. This lets in a blast of icy air and incidentally any rain or snow that may be flying about. The passengers wrap their rugs and shawls more tightly about them and sit there and shiver. Then one guard pushes the truck along beside the train, while another man pulls out the cold water tins and puts the freshly filled ones in their places. The tins are slammed down in the middle of the floor and the doors closed. Then the shivering passengers move up and place their feet on the tins of hot water and extract what comfort they can before the water turns cold again.—*The Engineer*.

While they do not have the car stove in England they seem to have a very primitive mode of warming, which would not be endured by the comfort-loving Yankee for one winter without protest, and innumerable improvements in the machine and its operation.

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Better Passenger Service. The Rock Island & Pacific railroad has been taken to task by the Iowa railroad commissioners for inadequate passenger service. It has been held that the present service is a discrimination against local travel, and facilities must be afforded by which local passengers can be carried to the county seat or trade centers in the morning, and back again in the afternoon of the same day.

The action of the commissioners is of interest to the limited number of passengers who wish such service, but during the writer's acquaintance with the road he traveled thereon many times, and was forcibly impressed by the small number of passengers carried upon that road. After securing better accommodations for the passengers the commissioners had better secure more passengers for the accommodations.—*American Journal of Railway Appliances*.

It occurs to the writer after reading the above that it is a poor rule that will not work both ways.

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New Railroad Mileage in 1890.

As was predicted in these columns a year ago, the increase in the railroad mileage of the country for the year just closed, has equalled and even surpassed the record of 1889, the mileage added during 1890 being 6,080 miles, or 850 miles more than the previous year. While this mileage has been exceeded in some of the past twenty years it is above the average, which for these twenty years is 5,700 miles per year, and thus seems to indicate a normal, healthy growth and development of our railroad systems. The increase of 6,080 miles is reported by 337 roads, thus giving an average of only 18 miles to each road, clearly showing that it was short lines and branches or feeders to already existing lines which made up the greater part of this increase. Only three lines report over 100 miles and only a few others more than 50 miles of new construction.

The South Atlantic and Gulf States are now leading in the rapidity of railroad development in their borders, and are credited with an increase of 2,006 miles, or about one-third of the whole amount; while the Southwestern States, including New Mexico and Arizona, and the Northwestern States beyond the Mississippi, are credited with another third; the Pacific Coast States furnish 624 miles and the Central States, from Ohio to Wisconsin, 802 miles, leaving Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and the New England States to furnish about 600 miles of the last third.

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Send It to the Chicago Fair. There is a railroad in Georgia 330 miles in length which has been in operation forty five years and has never killed a passenger. Probably this is a freight railroad, and never handles passenger traffic. If anybody ever rode over the line, better send the road to the Chicago Fair and hold it up as the model of American safety in railroad practice.—*American Journal of Railway Appliances*.

This Georgia road is deserving of a place in the "Great Fair," but we have a road in New Jersey which, we can with truth

claim, beats even the record of this Georgia road, for, as a part of the road was opened for traffic in the year 1835, it is now fifty-six years old. In age, therefore, the "Jersey" road is ahead by eleven years. Now as to size, it is with some degree of reluctance we have to confess that we have not room enough in "Jersey" to lay down a road 300 miles long, but in all probability that Georgia road is only a single track affair, and our "Jersey" road has four tracks to a point forty miles out and double track the rest of the way across the state, a distance of forty-five miles more. This would equal 250 miles of track to which about seventy miles more of double and single track branches must be added, thus bringing our "Jersey" road out ahead in size without taking into account over 100 miles of track in turn-out and yard switches, which are necessary to handle the traffic of the road. It started at first with only about twenty miles of track, mainly designed for passenger business, but was extended from time to time up to 1867, at which period it had nearly reached its present size. This is now over twenty years for the whole road.

In regard to its passenger traffic we have to admit that it was small when the road was first started, for the people had not got to regard the "new-fangled machine" with any degree of favor, and it took some time before it could overcome the popular prejudice, and gain a decided victory over the stage line it was built to rival. The stage line was well established and equipped, and backed by a large amount of capital, and had such good and direct roads, that the little locomotives, running on the imperfect strap-rail of that time, around the curves and up the grades to reach the summit, were often outstripped in the race. But that time is past, and the passenger traffic has now reached such proportions that it requires the service of 146 first-class trains every working day in the year to carry the 30,000 passengers who arrive and depart from the Morris & Essex depot in Hoboken each day. Although thirty-two of these trains run by the way of Paterson, enough suburban trains are needed at Newark to bring the number of trains arriving and departing from that city up to 138 each working day. This ought to be ample proof that the road does some passenger business, and in all probability far more than any road in Georgia, yet this Morris & Essex Railroad, 56 years old, owning over 320 miles of track and carrying over 30,000 passengers a day, claims that "no passenger has ever been killed on the Morris & Essex Railroad," and thus ought to be placed on record as a safe road to ride on.

An item appeared last month in a Buffalo daily paper mentioning some new locomotives that were

to run between Niagara Falls and Point St. Charles. The readers were informed that the engines had power-transmission rings capable of keeping the tires on the boilers.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

The editor of the "Buffalo daily" must have been tired when he wrote the article on tires, and as a consequence he thought all the rest of the world, boilers included, were tired.

An English inventor has patented what he calls a sans-exhaust engine, by the use of which he expects to save the immense loss of heat passing out with the exhaust steam, common to all steam engines. This engine is designed to use steam for forcing the piston through one stroke, and then be driven back into the boiler by the return of the piston, aided by the inertia imparted to the fly-wheel during the first stroke of the piston. The would-be performance is based on a fallacy induced no doubt by observation of the pressure given to compressed steam in ordinary engine cylinders. Compression does very well to cushion reciprocating parts, but those who try to get the steam back into the boiler by this means will soon discover that they are just short of the margin of energy that finally brings all perpetual motion devices to the goal of exploded fallacies.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

Hold on, friend Sinclair; don't hit him quite so hard! You know that the steam may become condensed but be able to keep its momentum, and by being thus reduced in size but heavier in bulk, and keeping its speed, the exhaust may be able to get back into the boiler against a greater pressure; somewhat after the manner in which our friend "Vacuum" has been explaining the action of the injector to our readers.

Wm. Weiler.

A Pioneer Railway Train.

In the life of John Ericsson, the famous engineer, by William Conant Church, and published by Charles Scribner & Son, there is a rather interesting picture of the trial of Ericsson's locomotive, the Novelty, which competed in 1829 on the Liverpool & Manchester Railway with Stephenson's "Rocket" and other famous locomotives. Vinogles, the delineator of the train, was a famous French engineer of the early railroad era, and his picture is likely faithful to the truth. There is the locomotive and four cars. The locomotive had a small upright boiler on one end and a cylindrical water heater and the steam cylinders on the other. A plate-iron water tank is hung in the middle of the machine under the frame, which stands very high. The cylinders are vertical and transmit power to a cranked axle. The engine is carried on two pairs of wheels of equal size, but not connected. A blower was used to keep up artificial draft for stimulating the fire. This engine was considered a remarkably well-designed machine, and was the favorite of those entered for competition. It failed on account of the blower getting out of order, just as Peter Cooper's locomotive on the Baltimore & Ohio failed in a race with a horse about the same time.

The first car in the train is a four-wheel "goods wagon" loaded with bales of wool. They seemed to think that would be good material to get bumped against in case of collision. The second car was a street omnibus of a kind then common in England, with the doors on the sides and having seats in front of and behind the doors. This eventually became the pattern for the railway carriage all over Europe. The last two cars were flat cars with private pheatons mounted upon them in which were seated the people who considered themselves too fine for sitting cheek by jowl with persons of lower degree.

This picture recalls a fad of early English railway experience now almost forgotten. The "carriage" people of that country were at first vigorously opposed to the leveling tendency of railway carriages that called for people to travel together who had never been introduced. Did you ever see a McLean who had not a boat of his own? said the Lochabar man on being asked how his ancestors traced their origin beyond the Flood and not through Noah. Did you ever see a Jenkins who could not ride in his own carriage? said the snobs of 1830, and they hired a flat car to carry their carriages, which they occupied with complacent dignity. They tried at first to hold to the roads, but bad weather and miry roads forced them to the railways. Two or three cases of private carriages getting blown off the train eventually brought the practice of riding in them into innocuous desuetude.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

American Locomotives in Demand.

To the average American it must be a source of just pride to know that the United States is selling locomotives in localities where, under ordinary circumstances, the English article would have precedence. In this connection, the Philadelphia *Record* says:

Twenty-seven locomotives are in course of construction at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which, when built, will be shipped to New South Wales, Australia. This is one of the largest foreign orders ever filled by the Baldwin works, and, coming from an Australian province under the dominion of Great Britain, is very significant. These twenty-seven locomotives will be used on a railroad owned and operated by the government. Heretofore the English government roadways were mainly supplied with English-made locomotives. The contract for the iron monsters was made about two months ago, and the last one will be finished in February. Ten of them are passenger locomotives built on the ordinary American plan, and are especially designed for runs on heavy grades and over sharply curved tracks. The English locomotive is not so well adapted for mountain climbing and curve-turning as are the ones made at the Baldwin works. These ten passenger engines will each weigh about thirty tons, exclusive of the tender, which, loaded, will tip the beam at the same figure. The freight locomotives are of the heaviest and strongest build, and, with tender attached, will each weigh from eighty to eighty-five tons. The cost of the American-made locomotive is from \$8,000 to \$12,000. Those destined

for Australia will be sold to the government there for about \$10,000 apiece, the sale aggregating over \$250,000. There has been a lively competition among English ship-owners to secure the contract for carrying this valuable cargo from Philadelphia to New South Wales. A big 5,000-ton steamer will come here in February to take the locomotives to their place of usefulness. A member of the Baldwin firm said last evening about the contract: "This is a large order for a foreign country, but we send locomotives to all countries on the globe using railroads to any considerable extent. We have them in Australia now, but mainly on roads owned by private corporations. We have had contracts to build 100 for a company in this country. We turn out three complete locomotives a day, having made this year over 900."

But, after all, there is nothing singular about the transaction. The United States has half the railroad mileage of the world, and it would be strange, indeed, if where there is such a demand for locomotives, American genius should not produce the best, and distance all other people.

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, Room 26, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of March, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone, viz.:

Car ventilator, G. E. Crutchfield.
Electric railway signal, F. L. Pope.
Railway car, E. S. Stiles.
Cattle guard, Cleveland and Beal.
Car spring, C. T. Schoen.
Railroad gate, S. Wright.
Extension step for cars, H. Albert.
Passenger register for cars, M. H. Wier.
Rail joint, W. G. Dunn.
Car coupling, A. K. Kline.
Safety car, H. B. Myer.
Switch, C. H. Kock.
Trestle, J. N. Becker.
Dumping car, E. M. Hesselborn.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

A Long Fast Run.

Two hundred and fifty miles, from Suspension Bridge to Windsor, without stopping, is what they propose to do on the Michigan Southern railroad. The new compound engine from the Schenectady shops will be one factor, and two water scoops another assistance in the work.

Ellie's Brother.—Do you love my sister Ellie?
Ellie's Steady Company.—Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?
Ellie's Brother.—She said last night she would give a dollar to know; and I'd like to scoop it in.—*Puck.*

"So you are no longer traveling with Prof. Rednose, the temperance lecturer?"
"No. He objected to my drinking at the same bar with him, so I left him."—*Yankee Blade*

He.—Elsie, we must be married next April.
She.—Oh that's far to soon! Are you afraid I'll change my mind?
"No, love, but perhaps I might."

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S COUNCIL.

It will not be an exaggerated statement to say that never before in the history of the world did the cause of woman make so great and so permanent an advancement as during the month of February, 1891. For one week she was not only the center of attraction at the capital of the nation, but the attention of the whole country was directed to that point. Every prominent paper in the large cities has contained the proceedings of the Woman's Council and editorial comment upon its work. Almost without exception this comment has been dignified and reasonably fair, in many instances highly eulogistic, in no instance has it been characterized by the pointless wit and coarse sarcasm which were formerly applied to conventions of women. Prior to the opening of the Council a mass temperance meeting was held in Washington by the W. C. T. U., and at its close the National Woman Suffrage Association held its annual convention, and while the distinguished women were gathered together they took occasion to hold all sorts of branch meetings. The Lady Managers of the World's Fair held a session, and the members of the Universal Peace Commission and those of the Mary Washington Monument Association, and the organization of the King's Daughters, and the Woman's Press Club Federation—indeed, it would not be possible to name all of them. The proceedings of each were important and interesting, and doubtless there are those among our readers who would be especially pleased to read of the particular one in which they are most interested. We are warned by the limitations of space, however, that even to briefly touch upon these various gatherings would be an impossibility. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to the Woman's Council as being the most important and embracing within its scope all of the others and many more.

It will be remembered that three years ago, in 1888, an International Council of

Women was held in Washington, at which were present delegates from all parts of the United States, from Canada, England, France, Finland, Norway, Germany and India. This Council was conceived, arranged and managed by the National Woman Suffrage Association, who felt that, after forty years of hard work, it would be a good plan to take an inventory of stock and see what had been accomplished along all lines of progress. So they invited delegates from all great organizations of women, those engaged in the industries, in charities, in reforms, in church work, &c., and all came together in Council in Washington. Millions of women, banded together in organization, were represented by able members of their own sex. Albaugh's great Opera House was filled day and night for nearly a week to listen to their addresses. The attention of the whole country was attracted, and there was universal astonishment at the indisputable evidences of the progress made by women in every department of the diversified work of the world.

So great was the interest manifested and so evident were the advantages of such a meeting, that it was decided to form a permanent organization to be known as the National Woman's Council, which should assemble once every three years. There was a unanimous desire to make Miss Susan B. Anthony President of this Council, but she declined because, with her name at the head of it, it would be impossible to convince the public that it was not distinctively a "suffrage" organization. Therefore Miss Frances E. Willard was made President. The first regular meeting has just been held in Washington, opening February 22d, with services by six women ministers, and closing four days later. The convention was an unqualified success in point of interest and attendance. At all of the ten or twelve sessions the audiences were large and representative. A fifty-cent admission fee was charged to defray expenses. Forty great organizations were represented and the list of speakers included the most distinguished women in the country. It must be explained that this Council recognizes delegates only from national organizations and not from local societies. There are at present many such bodies in this country, including the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Woman's Relief Corps, the Red Cross Society, the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, the Collegiate Alumnae, the Women's Press Federation, the Woman's Branch of the Knights of Labor and of the Farmers' Alliance. It is only when local and state societies are banded together into a national organization that they may be represented in the Woman's Council. In this way alone can that body be kept strictly representative

and prevented from becoming so large as to be unwieldy.

Of the daily proceedings of this Council, space will not permit a detailed account. One session was devoted to philanthropy and reform, one to temperance work, another to the church and missionary cause, one to suffrage and another to the industries. The Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair was represented by its President, Mrs. Bertha Honore Palmer, and the Queen Isabella Association by its President. To give even a list of the distinguished women who spoke would require more room than we can spare, but all questions of woman's mental power, of her executive ability and her capacity for organized and sustained work, were settled for all time to come. While this Council may not perhaps be called an equal rights convention, yet every representative of every branch of work demanded equal opportunities for her sex. While it may not be termed an equal suffrage convention, yet there was probably not a speaker out of the one hundred on the platform who is not an advocate of woman suffrage and a member of the National Suffrage Association. The handwriting is on the wall, he who runs may read.

But the objects of the Council will be by no means attained through great conventions every three years, eloquent speeches, congratulations upon past successes, flattering predictions for the future. The ramifications of this body are to extend to every city and town in the country. The President of the Council is to have her Cabinet, composed of seven wise women representing the industries, the professions, education, philanthropy, reform, the religious and the political interests of their sex. They will comprise a republic, and from every National organization in the land shall be chosen two delegates who will form a Senate, and every State society will be entitled to two delegates who will compose a House of Representatives. But this is not all. Each state is to have its Legislature, composed of delegates from all of its local societies in the various towns and cities. All the women in the United States who belong to a society for any kind of legitimate work may be represented in this great organization. It expects to make its influence felt in many different ways: in securing better laws for women; in improved methods for the care and education of children; in placing a proportion of women upon the boards of all benevolent, reformatory and educational institutions; in bringing about many needed reforms in municipal government. There will be nothing in this organization which shall be in any way antagonistic to the better class of men, but it will thoroughly co-operate with them and supplement their efforts to overcome the almost

universal corruption which exists in high and low places and which good citizens over all the country are vainly endeavoring to overcome. It will be a vast reserve force which has been waiting all these years for an opportunity to bring mankind back to its first and best estate.

By a wise provision in its Constitution, the President of the Council may hold that office for but one term. Miss Willard therefore retires, and Mrs. May Wright Sewall will take her place. Mrs. Sewall is the founder and principal of the Indianapolis Girls' Classical School; the originator and President of the Propylaeum, the finest woman's club house in the country; the President of the Contemporary, the largest club in the city, composed of men and women; and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Woman Suffrage Association; a woman of splendid abilities and great force of character. The Council will not meet again until 1895, on account of the International Council of Women which is to meet in Chicago during the World's Fair. Delegates are expected to be present from all parts of the civilized world, and it will undoubtedly be one of the most prominent features of the great Exposition.

ALL other editorial matter is crowded out because of the length of the article on the Woman's Council. It was condensed as much as possible, but we believe it to be a good thing for our readers to fully understand this important movement, which is destined to play a very prominent part in the next two or three years.

GLADSTONE, MICH., Feb. 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

My boy is a fireman and has taken your *Magazine* for quite a while and always feels as interested in the Woman's Department as I do. I thought I would send a few lines and if you think them worthy of printing, why do so. I know somebody's mother, wife, sister or sweetheart, has to write in order to have a Woman's Department. As I sit here writing I see a train moving by and I cannot help but think that some mother's pride is on for fireman. Perhaps she is worrying now and thinking, Will he come home safe from this trip? Let us all hope so. My boy is an Odd Fellow and I think tries to be a true one. I have often told him to be true in whatever he undertakes. Let it be in the roll of secret societies, husband or lover, whatever it be that concerns his honor, and he is not ashamed to put his arms around his mother's neck and kiss her, either. Ah, I never think my darling boy will get too old to kiss his mother, as I have heard of sons doing; and shall I tell you a secret? He has a little sweetheart that is very true to him and who is very fond of reading your *Magazine*, too, for his sake. Now when they marry I will try and let you know, so you can wish them joy through your friendly *Magazine*, as I know it would please them to hear from you. Now I think I have written quite enough, so I will close for this time, but if I see this in print you may hear from me again. In conclusion I would say, God bless the noble firemen, as I understand a good deal depends on them in moving our vast trains. Wishing them all the good luck that is possible, I remain

A Fireman's Loving Mother.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Feb. 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department;

We have only had the *Magazine* in our family a few months, but I have enjoyed them so much I feel constrained to write a few words and add my mite to the good work. Contrary to "Friar Tuck's" plan I will give a little sketch of our way of "managing," as I think one's own personal experience helps more than to say what we would do if we were in some one else's place, when the real fact is, we don't know all the circumstances, and consequently don't know just what we would do. My husband is a fireman, and we have been married nearly eight years, and I know we love each other more now than the day we were married, if that were possible, because we have learned that lesson, which I think all married people have to learn sometime, that of living together. I think those lines of Cowper's so beautiful and so true, they are:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, or perhaps, forgive."

I always try to be as neat in household arrangements and personal appearance as I possibly can and I try to keep him so, watching the rips, and buttons that are always minus. I don't always know when he will come in, but if it don't happen to be meal time, why, while he is washing up I can have something hot for him to eat in fifteen minutes. He don't notice the time, for he is telling me of his trip, and I all that may have happened at home in his absence. He is never too tired to put the little ones up to the ceiling and if you could see how they clamber for a kiss when he comes in, you would know they were glad papa had come. Even when he sits down to read the paper and our little three-year-old boy bobs his curly head under his arm and says, "Lift me up papa," he isn't cross or crabbed, and I know feels repaid for his good nature when the little one hugs him, saying, "Oh you dear, old, sweet papa, I'm so glad you's tomed home." He knows I am not very strong and always helps me all he can when he is home, and is not above putting his arm around me as I go about my work and giving me a good kiss. He may forget it in a few minutes, but the memory of it lives with me after he has gone on the road again, and makes my heart light and happy. I think the trouble with most men is, they are thoughtless. If they only thought such little things as these were worth so much to their wives, they would not be afraid to give that which costs them so little. They see a constant change every day, while often the four walls of her little home, and the same everyday work over and over, are all his wife sees for days at a time, and so she thinks of these trifles more than he imagines. I don't think either of us ever gives a thought to "managing" the other. Don't think we are perfection—far from it, we each have faults and our way has not always been what it is now. We have had three children, and laid away our eldest, a bright boy, the same week the second child was born. My husband did not always kiss me when he went from home or give me many of those little attentions I enjoy so much now. I fretted a good deal in secret over it at first and then tried to find a reason and remedy. Reason was this, he had never been taught so at home. I have seen him taking leave of his mother on starting on a long journey, when she gave him the tips of her fingers to shake hands with so icily that I actually felt the cold chills chasing each other down my back. After that I no longer wondered at his appearing cold and tried to overcome it and when he found I so enjoyed those little attentions which one of your correspondents so fittingly styles "the pie and cake" of everyday life, why he gave them to me in his own quiet way, and now its like second nature to him. Above all things he is a sincere Christian, and that is an unbounded source of comfort to me. I think young men in general don't know enough about their wives before marriage. My husband knew me for more than five years before we were married, saw me in everyday life as well as my Sunday best, knew that I could work, sat at our table and ate bread as well as cake of my making and knew I could wash and iron my father's shirts and collars as well as my mother, and

that my education was as good as any other young girl of seventeen. He often says now that he has to thank my mother for training a careful wife for him and I am satisfied she should have all the credit, for I know she deserves it. I really think this subject of managing husbands and wives goes further back than the objects themselves, to their parents. Mothers, train your daughters to be poor men's wives; then even if they should be fortunate enough to marry a rich man, they will know how to use their riches to the best advantage; also train your sons to be kind and affectionate and not to slight those polite attentions to mothers and sisters which mark the true gentleman and will later on be the blessing of a wife. Edward Ames' letter in February did me good and I know his wife feels proud that he is *her* husband. I don't know who "Again" is, but would like to shake hands with him and tell him, if, as he says, he has no wife, I would advise him to find one, good and true, and make her happy, as soon as he can, for there is a scarcity of husbands nowadays, such as he would make if he means what he says. I feel truly sorry for poor "Ruby" and hope her husband will make up and think of the duties he owes a loving wife. You may hear again from *Mary*.

[A most refreshing and helpful letter. It is a pleasure to hear of such a home.—ED.]

COLLINSWOOD, O., Feb. 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Upon reading Shandy McGuire's neat little poem on the management of a wife, the idea struck me—not with sufficient force to do any great damage—that it was my "bounden duty" to enlighten the world on that important subject.

My first impulse was to write a poem which would throw Tennyson, Longfellow and all those mediocre old scribblers so far into the shades of oblivion that Gabriel's horn would have to toot with unusual vigor to bring them to light again, but to my great sorrow Pegasus was balky. With my usual zeal I went at him and squandered at least three cents' worth of midnight oil in a vain endeavor to make him soar, but he wouldn't soar. Then I began to expend some of my surplus vitality in cudgelling my brain and finally became inspired with the idea that my literary talent does not take the form of poetry.

In the first place I don't like the idea that every wife needs to be managed, and if she does, I have discovered that the best way is to let her manage herself. If a man has a good wife—and every man thinks his own the best—she will certainly succeed without a great deal of domineering on the part of her lordly spouse. I flatter myself that I have succeeded admirably in the management of my wife. I will impart to you the secret of my success. My wife is an excellent cook, and makes such good bread that when she has a "streak of bad luck," and for once produces a "poor batch," it is painfully noticeable. On such occasions I never kick. I eat that bread as if it was the greatest delicacy of the season and declare that it is excellent. I may not stand so well on the books of the Recording Angel after that statement, but you can safely wager your month's pay that I stand better with my wife than if I grumbled and cursed at the poor bread.

Then when pay day comes I don't give my wife a half dollar and read her a lecture on extravagance. We take our money and pay our bills. Then the balance is laid away and we both use it as we see proper. Don't imagine, dear brothers and sisters, that neither knows what money the other expends. We take pleasure in telling each other of our purchases, or our subscriptions to charitable objects, or whatever outlays of money we may make.

I have a neighbor who earns good wages and manages his wife in the "Kicker" style. When he draws his money he pays his bills, and if he decides in an outburst of generosity (?) to donate a half dollar to his better half—and she is so by far—it is with so much kicking about her extravagance and reckless waste of money that she is tempted to throw the beggarly pittance in his face.

I did not commence this letter with the intention of talking about my neighbors, but I want my read-

ers to compare the two methods of "managing a wife."

I have no desire to pose as a model husband, and would be a very inferior model for any young husband, but in my limited experience I have found that I can manage my wife best by kind words and by treating her as my equal in all respects. By following this course I have made some discoveries. I have found that an intelligent woman is the equal of any man in business ability; that she is possessed of vastly more tact, and that she can make one dollar do the work of twice that amount in the hands of most men.

Shandy Maguire complains about his boy being twins. He need not kick. My boys are both girls. In conclusion I will say the whole sum and substance of my knowledge of this subject is: If a man would successfully manage his wife, let him first learn to manage himself. Then, if his wife is worthy of the name, the rest will be easy.

Hoping to hear more from Lake Shore Lodge, and that this will be favorably received, I remain

Buckeye.

[This method could hardly be improved upon.—Ed.]

ELDON, IA., Feb. 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As my "fire boy" has gone to work, and I am left alone, I will write a few lines for the "Woman's Department." I have been a constant reader of the *Magazine* for three or four years, and think it the best magazine published.

I notice in the February number an article on "The Importance of Paying Dues," and I too think the case described a sad one, and I think it a woman's duty (as well as a man's) to see that the dues are paid. If they (the women) were more interested in this, I think there would be fewer expatriations—even if money is rather scarce. Don't you think we can manage to save \$5.00 every three months to pay the dues, even if we have to do without a few other things? For think of how many things we should probably have to do without if any accident should happen to our loved ones, and they were behind in their dues.

Wishing the brotherhood unbounded success, I remain,

Lyle, A Fireman's Wife.

TO MY BLIND MOTHER.

And must thy path through life
In darkness evermore be clouded?
If one might see by faith, thy path
In light would evermore be shrouded.

I know you meekly bow your head
And say "Thy will be done, O God;
Thou leadest, and I'm led
Beneath thy chastening rod."

Thy "three score years and ten"
Are very nearly passed,
Thy work on earth is nearly done:
O! mother, rest will come at last.

If God loves best
Those chastened most,
By love thou wilt be blest,
By God and all his host.

My brothers three and sisters two
Have gone before:
Mother, they will meet you
On that Heavenly shore.

In fancy now I see their hands
Outstretched, and calling,
"Mother, come, we're on the strand,
No danger now of falling."

And as the phantom bark glides o'er the waves,
Down to the shore there'll come the One who saves.

He'll gently take thee by the hand
And lead thee to His throne,
And bid thee welcome to the Heavenly land,
Where storms and sorrow never come.

Phillipa.

NOT LOST, BUT "GONE BEFORE."

(Written in memory of C. H. Payne, Jr., who was killed near Tyrconnell Mines, W. Va., September 17, 1890. To his mother and brother, the following lines are respectfully dedicated.)

The shadows fall o'er a darkened home,
For death has entered that humble abode,
And the victim this time was a man in his prime—
A brakeman employed on the B. & O. road.
While setting the brakes he fell from the train,
Crushed, bleeding and dying he was found on the rail.

From the fast paling lips came the keen, anguished cry,

"Boys, take me to mother, for soon I must die;
She is waiting to greet me with a fond, loving kiss—
Oh, God! Dearest mother, such a home-coming as this!"

Strong arms gently bore him to that cottage so near,
Where waited the loved ones, that to him were so dear.

Cold and white are his lips and labored his breath,
While the watchers are waiting with bated breath
For the end that must come. He is nearing the goal
Where infinite joy greets the weary soul.
"Dear mother," he murmurs, so tender and low,
"I am going to Jesus, one kiss ere I go."

"Cease thy weeping, dear mother, clasp me close to thy breast,

For the angels are calling—I shall soon be at rest.
When twilight shall deepen o'er valley and hill,
The heart's deep pulsation will forever be still.
Farewell all ye loved ones." His spirit has fled,
And the mourners are weeping beside their loved dead.

The white hands are folded o'er that still, pulseless breast,

The mute lips so silent give no answering caress,
Yet ye have the assurance that with him all is well,
That the one ye loved fondly with angels doth dwell;
Tho' his presence shall gladden thy home nevermore,
He is waiting to greet thee on yonder bright shore.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

A MADE-OVER WIFE.

When I married Ebenezer's father everybody was opposed to it, as they had a perfect right to be, at least they thought so. In fact I was opposed myself. But Ebenezer, Sr., threatened to overturn heaven and earth if I didn't marry him. I didn't marry him to save the earth but I didn't want heaven disturbed. I don't want to be a homeless wanderer after I die, so I married Eb.

I supposed that I just exactly suited him; he called me an angel and lots of other sweet things. Imagine my surprise when the very first thing he went at was to make me over.

He said if I would wear my dress longer I would look taller. He admired tall women; and he suggested that I wear my hair in a knot at the back of my head. It would make me look more dignified. He wanted me to stand up straighter and carry myself more gracefully. He ordered me to cut up that red dress that he always admired so much before I became Mrs. Eb. and make carpet rags of it. He didn't like it. He objected to any pot plants, though he knew I was passionately fond of them.

He wouldn't have a cat in the house. He used to pet my beautiful malted for an hour at a time. He couldn't endure a malted and my sweet singer had to be given up. He was sorry that I had no voice for singing.

I began to think I was a very defective angel and to wish I had let him overturn heaven.

I don't like this make-over business. I don't feel natural, and sometimes I am not certain this is I. I was very well satisfied with myself until Eb commenced to make me over; but I am in despair, for I know it will be a botched up job.

There isn't enough of me to make such a wife as Eb wants. I will have to be pieced right where it will show and I know it won't match.

Pebble.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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THE ORGANIZATION OF WORKINGMEN AND THEIR PURPOSES.

There is not a man in the United States capable of comprehending conditions, and of forming an honest opinion, who, if he has given the subject any proper consideration, does not know that organization has been of incalculable benefit to workingmen in advancing them intellectually and morally.

If this is true, and we do not hesitate to challenge denial from any quarter, what is the line of reflection the facts suggest to those who are capable of grasping and analyzing them? We submit that the subject in its entirety, in its height and depth, in the far-reaching sweep of its influences for the welfare of society, looms up and stands out boldly as a new departure in the progressive movements of the times.

We are inclined to give the matter special consideration, because the organization of workingmen, for their intellectual and moral advancement, is a movement purely, absolutely of their own. It was never suggested by what is called the "upper strata" of society. It was not suggested by the rich. The church did not originate it. Neither the much advertised philanthropists, nor profound political economists, nor educators, nor evangelists—politicians nor statesmen, whose names figure in print, had ought to do with founding organizations of workingmen in America. The credit belongs to workingmen themselves.

Take the various organizations of railroad workingmen, beginning with Locomotive Engineers, and trace their history to the day when the first step was taken, and the same bed-rock fact is discovered, that a few men, unlearned in book lore, seeing the necessity for intellectual and moral improvement; laid deep and strong the foundations of organization, and then began building the splendid superstructures which today challenge the admiration of all men, except the base-born worshippers of wealth.

Let us go one step further to find another original purpose workingmen had in or-

ganization, especially railroad employes. The investigation discloses the fact that it was a benevolent purpose—to give relief in case of distress, sickness, disability or death. Nor was this all. There was in the beginning, a belief that wages were not sufficiently remunerative, and that for the services rendered, railroad companies could and ought to pay better wages.

Here then we have all the purposes in full view. Benevolence, the development and growth of a fraternal spirit, intellectual advancement, the enforcement of moral obligations, and better pay.

Out of all this grew the establishment of the mutual insurance scheme by which, in case of disability the member should receive a stipulated amount of money, and in case of death the money should go to the member's heirs.

In the foregoing are seen purposes involving the highest welfare of large bodies of workingmen—every one of which challenges approval. They are in every regard commendatory. We know of no organizations of men that can boast of higher, nobler aims.

If there are organizations of men in the country, which are more creditable to our advanced civilization, whose principles are more in accord with the welfare of society at large—which voice a profounder comprehension of good citizenship, those who are in possession of the information ought to make it public. We are not aware of their existence.

Would it not be well for those who discuss profoundly or superficially economic, social, educational, vital and criminal statistics, to investigate the various organizations of railroad employes in their relation to such subjects?

Should students deem it prudent to do so, they might lighten their task greatly by beginning with the economic phase of the subject—a moment's reflection will satisfy an investigator that a failure in wages results almost necessarily in failure all along the line.

It does not matter what place in the list of the purposes of organized labor you place wages, for though it be assigned the lowest, or last place, it will soon be discovered that it ranks first in importance. The proposition invites discussion.

In the first place, to organize at all, requires money. The organization is sustained by money. To organize, workingmen submit to self-imposed taxation. They take a certain amount of their wages and put it into a general fund as preliminary to every other requirement.

To be practically benevolent, there must be money—a man in distress needs something more than kind words. To supply relief there must be available funds. Work-

ingmen, in organizations, understand this, hence their laws relating to dues. With money the sick are cared for, the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, the dead are buried.

To advance intellectually there must be books and papers, hence we see organizations of railroad employes establishing publications, "organs," as they are called, which are steadily taking higher rank in the literature of the times. These publications require money, and workmen contribute it from their wages.

If wages are down to a point which barely supply the absolute necessities of life—nothing is left for the organization, nothing for benevolence, nor books, nothing for intellectual improvement, and therefore nothing for moral improvement, and the organization becomes a failure.

Poverty is not favorable for intellectual or moral advancement. Men who are forever on the ragged edge of penury, want and destitution, are not in a position to secure moral and intellectual improvement. Hence the only hope for workmen is to obtain and maintain fair wages.

With fair, honest wages, their rightful share of the wealth they create, the members of railroad employes' organizations are in a position to be of incalculable benefit to their employers, to society, and to themselves—to their employers, because they supply the most competent and reliable men for responsible positions; to society, because workmen fairly paid, become a potent factor and force in all matters relating to progress; to themselves, because they provide against destitution in the event of sickness, disability and death.

What are the facts? The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has paid out to its members in cases of disability and death, in round numbers about \$3,300,000.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has paid out in such cases \$2,100,000.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has paid in such cases \$1,000,000.

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, in the same line has paid out \$260,000.

The Order of Railway Conductors has paid out for disability and death the sum of \$750,000.

The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, the youngest organization of railroad employes engaged in the train service of the country, has paid out in similar cases \$25,000, showing a grand sum total of \$7,435,000.

It should be remembered that this amount has been paid out exclusively for beneficiary purposes, i. e., death and disability losses. It has been paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members and to such members as were maimed or otherwise incapacitated from following their occupation.

It is safe to say that an equal amount has been paid out for local benefits in cases of sickness, injuries or other misfortunes to members, their families and dependent ones.

With these figures in full view, what must be the conclusion of men, capable of comprehending philanthropic or economic propositions?

What enterprises of the times have been more successfully or intelligently managed? Every step is an exhibition of comprehension of needs and of methods to solve difficult problems, every one of which is of such unquestioned importance, that the more they are discussed the stronger must be their hold upon the public mind and the more vital the conviction that these organizations contemplate the welfare of the body industrial, social and political.

And just here comes into view a fact entitled to profound consideration. The corporation has ceaselessly antagonized these organizations. Why? Simply because they have sought to obtain fair compensation for work. And to such a length has this opposition been carried, that in some instances, the fact of membership has been sufficient to prevent employment. The corporation has said, the penalty for membership is idleness—that to secure work, the member of an organization must abandon his organization, and submit to such degradations as it may deem proper to impose.

Is it required to say that the organizations will not disband? Is it required to say, that the great body of railway employes will not wear the corporation collar? Will not be degraded to serfs? That they will be men, and though the stars fall will assert their rights?

Workingmen, unaided by corporations, laid the foundations of their organizations—in the face of corporate opposition, have carried them up to splendid proportions, and will not permit them to be torn down nor remanded to decay.

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

Some one who pretends to speak by authority, says that in 1889 the railroad employes of the country were as follows:

General officers	4,797
General office clerks	20,817
Station agents	24,171
Other stationmen	58,037
Engineers	30,217
Firemen	31,990
Conductors	20,993
Other trainmen	55,160
Machinists	25,214
Carpenters	35,211
Other shopmen	75,000
Section foremen	25,000
Other trackmen	115,001
Switchmen, flagmen and other watchmen	55,011
Telegraph operators	16,957

601,123

It is now claimed that the number reaches 700,000, an increase in one year of 98,577.

RAILROAD FEDERATION.

Mr. Jay Gould has realized his expectations in bringing about what is termed a "traffic compact" between the big lines beyond Chicago and St. Louis, a federation of immense proportions and power.

The meeting where this compact was completed was held, says the *New York World*, at the residence of J. Pierpont Morgan, and the session lasted about eight hours, the magnates taking an hour for lunch.

It seems that some time since the Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania lines formed a "compact," then the several lines represented by Jay Gould entered into an agreement, and then federation upon a still grander scale was conceived by Mr. Gould, which resulted in getting together representatives of the following roads: Chicago & Northwestern, by Marvin Hughitt, President, and H. K. McK. Twombly, Director; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, by C. E. Perkins, President, and Gen. Charles J. Paine, Director; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, by R. R. Cable, President; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, by Roswell Miller, President; Union Pacific, by Sidney Dillon, President; Missouri Pacific, by Jay Gould, President; Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, by Allen Marvel, President, and Col. J. J. McCook; Wabash, by O. D. Ashley, President; Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City, by J. M. Egen, President, and A. B. Stickney, Chairman; Illinois Central, by Stuyvesant Fish, President; Southern Pacific, by C. P. Huntington, President, and J. C. Stubbs, Vice President; Denver & Rio Grande, by Geo. Capbell, Chairman of Board; Northern Pacific, by T. F. Oakes, President; Rio Grande Western, by Gen. W. J. Palmer, President, and Geo. F. Peabody, Director; Great Northern, by J. J. Hill, President, and J. Kennedy Tod, Director, and Iowa Central, by Russell Sage, President.

Mr. Gould read his paper on federation as he had perfected it between roads he represented, and Mr. Morgan explained the plan of federation as agreed upon between the Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania lines and then presented the following:

Resolved, That the presidents here assembled agree to recommend to their respective boards of directors the passage of the following resolutions:

"Whereas, It is to the benefit of the public and of the railway companies whose lines are situated west of Chicago and St. Louis that they should cooperate closely with each other in the management of their properties for the purpose of securing uniform, reasonable and stable rates for transportation and such economies in the operation of their properties for the better accommodation of the public as will insure equitable returns upon the capital invested.

"Therefore, be it resolved

First—That a new association shall be formed between the several companies whose lines are situated west of Chicago and St. Louis, or such of them as may now become or may hereafter be admitted as members thereof.

Second—That the affairs of this Association shall be under the management and direction of an Advisory Board to consist of the President and one

member of the Board of Directors of each company.

Third—That the Advisory Board so constituted shall have power to establish and maintain uniform rates between competitive points and to decide all questions of common interest between the members of the Association. It shall also have entire charge through properly constituted representatives of all outside agencies for the securing of traffic at competitive points. If any officer or representative of any company shall authorize, or promise directly or indirectly, any variation from established tariffs, he shall be discharged from the service, with the reasons stated.

Fourth—The rates established and the policy adopted by the Advisory Board at any time shall continue in force and be binding upon all companies comprising the Association until altered by subsequent action of the Board.

Fifth—A vote of at least four-fifths of the members of the Association shall be required to make its actions binding upon all.

Sixth—That the Advisory Board shall appoint proper arbitrators, commissions and other representatives and adopt by-laws to carry out the purposes of the Association.

Seventh—That no company shall withdraw from the Association except after ninety days' written notice by resolution of the Board of Directors to every other member of the Association, with the proviso, however, that the Association shall continue for at least six months from January 1, 1891.

Eighth—That under existing conditions it is expedient for this company to set in operation the policy and plan indicated in the foregoing as early as practicable.

Ninth—That the President and Mr. _____, one of the directors of this company, be, and they are hereby appointed to be, the representatives of this company in such Advisory Board, with full power to act for this company in carrying the foregoing preamble and resolutions into full effect."

The foregoing was adopted by the fifteen companies present, all voting in the affirmative, and then the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That Roswell Miller, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, should act as chairman of the adjourned meeting, with power to call the first meeting of the Advisory Board, after receipt by him of notices of the action of the several Boards of Directors upon the foregoing resolutions, such notices to be sent to him at Chicago.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the several Boards of Directors be called together to act upon the resolutions above adopted on or before January 1, 1891.

In commenting on the foregoing the *World* says:

The most perfect harmony prevailed at the meeting, and it was considered by all present that the action taken was a great stride towards securing conservative and effective cooperation between all the companies in arranging to vest absolute power in one body of men constituted as the Advisory Board will be and acting with full authority for all companies members of the Association. Such a body, better than any other, can be relied upon to act under all circumstances with deliberation in the interest of the public as well as the railways, to provide for strict economies in the administration of the properties, and to make suitable provision for the proper protection of all the lines concerned, whether strong or weak. A great element of conservatism in the plan will be the fact that no withdrawal can take place without the formal and deliberate action of a board of directors.

In view of all the facts, we ask if the course pursued by these great lines of railroads is not practically identical with the plan of federation adopted by the four orders of railway employes? The "Advisory

Board" of the railroads is what the federated orders call the "Supreme Council." A critical reading of the railroad "compact" will show that the purpose in view was in every regard similar to the purpose of the federated orders. In both cases, it is federation, pure and simple, to better conditions.

The action of the railroads triumphantly vindicates the wisdom of the federated orders of railroad employes, and such will be the conclusion of all men capable of comprehending the proposition, that in union there is strength.

FEDERATION IN AUSTRALIA.

In all matters pertaining to the well-being of labor, we doubt if there is a country on the globe where workmen are wider awake than in Australia.

We have on our table a copy of the *New South Wales Railway and Tramway Review*, of September 18, 1890, which gives a full account of a meeting held at Sidney, N. S. W., August 25, 26 and 27, 1890, to inaugurate federation between the various associations of railway and tramway employes of four of the Australian provinces, viz.: *Victoria, Queensland, South Australia and New South Wales*, which was accomplished, the federated authority being lodged in a body called the "Senate."

It may be interesting to our readers to know something relating to the railway interests of Australia, a country in area about equal to Europe or the United States. As we have stated, there are four provinces represented in the Federation Senate, and we give area, railroad mileage and population according to the latest data at our command:

PROVINCES.	Date of Statistics.	Railroad Mileage.	Area Square Miles.	Population.
New South Wales	1888	2,102	399,192	1,030,762
Queensland	1887	1,765	668,221	313,768
South Australia	1887	1,419	907,125	312,439
Victoria	1886	1,753	87,884	1,033,062
Total		7,039	1,968,702	2,720,021

It will be observed that the men of Australia propose to begin early in their efforts to maintain their rights against the inroads of corporate greed, and this fact finds expression in many forms.

It appears that an effort was made to bring the railway associations of New Zealand into the federation. New Zealand in 1888 had 1,753 miles of railroads. It has an area of 104,406 square miles and a population of 589,226, and will eventually be in the Federation Senate. A letter was received from the *Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants*,

of New Zealand, in which federation is unequivocally indorsed, and the Amalgamated Society was, at the time the letter was written, completing arrangements for federating with the Maritime Council, which would give the federation 19,000 members, and they had just come out of a great struggle which they had won by "dogged determination." Such facts are interesting, as showing what railway employes are doing in other lands to maintain their rights; and just here it should be said, that the chief reason why the New Zealand men did not federate with their Australian brothers, was the great distance (1,500 miles) New Zealand is from Australia. Still, though isolated and weak in numbers, they win battles because they are true to their interests. (Of the 4,200 men engaged in the service in New Zealand, 4,000 of them are in the organization.)

It appears from the *Review* that our Australian brothers are confronted with the corporation insurance, or pension scheme, and are bitterly opposed to it.

A number of excellent speeches were made against the corporation compulsory insurance scheme, notably that of Mr. Schey, secretary of the Senate, and a member of the Parliament of New South Wales. So admirable were his views and conclusions that we reproduce them as reported in the *Review*:

Mr. Schey said he thought this Senate owed it to all the associations of the colonies, and should put it on record that they declare their unalterable hostility to compulsory insurance. He hoped some other gentlemen would move a resolution on the subject. Personally, he would use his last breath in his endeavor to defeat any compulsory insurance or benefit society. He was not prepared to give his opposition without very good reasons. If they looked at the legal aspect of the matter, the operation of all these societies had been radically bad. They were only entitled to judge of what might happen in the future by what had happened in the past. Their operation in the past had been the means of enslaving the men, and one and all should use their strongest possible endeavors to defeat anything of the kind being introduced into these colonies. He was prepared to prove to the satisfaction of any person that there was not one single word to be said in favor of these societies. If the commissioners of all the colonies could accomplish it, they would introduce the same thing into all the colonies. New South Wales was no exception to the rule. They had to meet the same thing that had been defeated in New Zealand and Queensland. Now he wanted them to declare their hostility to all such societies, and that the largest amount of opposition which was possible should be urged against them from the very jump.

He was about to speak of the fund instituted by the London & Northwestern Railway Company in England. The company contributed £1,000 a year to the fund. It was found that the employes had to give up rights which they were entitled to, and that the whole amount of the contributions amounted to little more than the rate of interest on the amount of the fund, and of which the company had practically free use for nothing. It was called philanthropy, but although put forward on philanthropic lines, was quite the reverse. The men gradually became dissatisfied with the administration and rose up in arms against it. When men should have retired and drawn their pensions, it was often found necessary to sack them, and they forfeited their claim to the pension. Favoritism was shown, and those who

chose to be independent, and did not please their superiors, were cut off from the benefits which belonged to them. It was supposed to be under the management of the men, but the officers really managed it, and the men had to beg for the benefits to which they were entitled. At last the agitation against the fund reached such a point that the men desired to take a ballot as to whether the fund should be continued or broken, and the cry to break up went all over the service. The officials and directors absolutely refused to allow the ballot to be taken on the matter, and it was not until Mr. McLaren, M. P., publicly shamed the directors before the House of Commons that the men were allowed to take a ballot on the management of the fund which belonged to them. Eventually the ballot was taken, the result being that the fund was broken up by a majority of 12 to 1, those in favor of it being the elderly portion of the service who were about to retire. The fund was broken up, and the company took away their funds and full interest thereon, leaving 80,000 or 90,000 pounds to be divided amongst the men; so that after a continuance of many years in this work, and making a merit of subscribing £1,300 a year, they drew out the whole of their money with interest and allowed the men to break up the fund. After that the Northeastern Company thought it would be a good thing to institute a fund, but it was necessary for them if they wished to extend their operations to get a bill passed. The men rose in revolt against it; they exposed the iniquities of it, and the company was compelled to withdraw the bill and allow the scheme to drop. The Great Northern Company had a fund of the same kind, but so frequent were the complaints that at last the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants took the company into court and defeated them, and soon after the Amalgamated had to take action against the same company to enforce the claims of a widow whose husband had belonged to this benevolent fund, and the company, although they blustered, gave in, and would not face the courts again. In this country the same thing was going on. He was prepared to prove beyond all doubt that wherever these funds had been instituted the men had to give up their citizen rights, and they ought never to submit to such a thing. At the present time railway men had the same rights as other men, and if they were killed in the execution of their duty their representatives had the right to sue the commissioners in the courts for the recovery of damages. If they joined the proposed fund of the commissioners they would have to give up their rights under the Employers' Liability Act. They would have to pay more than the benefit societies asked them to pay and receive less benefits. Not long ago a driver was killed and his widow received £175. Under the proposed fund the outside sum she could receive would be £100, and the commissioners were freed from all liability. Although the fund was nominally for the benefit of the men, yet it enabled the officers to exercise tyranny. It was said that the men had half the representation on the committee, but they had lately seen cases where the men were not allowed to select their own representatives, and were compelled to accept others as their representatives. Therefore, the idea of giving the men the management was entirely false and misleading. It was an effort of bogus philanthropy for the enslavement of the men, and they would not do their duty if they did not express their unwavering hostility towards its introduction.

Railroad employes of the United States are constantly confronted by the same schemes, the most transparently bogus philanthropy ever devised, designed from the first not only to tie men to the corporation, but to otherwise degrade them. Mr. Schey fully comprehends their purpose, and the federated railroad men of Australia will, as he says, fight them from "the jump."

The Review ably champions the cause of railway men in Australia.

RAPID RUNNING.

A Buffalo dispatch, referring to the Vanderbilt party on a tour of inspection of "our Western" property, says "a special train was made up at Suspension Bridge, consisting of the private cars of Cornelius Vanderbilt, President Depew, Vice President Webb, President W. S. Webb of the Wagner company, and President Ledyard of the Michigan Central, and a baggage car. All the officials named were on board. The special left Clifton, Ont., at 5:38 A. M. From there to Detroit is 227 miles, and this distance was covered in four hours and fifty-six minutes. Deducting fifty-six minutes for stoppages, the actual running time was four hours. At different times along the route the recorder registered a speed of from sixty-two to seventy-three miles an hour, and the average for the whole distance traveled was 57.21 miles per hour." The entire party consisted of the above named gentlemen and Col. H. Walter Webb, of the Pinkerton Department of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. There were only five gentlemen, but it took two private palace cars to hold them and their refreshments.

THE TYPOGRAPH.

It is now stated that the Rogers Typograph is a success, and many prominent newspapers are ordering them. These typesetting machines are rented for \$1 a day each, and the indications are that it will prove such a labor-saving invention that fully two-thirds of the printers will be out of a job in offices where it is used.

The Union Printer rises to remark:

Let the typographical unions demand that each machine be turned over to the operator, the rent and other expenses for running it to be deducted from his weekly wages. Let union printers refuse to operate any machines except on these terms. Then let the men charge their employers the same price per 1,000 ems as now. In this way if they have more composition to do they will earn more money; if the same amount of composition, they will get through quicker, and thus reduce their hours of labor. In either case it is the workmen who will get the full advantage of the invention, not the employing capitalist.

In this, as in many other cases, the proprietors of "prominent newspapers" will at once go hunting for "scabs," and they will be found, to take the places of "union printers," in which case what will the American Federation of Labor be able to do for the union printers?

In all the years of freebooting, no scheme known to pirates was ever half so successful as the "Trust." It simply beats the devil. The number of trusts is increasing so rapidly that it is difficult to keep track of them. The villainous feature of the business is that they exist under the sanction of law, and rob the men who are in the majority and who are responsible for the laws.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The *Railway Age* remarks that "Vice President Crocker, of the Southern Pacific Company, is a strong believer in the physical as well as moral necessity, for railway employees and all other men, of one day's rest in seven, and to meet the difficulty resulting from the apparent necessity of keeping railways in operation every day, he has a plan of giving station agents in odd numbered towns along his line a vacation every other Sunday, alternating with those of even-numbered districts. If it be admitted that Sunday labor cannot be abolished altogether, such a plan is certainly preferable to the existing practice, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread." The simple demand for a railroad trainman is rest, as absolute, one day in seven. If it can't be had on Sunday, give it some other day. It would not be difficult to divide the force so that every man would have one day of rest in seven. Some extra men would have to be employed, but in the long run the movement would be in the line of economy.

A WOMAN ON THE WAR PATH.

Banker Kean, as has been stated, was a pious rascal. In addition to the swindling process resorted to, the pious Mr. Kean was shown to be a bare-faced perjurer. Notwithstanding all this, Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Temperance Union, published a letter in defense of S. A. Kean & Co., which attracted widespread attention.

A Chicago special says:

Miss Willard opens with an ardent defense of Mr. Kean, reciting his thirty years of clean life and helpful service in Chicago home missionary work; his continuous and honorable connection with the banking business, and the fact that he has successfully weathered all previous financial crises.

She says that she has been waiting for days to see some leader in pulpit or pew leap into the arena of public controversy in the banker's defense. "I am pained beyond expression," said she, "by this silence of the good. It is, then, true that the world's people stand by each other better than do the members of the household of faith. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and its affiliated interests have had Mr. Kean for a banker during several years. He is a leading prohibitionist representative and a Methodist layman. Who knows what hatred of the temperance cause may be back of all this, what blow is aimed at an organized movement against the liquor traffic?"

Miss Willard says that the losses of the organization and its branches are happily small, and adds: "But I know by my correspondence that the press of the country has been given to understand that an appalling calamity has overtaken the white ribbon movement. Possibly the wish is father to the thought. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; there is doubtless joy in hell over one saint that falls. Beyond peradventure there is rejoicing in every grog shop of the city when the temperance cause or any of its advocates is overtaken by misfortune, seeming or real."

Miss Willard concludes with a hope for the best, be it in the rehabilitation of the banker's reputation and the triumph of eternal justice toward the banker as well as his depositors.

It is difficult to account for such hearty inorsement of a notorious scoundrel by a woman in the position of Miss Willard, and it

shows that all too often religious sentiment and sympathy, in cases of villainy, when a man is a *pillar* in a church, won't do to trust at all. If Miss Willard were a judge, as a great many women aspire to be, it is easy to see than Banker Kean would never wear stripes if the judge could prevent such an act of justice.

FEDERATING TO RAISE FREIGHT RATES.

The great railroad corporations are to have a Supreme Council to regulate freight rates. A Kansas City railroader outlines operations as follows:

No line should have the authority to take individual action, even to meet outside competition, but all complaints as to non-maintenance of rates should be filed with the chairman, who, before authorizing a reduction, should try other remedies. If the line complained of be a member of either of the associations, a fine should be assessed equal to the revenue obtained on the business carried at cut rates, with a minimum of \$100, and if the rate be not withdrawn within ten days after the order is made, all divisions with other lines members of the associations, should be withdrawn, and no line be allowed to receive from or deliver business to said line except at local tariff rates. When lines not members of the association are found to be cutting rates that affect the revenues of members, the chairman should authorize rates to meet the same, and at the same time order all divisions with the offending line to be withdrawn until such time as it agrees to withdraw the disturbing rates. The rule as to proposed change in rates now in effect in the Western and transmissouri associations should be continued, except that the arbitration committee should be the final court, and lines could only get rates into effect not authorized by the arbitration committee by withdrawal from the association, which should require sixty days' notice and the payment of its proportion of the expenses until the end of the current year. The present rules as to fines should be continued, except that the general managers should have no authority to remit such fines.

It will be observed that the Supreme Council of the association of federated roads, controls the situation, and that strikes will not be permitted, except as the Supreme Council declares. Straight federation is the word now, all along the line.

RAILROAD PASSES IN LEGISLATURES.

The people of Minnesota are profoundly impressed with the idea that the railroad pass is doing more to demoralize legislatures than all other forms of bribery combined, and a dispatch says that "a bill has been introduced in the lower branch of the Minnesota legislature providing that any public officer, state, municipal or county, accepting any gifts, free pass or other favors, not granted to the general public, from any railroad or other corporation in the state, shall be held guilty of felony and be punished by a fine not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$5,000, or by imprisonment in the state prison not less than six months nor more than one year, or both." This is as it should be. In every legislature where an effort is made to enact laws favorable to workingmen, the railroad pass is used to debauch the law-makers, and enough of them *tumble* to the bribe to secure what the corporation desires.

WM. D. ROBINSON AND A MONUMENT FUND.

In the December *Magazine* appeared an obituary notice of Wm. D. Robinson. In closing that notice we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallow's ground where heroes sleep?"

'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!

In dew's that heavens far distant weep

Their turf may bloom,

Or genit twine beneath the deep

Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth

To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!

Peace! Independence! Truth go forth,

Earth's compass round,

And your high priesthood shall make earth

All hallowed ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in luster as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life-work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from the members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods, will be constituted to take charge of the fund, and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if

they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.

CORPORATIONS VS. FEDERATION.

In a recent issue of the *Rights of Labor*, published at Chicago, we find the following:

From every point of the compass we are informed that capitalists and employers of labor are uniting to fight the labor unions. A railroad combination to fight the federation of railway employes. The owners of the London docks to fight the dockers' union. The street car owners to fight the street car unions. The carpenters and builders' association to fight the carpenters' union. The mine owners, headed by that delectable prince of plunderers, W. L. Scott, to fight the miners' union. Poor deluded workmen everywhere are being used as clubs to break the heads of their fellow workmen. What do these corporation crooks and cold-blooded employers hope for? Do they imagine they can destroy the unions, the hopes and aspirations of the workmen, by uniting against them? May they not by their uncalled for war against trade unionism, arouse passions that it would be better for them not to arouse? It is barely possible that these men may discover their mistake when it is too late, when they are shorn of their ill-gotten gains and compelled to work as their fellow men do. It is best not to unfetter a lion, even though you may imagine it is a tame lion.

The foregoing is highly suggestive. We do not doubt but that federated labor is at an early day to be tried, as if by fire. We are of the opinion that the decree has gone forth. We do not believe it will be revoked. The right to organize and to federate is conceded.

That there will be railroad combinations "to fight federation" we do not doubt.

Let us state the case tersely and fairly.

Organizations of railroad employes federate to secure rights and to maintain them.

If, therefore, railroads combine to fight federation, they combine in the interest of injustice and wrong.

The crisis is approaching. The crucial test is near at hand. We say, let it come.

If labor is to be enslaved, if it is to be manacled, if Corbin ideas are to prevail, if liberty and independence are to be enjoyed only by the employer, and the badge of serfdom is to be worn by the employe, let the facts be known—let the trial come.

We know that the federated orders of railway employes make no unjust demands, tolerate no improper methods to secure their rights.

We do not underestimate the power of money. We are not unmindful of the growth of aristocratic and autocratic ideas—but we have an abiding faith in organization, in federation, in union.

We are not prepared to contemplate the unrestricted sway of the corporation.

We would have no French revolutions in America.

Carnegie and Carnage sound much alike. The American railroad ought not to symbolize despotism; better, far better that a mile of track had never been laid.

Navery is better than serfdom. It is enough to say, we have faith in federation.

Without federation there may come desperation, and should the era of despair come, the storm god would rule.

We prefer reason and righteousness.

CORBIN'S SCABS.

In a recent issue of the *Scranton (Pa.) Truth*, we find the following telegram, dated Philadelphia, March 2d:

"Since last June the wife of a Reading railroad trainman has probably sold more valuable silks, laces and velvets than the richest lady in the land has purchased in the same time. She was the medium through whom an organized gang of train robbers in the railroad's service disposed of their wholesale plunder. Part of the gang are under arrest and will have a final hearing at Doylestown to-day. For months past complaints have been made to the officials of numerous thefts of merchandise from freight cars, and claims have been presented to the company for the loss of cloths, velvets, silks, hosiery, etc., lost in transit over the road. The case was placed in the hands of Chief John G. O'Brien, of the Reading special officers, to ferret out. The clues were traced to the trains on the North Pennsylvania branch, and the thefts located as taking place in Bucks county from trains between New York and Philadelphia. Lewis Hansell and Wm. Coyle and Abraham Kulp, brakemen, have been arrested and taken to Doylestown, and given a hearing and bound over for a further hearing. The value of the goods taken will amount to many thousands of dollars.

For a number of years, the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad management, has been engaged in selecting scabs for employes—creatures who at the behest of Corbin, McLeod, Bonzano, *et al.*, would lick official boots and kiss the cat-o'-ninetails with which, like galley slaves, they were scourged to their work. That any number of characterless scamps should be caught by such an autocratic, degrading policy, was a foregone conclusion and has panned out as might have been expected. Nor is it remarkable. The Philadelphia & Reading, for many years has been in the hands of thieves, men who wrecked the corporation, squandered its funds and created universal demoralization. That such a management should employ thieves to do its work was eminently consistent, and the poor devils who stole silks and satins to the amount of "many thousand dollars," simply emulated the scoundrelism practiced by the high official freebooters, who have stolen millions, while their beardless serfs have only taken thousands.

The various organizations of railroad employes would have given the P. & R. honest and capable men, but the management preferred scabs, men without character or qualifications, and now the corporation, everywhere known for its infamies and denounced for its Russianizing policy, must make good the thefts of its scabs. And thus the mills of the gods grind on.

SLEEP'S GRIP ON ITS VICTIMS.

When sleep gets a good hold upon a man he is to all intents and purposes dead to passing events, and this fact is illustrated by the condition of a postal clerk on the Denver & Rio Grande, not long ago, when a wreck occurred. "The postal clerk," says the *Denver Republican*, "had pigeon-holed the mail and retired to his berth in the rear end of the mail car. He was wrapped in slumber that could be heard above the rumble of the train and agonizing snorts of the engine when the collision occurred. The pilot was wrenched from the engine, the iron horse was derailed, the front steps of the baggage car smashed in, and the dreaming clerk pitched headlong from his nest of blankets to the other end of the car. After considerable time had been spent in replacing the engine and clearing up the debris, amid a series of painful jerks and jogs the train rolled away on its journey. An hour later the aforesaid clerk awoke to find himself in the midst of an incongruous mass of mail pouches and discarded wrappers, dreaming of being a prince, feasting in a magnificent castle, which seemed to be ruled by a princess fair beyond compare. It was not the shapely arm of a beautiful princess, but a hard leather mail pouch that encircled his neck. The young man arose in bewilderment and succeeded finally in restoring the railroad postoffice to order. It was not, however, until he read the papers of the succeeding morning that he learned how he happened to be sleeping on the floor." The *Republican's* report is somewhat playful, but it is easy to get at the fact that the postal clerk, overworked to exhaustion, was utterly incapacitated for the performance of his duties.

Postal clerks are not the only men who are overworked. Engineers, conductors, firemen, brakemen, switchmen and telegraphers are also overworked, which accounts for many of the wrecks constantly occurring throughout the country.

FROM ROME, ITALY.

The letter we publish below is from Hon. A. G. Porter, late Governor of Indiana, and now Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Italy. It is needless to say that such commendation, unsought and unbought, is peculiarly satisfactory to the editor of the *Magazine*, and as we believe will be equally agreeable to the brotherhood:

ROME, Feb. 17, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Debs:

I have read in a copy of the *Indianapolis News*, that you are about to resign the office which you have so long held, and with such general satisfaction, in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I write to express my ardent wish for your success in whatever business you may engage.

Very sincerely yours,

A. G. Porter.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* day of each month.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

When first I went to throwing blocks, 'twas in "the good old days;"
And, oh, dear Lord, the furnace door did often me amaze!
It was so small, and down so low, one inch above the deck,
It made my hands a mass of sores, and made of me a wreck.
I'd pile them up, the sawed ends out, then swing the door with speed,
And every one would bear the trace of how my hands would bleed;
The slivers like a hedge hog's back my tender fingers tore,
When first I went to throwing blocks, along in sixty-four.

My limbs were kinked from stooping down, my knees were swelled with pain,
My back was stiff enough to break, so fearful was the strain;
Blood-blisters grew so thick upon my knuckles, fingers, thumbs,
They looked just like a pudding stuffed with ripe and juicy plums!

'Court plaster by the yard I bought and kept it in the cab,
Cut up in strips to paste upon each freshly bleeding scab;
Tobacco juice and sturdy quids were also plastered o'er
The gaping gashes which were made with blocks in sixty-four.

Right soon I learned to know the grades we had upon the line:
Black ash and hemlock, birch and spruce, wet cedar, elm and pine.
Had not the substance to endure the nozzle's ceaseless call:

'Twas "deck and throw and deck and throw," they always seemed to bawl!
'Til my eyes I'd open wide, and straighten up my back

To see if every block I'd throw was fleeing from the stack!
But nothing, save a cloud of sparks, departing in a roar,
Could I behold in those old days of long gone sixty-four.

But then I was a fireman bold, besides both blithe and young,
An awkward lad, and didn't care just how the door I swung,
As long as I could send them home, right up against the flues,

To satisfy his royal nibs that on the seat would snooze.
The lever in the corner down between his lazy legs,
Without a thought of how I stood upon my painful pegs.

When every bark the engine made seemed screaming "give me more,"
'Til I'd hint to hook her up, in eighteen sixty-four.

How gleefully I'd jump upon the seat with smiling face,
When to a station we would come, a well known form to trace!

And if the charmer I'd espy among the staring crowd,
Oh, gracious! how my heart would jump, and then I'd feel so proud.

In measured tones to strike the bell I'd pause it in the yoke,
'Til the tongue, at every toll, a mystic language spoke,
Unknown to all but just ourselves, that one I did adore,
Who bled my heart just like my hands in June, of sixty-four.

Then when our daily trips were made and in the round house stowed,
I suffered more a hundred fold than out upon the road!

The acid scorched my very brain, and often made me dumb,
'Til I thought old Beelzebub had me in kingdom come.

The way 'twould run through every gaah, when polishing the brass!

'Twould bite just like a devil's tooth the lacerated mass

Of scabs, that spoke with gaping lips, till blood from every pore

Ran down upon each spot I'd rub, in eighteen sixty-four.

Oh, yes, "those were the good old days," I've heard old fogies say;

The devil a much they ever toiled in my laborious way,

For if they did they'd surely have another tale to tell:

They'd shun such reminiscent talk the same as shunning hell!

Give me the slash-bar, hook and scoop, likewise a tank of coal,

Besides, the beautiful black crooks which on our railways roll.

They're good enough to sing about. I'll never once deplore

The brassy brutes, which ruled the roost, in eighteen sixty-four.

Shandy Maguire.

A Defaulting Receiver.

SAGINAW, MICH., March 3, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—On the 24th of January last, the Receiver of our lodge, Fred J. Hill, departed for parts unknown. Whither he has gone the members of the lodge have no knowledge. He took with him all the cash on hand, together with all the books, papers, receipts, etc., belonging to the lodge.

You will perceive by the date of his absconding that the members of the lodge had about all paid their dues for the new quarter, beginning February 1st.

This act of villainy has put us all in a tight place, besides hurting our standing among business men, to know that honesty did not prevail among the "Tried and True."

On February 8th, this man was expelled from the order. He is of medium height, light blue eyes, brown hair—wore a mustache with long ends, has lost two middle fingers on his right hand, and the first finger on his right hand is stiff. He has a scar on his right cheek. Besides he is a card player.

Any brother hearing of this scoundrel will do a favor to "281" by letting us know his whereabouts. He was not under bonds, and as a consequence, we lose what he stole, but it will be some satisfaction to follow him up and expose his character.

We warn any brother of the order against assisting him, and urge them to keep him

from further imposing upon the brotherhood.

If railroad men and our brotherhood journals and magazines would publish a card relating to this scoundrel—Fred. J. Hill—and help to hunt him down, they would greatly favor Saginaw Valley Lodge, No. 286.

Fraternally yours,

Will F. Carle,
Secretary.

[The foregoing letter is a warning to the lodges. The Receiver of Saginaw Valley Lodge, No. 286, in some way ingratiated himself into the confidence of his fellow members, and this done, in the absence of a bond, he robbed the lodge. If he was a card player the lodge might have prudently suspected him. Regrets are of no avail, unless they lead to reforms. There is absolutely no means whereby villains may be prevented from getting into our order—but it is possible to so guard the finances of lodges as to reduce to the lowest point the chances for robbing them. The fact that the Receiver of Saginaw Valley Lodge stole its valuables should not hurt its standing in the estimation of business men. It is simply a misfortune to which all organizations are liable, and if it serves to put lodges on their guard, and make them more watchful, the lesson may be worth all it cost.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

MICHIGAN CITY, IND., March 2, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—The history of early railroading is a theme of interest to all students of our national growth and development, and more particularly to those who are engaged in the railway service, and in this connection I have been prompted to present a few facts relating to the building of what is now one of the largest and best equipped roads in the country, viz., the Michigan Central. This road was constructed by installments, as will be seen by the following statements from the Michigan Railroad Commissioners, to-wit: Detroit to Ypsilanti, Feb. 5, 1838; Detroit to Ann Arbor, Oct. 17, 1839; Detroit to Dexter, June 30, 1841; Detroit to Jackson, Dec. 20, 1841; Detroit to Albion, June 25, 1844; Detroit to Marshall, August 12, 1844; Detroit to Battle Creek, Nov. 25, 1845; Detroit to Kalamazoo, Feb. 2, 1846; Detroit to Niles, Oct., 1848; Detroit to New Buffalo, May, 1849; Detroit to Michigan City, Oct., 1850; Detroit to Chicago, May, 1852.

When the road terminated at Marshall the trains were run on a strap rail. Few readers of the *Magazine* have any appreciation of the term "strap rail." It was an entirely different affair than the present "T" rail. It took all day to run from Detroit to Marshall, 108 miles. There were two engines on the road, all told, and the trains were run every other

day; one was the passenger engine and the other was the freight. These two diminutive engines ran from Detroit to Marshall one day and from Marshall to Detroit the next day. There have been vast changes within the last few years. What was then a one-horse road is now a double track three-fourths of the distance from Chicago to Detroit; and from the little one-horse dummy train there are now 18 passenger trains daily, all of which stop at Michigan City to exchange engines and obtain running orders. There are from 20 to 30 freight trains daily. The West end is 57 miles, the middle division 153 miles, and the east end 75 miles. The Canada Southern is now controlled by the Michigan Central, which controls and operates 1144 miles of road. Our fastest train, known as the North Shore Limited, makes its run from Chicago to Detroit in 7 hours and 20 minutes.

The members of Harbor City Lodge, No. 300, all sanctioned Bro. Debs' reply to Bro. E. A. Ferrill's communication in the February *Magazine*. Just such literature is what we want, to let *Russianized serfs* and Czars Corbin, Depew, Webb, and others of their ilk, know we are not asleep, but up and soliciting subscribers for the best *Magazine* published in the interest of railroad employes.

W. H. R.

Address Wanted.

HOWARD WILLIAMS.—A member of Gate City Lodge, No. 93, who, when last heard from, was in Illinois. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts will please communicate with E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St., Keokuk, Iowa.

Literary Notes.

THE *March Arena* opens with a critical essay by Prof. Alfred Hennequin, on "The Drama of the Future." Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., who has for so long been identified with the Church of the Strangers, of New York City, writes on "Evolution and Morality," taking the position maintained by conservative orthodoxy. Prof. Joseph Rodas Buchanan contributes an essay of great force on "Nationalization of the Land as First Presented." This contribution will doubtless call forth much comment. Rabbi Solomon Schindler discusses immigration, this being the third paper of a series on emigration and kindred topics, written by this profound thinker for the *The Arena*. The Rev. Howard MacQuarry, so well known on account of his fearless yet thoughtful work on "Evolution and Christianity," writes on "Shelley the Scripture." Albert Ross, the author of "Thou Shalt Not," writes on "What is Immoral in Literature," arguing that a revelation of the actual conditions of society, depicting the fact that the wages of sin is death, and containing a strong plea for a higher moral standard, is not only not immoral but is severely moral, as well as necessary, if any positive reform is to be consummated; but that works which make vice alluring, such as the books that make boys desire to be train robbers or thieves, are distinctively immoral. C. Van D. Chenoweth contributes a well written paper on the wonderful discoveries being made by students of psychology, and which promise to reveal truths of great moment at an early date. W. D. McCrackan, of New York, writes on "The Swiss Referendum," a paper of great interest, as it gives in an interesting style a description of the workings

of what has been termed the most perfect republic in the world. Henry A. Hart, M. D., argues at length that drunkenness is a crime, and should be punished as such. One of the most interesting papers in this issue is entitled "The Malungeons; a Forgotten People." It is contributed by Will Allen Dromgoole, a young Tennessee author of great promise, who re-discovered this strange people, and has spent many weeks in their midst. A full-page picture of a typical Malungeon accompanies this paper. The story for this month is contributed by Hamlin Garland. It is a vivid sketch of Western life, entitled, "The Test of Elder Pill." The No-Name paper this month is a poem of some length, entitled "By the River." It is said to be written by a well-known magazine essayist. The editor contributes short papers on "Home Influence and the Child," "An Object Lesson in Freedom," "Class Interests and the Rights of the People," and "Herbert Spencer's Arraignment of Class Medical Laws." From the above it will be seen that *The Arena* for March contains a remarkably varied and inviting table of contents. The contributors also are marked by deep thought, and represent a reflex of the best ideas of the day, both among liberal and conservative thinkers.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

The pioneer friend to the American Housewife is "The Household," a monthly publication founded by George E. Crowell in 1868, and printed at Brattleboro, Vt. until last January, when it was moved to Boston, that it might better serve its rapidly increasing list of subscribers. "The Household," as its name implies, is devoted to the family, and contains helps and suggestions fitted to every department of the home, and to every member of the family. Practical women contribute practical articles, to the Kitchen, Dining Room and Sewing Room. Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, author of the famous "Cook Book," furnishes "Practical Kitchen Talks," and a "Menu For One Week," in each month's issue. The Easter Number of "The Household" is now ready. It contains an elegant cover, choice Easter stories, and the Practical Departments are illustrated. You can obtain copies at the News Stands or you can send ten cents to The Household Company, 50 Bromfield St., Boston. The Easter-March-Issue contains the offer of three costly presents to the three subscribers who obtain the largest lists of new subscribers to The Household between March 1st and August 1st. The first present is a \$700 Horse and Carriage, the second an upright Miller Piano, and the third a Columbia Bicycle. This is the first time a horse and carriage have been offered by a publisher in payment for obtaining new subscribers. It affords an opportunity for the ladies to obtain the best "Household" publication for one year, and also to secure for themselves a fine horse and carriage, or for a favorite pastor or officer of a lodge. Another special feature is that every bride in the country, of six months or less, can have "The Household" for one year, by sending ten two-cent stamps and a printed notice of her marriage enclosed in the letter, addressed to The Household Company.

In presenting to the public "Valmond, the Crank," an entirely new departure is made in literature, and by all odds the very boldest, as it shatters in one powerful stroke the very foundation on which society is built. Coming, as it does, like an overwhelming avalanche, an attempt, at least, in the near future will be made to suppress it, that is, if it be a crime to tell the truth, and to open the eyes of the general public.

It will be sure to find a multitude of readers, and to arouse the thought of the thinking public everywhere. The theme is told in style of an exciting romance; is a recognized work of unmistakable genius, and perhaps the most absorbingly interesting book of fiction extant.

For us to make the bold statement that the unknown writer of "Valmond, the Crank" is the coming literary Napoleon of American novelists, and that this book will produce a moral volcano in the community by its rugged, crude, and almost brutal dynamitic treatment of probably the most daring

theme ever handled by a native author, may seem to some like the announcement of a publisher's advance agent. But the readers in this instance are respectfully requested to remember now what may seem to them as the arrogated prophecy of a mercenary publishing company, that "Valmond, the Crank, the Forbidden Book," is destined to reach a wider circulation than any other American work of fiction. The Twentieth Century Publishing Co., 4 Warren street, New York City.

THE ARTIFICIAL LIMB INDUSTRY.

The development and progress of artificial limb making is so pronounced that it deserves a distinct classification among the industries. The shoemaker and tinsmith were the artificial limb makers of the past. Their knowledge of the requirements was limited and we are not surprised that their productions were lamentable failures. One must graduate from the school of experience in order to become qualified to make artificial limbs that will fill the conditions.

Mr. A. A. Marks, a man whose successes in this line are proverbial and acknowledged throughout the world, says that it required the greater part of his life to learn just what the legless and armless required. It is a common error among those who aspire to success in this industry to endeavor to imitate the natural limb in mechanical simulation of its parts, instead of endeavoring to obtain natural results, and as a consequence, the production is too mechanical and complicated to be of any practical value. The firm of A. A. Marks, 704 Broadway, New York City, control upward of a hundred inventions and have the largest producing capacity of any house in the world. Their aim has been to produce an artificial leg that would enable the wearer to walk naturally, comfortably, helpfully and safely—a leg that possessed durability and shorn of every unnecessary complication; one that would last many years with as little expense as possible, not only in the purchase, but in the item of repair. Also to produce a hand that would simulate the natural member, without noisy, heavy, useless mechanical movements. The rubber foot and the rubber hand are the evolutions of their thought and experience. By employing rubber in these extremities, artificial legs and arms have become realities and have won the favor of the entire world. The firm of A. A. Marks, established in 1833, has for twenty years occupied the foremost rank in the art. Their manufacture largely from data supplied by the crippled while they remain at home, and ship limbs to all parts of the world.

As firemen as a rule are not over fond of sitting down and writing to an advertiser after a hard day's work, and many would undoubtedly patronize our advertisers were it not for the trouble of writing and waiting for a reply, Alva's Brazilian Specific Co., one of the old patrons of our advertising pages, has published in their ad. in this number, a partial list of wholesalers handling the Cactus Blood Cure in different parts of the United States and Mexico. Your retailer will order for you from any of these firms if he has none of the medicine in stock.

FLOWER SEEDS FREE—A LIBERAL OFFER.

All of our readers who are interested in flowers and have a place in which to cultivate them, should accept the liberal offer of S. H. Moore & Co., 27 Park Place, New York, who agree to send their charming paper, "The Ladies' World," on trial three months for only 12 cents, and 200 varieties of Choice Flower Seeds free, as a premium, with every subscription. See their advertisement on another page of this issue. Our members should take advantage of this reliable and very liberal offer for the benefit of their wives and daughters.

By reference to the advertisement of the National Mutual Building and Loan Association, of New York, which appears elsewhere, it will be observed that the loans made are now in excess of \$385,000. The third annual report to the banking department of the state of New York, shows the business affairs of the association to be in a most prosperous condition.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

APRIL, 1891.



Notice to Custodians of Protective Fund.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1891. }

To Custodians of Protective Fund:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to the action of the Second Biennial Convention, held at San Francisco in September last, this call is issued by the Grand Lodge for the Protective Fund, collected under the provisions of Section 214 of the Constitution, and now held by the several subordinate lodges. There has been forwarded to each lodge a blank *Protective Fund report*, which must be filled out correctly by the Custodian of the Protective Fund and forwarded to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer with a bank draft, money order or express order, in the amount the report calls for, so as to reach the Grand Lodge not later than May 1st, 1891. In preparing their report, Custodians of the Protective Fund are required to show seventy-five (75) cents for each member on the rolls in each of the several quarters in which said fund was collected. Said reports will be compared with the grand register, and if not accurate will be returned for correction. This call was officially issued by circular under date of December 14th, within ninety (90) days from the close of the Convention, as ordered by that body, and this is the final notice of said call.

Upon receipt of this fund the Grand Secretary and Treasurer will deliver the same to the Board of Grand Trustees, taking their receipt therefor, and the Grand Trustees (who are required to file a sufficient bond for the safe keeping of said fund) will invest the same, as directed by the Convention, in such a manner as to make it, although subject to immediate call, a source of revenue to the order.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Notice to Receivers.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1891. }

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified, as provided in Section 54 of the Constitution, that no beneficiary assessment is required for the month of April, 1891, and that therefore none has been levied for said month. Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Notice to Secretaries.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1891. }

To Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 130 of the Constitution, you are required to report to the Grand Lodge as expelled all members who fail to make payment of their quarterly dues for the quarter ending July 31, 1891. The names of said members must be reported to you by the Collector of your lodge not later than May 2d, and by you reported to the Grand Lodge, in the prescribed form, immediately thereafter. Failing to report the names of expelled members as herein provided, the Grand Lodge will hold subordinate lodges liable for their assessments, as per Section 53 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Quarterly Dues Notice.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1891. }

To Members of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 129 of the Constitution, you are hereby notified that the dues for the quarter ending July 31, 1891 (such an amount as may be determined by the several lodges, provided in no case it shall be less than five (\$5.00) dollars), are now payable, and must be paid to the Collector of your lodge on or before May 1, 1891. This amount will be in full payment of all subordinate dues and beneficiary assessments levied by the Grand Lodge for said quarter, as provided in Section 132 of the Constitution. All beneficiary members now enrolled and all those admitted prior to June 1, 1891, are liable for the full amount of quarterly dues for said quarter. All members initiated during the months of June and July, are exempt from payment of quarterly dues for said quarter, as provided in Section 129 of the Constitution. Any member failing to make payment as above provided, will be expelled from the order, as per Section 130 of the Constitution, said expulsion taking effect May 2, 1891, and the Secretary is required to make due report thereof to the Grand Lodge.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Bound Volumes.

We still have a limited number of bound volumes of the *Magazine* for the years 1887, 1888 and 1889, which we are disposing of at \$1.50 per volume. They are neatly and substantially bound and will make a handsome addition to a fireman's library. The books will be forwarded to any address on receipt of the price.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of February, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$304.78	80	145.145	217	\$58.289	\$66.361	\$128.38		
2	18.74	146	\$130.218	52	290.12	862.38			
3	444.75	202	147.96	219	88.291	64.363	130		
4	92.76	66	148.102	220	84.292	48.364	52		
5	196.77	296	149.380	221	88.293	42.365	42		
6	112.78	150	150.222	64	294.80	366.58			
7	78.79	74	151.194	222	94.295	44.367	62		
8	380.80	54	152.96	224	296.72	368.68			
9	194.81	174	153.225	30	297.80	369.84			
10	140.82	248	154.72	226	116.298	82.370	32		
11	154.83	138	155.70	227	70.299	88.371	36		
12	728.84	144	156.84	228	264.300	66.372	74		
13	256.85	148	157.42	229	60.301	62.373	34		
14	326.86	152	158.154	230	102.302	36.374	74		
15	96.87	64	159.124	231	114.303	36.375	42		
16	190.88	130	160.136	232	62.304	142.376	72		
17	62.89	18	161.34	233	76.305	46.377	98		
18	104.90	102	162.240	234	84.306	128.378	112		
19	102.91	96	163.76	235	96.307	94.379	74		
20	82.92	82	164.106	236	62.308	58.380	46		
21	162.93	124	165.118	237	122.309	94.381	68		
22	94.126	166	88.238	104	110.310	68.382	90		
23	30.95	222	167.114	239	84.311	44.383	54		
24	120.96	168	94.240	156	312.44	384.46			
25	136.97	186	169.204	241	216.313	58.385	20		
26	132.98	76	170.82	242	228.314	104.386	40		
27	154.99	202	171.50	243	40.315	266.387	44		
28	140.100	92	172.124	244	102.316	112.388	82		
29	62.101	173	98.245	158	317.42	389.68			
30	62.102	100	174.150	246	120.318	58.390	60		
31	50.103	224	175.136	247	102.319	48.391	88		
32	104.104	76	176.68	248	116.320	140.392	34		
33	108.105	84	177.74	249	96.321	40.393			
34	70.106	40	178.136	250	216.322	74.394	10		
35	50.107	184	179.94	251	214.323	38.395	54		
36	104.108	58	180.38	252	162.324	38.396	94		
37	62.109	104	181.32	253	68.325	44.397	54		
38	110.110	66	182.254	134	326.42	398.50			
39	58.111	172	183.120	256	56.327	78.399	32		
40	130.112	74	184.50	256	64.328	32.400	60		
41	70.113	134	185.54	257	68.329	22.401	76		
42	34.114	186	112.258	46	330.70	402.44			
43	130.115	62	187.60	259	106.331	72.403	42		
44	314.116	138	188.194	260	78.332	138.404	48		
45	128.117	100	189.196	261	68.333	170.405	96		
46	96.118	40	190.84	262	120.335	68.406	32		
47	178.119	48	191.84	263	102.336	40.407	62		
48	114.120	164	192.148	264	108.337	26.408	30		
49	94.121	106	193.60	265	118.337	126.409	30		
50	232.122	58	194.120	266	132.338	152.410	56		
51	106.123	186	195.70	267	58.339	128.411	42		
52	146.124	88	196.134	268	48.340	74.412	60		
53	90.125	48	197.102	269	341.54	413.30			
54	216.126	72	198.66	270	192.342	414.50			
55	54.127	108	199.92	271	60.343	38.415	146		
56	66.128	62	200.28	272	38.344	74.416	92		
57	362.129	188	201.88	273	116.345	32.417	32		
58	74.130	124	202.94	274	48.346	34.418	30		
59	186.131	112	203.126	275	56.348	44.419	64		
60	22.132	106	204.40	276	56.348	44.419	64		
61	166.133	130	205.116	277	20.349	116.420	32		
62	110.134	98	206.106	278	28.350	62.422	64		
63	68.135	110	207.164	279	38.351	32.423	148		
64	80.136	46	208.58	280	40.352	78.424	58		
65	90.137	60	209.86	281	66.353	66.425	78		
66	96.138	88	210.48	282	58.354	106.426	38		
67	134.139	78	211.118	283	82.355	70.427	32		
68	88.140	158	212.70	284	212.356	46.428	32		
69	80.141	232	213.36	285	138.357	100.429	36		
70	62.142	210	214.68	286	358.100	430.36			
71	134.143	216	215.118	287	110.359	82.431	46		
72	182.144	216	216.288	40	360.72	432.34			

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	\$34.436	\$23.439	\$24.442	445	445	445	445	445	445
434	64.437	28.440	46.443	446	446	446	446	446	446
435	30.438	20.441	82.444	447	447	447	447	447	447

Balance on hand February 1, 1891 \$53,075 75
Received during month 41,400 00

Total \$94,515 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 360, 361 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, and 397 \$57,000 00

Balance on hand March 1, 1891 \$37,515 75

Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DESS, G. S. & T.

Acknowledgments.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 1, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

This is to certify that I have this day received from Mr. W. C. Glover, Receiver of Pacific Lodge, No. 173, a draft for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), the full amount of the policy held by my late husband, Fred Kaufman, for which please accept my sincere thanks.
Respectfully,
Mattie Kaufman.

CHARTERS, PA., March 6, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of Holbrook Lodge, No. 378, B. of L. F.

DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for a draft for \$1,500.00, the full amount of the policy held by my late husband; also I extend to the members of Lodge No. 378, my sincere thanks for their many kind acts during my great affliction. May the blessing of God rest upon you and your grand order.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. C. W. Barclaus.

JACKSON, MICH., March 1, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I have received through Mr. H. H. Burkhardt, of Monte Sano Lodge, a draft for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, the full amount due me on the policy held by my late brother, James F. Phelps, who was killed on the M. & C. R. R., Nov. 21, 1890. Please accept my thanks for the prompt payment of the same. My father and sisters wish to join me in expressing our heartfelt thanks to the committee, from Monte Sano Lodge, who accompanied my dear brother's remains home. They were very kind and sympathetic and we will never forget them while we live. May God's blessing rest upon every member of your noble order.

Sincerely yours,
Beatrice Phelps.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 1, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I would that I could find words to express my heartfelt gratitude for the kindness and sympathy which the members of Lodge No. 241, to which my beloved husband, William J. Williams, belonged, showed me and my family in our great affliction. Let me add my sincere thanks for the most excellent order my other obligations to the amount of \$1,500, the amount of insurance. Hoping that the order may be prosperous and thus aid others who are in distress and affliction, I am

Most truly and gratefully yours,
Mrs. Alma S. Williams.

Grand Lodge.

F. P. SARGENT Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.

J. J. HANNAHAN Vice Grand Master
5949 Princeton ave., Englewood, Ill.

E. V. DEES Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.

E. V. DEES Editor and Manager of Magazine
Terre Haute, Indiana.

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. F. HYNES Chairman
935 Eleventh St., Denver, Col.

DAN'L E. BARRY Secretary
552 Swan st., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHAR. W. MAIER Box 514, Parsons, Kan

GRAND EXECUTIVE BOARD.

HARRY WALTON Chairman
317 Bell St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

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L. Box 636, Mattoon, Ill.

JOHN F. O'REILLY 624 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind

T. P. O'ROURKE Pocatello, Idaho

EUGENE A. BALL Stratford, Ont

Subordinate Lodges.**1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**

Meets in Deerpark Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

J. H. Fordyce, 13 Church st. Master
C. W. Snyder, 62 Hammond st Secretary
C. W. Snyder, 62 Hammond st Collector
J. P. Walsh, 1 New York st Receiver
Wallace Bldd., 106 Front st Magazine Agent

2. SPARTAN; Monaca, Ind.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Sunday evenings.

T. F. Doran Master
C. N. Hill, Box 145 Secretary
Arthur Holmes Collector
E. J. Shields Receiver
Clint Williams Magazine Agent

3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.

Meets in Germania Hall, 140 Newark ave., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

J. E. Welsh, 201 Pavana ave Master
C. W. Martin, 121 Academy st Secretary
J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St Collector
J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St Receiver
Stewart Simpson, 100 Irving St., Rahway Magazine Agent

4. GREAT EASTERN Portland, Maine.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 58 Temple St., 1st and 3d Sunday.

J. E. Cook, St. John st Master
C. D. Getchell, 249 York st Secretary
A. F. Dennison, 23 Merrill st Collector
F. A. Huff, 47 Hanover st Receiver
 Magazine Agent

5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

C. W. Dyer, Box 1273 Master
J. W. Finney, Box 1273 Secretary
M. McCarty, Box 1273 Collector
Wm. Couse, Box 1273 Receiver
T. B. Burke, Box 349 Magazine Agent

6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; DeSoto, Mo.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and Boyd Sts., every Monday at 2 P. M.
Fred Gratiot, Box 298 Master
Alex. Williams, L. Box 212 Secretary
H. F. Hort Collector
Fred. Showman Receiver
W. H. Wonder, Box 4 Magazine Agent

7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in McCaulley's Hall, between 2d and 3d Sts., Pennsylvania avenue, southeast.

R. M. Smith, 129 Carroll St., S. E. Master
H. B. Clagett, Jr., 625 6th st. S. W. Secretary
Wallace Bailey, 417 G St., S. E. Collector
J. B. May, 12 D st. S. E. Receiver
Wm. Baldwin, 324 East Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md Magazine Agent

8. RED RIVER; Denison, Texas.

Meets in Brakemen's Hall, Main St., every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.

Jerry Scott, 200 E. Munson st. Master
M. L. Hann, 326 Hull st Secretary
T. W. Weaver, 700 W. Munson st. Collector
J. F. Cramer, 614 Owling st Receiver
Chas. Fullington, 304 E. Day st. Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.

Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, 80½ High St., alternate Mondays at 8 P. M.

F. J. Kistler, 212, 214 S. High St. Master
C. C. Colt, 906 Pennsylvania Ave. Secretary
G. H. Landon, Pan Handle round house, Collector
F. J. Kistler, 212, 214 S. High St. Receiver
Leonard Lawrence, 880 Arsenal Ave Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.

Meets at 182 Ontario St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

E. Manselman, 12 Tremont st Master
S. R. Tate, 374 Jefferson st Secretary
A. G. Laubscher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Collector
T. P. Curtis, 41 W. Madison St Receiver
A. G. Laubscher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Magazine Agent

11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.

Meets in Grimer's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

Nathan Strouse Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box, 106 Secretary
E. E. Teel Collector
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 98 Receiver
Abram Vanatta Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets at 198 Seneca St., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

W. R. Driscoll, 75 Pine st Master
G. E. Chamberlin, D. L. & W. Round House, E. Buffalo Secretary
W. J. Stone, 6 Seymour st Collector
P. J. McNamara, 70 Michigan St. Receiver
G. B. Hawthorn, 63 Walnut St Magazine Agent

13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.

Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Maple St. and Pacific Ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 10:30 A. M.

Alpheus Galloway, 33 Suydam ave Master
J. F. Neiman, 140 Pacific ave Secretary
E. F. Jones, 111 Pacific ave Collector
W. J. Lewis, 225 Whitton St Receiver
T. J. Carroll, 141½ Pacific ave Magazine Agent

14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.

Meets at 34 W. Washington St., fourth floor, every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

W. J. Hugo, 79 North Noble st. Master
G. P. Kern, 67 E. Morris St. Secretary
E. J. Kline, 63 North West St Collector
W. J. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St Receiver
Henry Zink, 410 So. Illinois st Magazine Agent

15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.

Meets in St. Charles Club Room, Point St. Charles,
every alternate Sunday.
Thos. Wilson, 238 Magdalen St. Master
Jas. Ashcroft, 240 Magdalen St., Point
St. Charles Secretary
Sam. Edwards, 118 Grand Trunk St.,
Point St. Charles Collector
H. J. Clarke, 154 Charron St., Point St.
Charles Receiver
Albert Wright, 463 Wellington St., Magazine Agent

16. VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.

Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays, at 7:30 P. M.
F. E. Dupell, 928 N. 9th St. Master
McE. B. Glenn, 634 Wabash Ave. Secretary
Henry Baidersdorf, 621 N. 8th St. Collector
A. C. Bennett, 1004 N. 9th St. Receiver
W. C. Pearce, 1604 Chase St. Magazine Agent

17. PINE RIDGE; Chadron, Neb.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
7:30 P. M.
O. E. Collins Master
L. V. Bowman, L. Box 545 Secretary
Michael Devaney Collector
J. E. Platner Receiver
M. M. Shirley Magazine Agent

18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Saturday night.
Albert Disney Master
John Reid Secretary
J. J. Day Collector
Rufus McCormack Receiver
W. W. Golladay, Box 196 Magazine Agent

19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.

Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, every
Friday at 7 P. M.
J. W. Swaney Master
T. J. Giffen, Box 33 Secretary
Henry Bowers Collector
H. W. Esden Receiver
F. L. Rose Magazine Agent

20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Monday at 7:30
P. M.
Robt. Hoag Master
G. C. Wells, Box 117 Secretary
J. W. Taylor Collector
J. F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Receiver
J. F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Magazine Agent

21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets at 902 South 4th St., 2d and 4th Tuesday at
8 P. M.
Wm. Merkle, 810 Chambers St. Master
D. R. Martin, 944 Chouteau Ave. Secretary
Ell Giclas, 21 So. 16th St. Collector
W. C. Linck, 2808 St. Louis Ave. Receiver
H. H. Webb, 2801 St. Louis Ave. Magazine Agent

22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
Daniel O'Connor Master
Scott Busey Secretary
Sylvanus Gibson Collector
J. T. Heller Receiver
Sylvanus Gibson Magazine Agent

23. PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd
Fellow's Hall, cor. Brook and Main Sts.
Joshua Proctor, Box 60 Master
W. P. Stephens Secretary
G. H. Morris Collector
W. P. Stephens Receiver
F. J. Hight, Box 13 Magazine Agent

24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.

Meets in Brotherhood Hall, Forest Ave., every
Wednesday at 1:30 P. M.
I. B. Melville, Box 221 Master
Wm. Morris, Box 810 Secretary
Curtis Parsons, Box 205 Collector
J. W. Terrell Receiver
C. W. Maier, Box 514 Magazine Agent

25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
H. C. Barron Master
Jas. Rogers, Box 722 Secretary
Jas. Rogers, Box 722 Collector
W. H. Cummings, Box 426 Receiver
Nathan Burlingame Magazine Agent

26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays
Henry Wettstein Master
Fred VanLeshout, Box 895 Secretary
G. B. Williams Collector
Thos. Williams, Box 908 Receiver
Franz Farwell Magazine Agent

27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Meets in Room 13, O'Hara's Block, 2d Sunday at
2:30 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
W. W. Coffey, 488 A ave W. Master
C. R. Kimbro, 588 B ave Secretary
Frank Hunter, 202 Second St W. Collector
W. C. Byers, 332 G ave W. Receiver
H. J. Dawson, 68 5th ave Magazine Agent

28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Sunday at 1 P. M.
Thomas Burney, Box 285 Master
E. O. Chamberlain, Box 257 Secretary
Lewis Clark, Box 106 Collector
H. F. Jeffrey, Box 257 Receiver
F. J. Doran, Box 623 Magazine Agent

29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each
month, corner Second and Main Sts.
John Humphrey Master
J. H. Fulton, Box 708 Secretary
Alex. Mottershead, L. Box 423 Collector
Lewis Lettner, Box 826 Receiver
Alex. Mottershead, L. Box 423 Magazine Agent

30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.

Meets in Select Knights' Hall, Sycamore and 4th
streets, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. E. Penn Master
R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Secretary
Albert Livingston Collector
R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Receiver
H. J. Reynolds Magazine Agent

31. R. E. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M. in Wood-
man's Hall, cor. 8th and Kansas Ave.
Jno. O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe St. Master
C. M. Noble, 1503 Main St. Secretary
Chas. Bennington, 1418 Santa Fe St. Collector
John O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe St. Receiver
C. M. Noble, 1501 Main St. Magazine Agent

32. BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
John McKenna Master
Gus. Ebeling, Box 143 Secretary
Gus. Ebeling, Box 143 Collector
G. M. McClure, Box 206 Receiver
Harry Stigall Magazine Agent

33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, over Union Bank, 1st
and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th
Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.
T. E. Torpey Master
C. H. Torpey Secretary
C. W. Gallup Collector
W. C. Gallup Receiver
F. L. Cox, Box 495 Magazine Agent

24. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 4th St., 1st and 3d Sun.
days at 2:30 P. M.

J. M. Wright, 516 2d Ave Master
C. W. Koons, Chaney Secretary
F. A. Kinch, 767 Stockholm St Collector
T. E. Bulen, 619 6th Ave Receiver
Parker Lillis, 901 3d St Magazine Agent

25. ANDOY; Andoy, Ill.

Meets in Khrul's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.

T. W. Monahan, Box 468 Master
J. F. Underwood Secretary
C. F. Reiger, Box 205, Galena Collector
James Lavell, Box 490 Receiver
J. W. Meyer, L. Box 77 Magazine Agent

26. TIPPECANOE Lafayette, Ind.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 5th and Columbia Sts., at
2 P. M., Sundays.

Charles Ernst, U. S. Express Co Master
A. H. Kelley 98 Green St Secretary
G. E. Smith, Carrier No. 4 Collector
W. R. Johnson, 110 S 4th St Receiver
W. H. Fox, 168 S 2d St Magazine Agent

27. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Thursday at 8 P. M.

H. G. Cormick Master
E. C. Sabin Secretary
G. C. Cairns Collector
W. H. Meng Receiver
Magazine Agent

28. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.

Meets in Foresters' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2
P. M.

Thos. Dolan, Box 318 Master
Jas. Burke, Box 318 Secretary
Wm. O'Brien, Box 318 Collector
Wm. Brown, Box 318 Receiver
W. H. Whitchurch, Box 318 Magazine Agent

29. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 2d Sunday and 4th
Monday at 2 P. M.

J. C. Kane, 2701 6th Ave Master
Daniel Moroney, 6th Ave. & 27th St. Secretary
J. T. Dolly, 6th Ave and 25th St Collector
Daniel Moroney, 6th Ave. & 27th St Receiver
J. T. Dolly, 6th Ave. and 25th St Mag. Agent

30. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.

Meets at 910 W Chestnut street, Tuesdays at 7:30
P. M.

W. E. Sage, 1110 N Mason st Master
Jas Kerr, 712 W Locust st Secretary
Jas. Kerr, 712 W Locust st Collector
Ed. Spreen, 509 W Chestnut St Receiver
J. W. Dowdy, 103 N. Allen St Magazine Agent

31. OSWARD; Dickinson, N. Dakota.

Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, every Thursday at
7:30 P. M.

Prater Tucson Master
G. W. Poor, Box 181 Secretary
J. H. Waggener Collector
G. W. Poor, Box 181 Receiver
I. W. Lee, L. Drawer 1 Magazine Agent

32. ELMO; Madison, Wis.

Meets in Sharps' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
2:30 P. M.

B. B. Wilber, 207 Park St Master
Frank Lawrence, 416 W Mifflin St Secretary
John Harrington, 520 W Main St Collector
B. B. Wilber, 207 Park St Receiver
W. J. Parsons, 619 W Main st Magazine Agent

33. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.

Meets in Gewitz Hall, 10th and Olive Sts., every
Thursday.

W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. 6th St Master
W. E. Bristow, 614, cor 5th and Maple Secretary
C. B. Ricker, 705 So. 10th st Collector
W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. 6th St Receiver
H. E. Slater, 906 Pacific St Magazine Agent

34. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.

Meets in Jackiech Hall, corner Missouri and
Main Sts., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.

J. P. Collins, Box 254 Master
W. W. Gillis, Box 529 Secretary
Jacob Youngmans Collector
W. W. Reeve, Box 498 Receiver
I. E. Goodin Magazine Agent

35. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.

Meets in Quapaw Hall every Monday night.

T. P. Homard, 1106 W Fourth st Master
J. H. Jordan, 197 W. Markham St Secretary
Wm. Smith, 206 S. Cross St Collector
Geo. Emery, 1009 North St Receiver
Mathias Laux, 1018 Water St Magazine Agent

36. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 217 South 5th St., 1st
and 3d Sundays, at 2 P. M.

E. W. Rowland, 901 Capitol ave Master
C. G. Brittingham, 513 So. 7th st Secretary
Frank Mager Collector
S. A. Fudge, 1170 Jackson St Receiver
J. F. DeSouza, Wabash round house Magazine Agent

37. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Prosperity Hall, N. E. corner State and
18th Sts., 1st Monday evening and 3d Sunday
afternoons

C. W. Watson, 183 E. 22d st Master
Jas. Mulqueen, 45 E. 14th st Secretary
Jas. Mulqueen, 45 E. 14th St Collector
J. P. Locyear, 229 24th Place Receiver
Merlin Jones, 1635 Wabash Ave Magazine Agent

38. W. F. HYNEN; Peoria, Ill.

Meets in Druids' Hall, 303 Main St., 1st and 3d
Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

W. F. Scott, 901 Glendale ave Master
W. A. McMillan, 206 State st Secretary
W. A. McMillan, 206 State St Collector
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St Receiver
C. C. Crane, 509 1st st Magazine Agent

39. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, E Eldorado St., 2d and
4th Sundays at 8 P. M.

W. H. Slater, 422 N Morgan st Master
Dan Dineen, 577 N Broadway Secretary
August Nalefski, Railroad ave Collector
A. H. Sutton, 975 N Water St Receiver
E. J. Wilkins, 1890 E William St Magazine Agent

40. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, corner 48th and State
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and
4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

C. M. Wolcott, 5001 State st Master
W. H. Green 4900 Dearborn st Secretary
C. T. Dickerman, 5142 Dearborn St Collector
G. B. Berry, 337 46th St Receiver
Peter Brislen, 4700 Wabash ave Mag. Agent

41. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Station A, Springfield,
every Wednesday at 2 P. M.

J. S. Carson, Box 437, Station A, Spring-
field Master
M. W. Reed, Box 457, Station A, Spring-
field Secretary
Geo. Hasler, Station A, Springfield Collector
J. S. Carson, Box 437, Station A, Spring-
field Receiver
Michael Gaffney, Box 277, Station A,
Springfield Magazine Agent

42. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, corner 4th and Market
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and
4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

Roger Flaherty, 79 Washington st Master
J. A. Holland, 2 Elm st Secretary
J. C. Irwin Collector
F. P. Beam, 202 Bate st Receiver
J. J. Fitzgerald, 17 Uhl st Magazine Agent

43. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner 6th Ave. and
Commercial St., 1st and 3d Monday at 130 P. M.

G. F. Cheshire, 16 Neosho st Master
H. M. Seagondollar, 118 Congress st Secretary
I. M. Hadley, 110 Neosho st Collector
Howard Galey, 832 Congress st Receiver
Biley Wolcott Magazine Agent

54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.

Meets in Supplies Bros.' Hall, Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 J. T. Grimes, 522 Vincell st. Master
 T. J. Clayton, 522 E. Hollins st. Secretary
 T. J. Clayton, 522 E. Hollins st. Collector
 J. T. Grimes, 522 Vincell st. Receiver
 A. E. Cotty, 328 W. Reed St. Magazine Agent

55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.

Meets at K. of H. Hall, cor. 4th and Lewney St.,
 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Ed Dwyer, 204 Mill st. Master
 A. S. Klyce, 115 Hill st. Secretary
 J. H. Davis, L. & N. Shops Collector
 A. S. Klyce, 115 Hill St. Receiver
 Thos. Carroll, 136 Manassas st. Magazine Agent

56. BANNER; Stanberry, Mo.

Meets in B. L. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. Sanford, Box 33 Master
 W. E. Baldwin, L. Box 400 Secretary
 J. R. Curry Collector
 E. W. Fisher, L. Box 424 Receiver
 Wm. Collocott, Box 143 Magazine Agent

57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.

Meets in Templar Hall, 724 Washington St., 2d
 and 4th Sundays at 10:30 A. M.
 W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charles-
 town Master
 Sheridan Bisbee, 202 Harrison ave. Secretary
 E. Wyman, 18 Union st., Charles-
 town Collector
 W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charles-
 town Receiver
 H. E. Stevens, 5 Davis St. Magazine Agent

58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Monday and Thurs-
 day at 1:30 P. M.
 A. C. Thyle Master
 W. D. Stevens Secretary
 Walter Brinton Collector
 A. T. Brennan Receiver
 Wm. Myers Magazine Agent

59. ROYAL GORGE; Pueblo, Colo.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. High St. and Union
 Ave., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. S. Walker, 124 Mechanic st. Master
 R. S. McAlpin, 26 Block 8 Secretary
 Robt. Willmunder, Block U Collector
 M. C. Donnelly, 216 E. 3d St. Receiver
 W. H. Trout, 118 W. Fourth st. Magazine Agent

60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Dover Hall, Marshall St., above Susque-
 hanna Ave., 1st and 3d Sundays.
 F. O. Metzger, 1815 Adams st. Master
 Howard Reeder, 1843 Lawrence St. Secretary
 Jas. Wertz, 2013 N. 3d St. Collector
 B. F. Pettit, 1833 Marshall St. Receiver
 B. F. Pettit, 1833 Marshall St. Magazine Agent

61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in Druid's Hall, corner Jackson and E. 7th
 St., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 J. V. Piper Master
 H. E. Kemp, 206 Pennsylvania ave. Secretary
 G. W. Klinefelter, 106 Lithfield st. Collector
 T. T. Hart, 709 Tuscarora St. Receiver
 W. F. Maher, 193 Penna ave. Magazine Agent

62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. 7th and Church
 Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.,
 A. M. Banks Master
 E. B. Gardner, 34 N. Washington st. Secretary
 W. H. Brokenshire Collector
 John McCawley Receiver
 D. N. Swan, 768 Wyoming st. Magazine Agent

63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.

Meets in K. of H. Hall, West Main St., 1st and
 3d Sundays.
 Bernard Manion, 202 Collett st. Master
 John Tracie, 801 Collett st. Secretary
 C. C. Stevens, 426 Junction ave. Collector
 Herbert Kyger, 515 N. Hazel st. Receiver
 U. C. Stevens, 426 Junction ave. Magazine Agent

64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30
 P. M.
 Leonard Lampron, Ill. Cen. Joint Office. Master
 T. F. Dolan, 103 So. Wall st. Secretary
 D. L. Davenport, 1521 East 6th st. Collector
 Jas. Griffin, 419 Clark St. Receiver
 D. M. Price, 615 Iowa st. Magazine Agent

65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 G. T. Bennett, Box 3 Master
 W. B. Mitchell Secretary
 Andrew Johnson Collector
 Frank Chambers, Box 50 Receiver
 J. W. Poster Magazine Agent

66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, Station St., 2d and 4th
 Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Timothy Daly, Jr., Belleville Station,
 Box 99 Master
 E. H. Jones, Belleville Station Secretary
 W. J. Logue, Belle ville Station Collector
 W. J. Logue, Belleville Station Receiver
 Jas. Williamson, Belleville Sta-
 tion, Box 69 Magazine Agent

67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at
 2:30 P. M.
 T. N. Modeland, 80 Woolsey st. Master
 G. E. Crowhurst, 90 Woolley St. Secretary
 Phil. Richardson, 90 -tafford st. Collector
 I. K. Belyea, 536 Front St. W. Receiver
 R. I. Reddie, 155 Batturist st. Magazine Agent

68. LAU CLAIRE; Altoona, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
 2 P. M.
 Mart Duggan Master
 Richard Hall, Box 61 Secretary
 S. J. McCauley, Box 24 Collector
 Ed. Brogan, Box 127 Receiver
 R. E. Swann Magazine Agent

69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.

Meets in the Merrill Block, every Thursday at
 7:30 P. M.
 J. B. Hislop, Box 620 Master
 Geo. Purvis, Box 620 Secretary
 J. M. Phillips, G. T. R. Collector
 W. J. Goodell, Box 183 Receiver
 J. G. Dowdson, Box 206 Magazine Agent

70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Monday at 2
 P. M.
 J. H. Doan, Box 411 Master
 G. A. Miller, Box 400 Secretary
 A. E. Cuberly Collector
 T. E. Watts, Box 351 Receiver
 W. W. Miller, Box 392 Magazine Agent

71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
 8 P. M.
 A. E. Loucks, 9 Ernst st. Master
 W. W. Rowe, 23 Franklin st. Secretary
 Willard Robinson, 6 Mackley ave. Collector
 Irvin Baker, 38 Grove St. Receiver
 C. O. Simmons, 45 Main St. Magazine Agent

72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.

Meets at 2d and Federal Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays.
 B. T. Wells, 301 So. Third st. Master
 J. L. Gibbs, Collingswood Secretary
 Geo. Austeruhl, 437 Mickie St. Collector
 J. L. Gibbs, Collingswood Receiver
 G. W. Tash, 236 Senate St. Magazine Agent

73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.

Meets at Stationary Engineer's Hall, 302 Main St.,
 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
 J. W. Mead, 75 Prospect st. Master
 Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st. Secretary
 J. H. Crawford, 20 Harrison st. Collector
 Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st. Receiver
 W. N. Holland, 9 Cutler St. Magazine Agent

74. KANSAS CITY; Argentine, Kan.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, alternate Thursdays.
 Thos. Donohue, Box 421 Master
 G. B. Campbell, L. Box 421 Secretary
 Chas. Justice, L. Box 421 Collector
 J. A. Uhde Receiver
 Chas. Justice, Box 421 Magazine Agent

75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Erickson's Hall, 3947 Lancaster Ave.,
2d and 4th Sunday afternoons
J. E. Vannatter, 336 N 31st st. Master
C. W. Reeves, 750 N 36th St. Secretary
J. F. Findley, 3804 Fairmount Ave. Collector
C. W. Reeves, 750 N 36th St. Receiver
J. F. Findley, 3804 Fairmount Ave. Magazine Agent

76. NEW ERA; Willmar, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2
P. M.
J. F. Curran Master
C. E. McLaughlin Secretary
Fels Larson Collector
Joe Shinsky Receiver
C. E. Huffman Magazine Agent

77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.

Meets in Gibson's Hall, 3838 Market St., every
Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
T. N. Worth, 1,110 Converse St., N.
Denver Master
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St. Secretary
S. L. Kanaga, 2601 Market st. Collector
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St. Receiver
T. H. Duggan, 2646 Lawrence st. Magazine Agent

78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.

Meets in Hart's Hall, E 18th St., every Thursday
at 7 P. M.
W. M. Calkins, 1301 E 5th st. Master
J. P. Alcorn, 1223 Engineer st. Secretary
J. P. Alcorn, 1223 Engineer St. Collector
Henry Anletner, 1108 E. 5th St. Receiver
G. D. Stubbs, 1223 E Sixth st. Magazine Agent

79. J. M. BODGE; Reedhouse, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays
and 3d and 4th Sundays.
Richard Carroll Master
C. E. Stone, Box 286 Secretary
F. I. Carr Collector
Daniel O'Donnell Receiver
C. A. Sheppard Magazine Agent

80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.

Meets over 26 and 28 Broadway, every 2d Sunday.
J. S. Ellick, 474 Sexton St. Master
G. J. Waters, 202 Fifth St. Secretary
G. J. Waters, 202 5th St. Collector
C. O. Spencer, West Lake st. Receiver
C. H. Kelley, 361 Main st. Magazine Agent

81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 6th St., South, 2d and
4th Sundays 2 P. M.
Allen Mentzer Master
C. F. Dubois, Box 1831 Secretary
D. C. Warne Box 118, Staples Collector
J. F. McGinnis, Box 1871 Receiver
F. W. Dunlap Magazine Agent

82. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 14 Washington Ave., 1st
Saturday at 7:30 P. M. 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, Oak Lake Eng. House Master
W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave. Secretary
E. B. Mayo, Oak Lake Eng. House Collector
W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave. Receiver
Jas. Carroll, 303 Aldrich Ave. N. Magazine Agent

83. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Wednesday, at
8 P. M.
G. H. Tucker, Box 590 Master
H. C. Cunningham, Box 590 Secretary
I. M. Dean, 301 Clawford st. Collector
G. Y. Lee, 1811 Crump st. Receiver
J. M. Russ, 300 E. R. ave. Magazine Agent

84. CALBOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.

Meets in B. L. E. Hall, 256 E. Main St., 2d and 4th
Sundays at 2:30 P. M., and 1st Monday at 7:30
P. M.
T. J. Scanlan, 56 E Hall st. Master
J. E. Williams, 167 South ave. Secretary
Frank Minahall, 88 Bennett st. Collector
John Tighe, 79 Hart st. Receiver
Louis Zang, 44 Beach st. Magazine Agent

85. FARGO; Fargo, N. Dakota.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 8 P. M. in I. O. O.
F. Hall, corner Robert St. and 2d Ave.
W. W. Green Master
E. E. Evans Secretary
Silas Zwright Collector
G. L. Sutherland, 1414 5th Ave. S. Receiver
A. J. Thometz, Jamestown Magazine Agent

86. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, Friday evening at 7:30.
G. W. DeForrest, Box 455 Master
W. N. Roth, Box 458 Secretary
G. W. DeForrest, Box 455 Collector
W. N. Roth, Box 458 Receiver
T. J. Farrell, Box 261 Magazine Agent

87. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Thursday, at 7:30
P. M.
J. P. Hansen Master
O. H. Rehmeyer Secretary
Miles Scallan Collector
Adam Robertson Receiver
Geo. Clansing Magazine Agent

88. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Sunday afternoon at
1:30 P. M.
Joshua Kirkman Master
E. R. Hall, L Box 228 Secretary
H. J. Cramer Collector
T. H. Hollingsworth Receiver
E. R. Hall, L Box 228 Magazine Agent

89. CHEHAW; Selma, Ala.

Meets in Mechanics Hall, Water st.
E. L. Cranford, 79 Water st. Master
R. O. Harris Secretary
R. O. Harris Collector
E. L. Cranford, 79 Water st. Receiver
W. H. McDade, Atlanta, Ga. Magazine Agent

90. SAN DIEGO; San Bernardino, Cal.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, alternate Sundays at
7:30 P. M.
J. C. Sharp, Box 704 Master
Wm. Fleming, Box 645 Secretary
Wm. Fleming, Box 645 Collector
J. A. Brewster, Box 645 Receiver
J. M. Walker, Box 645 Magazine Agent

91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.

Meets corner Valencia and 16th Sts., 2d Tuesday
at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 2:00 P. M.
T. D. Manhire, 128 Julian ave Master
J. L. Mayne, 231 Fifteenth st. Secretary
W. S. Johnson, 218 Shotwell st. Collector
W. S. Runyon, 282 Shotwell st. Receiver
J. R. Cassidy, 1721 1/2 Mission st. Magazine Agent

92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in Frontier City Hall,
Jefferson Block.
J. E. Dowd, 10 W Willow st. Master
Myron Counsell, 16 E. 5th St. Secretary
Jas. Whalen, 290 W. 7th St. Collector
Jas. Whalen, 290 W. 7th St. Receiver
Thos. Bradley, 123 W. Cayuga St. Magazine Agent

93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.

Meets in Horn's Hall, corner 8th and Main St., 2d
and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
John Crimmons, 1128 Bluff st. Master
E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St. Secretary
Henry Montgomery, 222 So 2d st. Collector
E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St. Receiver
Henry Montgomery, 222 S 2d st. Magazine Agent

94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner Tool Ave. and
Pennington St., every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Callaway, L. Box 218 Master
F. G. Church, L. Box 218 Secretary
Robt. Gael, Box 341 Collector
W. D. Anderson, L. Box 218 Receiver
J. W. Walker, Box 218 Magazine Agent

- 95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.**
 Meets at 237 Milwaukee Ave., 2d Tuesday at 8 P. M., and last Sunday of each month, at 9:30 A. M.
 D. M. Leavitt, 36 Temple St. Master
 J. J. Doyle, Ravenswood, Ill. Secretary
 I. W. Stettler, 234 N. May st. Collector
 D. M. Leavitt, 36 Temple st. Receiver
 M. Flaherty, 38 Wesson st. Magazine Agent
- 96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St.
 Isaac Cable, Box 695 Master
 J. A. Russell, Box 695 Secretary
 A. S. Askew, Box 695 Collector
 Jos. Quinn, Box 695 Receiver
 M. R. Kerr, Box 635 Magazine Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.**
 Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, at corner Leroy and New Main St., every Friday evening
 L. A. Hayes, 1438½ San Fernando st. Master
 H. C. Forsyth, 536 Washington st. Secretary
 D. A. Eagan, 128 Bloom st. Collector
 C. F. Fluhr, 976 Buena Vista st. Receiver
 P. E. Stettin, 1438½ San Fernando st. Magazine Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.**
 Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday.
 J. H. Downey Master
 Napoleon Blachly Secretary
 Harry Grubnau Collector
 E. H. Line Receiver
 J. H. Taylor Magazine Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.**
 Meets in K. of H. Hall at No. 33 Market St., every Friday evening.
 E. E. Pruyn, 41 1st Ave Master
 W. P. Couch, 24 Thompson Ave Secretary
 G. N. Kingsley, 22 Upton Park Collector
 G. N. Kingsley, 22 Upton Park Receiver
 C. A. Washburn, 9 Grand Ave Magazine Agent
- 100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.**
 Meets in Wright's Hall, corner Main and Adams St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. M. Moore, 142 Potter st. Master
 M. F. J. Broefie, Box 490 Secretary
 W. B. Perkins, Box 57 Collector
 Wesley Alsop, 924 Kentucky st. Receiver
 C. M. Moore, 142 Potter st. Magazine Agent
- 101. ADVANCE; Creston, Iowa.**
 Meets in Firemen's Hall, 222 Pine St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 John Igoe, 513 cor. of Vine and Jeff sts. Master
 Frank Giltner, 408 S Vine st. Secretary
 Frank Giltner, 408 S Vine st. Collector
 John Igoe, 513, cor. Vine and Jeff sts. Receiver
 Magazine Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; East Des Moines, Iowa.**
 Meets in Druids Hall, 215 Walnut st., alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
 F. S. Payne, Box 292, Stuart Master
 W. L. Carss, 849 W 13th St., West Des Moines Secretary
 R. E. Nash, 1412 W Grand ave Collector
 T. J. Howard, 813 Mulberry st., West Des Moines Receiver
 Wm. Beece, 1457 E. Court ave., Des Moines Magazine Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
 Meets in Colgan's Hall, corner 10th and Walnut Sts., every Thursday at 2 P. M.
 J. L. Burkhardt, 1029 Broadway Master
 Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st. Secretary
 Murray Cook, 912 Magazine st. Collector
 Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st. Receiver
 Henry Blume, 1,000 10th St. Magazine Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Ludlow, Ky.**
 Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. G. Stuart Master
 M. J. McCarty Secretary
 Chas. Heimberger, Box 151 Collector
 E. A. Fleming Receiver
 Chas. Heimberger, Box 151 Magazine Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Chillicothe, Ill.**
 Meets in McLean's Hall, 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 F. W. Peterson Box 2 Master
 W. R. Allen Secretary
 J. M. Lindemon Collector
 Fred. Cornell Receiver
 F. D. Fenn, L Box 340 Magazine Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
 Meets in Dotts Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Jos. Chaloupka, 230 Queen St. Master
 E. A. Fengler, C. M. & St. P. Shops Secretary
 Sam. Schaner, C. M. & St. P. Shops Collector
 D. W. Mason, 438 High St. Receiver
 C. E. Redmond, 1552 Jackson st. Magazine Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallion, Ohio.**
 Meets in Zimmerman's Hall every Wednesday night.
 August Gerhart, Box 196 Master
 P. D. Gregg, Box 677 Secretary
 Michael O'Connor Collector
 C. D. Hoyt, L. Box 1066 Receiver
 H. U. Grenolds, Box 57 Magazine Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
 Meets in D. & R. G. Passenger Depot, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. L. Jones Master
 Fred Wendell Secretary
 J. L. Jones Collector
 G. W. LaPorte Receiver
 F. A. Morse, Alamosa, Colo. Magazine Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
 Meets in Summit Hall, corner Ewing Ave. and Market St., 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Lathams, 3007 Rutger st. Master
 Louis Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave Secretary
 Louis Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave Collector
 G. A. La Bee, 4222 A, New Manchester Road Receiver
 G. A. La Bee, 4222 A, New Manchester Road Magazine Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
 Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Sandusky & Mansfield St., every 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. P. Collins, Box 773 Master
 E. H. McGuire Secretary
 Wm. Grimes Collector
 J. W. Davis Receiver
 Thos. Quilter Magazine Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
 Meets in K. of L. Hall, Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 P. J. Slagle, L Box 864 Master
 A. B. Cavins, L Box 756 Secretary
 W. E. Lawton, Box 561 Collector
 Victor Gustafson Receiver
 A. B. Cavins, L Box 756 Magazine Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Howell, Ind.**
 Meets in foreman's office, L. & N. round house, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 1:30 P. M.
 O. P. Miller Master
 J. C. Branham Secretary
 J. C. Branham Collector
 S. R. Wild Receiver
 W. S. Summers, Howell Station, Evansville, Ind. Magazine Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Pocatello, Idaho.**
 Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Shannon Master
 Con Cadigan, Box 184 Secretary
 W. J. Brew Collector
 Frank Walton, Box 166 Receiver
 H. H. Maguire Magazine Agent
- 114. BLACK HAWK; Keithsburg, Ill.**
 Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. E. Mason Master
 W. H. Weir Secretary
 Jno. Anderson Collector
 F. L. Venable Receiver
 W. H. Weir Magazine Agent

115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in the Temple of Honor.

H. L. Briggs, Cor. 8th and Market Sts . . . Master
L. T. McNulty, ave M $\frac{1}{2}$ between 26th and 28th sts . . . Secretary
Wm. Powell, 39th St. & Broadway . . . Collector
H. L. Briggs, Cor. 8th and Market Sts . . . Receiver
P. Oehlert, Ave N, bet. 81st and 82d sts . . . Magazine Agent

116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

E. G. Hubbard, Box 127 . . . Master
R. J. Gee, 1604 Poplar St., Port Huron . . . Secretary
R. J. Gee, 1604 Poplar St., Port Huron . . . Collector
E. G. Hubbard, Box 127 . . . Receiver
E. R. Haywood, 905 Prospect St., Port Huron . . . Magazine Agent

117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.

Meets 2d Sunday and 4th Wednesday of each month, in K. of P. Hall, Carling's Block, Richmond St.

Robt. Lister, 411 Hill st . . . Master
Robt. Hornsby, 154 Clarence St . . . Secretary
S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St . . . Collector
John Dickson, 367 Simcoe St . . . Receiver
Thos. Roddam, 418 Horton St . . . Magazine Agent

118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.

Meets in Pearson's Hall, Main St., opposite Skating Rink, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

Jas. Law, Richmond Station . . . Master
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station . . . Secretary
Albert Laroche . . . Collector
John Kelly, Richmond Station . . . Receiver
G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station . . . Magazine Agent

119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.

Meets Wednesday and Thursday nights, alternately, in English School Room.

Geo. Findlay, River du Loup Station . . . Master
L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station . . . Secretary
L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station . . . Collector
Wm. LeBrock . . . Receiver
Alfred Ouellet, River du Loup Station . . . Magazine Agent

120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets in C. M. B. A. Hall, Cor. Fayette and Salina Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M. and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.

Jno. Carey, 600 Gifford st . . . Master
Simon Mangan, 730 Otisco St . . . Secretary
L. G. Rousson, Ontario st. Extension . . . Collector
F. H. Livingston, 404 Jackson St . . . Receiver
Fred Demars, 304 Basin st . . . Magazine Agent

121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 8 P. M.

Thos. Cushing . . . Master
J. F. Roody 333 E. Market st . . . Secretary
J. F. Roody, 333 E. Market st . . . Collector
E. E. Everts, 359 E. Erie ave . . . Receiver
C. F. Ramsdell, 301 Tioga Ave . . . Magazine Agent

122. FEDERATION; Passa, Ill.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

A. C. Reif . . . Master
W. E. Gray, L. Box 305 . . . Secretary
Chas. Royle, L. Box 98 . . . Collector
W. E. Gray, L. Box 305 . . . Receiver
Wm. Wolf . . . Magazine Agent

123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.

Meets at 1316 Douglas St., second floor, every Wednesday at 8 P. M.

Wm. Anderson, 1111 So. 7th st . . . Master
Jno. Glynn, 1321 So. 5th st . . . Secretary
W. Carr, 1016 So. 11th st . . . Collector
John Nilsson, 1018 So. 11th st . . . Receiver
Jno. Glynn, 1320 S. 5th st . . . Magazine Agent

124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.

Meets in Red Men's Hall 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

W. H. Baldwin, 1800 9th st., Council Bluffs . . . Master
Wm. Murphy . . . Secretary
J. T. Donahue . . . Collector
T. F. Pendy . . . Receiver
W. W. Gage Jr., Box 330 . . . Magazine Agent

125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 15 S. Center St., 2d and 4th Sundays.

Alex. Thompson, 307 S. Centre St . . . Master
J. P. Boyce, 408 S. Third St . . . Secretary
F. R. Davis, 204 S. 2d ave . . . Collector
J. M. Larimer, 307 S. 3d Ave . . . Receiver
E. H. Miniter, 611 S. 3d st . . . Magazine Agent

126. COMET; Austin, Minn.

Meets in Hays' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Sundays.

W. A. Brossard . . . Master
Wm. Ryan . . . Secretary
Henry Matthews . . . Collector
W. A. Brossard . . . Receiver
G. L. Hazen . . . Magazine Agent

127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Meets in Assinaboine Hall, 133 Ross St., 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday evening.

W. H. Woods, 454 Logan St . . . Master
J. G. Norquay, 73 Hallett St . . . Secretary
A. C. Craig, 473 Alexander St . . . Collector
Thos. Reece, 76 Gunnell St . . . Receiver
G. S. McKenzie, 52 Patrick St . . . Magazine Agent

128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.

Meets in Coleman's Hall, every Tuesday at 7 P. M.

Arthur Todd, Box 106 . . . Master
T. F. Hagan, Box 55 . . . Secretary
C. S. Taylor, Box 55 . . . Collector
Jas. McKenzie, Forsyth . . . Receiver
J. C. Sorenson . . . Magazine Agent

129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

M. A. Haring, L. Box 821 . . . Master
J. F. Burns, Box 178 . . . Secretary
H. C. Gibbs . . . Collector
G. H. Valentine . . . Receiver
Harry Broad . . . Magazine Agent

130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets in Firemens' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.,

C. S. McAuliffe, 451 Walker St . . . Master
J. F. Scott, 256 Mineral st . . . Secretary
J. C. Callahan 525 Clybourn st . . . Collector
J. C. Callahan, 525 Clybourn st . . . Receiver
J. H. Brady, 467 Fourth ave . . . Magazine Agent

131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.

Meets in Redfield's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

John Noonan, Box 234 . . . Master
Chas. Simpson, Box 199 . . . Secretary
John Noonan, Box 234 . . . Collector
Chas. Simpson, Box 199 . . . Receiver
R. C. Bloye . . . Magazine Agent

132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Meets in Odd Fellows's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

W. R. Hammond . . . Master
S. S. Coleman, Box 12 . . . Secretary
S. E. Calkins, Box 49 . . . Collector
J. H. Howell, Clarion . . . Receiver
J. H. Luce . . . Magazine Agent

133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Wash.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.

C. W. Shunk, Box 101 . . . Master
C. A. Philhour, Box 180 . . . Secretary
Sam. Shepherd, Box 193 . . . Collector
J. S. Burns . . . Receiver
Sam. Shepherd, Box 193 . . . Magazine Agent

184. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.

Meets in Eastman Hall, every Sunday at 8 P. M.
 L. L. Robinson Master
 H. E. Cowan Secretary
 W. C. Burney Collector
 E. W. Gibson Receiver
 Louis Lepine Magazine Agent

185. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 Colin McArthur, Box 184 Master
 D. F. Anderson Secretary
 G. P. Walker Collector
 J. C. Simino, Box 184 Receiver
 W. B. Slason Magazine Agent

186. J. SCOTT; Lindsay, Ontario.

Meets in S. O. E. Hall, alternate Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 T. G. Dayman, Box 516 Master
 J. A. Watson, Box 516 Secretary
 A. S. Edmunds, Box 516 Collector
 J. A. Watson, Box 516 Receiver
 T. R. Wilkinson Magazine Agent

187. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 S. Arenschield, Box 478 Master
 H. E. Fehr, Box 225 Secretary
 G. W. Wright, Box 674 Collector
 A. Shunterman, Box 423 Receiver
 G. W. Wright, Box 674 Magazine Agent

188. UNION; Freeport, Ill.

Meets in J. H. Adam's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Sam. Shauncy Master
 S. A. Mayall, 12 Winslow St. Secretary
 A. B. Cranson Collector
 G. W. Showalter, 50 N. Galena ave. Receiver
 Wm. Neidleigh, cor. Chicago and Clark Ave. Magazine Agent

189. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.

Meets in Schults's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Fridays at 2 P. M.
 Parker Barret Master
 G. E. Landes, Box 298 Secretary
 Ralph Toland Collector
 G. E. Landes, Box 298 Receiver
 F. H. Wheeler Magazine Agent

140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.

Meets in Fraternity Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Hardy, L Box 599 Master
 W. S. Brewster, B x 517 Secretary
 G. E. Korn, Box 522 Collector
 Henry Wise, L Box 599 Receiver
 S. W. Seellinger, Box 517 Magazine Agent

141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall at 79 Calhoun St., Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 A. J. Kohler, 461 Calhoun St. Master
 J. W. Stackhouse, 24 Boun st. Secretary
 Wm. Dexter, 16 Brackenridge st. Collector
 W. B. Frederick, 415 S. Lafayette St. Receiver
 C. F. Sweny, 429 So. LaFayette st. Magazine Agent

142. SAFETY; Toledo, Ohio.

Meets at 329 Broadway, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
 A. S. Mead, Air Line Junction Master
 Geo. Bittman, 634 So. St. Clair st. Secretary
 P. J. Shardt, 221 Oliver st. Collector
 P. J. Miller, 426 Walbridge ave. Receiver
 J. G. Hofstatter, care Thos. Ray, Elyria Magazine Agent

143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.

Meets in California Hall, 1015 Clay St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. P. Woods, East Berkeley Master
 E. J. Brady, 1683 Chase st., Oakland Secretary
 C. W. Pangburn, 1723 Goss st. Collector
 C. J. Sellander, 903 4th ave, E Oak-land Receiver
 T. J. Roberts, 1006 Pine st. Mag. Agent

145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.

Meets in Jonas' Hall, 601 Austin St. every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
 Robt. Nicholson, 319 10th St. Master
 J. C. Osten, 1218 Hackberry at Secretary
 J. E. Norton, 10 River ave Collector
 H. A. Donaldson, 510 Hayes st. Receiver
 H. N. Norton, 1110 Ave. D. Magazine Agent

146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.

Meets in Bell's Hall, 1st and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
 Chris. Mortensen, 6 Providence st. Master
 Fred Keeler, 88 Hardy st. Secretary
 Ed. Wheeler, 29 Conti St. Collector
 D. M. Moody, 101 Hardy st. Receiver
 A. W. Brown, 105 Hardy St., 5th Ward Magazine Agent

147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.

Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
 Arthur Haines, Box 105 Master
 Jas. Conney, Box 105 Secretary
 W. T. McGinnis, Box 105 Collector
 W. W. Shortt, Box 62 Receiver
 Wm. Holden, Box 105 Magazine Agent

148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Friday at 1:30 P. M.
 John Linehan, Box 416 Master
 S. F. James, Box 416 Secretary
 J. L. Dalton, Box 416 Collector
 M. E. Stafford, Box 438 Receiver
 J. W. Bain, Box 416 Magazine Agent

149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.

Meets at 110 East 125th St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 A. H. Hawley, 304 W. 129th st. Master
 P. A. Donahue, 1204 Amsterdam ave. Secretary
 R. T. Roscoe, 1958 3d Ave. Collector
 A. H. Hawley, 304 W 129th st. Receiver
 F. W. Charnley, 62 E 114th st Mag. Agent

150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.

Meets in Mack's Hall, cor. Washington and 3d Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 N. A. Cooke, 125 Fifth st. Master
 F. W. Boesler, Jr., 126 6th st. Secretary
 F. D. Mills, 480 W. Washington st. Collector
 G. McK. Gibson, 212 Division St. Receiver
 R. J. Dobson, 140 Rock St. Magazine Agent

151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Jas. Rhy'd, St. Mary's Lane Master
 Jas. Morris, 198 Macauley st. E. Secretary
 Jas. Gaskin, Inchbury st. Collector
 J. D. Mills, Inchbury st. Receiver
 Wm. Broughton, 126 Cannon st. Magazine Agent

152. NORTH POLE; West Bay City, Mich.

Meets in Royal Arcanum Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Patrick Roach Master
 Frank Potter, Box 762 Secretary
 Geo. Martin, 805 Carrie st. Collector
 W. A. Maguire Receiver
 Frank Potter, Box 762 Magazine Agent

153. H. C. LOED; Fort Scott, Kansas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner 2d and Main Sts.
 W. B. Lane, 202 Hill St. Master
 J. B. Martin, 401 S. Broadway Secretary
 Vernon Martin, 112 Margrave st. Collector
 W. B. Lane, 2-2 Hill at Receiver
 J. M. Parmley, 102 1st and Barbee Sts. Mag. Agent

154. McKEEN; Chanute, Kansas.

Meets in Masonic Hall, on every Thursday at 7:00 P. M.
 R. W. Cameron, Box 141 Master
 E. K. Brehl Secretary
 J. E. Flint, Box 819 Collector
 W. L. Miller, Box 201 Receiver
 W. L. Miller, Box 201 Magazine Agent

145. J. F. BINGHAM; New York, N. Y.

Meets in Schrader's Hall, 147 W 32d St., 1st Saturday at 8 P. M., and 3d Thursday at 10 A. M.
 H. A. Fountaine, 1765 Columbus Ave. Master
 A. M. Greene, 317 E 114th St. Secretary
 Theo. Fry, 222 W. 16th St. Collector
 D. W. Bell, 218 W. 67th St. Receiver
 H. A. Fountaine, 1765 Columbus Ave. Magazine Agent

146. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. S. Cowan, Box 358 Master
 N. F. Colbert, Box 356 Secretary
 Marcus Byrnes, Box 356 Collector
 Joa. Terre, Box 356 Receiver
 H. A. Jernigan Magazine Agent

147. ECHO; Peru, Ind.

Meets in Echo Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 G. H. Smith Master
 M. E. Whetzel, L. Box 111 Secretary
 F. L. Wade Collector
 Lincoln Scott Receiver
 G. M. Jackson Magazine Agent

148. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.

Meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, 47th and Monroe sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 D. W. Fox, 170 Ash st. Master
 D. M. Bowles, 463 Dragon ave. Secretary
 J. W. Da y, 394 Howard st. Collector
 Ed. Heldenrich, 124 Hastings St. Receiver
 Joa. Nopper, 56 Ervst, Adrian. Magazine Agent

149. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.

Meets in Simmons' Hall, cor. Summer and Union Sts., every Monday at 9:30 A. M.
 A. T. Rogers, 1214 Martin st. Master
 R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Secretary
 R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Collector
 W. C. McCombs, 128 McNary st. Receiver
 R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Magazine Agent

150. C. J. NEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 3d and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. M. Boleman, 30 William st. Master
 R. T. Skinner, 1,508 Walnut St. Secretary
 E. F. Stiker, 1,611 Division St. Collector
 Edgar Hitch, 831 Canal st. Receiver
 K. T. Skinner, 1503 Walnut st. Magazine Agent

151. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.

Meets in Knights of Pythias Hall cor. Third and Jefferson sts., every other Sunday at 2 P. M.
 J. A. Richards, 1117 8 8th St. Master
 Lewis Benthel, 818 N 10th st. Secretary
 J. A. Richards, 1117 8 8th St. Collector
 J. D. Hawksworth, 2008 Madison St. Receiver
 C. O. Newell, 832 Columbia st. Magazine Agent

152. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 505 Main St., every Tuesday night 7:30, and 1st Sunday at 2 P. M.
 D. F. Wagner, 325 Jefferson st. Master
 H. W. Moore, 1616 S. 3d st. Secretary
 Theo. Snader, 510 Sixth St. Collector
 I. J. Miller Receiver
 F. J. Swartz, 135 St. Joest Magazine Agent

153. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Friday at 7 P. M.
 Eugene Harnett, Box 212 Master
 F. L. Nator, 322 W 6th ave. Secretary
 W. S. Wilson, 321 E 6th ave. Collector
 W. S. Wilson, 321 E 6th ave. Receiver
 W. H. Rice, 628 Tennessee st. Magazine Agent

154. KEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.

Meets Tuesday nights in I. O. O. F. Hall, on Broadway.
 J. J. Derck, Box 202 Master
 C. E. Blair Secretary
 Geo. Childers Collector
 David Plowe, Box 392 Receiver
 C. E. Blair Magazine Agent

155. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.

Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st, 2d and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. J. Gleason, Box 169 Master
 G. W. Adams, Box 169 Secretary
 G. B. Richans, Box 283 Collector
 A. I. Routh Receiver
 O. M. Leedy Magazine Agent

156. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.

Meets in Engineer's Hall 1st Monday at 2:30 P. M., and 3d Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 C. M. Keller, Box 619 Master
 J. P. McCaulay, Box 340 Secretary
 J. S. Dolan, Box 915 Collector
 C. E. Wallace, L. Box 988 Receiver
 Wm. Gemmer Magazine Agent

157. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 F. W. Bromley Master
 Daniel Marshall Secretary
 H. J. George Collector
 Mark Dah-hell Receiver
 G. B. Avery Magazine Agent

158. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 129 Rose St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 Frank Krause, 924 Rose st. Master
 Richard Hurley, 229 Sumner st., La Crosse. Secretary
 Patric McBride, 522 Mill st. Collector
 Thos. Cayley, 522 Mill st. Receiver
 H. V. Schneider, 1044 Avon st., La Crosse. Magazine Agent

159. H. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.

Meets in Washington Hall, Broad St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. H. Burt, 25 Jane st. Master
 V. C. Randolph, 81 River St. Secretary
 A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St. Collector
 A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St. Receiver
 C. S. Kimball, 35 Erie ave. Magazine Agent

170. PRAIRIE; Huron, S. Dakota.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
 G. K. Briggs, 454 Utah st. Master
 J. R. McNickle, Box 873 Secretary
 T. C. Lauters, 520 Utah St. Collector
 Wm. Whalen, 272 Iowa st. Receiver
 Ed. Sampson, 1038 8th St. Magazine Agent

171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.

Meets in Hall 1st Saturday and 4th Thursdays.
 T. W. Hennessey, Box 167 Master
 F. M. White Secretary
 Wm. McLean Collector
 Fred Geddis Receiver
 Wm. Hanway Magazine Agent

172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.

Meets alternate Sundays in Manchester Hall, cor. Sparks and Wellington Sts.
 F. W. Morrison, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Master
 W. S. Blyth, 284 Nicholas St. Secretary
 Edw. Woode, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Collector
 Hugh Handyside, Hintonburg, via Ottawa, Ont. Receiver
 Wm. Ellis, Hintonburg P. O., via Ottawa. Magazine Agent

173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 G. W. Greenwood Master
 W. J. Wagoner Secretary
 H. R. McGowan, Albuquerque, N. M. Collector
 W. C. Glover Receiver
 G. W. Greenwood Magazine Agent

174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.

Meets cor 3d and Cumberland Sts., Sible's Hall, 2d Sunday at 1 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 B. F. Hubert, 1715 Fifth st. Master
 H. S. Gingrich, 1418 Wallace st. Secretary
 R. J. Seltz, 1816 N Sixth st. Collector
 Wm. Blessing, 422 Riley St. Receiver
 W. H. Smith, 1412 Sixth st. Magazine Agent

175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.

Meets in O. R. C. Hall at 12½ N 2d St., every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
 R. J. Coffman, 257 Race st. Master
 Edgar Heacock, 58 Mills st. Secretary
 R. J. Coffman, 105 Buena Vista st. Collector
 Brad. Toben 228 Indiana ave. Receiver
 Wm. Mossner, 27 Spencer st. Magazine Agent

176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.

Meets in Warner's Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings.
 S. J. McFall, Box 200 Master
 C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
 G. L. Clark Collector
 S. J. McFall Receiver
 R. J. Simpson, Box 335 Magazine Agent

177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, every Thursday at 7:40 P. M.
 Jas. Finks Master
 W. G. Mason, Jr. Secretary
 C. C. Leach, Box 184 Collector
 C. W. Bedell Receiver
 H. H. Edwards Magazine Agent

178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Main and 1st S. Sts., Tuesdays, at 8 P. M.
 C. A. Wolf, 759 W. So. Temple st. Master
 A. E. Koontz, 564 W. Fourth St. Secretary
 C. A. Wolf, 759 W. So. Temple st. Collector
 G. H. Brown, 166 S 3d at West Receiver
 J. E. McCarty, 552 West Fourth St. Magazine Agent

179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M.
 J. W. Barber, University Place Master
 J. K. Robinson, 718 H St. Secretary
 J. W. Barber, University Place Collector
 J. K. Robinson 718 H St. Receiver
 A. C. Berry, 851 N. 12th St. Magazine Agent

180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.

Meets cor. 12th St. and Washington Ave., 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 M. J. Kiley, 602 Jefferson Ave. Master
 Wm. O'Connell, 2,017 Poplar St. Secretary
 G. H. Shaw, 2,007 Commercial Ave. Collector
 M. J. Kiley, 602 Jefferson Ave. Receiver
 G. H. Shaw, 2,007 Commercial Ave. Magazine Agent

181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Wilson Munro Master
 Jas. Nicholson Secretary
 Alex. Dunbar Collector
 Jas. Nicholson Receiver
 Alex. Dunbar Magazine Agent

182. GOOD INTENT; Erie, Pa.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, Zuck's Block, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 H. E. Hiliiker, Miles' Grove Master
 A. H. Gifford, 221 W 18th St. Secretary
 A. H. Gifford, 221 W 18th St. Collector
 T. F. Ray, 1920 Myrtle st. Receiver
 Magazine Agent

183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers' Hall alternate Thursdays at 7 P. M.
 G. C. Redhead Master
 W. H. Cross Secretary
 J. B. Calvin Collector
 H. I. Miller, Box 154 Receiver
 W. H. Cross Magazine Agent

184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in Irish Hall.
 Jacob Bowsher, 496 S Tanner St. Master
 M. R. Lacy Secretary
 Jacob Bowsher, 496 S Tanner St. Collector
 J. S. Lewis, 933 Elizabeth St. Receiver
 Magazine Agent

185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.

Meets in Beyer's Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 A. T. Hogarth, Box 158 Master
 C. L. Young, Box 47 Secretary
 W. F. Lumby Collector
 A. T. Hogarth, Box 158 Receiver
 Harmen Cramer Magazine Agent

186. CHAMBERLAIN; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Walther's Hall, 3884 State St., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 W. K. Phelps, 4744 Dearborn st. Master
 Jas. Manning, 711 W. 47th St. Secretary
 H. S. Anderson, 641 37th st. Collector
 Jas. Everitt, 4219 School St. Receiver
 J. W. Rogers, 4034 Wabash ave. Magazine Agent

187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.

Meets in Federation Hall, every Sunday at 7 P. M.
 G. W. Durell Master
 W. W. Donaldson Secretary
 R. S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Collector
 R. T. Cassidy Receiver
 S. S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Magazine Agent

188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Miehle Hall, cor. Western Ave. and Indiana St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Dell Miller, 83 Artesian ave. Master
 C. H. Wheeler, 212 Emerson ave. Secretary
 Fred Myers, C. M. & St. P. engine house, Western ave. Collector
 L. L. Gay, 675 Park Ave. Receiver
 L. P. Smith, 650 Fulton St. Magazine Agent

189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.

Meets in Narris' Block, Green Bay, Wis., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 Martin Sheehy Master
 R. H. Thompson Secretary
 G. E. Wallace, Green Bay, Wis. Collector
 Martin Sheehy Receiver
 Jno. La Hole, Grand Rapids Magazine Agent

190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, S. Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Emmet Wentworth, Box 102, Sanborn, Ia., Master
 E. M. Day, Sanborn, Ia. Secretary
 O. W. Merwin (Box 189), Sanborn, Iowa Collector
 O. W. Merwin, Box 189, Sanborn, Iowa Receiver
 Thos. Helman, Sanborn, Iowa Magazine Agent

191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.

Meets in Thompson's Hall every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Henry McCue, Box 394 Master
 For est Bullard, Box 302 Secretary
 Walter Jellison Collector
 A. M. Gschell Receiver
 Forrest Bullard, Box 302 Magazine Agent

192. MT. TACOMA; Tacoma, Wash.

Meets in Mason Block, 1st and 3d Thursdays at 8 P. M.
 W. E. Wheeler, Box 488 Master
 Jno. Cartwright, Box 222 Secretary
 Jno. Cartwright, Box 222 Collector
 F. S. Stevens, Box 488 Receiver
 J. E. Connolly, 1122 Pacific ave. Magazine Agent

193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.

Meets in Ross's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2 P. M.
 D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Master
 Jno. Valche, Box 287 Secretary
 E. J. Stroud, Box 287 Collector
 D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Receiver
 D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Magazine Agent

194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.

Meets in K. of P. Hall 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Dailley, Box 385 Master
 W. T. Dickenson, Box 385 Secretary
 L. D. Sterne Collector
 Geo. Slade Receiver
 Thos. Wilkins Magazine Agent

- 195. RE-ECHO; Montpelier, Idaho.**
Meets in Montpelier Hall, Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Hammond, Box 6 Master
Jno. Hale Secretary
Owen Buckley Collector
L. H. Lubben Receiver
R. W. Cunningham Magazine Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 125 E 6th St., every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. C. Bull, Cadillac Hotel Master
S. W. Burdick, 1311 Poplar st Secretary
W. B. Goff, 122 W 3d st Collector
H. C. Newell, Box 414 Receiver
S. W. Burdick, 1311 Poplar St Magazine Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 9 A. M. and 3d Sunday at 1:30 P. M. in B. of L. E. Hall, Law's Building.
Jas. Bailey Master
G. C. Thomas, Box 59 Secretary
W. H. Young Collector
Jas. Bailey Receiver
S. A. McCormac, Box 309 Magazine Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
E. A. Crane, 38 Cortland st Master
W. W. Drury, 50 Foster Ave Secretary
E. C. Somers, 44, Pleasant st Collector
W. Y. Dennis, 31 W. Seminary St Receiver
Jos. Herron, 16 Courtland st Magazine Agent
- 199. HAMMOND; Youngstown, Ohio.**
Meets in B. of E. B. Hall, over First National Bank, 21 Federal St., 2d Sunday afternoon and 4th Thursday evening.
W. J. Reese, 1238 Emma st Master
W. B. Wiseman, 1101 Oak St. Secretary
Michael Hallisy Collector
W. B. Wiseman, 1101 Oak st Receiver
M. J. Welch, 25 Darrow St Magazine Agent
- 200. FAITH; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M.
Henry Schlager, N. O. & N. E. shops Master
J. L. Stuts, 307 21st ave Secretary
J. E. Mitchell, 313 N. 41st ave Collector
S. F. Baker, 423 41st Ave Receiver
M. J. Mitchell, 5th st and 37th ave Magazine Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets every in K. of P. Hall Saturday at 7 P. M.,
J. D. Bledsoe Master
J. W. Briggs Secretary
Wm. Quinn Collector
J. T. Gaffany Receiver
U. G. Hilton Magazine Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets in Clough's Hall, 1st Sunday at 2:30 P. M., and 3d Monday at 7 P. M.
S. A. Barker, 495 2d St Master
Lewis Gettle, Jr., 86 N Sugar St Secretary
W. H. Cutter, 272 E Main st Collector
J. H. Brandenburg, 104 N Sugar st Receiver
W. D. Mathewson Magazine Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. N. Lamb, Box 233 Master
L. B. Hart, Box 23 Secretary
G. E. Campbell, Box 198 Collector
C. F. Reneman, Box, 98 Receiver
G. W. Artis, Box 103 Magazine Agent
- 204. COTTON BELT; Jonesboro, Ark.**
Meets in Stacy Hall, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
William E. Dixon Master
W. E. Morris Secretary
C. P. Bond Collector
W. E. Dixon Receiver
F. W. Riga Magazine Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Christ. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st Master
Olmead Hollister, 630 Jefferson st Secretary
E. H. Powell, 405 Lake st Collector
Christ. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st Receiver
J. L. Spalding, 308 Hancock st Magazine Agent
- 206. FORT PICKERING; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets in Miller's Hall, Cor. 5th and Jackson Sts. every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Thos. Cosgrove, K. C. M. & B. round house Master
D. L. Forsyth, 471 1/2 Georgia st Secretary
J. J. Quinn, K. C. M. & B. Round House Collector
D. L. Forsyth, 471 1/2 Georgia st Receiver
G. A. Robinson, 121 Rayburn ave. Magazine Agent
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets in Arcanum Hall, every Wednesday evening.
Thos. Newberry, 357 E Center st Master
E. L. First, 1048 Market st Secretary
G. T. Patton, 371 North st Collector
G. A. Oster, 347 Poplar St Receiver
F. E. Morrison, 825 Liberty St Magazine Agent
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets in Doran's Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Daniel Creegan Master
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Secretary
John Hille Collector
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Receiver
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Magazine Agent
- 209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 3d story Old National Bank building, alternate Sundays 2:30 P. M.
H. E. Gaines Master
J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Secretary
J. W. Nelson, Box 151 Collector
Walter Johnson Receiver
J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Magazine Agent
- 210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets in Mohawk Valley Lodge Room every other Thursday.
Julius Zeller, Box 497 Master
J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Secretary
J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Collector
J. E. VanVranken, Box 497 Receiver
Wm. Hogan, 429 Hamilton st Magazine Agent
- 211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets in Bragg's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. Gausline, 1056 Butler st., Easton Master
C. L. McKee, 209 S 5th St., Easton Secretary
J. B. Smith, 912 Wilkesbarre st Collector
A. J. Mickle, 725 Berwick St Receiver
D. W. Henry, 445 Wilkesbarre St. Magazine Agent
- 212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets in Good Templars' Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. T. Ames, 96 Arsenal St Master
Willis Graham, 39 Meadow St Secretary
Van. C. Bockus, 27 Cross St Collector
F. C. Nichols, 24 Meadow St Receiver
F. E. Root, 27 Orchard St Magazine Agent
- 213. WEST SHORE; Syracuse N. Y.**
Meets in Doolittle Hall, Pine St., alternate Sundays.
C. E. Blanchard, 142 Oak St Master
M. J. Melroy, 140 Oak St Secretary
C. W. Prime, 339 Elm St Collector
Edward Davis, 140 Oak St Receiver
Jno. Sullivan, 103 Henderson St. Magazine Agent
- 214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets in Beryun Hall, on 1st St. 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. L. Stewart, 141 Falls Road Master
J. W. Akehurst, 442 Federal St Secretary
A. F. Gibbons, 415 Fifth st Collector
G. C. Yeagy, 448 Federal St Receiver
W. C. Martin, 24 W Townsend st. Magazine Agent
- 215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Master
J. W. Reed, 105 2d St Secretary
W. A. Buckbee, 52 Pine St Collector
C. J. Wriker, 21 Glenn St Receiver
V. D. Rhodes, 439 Broadway Magazine Agent

216. BLACK RIVER; Lorain, Ohio.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, Benson Block, 2d and 4th
Sundays at 12 o'clock noon.
J. C. Crouch, L. Box 1124 Master
F. L. Cutting, Box 353 Secretary
H. A. Eddy Collector
Thos. Burns Receiver
J. B. Liggett, Uhrichsville Magazine Agent

217. HEADLIGHT; Brazil, Ind.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons.
Henry Schade Master
M. T. Wilson, Box 5 Secretary
Elza Ax Collector
C. A. Gilmore, Box 126 Receiver
Henry Schade Magazine Agent

218. PIKES PEAK; Colorado City, Colo.

Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.
Geo. Hopkins Master
Richard Griffith, Box 268 Secretary
J. H. McIntyre Collector
Richard Griffith, Box 268 Receiver
Chas. Snyder Magazine Agent

219. SMOKEY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.

Meets cor. Bidwell and Pennsylvania Aves. every
Monday at 2:30 P. M.
J. L. Phillips, 263 Franklin St. Master
G. B. Fletcher, 356 California ave Secretary
J. B. Martin, 218 Bidwell st. Collector
E. B. Shaffer, 307 Allegheny Ave. Receiver
E. F. McCarty, 2 Refuge st. Magazine Agent

220. PROVIDENT; Sanbury, Pa.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 3d St. 1st and 3d Sundays,
at 1 P. M.
A. V. Raup, Box 212 Master
J. F. Malick, Box 212 Secretary
H. W. Shoffstall, Box 212 Collector
C. C. Bowen, Box 212 Receiver
C. F. Kline, Box 597 Magazine Agent

221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at
8 P. M.
W. K. Forbes Master
Wm. Holms Secretary
Geo. Crawford Collector
Jno. McMillan, Jr. Receiver
Wm. Holmes Magazine Agent

222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. D. McKinlay Master
O. G. Anderson, Box 49 Secretary
Fred. Peterson Collector
H. M. Rhodes, Box 490 Receiver
C. L. Carter Magazine Agent

223. POTTAWATOMIE; Junction City, Kan.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Kane, Box 555 Master
W. A. Easterday, Box 555 Secretary
Frank Good Collector
W. A. Easterday, Box 555 Receiver
B. S. Quick, 114 Porter St. Kansas
City, Kan Magazine Agent

224. T. C. BOERN; St. Cloud, Minn.

Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall 2d and 4th Sundays
at 8 P. M.
Abe Vogel, 524 19th Ave N Master
H. B. Harding, 317 Thirteenth ave N Secretary
John Mournan, 323 Ninth ave N Collector
Abe Vogel, 524 19th Ave N Receiver
Jas. W. Uptygrove, Box 432 Magazine Agent

225. SUPERIOR; Fort William West, Ontario.

Meets in Smith's Hall every Monday night.
I. N. Maxwell Master
W. T. Reid Secretary
M. A. Bryant Collector
Joseph Fregeau, Fort William East Receiver
Joseph Fregeau, Fort William
East Magazine Agent

226. MAGNOLIA; Corsicana, Texas.

Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays. 2d at 1 P. M. and
4th at 7 P. M.
J. M. Brown, 511 E First ave Master
W. M. Nicol, L Box 73 Secretary
John Barry, 842 E Seventh ave Collector
W. M. Nicol, L Box 73 Receiver
O. J. Jones, 112 W First Ave Magazine Agent

227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.

Meets in Stevens' Hall, North Chenango St., 1st
and 4th Sunday afternoons and 2d Wednesday
evenings.
J. H. Fennell, 53 Griswold st. Master
T. W. Campion, 42 Robinson St Secretary
E. C. Rothrock, 11 Cemetery st Collector
Theo. Haakins, 3 Birdsall St Receiver
U. G. Weaton, 95 Eldridge St. Magazine Agent

228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, No. 332 Lackawanna Ave.
1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
H. A. Cogitzer, 20 Linden st. Master
W. H. Brutsman, 329 Franklin Ave Secretary
A. J. Thomas, 317 S Hyde Park ave. Collector
E. H. Belden, 532 Webster ave Receiver
Arnold Welsenfue, 329 Franklin
ave Magazine Agent

229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.

Meets in Post Bacon Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at
2:00 P. M.
J. J. Quirk, cor. Mary and Albany Sts Master
C. A. Pease, 102 Broad St Secretary
J. A. Weiland, 32 Hubbell st Collector
C. A. Pease, 102 Broad St Receiver
Fred Ebensperger, 159 Catharine
Street Magazine Agent

230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.

Meets at Lehman Hall, 206 Washington Ave., 1st,
3d and 5th Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Bagley, 541 Clinton Ave Master
Courtland Maher, 111 Prospect Ave Secretary
L. F. Kelly, W. Albany Collector
J. J. Gill, 289 1st st Receiver
Edw. Van Epps, 32 Hunter Ave. Magazine Agent

231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner 3d and Market
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. F. Fagan, 407 So. Jackson st. Master
G. H. Larimore, 916 Poplar St Secretary
G. H. Larimore, 916 Poplar st Collector
J. J. Shields, 214 N Franklin st Receiver
Harry Mask, 1006 Lombard st. Magazine Agent

232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.

Meets in A. O. H. Hall 2d Monday and 4th
Wednesday nights.
T. F. Farrell, 19 West st. Master
Thos. Duffy, Cor. Prince and Cottage
Sts Secretary
H. B. Weeden, 281 North St. Collector
C. E. Ward, 79 Wisner Ave Receiver
M. J. Quinn, Norwich Magazine Agent

233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.

Meets in Victoria Hall 1st and 3d Sundays.
John St-wart, Jr., Box 376 Master
F. A. Bitchell Secretary
Frank Gibson Collector
Alfred Wood, Box 376 Receiver
G. W. Speer Magazine Agent

234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, alternate Tuesdays.
H. J. Reid Master
H. A. Lynch Secretary
J. T. Lindsay Collector
John Clemenson Receiver
Jno. Lyons Magazine Agent

235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburg, Pa.

Meets in Welsh Bros. Hall at cor. 26th St. and
Penn Ave., alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M.
J. G. Gray, 38th. above Penn ave Master
John Be-wick, 306 Penn ave Secretary
John B-swi-k, 305 Penn ave Collector
C. G. P-shall, 3105 Penn Ave Receiver
E. F. McK-e, 2,006 Penn ave Magazine Agent

236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.

Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30
P. M.
G. W. Lilly Master
T. E. Cobbs Secretary
W. E. Lyons Collector
J. F. Smith, L Box 33 Receiver
R. F. Boyd Magazine Agent

- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets in Tilton School Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Horace Brink Master
E. H. Brown, 119 So. Green st, Chicago, Secretary
David Leavitt Collector
Thaddeus Chew Receiver
G. J. Rowbottom, 211 Harding Ave., Chicago Magazine Agent
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets in Rogers' Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
J. P. Wesley, 1105 Broadway Master
Lloyd James, 1801 Broadway Secretary
John Diviney, 820 Kentucky st, Louisville Collector
Ambrose Mervor, 1820 15th st, Louisville, Receiver
J. P. Wesley, 1105 Broadway Magazine Agent
- 239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 61 N. Lake St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. F. Parker, 281 E Central ave Master
F. R. Jaynes, 13 N. Liberty st Secretary
Ed. Baker, 28 So Union st Collector
T. R. Moloney, 219 E Central ave Receiver
C. O. Norton, Maids Magazine Agent
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Monday at 2:30 P. M.
E. J. Coy, 528 E Main st Master
M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St Secretary
R. J. Black, N. Elm Ave Collector
M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St Receiver
F. K. Perrine, 106 P. Ingle ave Magazine Agent
- 241. LAKE ERIE; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 421 S. Division St., Alternate Fridays, at 7:30 P. M.
D. E. Barry, 592 Swan St Master
P. W. Springweiller, 145 Monroe St Secretary
P. W. Springweiller, 145 Monroe St Collector
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St Receiver
F. H. Goodenough, 653 Eagle St Magazine Agent
- 242. LIBERTY; Kimbra, N. Y.**
Meets in Redmen's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
John Finlay, Jr., 505 Fulton St Master
H. F. Millins, 851 Magee St Secretary
Joe Flynn, Cor. Benton and Diven ave Collector
H. F. Millins, 851 Magee St Receiver
P. P. Davies, cor. Fulton and South Ave Magazine Agent
- 243. J. B. KELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M., in B. of L. F. Hall, Ohio Block.
C. J. Neef, Box 61, Texarkana, Ark Master
Geo. D. Sbrough, Box 2 Secretary
I. N. Mayer, Box 326, Texarkana, Ark Collector
C. J. Neef, Box 64, Texarkana, Ark Receiver
W. F. Rowe, Box 210, Texarkana, Ark Magazine Agent
- 244. T. P. O'BOURKE; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Schwerdt's Hall, 14th and Jefferson Sts. 1st Thursday at 8 P. M., and 3d Sunday 2:30 P. M.
E. W. Atkins, 66 Hastings st Master
Jno. O'Walley, 14 O'Brien st Secretary
Jno. Larkin, 110 Newberry ave Collector
C. J. Lynch, 502 Robey St Receiver
Jas. Canty, 4029 Butterfield st Magazine Agent
- 245. OGDONIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, Sorrell Building, cor. of Bull and Bay Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
I. R. Stells, 74 W Broad st Master
Adam Hutton, 518 Pine St, Macon Secretary
M. J. Barratt, 193 Charlton st Collector
W. A. Colvin, Berrien st., 3 doors from W Broad st Receiver
Adam Hutton, 271 Bull st Magazine Agent
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets in M. & W depot every Sunday.
J. A. Morris, 1421 Third st Master
W. H. Loney, 704 Third st Secretary
T. E. Jordan, Cor. 3d and Boundary Collector
Edw. Almy, cor. 3d and Boundary Sts. Receiver
J. L. Davidson, Congress st Magazine Agent

- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets in Red Men's Hall, 6½ W Mitchell st., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. F. Heisel, 192 S Forsyth st Master
J. M. Baird, 198 Marietta st Secretary
W. A. Woolbright, 85 Walton st Collector
G. W. Manning, 57 W Simpson st Receiver
J. C. Burnett, 79 Davis st Magazine Agent
- 248. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashabula, Ohio.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. S. Brown Master
H. S. Redhead, Box 236 Secretary
W. L. Davis, Box 454 Collector
C. C. Lockwood, L. Box 17 Receiver
Jas. Counts, West st Magazine Agent
- 249. CALUMET; South Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, South Chicago 3d Sunday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
Daniel O'Connell Master
C. K. Rapp Secretary
P. F. Roach Collector
Wm. Muldoon Receiver
W. J. Price, Box 118 Magazine Agent
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkesbarre, Pa.**
Meets in Room 38 Osterhout Block, cor. E. Market st. and Public Square, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Gay, Kingston Master
J. W. Deets, Forty Fort Secretary
Alex. Thompson, 414 So Main st Collector
Chas. Van Why, Box 78 Ashley Receiver
E. O. Hale, Kingston Magazine Agent
- 251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.**
Meet in Stahl's Hall, Upper Mauch Chunk, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Lafayette Wildoner, L. Box 365 Master
N. E. Reinart, L. Box 365 Secretary
L. H. Yetter, L. Box 365 Collector
Charles Roberts, L. Box 365 Receiver
Wm. Spencer, Box 365 Magazine Agent
- 252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.**
Meets in Fendrich's Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. G. Dett, 503 Chestnut st Master
H. G. Klough, 242 New Second st Secretary
Jos. Dennison, 640 Chestnut St Collector
M. M. Hinkle, 711 Walnut St Receiver
J. D. McBride, 248 New 2d st Magazine Agent
- 253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.**
Meets in Stradling Building, 131 N. Green St., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
J. W. Horn, 41 Wall st Master
Robert Stackhouse, 697 Broad St Secretary
T. H. Decator, 45 Hart Ave Collector
F. P. Parsons, 175 Brunswick Ave Receiver
T. H. Decator, 45 Hart Ave Magazine Agent
- 254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
J. D. McKinney Master
Frank McGinnis Secretary
Thos. Hainer Collector
D. J. Kennedy Receiver
Pierce Welch Magazine Agent
- 255. CANAL CITY; Arkansas City, Kan.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday nights.
J. E. Drennan Master
A. O. Nicholson, W Adams ave Secretary
Andrew Craig Collector
S. S. Small, 1005 S. 1st st Receiver
W. S. Ballou Magazine Agent
- 256. HIGH LINK; Como, Colo.**
Meets in Slater's Hall every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M.
F. K. Rudolph Master
M. D. Finn, Box 113 Secretary
J. B. Clark Collector
M. H. Lintz Receiver
G. N. Chadwick Magazine Agent

257. KIT CARSON; Baton, New Mexico.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, on 1st St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 J. R. Smith Master
 Patrick Delaney Secretary
 A. E. McCreedy Collector
 J. M. McPherson, L Box 59 Receiver
 A. R. Cullen, Box 59 Magazine Agent

258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30.
 J. W. Bunton Master
 C. W. Arnold, L. Box 29 Secretary
 F. E. Hendrickson Collector
 O. M. Newland Receiver
 W. F. Smith, L. Box 472 Magazine Agent

259. D. J. CHASE; Ashland, Wis.

Meets in Good Templar's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Wm. Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave Master
 J. J. Orrick, Commercial Hotel Secretary
 Fred Godfrey, Box 929 Collector
 Wm. Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave Receiver
 T. A. Hubbell, care Walker House, Ironwood, Mich Magazine Agent

260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, Masonic Building, 6th and K Sts., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Jno. Hurley, Box 107 Master
 R. E. Noble, Box 107 Secretary
 Richard Hintze Collector
 D. A. Smith, Box 107 Receiver
 A. G. White, 741 F St Magazine Agent

261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Sunday and 3d Tuesday.
 Wm. Scotham Master
 W. H. Webb Secretary
 D. S. Gantz Collector
 W. R. Fisher Receiver
 T. J. Burns Magazine Agent

2. QUEEN CITY; West Toronto Junct., Ont.

Meets in Campbell Hall, Dundas St., alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Jas. Mahoney, 322 Dufferin St Master
 F. G. Drewitt Secretary
 Jno. Donaldson Collector
 Wm. Hyndman, Box 366 Receiver
 Ernest McConnell, 12 Clark st., Parkdale Magazine Agent

263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.

Meets in Alamo Hall 1st and 3d Thursdays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
 Geo. Surkey, Box 68 Master
 T. H. Henderson, Box 298 Secretary
 Louis Francis Collector
 W. H. Pipkin, L Box 249 Receiver
 John McElroy Magazine Agent

264. J. K. GILBREATH; Butte City, Montana.

Meets in Ozark Hall, South Butte, Mont., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. A. White, South Butte Master
 G. A. Cross, L. Box 3, S Butte Secretary
 G. A. Broomer, South Butte Collector
 E. E. Sweeney, L. Box 11, South Butte Receiver
 Jos. Crumlin, South Butte Magazine Agent

265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 8 Division st., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 G. W. Dailey, 199 Wallen st Master
 L. A. Ogden, 233 Centre st Secretary
 H. L. Brown, 427 Cass st Collector
 L. A. Ogden, 233 Centre St Receiver
 S. D. Heath, 21 Green St Magazine Agent

266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kankana, Wis.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M., in Dugan Hall.
 Chas. Daley Master
 J. M. Golden, Box 324 Secretary
 E. B. Nichols, Box 120 Collector
 Albert Schrader Receiver
 J. J. Palmer Magazine Agent

267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.

Meets in Castle Hall 1st and 3d Thursdays at 1:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. F. Donner Master
 J. E. Coyne, 86½ Pacific Ave Secretary
 J. J. Coyne, 121 Pacific ave Collector
 Fno. Mitchell, 107½ Chestnut st Receiver
 S. P. Vallette, 28 Vallette st Magazine Agent

268. CLIFTON HEIGHTS; New Albany, Ind.

Meets in Hadden's Hall, cor. State and Market Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. T. Dillard, Box 74 Master
 G. L. Stein, 34 W Third st Secretary
 B. B. Barbee Collector
 J. S. Keane, 106 W Main St Receiver
 J. W. Sicer, 238 E Oak st Magazine Agent

269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.

Meets in Chapel Hall, S. E. cor. Genesee and Central Aves., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. S. Sheehan, 25 Storrs st Master
 Harrison Crank, 47 W 5th Secretary
 Harry McGeary, 85 Pendleton St Collector
 J. S. Snyder, 64 Storrs St Receiver
 G. S. Sheehan, 25 Storrs St Magazine Agent

270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets in K. P. Hall, corner Bloomington and Franklin Avenues, South, 1st Sunday at 1:30 P. M., and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Oliver Johnson, 621 11th Ave. S Master
 Patrick Perusse, 116 Cedar ave. S Secretary
 J. D. Shewmaker, 1837 22d st. So Collector
 G. S. Cavanaugh, 2246 Fort Ave Receiver
 C. D. Sharrah, 325 5th Ave S Magazine Agent

271. BYRAM; Port Morris, N. J.

Meets at Union Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. W. Thorpe, Neccong Master
 Wm. Weller, Box 26 Secretary
 T. F. Ayers Collector
 Wm. Weller, Box 26 Receiver
 C. D. Leffler Magazine Agent

272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.

Meets in Wells' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. S. Eveland, Box 106 Master
 Jeremiah Desmond Secretary
 J. P. Butler Collector
 John Everett Receiver
 J. S. Eveland, Box 106 Magazine Agent

273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.

Meets in room 25 Barnard's Block, cor. Clark and 5th Ave., every Monday evening at 7:30.
 F. W. Hinton, 638 So 11th st Master
 R. B. Hind, 1024 South 7th st Secretary
 C. W. Curtis, 860 S. 9th St Collector
 R. B. Hind, 1024 S. 7th st Receiver
 E. A. Schlereth, 811 S. 9th St Magazine Agent

274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7:30 A. M.
 H. M. Newcomb Master
 R. J. Hyde Secretary
 R. W. Butler Collector
 T. I. Hyde Receiver
 C. F. Jordan Magazine Agent

275. LEE; Richmond, Va.

Meets in Druid's Hall, cor. 17th and Main Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 W. R. Sanders, Box 168 Newport News, Va. Master
 C. F. Smith, C. & O. Round House Secretary
 D. C. W. McLeod, C. & O. Round House Collector
 W. R. Sanders, Box 168, Newport News Receiver
 W. R. Sanders, Box 168, Newport News, Va Magazine Agent

276. REGINA; Vancouver, B. C.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d Wednesdays at 4:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Fred Clutterbuck, Box 824 Master
 Moses Cole Secretary
 L. A. Austin, North Bend, B. C. Collector
 Robt. Bunt, Box 58, Kamloops Receiver
 J. T. Little Magazine Agent

277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. Dauphin and Jackson Sts., 2d Sunday at 1 P. M.
 F. I. Kearns, L. & N. Shops Master
 T. W. Ke ney, L. & N. Shops Secretary
 T. W. Kearns, L. & N. Shops Collector
 Chas. Barnard, L. & N. Shops Receiver
 Theady Green, L. & N. Shops Magazine Agent

278. WHITE BREAST; Laredo, Tex.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 8:30 P. M.
 W. B. Metcalf, Box 108 Master
 P. G. Givnakoid Secretary
 W. H. Mabry Collector
 W. B. Metcalf, Box 108 Receiver
 J. B. G'Sell Magazine Agent

279. WHITE SAKO; Tusculum, Ala.

Meets in K. P. Hall 1st Saturday.
 R. P. Taylor Master
 H. H. Burkhardt Secretary
 J. W. Smith Collector
 H. H. Burkhardt Receiver
 J. A. Johnson Magazine Agent

280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9 A. M., 2d and 4th at 7 P. M., in Boyd's Hall.
 Jacob Myers Master
 Henry Peelle Secretary
 Jas. Kenney Collector
 Jacob Myers Receiver
 J. H. Lanahan Magazine Agent

281. WISCONSIN; Yeakum, Texas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M.
 J. P. Cronlon Master
 Alonzo Miller, Box 58 Secretary
 W. H. Martin, Box 88 Collector
 R. D. Corey, Box 118 Receiver
 F. L. Douglas, Box 38 Magazine Agent

282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St., between 4th and 5th Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 Calvin Minniear Master
 J. D. Devore Secretary
 W. C. Christian Collector
 Harry Standing Receiver
 F. H. Orland Magazine Agent

283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, 2d Sunday at 9:30 A. M., and 4th Sunday 2 P. M.
 Jas. Hanrahan, Hallstead Master
 Elwood Edinger, Box 67 Secretary
 W. B. Trowbridge, Hallstead Collector
 S. H. Wells, Hallstead Receiver
 A. M. Sliker, Hallstead Magazine Agent

284. KLM CITY; New Haven, Conn.

Meets in Kih's Hall, 862 Chapel St., 1st and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
 L. R. Watrous, 184 Rosette st Master
 K. A. Ferrill, 82 Spring st Secretary
 E. J. Kenney, Box 1124 Collector
 R. A. Bishop, 160 DeWitt St Receiver
 G. E. Caldwell, 83 W Court st., Springfield, Mass Magazine Agent

285. CHANTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.

Meets in Bliss Hall, cor. Pratt and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 H. L. Stearns, 45 Bancroft St., Springfield, Mass Master
 A. M. Porter, Box 101 East Hartford Secretary
 J. H. Osmond, 55 Allen Place Collector
 H. L. Stearns, 45 Bancroft st., Springfield, Mass Receiver
 A. M. Porter, Box 101, East Hartford Magazine Agent

286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.

Meets in Lester Adams Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 John McGaffan, 908 N. 6th st Master
 W. F. Carle, 609 N Washington ave Secretary
 W. J. Tibbits, F. & P. M. Engine House Collector
 B. M. Curtis Receiver
 W. W. Cook, 303 Carroll st Magazine Agent

287. ALTOONA; Altoona, Pa.

Meets in Couch's Hall, cor 11th ave, and 13th st., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 C. H. Ross, 416 Fifth Ave Master
 J. C. Koehenderfer, 1814 Union ave Secretary
 J. I. Anthony, 1815 Eighteenth st Collector
 Alex. McLaughrey, 1812 Eleventh ave Receiver
 J. C. Koehenderfer, 1814 Union ave Magazine Agent

288. KENNET; Etherville, Iowa.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Tuesday and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 A. L. Houlthouser, Box 5 Master
 P. J. Sullivan, Box 48 Secretary
 A. L. Houlthouser, Box 5 Collector
 E. S. Robinson, Box 102 Receiver
 F. C. Little, Box 85 Magazine Agent

289. MT. LOOKOUT; Chattanooga, Tenn.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Third National Bank, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Rainman Segasser, 220 Montgomery ave Master
 J. C. Gilbreth, 418 Cowart st Secretary
 Garrie Vannardale, 153 Cowart st Collector
 M. W. Manter, Box 268 Receiver
 Garrie Vannardale, 158 Cowart St, Magazine Agent

290. MARION; Hannibal, Mo.

Meets in Emmet Hall, on Broadway bet. 7th and 8th Sts., 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. T. Hart, 416 Washington st Master
 C. E. Lowe, 440 Clay st., S. E Secretary
 E. E. McClain, 148 Riverside st Collector
 Michael Reardon, 416 Washington st Receiver
 E. E. McClain, 148 Riverside st Magazine Agent

291. ATLANTIC; Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meets in Schielllein Hall, 26th Ward, 2d Saturday evening and 4th Sunday morning.
 Edw. Locke, Sackman st. and Liberty ave Master
 G. W. Bruno, 241 Glenwood ave. East Orange, N. J. Secretary
 Wm. Young, E New York ave near Sackman st Collector
 T. H. Smith, 83 Palmetto St Receiver
 T. H. Smith, 83 Palmetto st Magazine Agent

292. POCAHONTAS; Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8:00 A. M.
 C. M. Kidd Master
 F. H. Richards Secretary
 C. M. Kidd Collector
 M. C. Andrus Receiver
 J. R. Phelps Magazine Agent

293. LAFAYETTE; Marion, Iowa.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1st Sunday at 6:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. H. Riley Master
 H. A. Heberling, Box 646 Secretary
 F. H. Bernhardt Collector
 H. A. Heberling, Box 646 Receiver
 Jas. Thomas Magazine Agent

294. OHIO RIVER; Huntington, W. Va.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor 3d Ave. and 8th St., 1st Saturday and last Saturday. 1st Thursday after 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. C. Leake Master
 L. A. D. Tate Secretary
 L. A. D. Tate Collector
 L. A. D. Tate Receiver
 H. A. Wells Magazine Agent

295. U. S.; Davenport, Ia.

Meets in workmen's Hall, cor. 4th and Brady Sts., 1st and 3d Sunday.
 J. J. Sheahan, 522 Eupenade ave Master
 F. W. Duncan, 110 W 5th st Secretary
 F. W. Duncan, 110 W Fifth st Collector
 Martin Gillin, 813 Swiss St Receiver
 G. H. Austin, 804 W. Locust st Magazine Agent

296. IRON RANGE; West Superior, Wis.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 M. T. Osborne Master
 Alex Stewart, Box 471 Secretary
 F. L. Benedict Collector
 T. R. Taylor, 1025 Banks ave Receiver
 D. F. Lantry Magazine Agent

297. CLARK; Jeffersonville, Ind.

Meets in Beck's Hall, every Sunday at 9 A. M.
 B. M. Bennett, Box 182 Master
 C. E. Buehler, 119 Broadway Secretary
 T. M. Vawter, 1713 Bowman st., Louisville,

Ky Collector
 B. M. Bennett, Box 182 Receiver
 B. S. Bennett, 86 E. Court ave Magazine Agent

298. SNOW FLAKE; Glasgow, Mont.

Meets 2d Saturday at 7 P. M., and 4th Saturday at 8 A. M.

D. L. Hardaway, Glasgow, Mont., Box 85 Master
 Geo. McLain, Glasgow, Mont Secretary
 C. T. Doctor, Glasgow, Mont Collector
 Frank Miller, Glasgow, Mont Receiver
 John Goss, Great Falls, Montana Magazine Agent

299. CENTRAL OHIO; Crestline, Ohio.

Meets in Jenner's Block every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

G. W. Reed, Box 98 Master
 W. H. Zink, L. Box 80 Secretary
 J. W. White, Box 808 Collector
 B. W. DeHaven, Box 592 Receiver
 J. L. Davis, Box 688 Magazine Agent

300. SARBOK CITY; Michigan City, Ind.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall alternate Mondays at 2 P. M.

L. A. Wilson Master
 W. H. Roe, L. Box 644 Secretary
 Frank Amutser Collector
 C. W. Brown Receiver
 P. J. Cassidy, Box 183 Magazine Agent

301. GREEN MOUNTAIN; Lyndeville, Vt.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st Sunday at 10 A. M., and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.

J. C. Oakley Master
 W. M. Weeks Secretary
 T. G. Averill Collector
 G. C. Baldwin, McIndoe's Receiver
 R. O. Renaud, Newport, Vt. Magazine Agent

302. ROUSHIGHENY; Connellsville, Pa.

Meets in Reisinger's Hall, Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

J. P. Smith, Box 261 Master
 Geo. Dull Secretary
 S. A. McPhee, Box 387 Collector
 Geo. Dull Receiver
 Jno. Toland Magazine Agent

303. VILLA PARK; Streator, Ill.

Meets in Schlitz' Hall, cor. Main and Vermillion St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

Moore Cantlin, 159 N. Park St. Master
 J. M. Rathbun, 180 Jackson St. Secretary
 H. B. Mumaw, 32 S. Park St. Collector
 Thos. Jefferson, 61 S. Illinois St. Receiver
 J. M. Rathbun, 180 Jackson St. Magazine Agent

304. THREE BRANCH; Argenta, Ark.

Meets in Faucett Hall every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

Wm. Johnson Master
 C. J. Jacks Secretary
 J. S. Sharp Collector
 J. J. Hicks Receiver
 G. F. Barry Magazine Agent

305. UNWIN; Rat Portage, Ontario.

Meets in Garfield Hall every Wednesday evening.

Russell Woods Master
 J. B. Baxter Secretary
 J. J. Sheridan Collector
 John Bowman Receiver
 Geo. Robinson, Box 181 Magazine Agent

306. GRANITE STATE; Concord, N. H.

Meets 2d Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 4 P. M., in Temple Hall, Sanborn Block.

C. S. Woods, West Lebanon Master
 H. N. King Secretary
 N. J. Miller Collector
 H. W. Morrill, West Lebanon Receiver
 J. C. Muzzey, Box 117, W. Lebanon Mag. Agent

307. HAMPDEN; Springfield, Mass.

Meets in Crescent Hall, 218 Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays.

G. H. Leikam, Box 127, Merrick Master
 C. A. Chapin, Box 255, Merrick Secretary
 John Fenton, 585 Chestnut st. Collector
 F. B. Child, 87 Main st. Receiver
 F. B. Child, 87 Main St. Magazine Agent

308. SANTA ROSA; Forterie Diaz, Mexico.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

Emory Spradling, Box 109 Eagle Pass, Tex., Master
 W. A. Moffatt, Box 109, Eagle Pass, Texas Secretary
 Wm. Maynard, Box 109, Eagle Pass, Tex. Collector
 E. T. Manning, Box 109, Eagle Pass, Texas Receiver

W. A. Moffatt, Box 109, Eagle Pass Mag. Agent

309. BARTHOLDI; Long Island City, N. Y.

Meets 2d Mondays and 4th Saturdays at 8:00 P. M. in Schwallenberg Hall.

Wm. Carroll, 184 Eighth St. Master
 A. J. Walker, Mincola, L. I. Secretary
 J. J. Galvin, 46 Clay St., Green Point, L. I. Collector
 A. H. Raultie, 70 East ave Receiver
 W. J. Rooney, 129 East Ave Magazine Agent

310. CHESTNUT RIDGE; Derry Station, Pa.

Meets alternate Mondays and Third Sundays in Chosen Friends' Hall.

W. J. Toole Master
 H. C. Martin Secretary
 J. T. Cole Collector
 McK. G. McKelvey Receiver
 T. S. Krepps Magazine Agent

311. BELLE PLAINE; Belle Plaine, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. F. Hall.

J. H. McPeak Master
 Ed. Zimmerman Secretary
 J. W. Miller, Box 841 Collector
 Robt. Rippin, Box 238 Receiver
 C. M. Goodrich Magazine Agent

312. MOUNT SHASTA; Dunsuir, Cal.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Monday night

G. E. Schuller Master
 W. P. Haskell, Box 9 Secretary
 Leo Martin Collector
 H. L. Walther Receiver
 Archie De LaMontanya Magazine Agent

313. KAW VALLEY; Armourdale, Kansas.

Meets in Melville Hall, alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

Oscar Kengott, 606 Colorado Ave., Kansas City Master
 J. M. Frain, Box 263 Secretary
 J. A. Fike Collector
 W. J. Myers, 381 So. 8th st. Receiver
 W. J. Myers, 381 So. 8th st., Kansas City Magazine Agent

314. GRAND FORKS; Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Kelson ave and 4th St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

G. V. Sebastian, Box 365, Crookston, Minn Master
 Geo. Chase, Box 214 Secretary
 Jas. Myler Collector
 J. M. Hamm, 1101 Broadway Receiver
 Wm. Watkins, Barnesville, Minn, Magazine Agent

315. TROY CITY; Green Island, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd Fellows Hall, 101 Hudson Ave.

Wm. Riley, 438 Tenth st., Troy Master
 H. P. O'Neill, 434 Tenth st., Troy Secretary
 J. W. Spafford, 438 Ninth st., Troy Collector
 J. M. Williams, 20 Ingalls Ave., Troy Receiver
 E. D. Briscoe, 472 8th Ave., Troy Magazine Agent

316. OMEGA; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets in Siebert's Hall, cor. Jefferson and Bristol Sts., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

J. E. Romley, 525 Clinton st. Master
 W. H. Walsh, 1903 Broadway Secretary
 P. J. Donovan, 780 S Division St. Collector
 J. J. Kinney, 31 Walter st. Receiver
 P. J. Donovan, 780 S Division St., Magazine Agent

317. WELCOME HOME; Henderson, Ky.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M.

G. A. Brown Master
 Arnold Ingersoll, O. V. Ry shops Secretary
 P. J. Newman, Morganfield Ky Collector
 P. J. Kramer, O. V. Ry shops Receiver
 Dennis Glenn, 109 Olive st., Evansville Ind. Magazine Agent

318. IRON CITY; Glenwood, 23d Ward, Pittsburg, Pa.
Meets in Speck's Block, cor. 2d St. and Haslewood Ave., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Wills, Glenwood, 23d Ward . . . Master
W. R. McMinn, Glenwood, 23d Ward . . . Secretary
W. H. Frasier, Glenwood, 23d Ward . . . Collector
J. F. Wills, Glenwood, 23d Ward . . . Receiver
P. W. King, 2d Ave., 23d Ward, Magazine Agent

319. MOUNT MORIAH; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets in Miller's Hall, 6215 Woodlawn Ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Thos. Helms, 224 Barney St., Baltimore, Md. . . Master
J. E. Sentman, 62d and Woodlawn Ave. . . Secretary
C. C. Craig, 60th above Woodlawn Ave. . . Collector
B. W. . . ace, 6201 Woodlawn Ave. . . Receiver
J. A. Mouldale, 62d St. and Woodlawn Ave. . . Magazine Agent

320. ABRETRATION; East St. Paul, Minn.
Meets in Wilde's Hall, cor. 7th and Bradley Sts., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Dennis Lordan, 657 Edgerton St., St. Paul, Master
D. C. Morrison, 541 Minnehaha st., St. Paul . . . Secretary
H. A. Young, 112 Arch st., St. Paul . . . Collector
C. L. Work, 911 Lawson St., St. Paul . . . Receiver
Adelbert Gillette, 345 Minnesota st., St. Paul . . Magazine Agent

321. SNOW DRIFT; Chapeau, Ont.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. D. Gav . . . Master
G. B. Nicholson, Box 113 . . . Secretary
Fred Mary, Box 117 . . . Collector
E. W. Hilliard, Box 110 . . . Receiver
Barney Patterson . . . Magazine Agent

322. JULIEN; Dubuque, Iowa.
Meets in United Workmen's Hall, cor. 13th and Clay Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. D. Densmore, 280 Broadway . . . Master
W. W. Ayers, 90 Broadway . . . Secretary
H. F. West, 280 Broadway . . . Collector
Thos. O'Brien, 2,361 Washington St. . . Receiver
U. D. Luce, 657 Leavitt st, Chicago, Ill. . . Magazine Agent

323. Muskegoe; Columbus, Ga.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st ave., bet. 10th and 11th, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m.
G. E. Wilhelm . . . Master
C. A. Smith, 218 Fifth st. . . Secretary
Edward Brown . . . Collector
W. J. Proctor, care Central R. R. shops . . Receiver
W. J. Proctor, Central R. R. shops . . Magazine Agent

324. SOUTHERN CROSS; Gainesville, Texas.
Meets in K. of P. Hall every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
E. R. Curl . . . Master
Frank John, 608 Moran st. . . Secretary
W. A. Hinds . . . Collector
C. E. Winther, L. Box 420 . . . Receiver
August Golke . . . Magazine Agent

325. SATILLA; Waverona, Ga.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Barnes . . . Master
D. B. Coughlin . . . Secretary
A. C. Nall . . . Collector
W. L. Knox . . . Receiver
E. E. Clark . . . Magazine Agent

326. FOLWELL; Bradford, Pa.
Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
G. E. Lovelace, care Model Restaurant . . Master
A. J. O'Hara, 15 Davis st. . . Secretary
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison St. . . Collector
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison St. . . Receiver
J. H. Fenner, Cory House . . . Magazine Agent

327. SILVER MOUNTAIN; Needles, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Saturday evening.
F. B. Hardy . . . Master
Chas. Dittenbaugh . . . Secretary
Jos. Schutt . . . Collector
Edmund Krause . . . Receiver
W. J. Condon . . . Magazine Agent

328. SPANISH PEAKS; La Junta, Colo.
Meets in Grand Army Hall, Mondays, at 2 P. M.
J. C. Cole, Box 32 . . . Master
W. H. Bragg . . . Secretary
Archibald Russell . . . Collector
Leslie Jones . . . Receiver
L. W. Gilbert, Box 156 . . . Magazine Agent

329. SOLOMON VALLEY; Downs, Kansas.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
John Milheiser, Box 102 . . . Master
Asa Dillon, L. Box 183 . . . Secretary
John Milheiser, Box 102 . . . Collector
E. J. Dunlap, L. Box 208 . . . Receiver
Gus Lind, Box 147 Burr Oak Kan. . . Mag. Agent

330. RIVER VIEW; Kansas City, Kansas.
Meets in Melville Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

T. J. Birch, 86 South 7th st. . . Master
C. H. Smelser, 568 Park ave. . . Secretary
J. F. Casey, 617 W. 7th St., Kansas City . . Collector
No . . . Receiver
Lester Rodas, Armourdale, Kan. . . Magazine Agent
G. W. Smith, 11 N. 7th St. . .

331. CHICAGO BELT LINE; Auburn Junction, Ill.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Cor. 79th st, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
A. F. Lance . . . Master
J. D. Flood, Box 166 Auburn Park . . . Secretary
Timothy Hogan, 714 Englewood Ave. . . Collector
J. D. Flood, Box 166, Auburn Park . . . Receiver
W. T. Cloglio, S. Chicago . . . Magazine Agent

332. STONE MOUNTAIN; Augusta, Ga.
Meets in Library Building 1st Sunday and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. H. Young . . . Master
J. W. Wright, 528 Walker st. . . Secretary
J. T. Roney, 932 Taylor st. . . Collector
Arizona Rivers, 524 Walker st. . . Receiver
W. E. Barnes, 434 Telfair st. . . Magazine Agent

333. FAIRMOUNT; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets in Erickson's Hall, 3947 Lancaster St., alternate Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
G. W. Reynolds, 436 Sloan st. . . Master
R. L. Tomlinson, 3837 Linwood st. . . Secretary
C. H. Maul, 380 N 40th st. . . Collector
J. A. Boehm, 3915 Wallace st. . . Receiver
J. A. Boehm, 3915 Wallace st. . . Magazine Agent

334. LONG DOUBLER; East Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Rooms every Monday night.
E. S. Freeman . . . Master
G. M. Shaffer . . . Secretary
E. S. Freeman . . . Collector
J. H. Fitzgerald . . . Receiver
C. H. Gould . . . Magazine Agent

335. SAINT ADOLPHUS; Hochelaga, Canada.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 111 Moreau St.
Patrick McFall, 78 Chatham st Montreal . Master
Jas C. Currie, 168 Mountain st., Montreal . . Secretary
Alfred Pring, 89 Marlborough st. . . Collector
J. G. A. Brasseur, 83 Moreau St. . . Receiver
H. C. Fye, Smith's Falls, Ont. . . Magazine Agent

336. FALL RIVER; Neodesha, Kansas.
Meets in Pierce's Hall, 2d and 4th Saturdays.
R. C. McClellan . . . Master
A. E. Hildebrand . . . Secretary
Chas. Koehler . . . Collector
R. C. McClellan . . . Receiver
Geo. Harman, Box 45, Monett, Mo. . . Mag. Agent

337. BIG FOUR; Kansas City, Mo.
Meets in Summerwell's Hall, 21st and Bellevue ave., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
Frank Dickens, 1311 Reservoir ave. . . Master
C. T. Largent, 1673 Madison ave. . . Secretary
D. R. Jones, 2331 Terrace st. . . Collector
Homer Howa, d, 1210 Reservoir ave . . Receiver
J. W. Leonard, 1641 Bellevue Ave., . . Mag. Agent

338. WEST BRANCH; Reno, Pa.
Meets in Spangler's Hall, cor. 3th St. and Huron Ave., alternate Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
C. E. Coleman . . . Master
Fred Kerby . . . Secretary
Fred Kerby . . . Collector
G. B. McManigal . . . Receiver
W. C. Robison . . . Magazine Agent

339. RED MOUNTAIN; Birmingham, Ala.

Meets in Erswell Building, every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

C. F. Barnett, Union Ticket Office Master
W. G. Bailey, Box 708 Secretary
E. C. Wright, 800 N. 16th st Collector
W. G. Bailey, Box 703 Receiver
H. M. Turner, 114 18th St Magazine Agent

340. STAR OF THE WEST; Newton, Kansas.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 2d Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

Thos Breen, L Box N Master
C. F. Cole, L Box 147 Secretary
W. S. Dix, L Box N Collector
C. E. Jackson, L Box N Receiver
W. N. Breen, Mulyane Magazine Agent

341. GOLD RANGE; Donald, B. C.

Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st and 2d Wednesdays, and 3d and 4th Sundays.

Jas. Grdiss Master
Jos. Callin Secretary
Wm. Tomlinson Collector
John Simons Receiver
W. J. Armstrong Magazine Agent

342. CASCADE; Medicine Hat, North West Terr.

Meets in General Hall, 2d Wednesday and 4th Thursday.

Wm. Lowe, Box 66 Master
Leonard Dobbin, Box 66 Secretary
Wm. Rutherford, Box 66 Collector
Leonard Dobbin, Box 66 Receiver
Wm. Veal, Box 54 Magazine Agent

343. NEW STATE; Spring Hill, Montana.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Wednesday at 2:30 P. M.

M. L. Phillips, Lima Master
W. B. Dean, Box 9 Lima Secretary
S. W. Nugent, Lima Collector
A. E. Jones, Lima Receiver
J. E. Mathews, Lima Magazine Agent

344. LAS ANIMAS; Trinidad, Colo.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, N Commercial St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

J. V. Dailey, 324 Park St Master
J. E. Durden, Box 531 Secretary
J. V. Dailey, 324 Park st Collector
D. M. Lewis Receiver
E. E. Perry, 331 San Pedro st Magazine Agent

345. FROST END; Paris, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.

H. E. Wood, Box 24 Master
Jno. Heine Secretary
Jos. Gerard, Box 24 Collector
Jas. Lyons, Box 24 Receiver
Meddie Phegley, G. C. & S. F. Shops, Dallas Magazine Agent

346. FLOWERY LAND; Pensacola, Fla.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Monday at 3 P. M.

R. F. Metts, L. & N. R. R. Shops Master
T. J. Williams, L. & N. R. R. Shops Secretary
W. H. Stearns, Jr., L. & N. R. R. Shops Collector
R. F. Metts, L. & N. R. R. Shops Receiver
S. C. Donaldson, 822 E. Wright st Magazine Agent

347. OLD FORT; Dodge City, Kansas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Thursdays at 3 P. M.

W. A. Williams, L Box 21 Master
B. F. Oldham Secretary
Augustus Falkner Collector
B. S. Williams, L Box 21 Receiver
J. B. Carothers Magazine Agent

348. BLUE MOUNTAIN; La Grande, Oregon.

Meets every Wednesday at 3 P. M. in K. of P. Hall.

D. M. Neldigh Master
O. M. Abel, Box 142 Secretary
H. M. Wall Collector
H. W. Henson, Box 311 Receiver
C. G. Holmes Magazine Agent

349. HUDSON RIVER; Union Hill, N. J.

Meets in Concordia Hall, 2d Saturday at 8 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.

Wm. Peronto, New Durham Master
J. M. Wisker, 114 Humboldt st Secretary
J. M. Wisker, 114 Humboldt st Collector
Harry Poynton, Box 2, New Durham Receiver
Geo. O'Marra, New Durham Magazine Agent

350. JAMES DONNELLY; Perth Amboy, N. J.

Meets in K. of P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.

T. R. Mertz Master
C. J. Coley Secretary
L. M. Landis Collector
W. J. Ditzler Receiver
John Jones Magazine Agent

351. HOME; White Haven, Pa.

Meets in Runkey's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

C. F. Packer Master
J. N. Deterline Secretary
J. N. Deterline Collector
Chas. Prutzman Receiver
J. S. Purcell Magazine Agent

352. CHAMPLAIN; St. Albans, Vt.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:45 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

J. W. Sweeney, 9 Fairfield st Master
J. W. McGarghan, 9 Fairfield st Secretary
H. P. Hill, 73 Main st Collector
C. P. Kelly, 89 Foundry St Receiver
J. W. Holland, 175 S. Main St Magazine Agent

353. MARBLE CITY; Rutland, Vt.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, corner Merchants' Row and Center st., 1st and 3d Sundays.

C. F. Whitehouse, 24 Howe st Master
W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St Secretary
Harrison Laseille, 23 Pine st Collector
Dennis Toner, 6 Pine st Receiver
W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St Magazine Agent

354. HOBOKEN; Hoboken, N. J.

Meets in Burnett's Hall, cor. Bloomfield and 1st St., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.

J. H. Parker, 102 Orange st., Newark Master
J. S. Kennan, 64 Jefferson st Secretary
Patrick Ash, 814 Orange Collector
J. H. Lord, 136 Morris st., Morristown Receiver
J. J. Welsh, 16 Elephant Lane, Morristown Magazine Agent

355. STONE CITY; Joliet, Ill.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 222 Jefferson St., 1st Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

T. B. Smith, 105 St. Louis st Master
Jos. McGrath, 405 South Chicago st Secretary
Jos. Cassidy, 405 S. Joliet st Collector
Thos. McHugh, 809 N. Chicago st Receiver
Thos. McHugh, 809 N. Chicago st Magazine Agent

356. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW; Albany, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

D. L. Ingalls, 75 Perry st Master
E. J. Lilly, 57 1st St Secretary
R. J. Lilly, 57 1st St Collector
M. E. Hogan, 66 2d St Receiver
M. E. Hogan, 66 2d St Magazine Agent

357. JUNTICK; Vanceborough, Maine.

Meets in Plummer's Hall, Vanceboro and Main St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

J. E. Shea Master
Whitfield Noble Secretary
C. J. Tabor, Woodstock, N. B. Collector
R. A. Kennedy, St. Stephens, N. B. Receiver
D. W. Lounder, St. John, N. B. Magazine Agent

358. COOKE; West St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Fairfield and Dakota ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., 3d Sunday 3 P. M.

Maurice Leahy, 351 Glenwood ave Master
W. R. Ferrin, 87 St. Pierre Terrace Secretary
Peter Ralston, 127 Isabel st Collector
Peter Anderson, 338 South Wabasha st Receiver
Robt. Kennedy Magazine Agent

359. BIG FLINT; Wellington, Kansas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 2:00 P. M.

H. C. Hammond Master
S. H. Barner, 529 So 4th st Secretary
Chas. Weddle, E Harvey ave Collector
W. F. Mahan, Chanute Receiver
Jno. Allen, Panhandle, Tex Magazine Agent

360. COLD SPRING; Springfield, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers' and Firemen's Hall 1st and 3d Sundays.

S. R. Pursel, 1921 Manrow St., Sandusky, O. Master
A. W. Binn, E High St Secretary
J. J. Jordan, 27 Scott st Collector
J. A. Taylor, 1027 Market St., Sandusky, Receiver
O. O. Tremp, O. S. R. R. shops Magazine Agent

361. TRIED AND TRUE; Washington, Ind.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. at Sand Hill Hall.
 W. H. Cunningham Master
 W. E. Ensign, O. & M. Shops Secretary
 Timothy Leyhan, Seymour Collector
 F. L. Nimmicht Receiver
 G. E. Gibson, Seymour Magazine Agent

362. CATARACT; Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Meets at Colts' Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
 David Healy, 57 8d St., Niagara Falls Master
 J. C. White, Box 326 Secretary
 J. P. Pitts, 56 4th St., Niagara Falls Collector
 Chas. Baker, 141 5th St., Niagara Falls Receiver
 E. J. Pitts, 56 4th St., Niagara Falls Magazine Agent

363. METROPOLITAN; New York, N. Y.

Meets at Suburban Hall, 518 E. 140th St., 1st and 4th Sundays.
 J. W. Reilly, 324 Mott Ave Master
 F. R. Elliott, 640 E 139 St Secretary
 A. W. Eggleston, White Plains Collector
 M. J. Lynch, 545 E. 139th St Receiver
 M. J. Lynch, 545 E. 139th St Magazine Agent

364. SOUTHERN STAB; Sanford, Fla.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 C. S. Perry Master
 C. T. McDaniel, Palatka Secretary
 A. A. Holland Collector
 A. J. Harvey Receiver
 Jonas Seely Magazine Agent

365. VIOLET; Bellevue Falls, Vt.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 J. W. Stack Master
 A. E. Wells, Box 598 Secretary
 F. L. Darling, Windsor Collector
 G. A. Firman, Windsor Receiver
 F. E. Keach, L. Box 526, Windsor. Magazine Agent

366. OASIS; Ogden, Utah.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 24th St., Fridays at 1:30 P. M.
 G. J. Burleigh, Box 572 Master
 M. P. McMillan, Box 373 Secretary
 Jas. Tomasek, Box 572 Collector
 H. E. Bishop, Box 373 Receiver
 Henry Ward, Terrace Magazine Agent

367. MORGAN CRANE; Somerset, Ky.

Meets in Johnson's Hall, 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 G. L. Pfeffer Master
 J. G. Dikeman Secretary
 M. J. McCabe, Box 200 Collector
 J. P. Brown, Box 200 Receiver
 J. T. Hughes Magazine Agent

368. DEEP WATER; Springfield, Mo.

Meets in K. of H. Hall on Boonerville St. (Headly Bk.) 1st and 2d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., and 2nd and 4th Monday at 3 P. M.
 D. H. Diller, 558 W Pine St Master
 Jno. Gallagher, 343 Brower St Secretary
 J. R. Hambley, 824 Olive St Collector
 P. B. Squires, 737 Lincoln St Receiver
 P. F. Cahill, 738 N. Grant st Magazine Agent

369. WALNUT VALLEY; Eldorado, Kan.

Meets corner Main St. and Central Ave., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 E. F. Carroll Master
 G. P. Mettler, Box 18 Secretary
 L. O. Leimbach Collector
 J. C. Wickham, Box 304 Receiver
 Edward Turner Magazine Agent

370. TROSHO VALLEY; Council Grove, Kan.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 A. H. Benson Master
 W. C. Ferguson Secretary
 C. Leeman Collector
 Chas. Torrence Receiver
 C. G. Stone Magazine Agent

371. COVENANT; Nevada, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 R. S. Reardon Master
 M. F. Hedrick, Box 123 Secretary
 W. L. McBride Collector
 A. H. Page, 407 E Hickory st Receiver
 Chris Carpenter Magazine Agent

372. SIGNAL MOUNT; Big Springs, Texas.

Meets in J. M. Walker Hall, 1st Wednesday afternoon and 2d Wednesday evening.
 W. D. Pettibone, Box 135 Master
 L. C. Soldan, Box 33 Secretary
 Jas. Berry, Box 33 Collector
 W. D. Pettibone, Box 135 Receiver
 W. J. Crawford, Box 33 Magazine Agent

373. PAWNEE; Fairbury, Nebr.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
 Jas. McQuaid, Box 217 Master
 F. L. Young, Box 217 Secretary
 H. F. Courtney, Box 217 Collector
 Frank McAdams, Box 217 Receiver
 R. T. Smith, Box 217 Magazine Agent

374. McALLISTER; Herington, Kan.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Thursday at 1:30 P. M., and 3d Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 H. A. Decker, Box 85 Master
 O. L. Collier Secretary
 J. W. Hutchinson, L Box 37 Collector
 H. A. Decker, Box 85 Receiver
 E. W. Waring, Box 222 Magazine Agent

375. FRIENDSHIP; Dayton, Ohio.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 17 1/2 E. 3d St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Horace Hopkins, 465 May St Master
 John Stevens, 324 Linden St Secretary
 W. S. John, 26 Simms st Collector
 N. W. Rose, 19 Galloway St Receiver
 Jas. Haney, 2 Center st Magazine Agent

376. J. H. KIRK; Horton, Kan.

Meets in Mitchell's Hall every Saturday evening.
 R. J. Sandidge, L Box 2 Master
 H. B. Hayland, Box 253 Secretary
 H. B. Hayland, Box 253 Collector
 H. B. Morgan, Box 338 Receiver
 Jno. L. Slater, Box 208 Magazine Agent

377. NICKEL PLATE; Conestog, Ohio.

Meets in Harrington & Wildmar's Block, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M., and 2d and 4th at 8:00 A. M.
 J. L. Schreiner, Box 597, Bellevue Master
 Jno. Dooley Secretary
 O. F. L. Wilkins Collector
 C. A. Wilcox, Box 301 Receiver
 Joe. Montigney, 45 Brown st Cleveland Magazine Agent

378. HOLEMOCK; Chartiers, Pa.

Meets every Sunday in Christian Hall, McKees Rocks, Pa., at 1:30 P. M.
 W. A. Newman, McKee's Rocks Master
 O. A. Pope, McKee's Rocks Secretary
 W. F. Morgan, McKee's Rocks Collector
 C. L. Hindsdale, McKee's Rocks Receiver
 T. J. McCormick, McKee's Rocks, Magazine Agent

379. WEAVER; Sayre, Pa.

Meets in K. of H. Hall, Cornell's Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. E. Preston Master
 J. S. Denton, Box 290 Secretary
 W. J. Stewart, Box 216 Collector
 Johnson Walt Receiver
 H. C. Beam Magazine Agent

380. HUB CITY; Aberdeen, S. Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 A. A. Zimmerman, 123 Lincoln St Master
 Frank Cox, Box 691 Secretary
 A. A. Zimmerman, 123 Lincoln St Collector
 W. J. Agnus, 208 Seventh ave. E Receiver
 Frank Cox, Box 691 Magazine Agent

381. J. W. WALKER; Conemaugh, Pa.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 J. L. Williams Master
 E. E. Pringle Secretary
 J. A. Keiper Collector
 F. B. Custer Receiver
 J. W. Walker, L. Box 15 Magazine Agent

382. BETHESDA; Waukesha, Wis.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

Alex. Turner, Box 830 Master
J. J. Purcell, Box 1150 Secretary
Wm. Doylen Collector
J. M. Dowd, Box 1150 Receiver
W. H. Cutting, Box 455 Magazine Agent

383. PETEBOLUM; Oil City, Pa.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, cor. Seneca and Sycamore Sts., 2d Sunday and 4th Monday.

J. H. Quirk, 1 Jefferson st. Master
S. C. Lowrey, 13 Warren st. Secretary
John Davis, 342 Washington ave. Collector
A. G. Sittig, 39 Chestnut st. Receiver
A. W. Jude, Petroleum House Magazine Agent

384. R. H. WILBURN; Lehigh, Pa.

Meets in Reaber's Hall, 1st and Bank Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.

A. T. Henry, Box 122, Weissport Master
W. H. Freyman Secretary
Alvin Rex Collector
Alfred Dreisbach, Weissport Receiver
Alfred Dreisbach, Weissport Magazine Agent

385. BOWER CITY; Janesville, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Milwaukee st., 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

R. P. Kay, 162 Locust st. Master
O. F. Schlicker, care European hotel Secretary
Lonie Proper Collector
M. A. Heath, 208 S Academy st. Receiver
J. F. Spohn Magazine Agent

386. RAMONA; San Diego, Cal.

Meets in Young Men's Institute Hall, 723 5th St., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.

J. L. Stearns, National City Master
W. J. Hanford, Box 812, Coronado Beach, Secretary
J. L. Stearns, National City Collector
R. V. Dodge Receiver
J. M. Davis, Box 573 National City Magazine Agent

387. RED ROCK; Schreiber, Ontario.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays.

W. T. Norris, Box 111 Master
Fred. Hedge Secretary
Wm. Flixter Collector
Hugh Gwynne Receiver
Henry West Magazine Agent

388. PHIL. H. SHERIDAN; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 170 Reid St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.

J. M. Grobben, 383 Cass st. Master
P. R. Fay, 345 Van Buren st. Secretary
Jno. Pierre, 264 Madison St. Collector
Wm. Gibson, 232 Cass St. Receiver
John Pier, 264 Madison St. Magazine Agent

389. LIVINGSTONE; Chillicothe, Mo.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

M. J. McCarthy Master
Wm. Black Secretary
Wm. Black Collector
A. H. Tucker Receiver
Jerry Shea Magazine Agent

390. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.

Meets in Engineers' Hall Tuesday evenings.

J. H. McBride Master
J. C. Doughty Secretary
F. P. Doughty Collector
C. H. Oliver Receiver
Wm. Winfrey Magazine Agent

391. NAUVOO; Ft. Madison, Iowa.

Meets in Hedges Hall, 2611 Santa Fe ave, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

W. Lawrence, 2725 Kansas ave. Master
E. H. Pattison, 2718 Kan's Ave Secretary
J. C. Burner Collector
Jas. Low, 1918 Second st. Receiver
Fred Murdaugh, 2520 Hamilton st, Magazine Agent

392. WEST PENN; Blairsville, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Monday evenings.

M. S. Anderson, Box 219 Master
J. D. Davis, Box 20 Secretary
L. H. Martin, Box 39 Collector
W. R. Ransom, Cokeville Receiver
J. A. Rowe, Box 123 Magazine Agent

394. PLEASANT VALLEY; Beatrice, Nebraska.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Cor. 4th and Court Sts., 3d Saturday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

E. K. Cole, Riverside Hotel Master
E. K. Cole, Riverside Hotel Secretary
C. E. Harris Collector
Receiver
D. A. McCarter, Riverside Hotel, Magazine Agent

395. MILLARD POSTER; N. Topeka, Kansas.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall every Thursday at 2 P. M.

Wm. Casey, L. Box 129 Master
L. W. Newton, 1319 N. Topeka ave. Secretary
J. T. Cuff, 1814 N. Topeka av., Topeka. Collector
Chas. Wilcox, L. Box 129 Receiver
S. J. McFarren, Shorey Magazine Agent

396. TIP TOP; Goodland, Kansas.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Monday at 2:30 P. M.

P. J. McBride Master
A. F. Keith Secretary
C. C. Hanlin Collector
G. W. Seybert Receiver
Amos Claxton Magazine Agent

397. LONG DIVISION; Holsington, Kansas.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesdays, at 10:06 A. M.

J. B. McCauley Master
J. M. Rainey Secretary
J. M. Gleadall, Horace Collector
L. A. Eshnaur, Box 66 Receiver
J. M. Gleadall, Horace Magazine Agent

398. CONNANT; Olean, N. Y.

Meets alternate Sundays at A. O. of A. M. Hall.

J. H. Brinkerhoff, Nunda Master
W. F. Branch, 22 Whitney ave Secretary
A. F. Johnson, 192 81st st. Collector
C. P. Anderson, 81 3d st. Receiver
C. A. Jackson, 110 Twelfth st. Magazine Agent

399. CRESCENT CITY; New Orleans, La.

Meets in Teutonia Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.

J. M. Gordon, Jr., 594 N Rampart St Master
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. Secretary
B. J. Meyer, 168 Clara st. Collector
J. M. Gordon, Jr., 594 N Rampart St Receiver
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. Magazine Agent

400. MARIAS DES CYGNE; Osawatomie, Kan.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday at 2 P. M.

W. C. Barker Master
E. L. Davis Secretary
G. P. Reed Collector
Daniel King Receiver
J. F. Westfall, L. Box 72 Magazine Agent

401. ITASCA; Two Harbors, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.

O. J. Tennant, Box 21 Master
Alfred Flora Secretary
Geo. Gildenskog Collector
J. H. Olson, Box 278 Receiver
P. J. McGuire Magazine Agent

402. WATER LILY; Water Valley, Minn.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.

J. R. Gaffney, Box 65 Master
J. W. Diesel, Box 31 Secretary
W. G. Guess, Box 65 Collector
J. P. Bengtson, Box 111 Receiver
J. R. Gaffney, Box 65 Magazine Agent

403. ELIZABETH; Portsmouth, Va.

Meets in K. P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

W. M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddle St. Master
O. W. Gaskins, cor County and Pearl Sts, Secretary
J. F. Sullivan, 103 Crawford st. Collector
W. M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddle St. Receiver
C. B. Moore, cor County and Pearl Sts. Magazine Agent

404. GRAVITY; Dunmore, Pa.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

W. W. Swartz Master
C. E. Collins Secretary
J. W. Stuart Collector
D. G. Wescott Receiver
C. E. Collins Magazine Agent

405. VANDALIA; Elmhurst, Ill.

Meets in K. H. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Crise, Box 251 Master
 Jacob Schmitt, Box 301 Secretary
 W. H. Crise, Box 251 Collector
 August Underriner Receiver
 M. R. Jones Magazine Agent

406. THANKSVING; Foxburg, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays
 at 8:30 P. M.
 Robert Jones, Jr. Master
 W. F. Keefer Secretary
 P. J. Lancaster Collector
 J. E. Dunlap Receiver
 D. E. Thurston Magazine Agent

407. PUGET SOUND; Seattle, Wash.

Meets in Brunswick Hall, cor. Madison and Front
 Sts., every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 Wm. Blackman, C. & P. S. Shops Master
 C. E. Houston, C. & P. S. Shops Secretary
 J. H. Glinuly, care C. & P. S. Shops Collector
 C. E. Houston, care C. & P. S. Shops Receiver
 W. F. Durkee, 524, cor Eighth and
 Weller sts. Magazine Agent

408. CRISTAL; Jacksonville, Ill.

Meets in S. of V. Hall W. State St., every Sunday
 at 2 P. M.

Gus. Vieira, 754 W. Lafayette ave. Master
 F. E. Morrison, 131 Hardin ave. Secretary
 Wm. Watson Collector
 O. P. Haigrove, 1302 S. Main st. Receiver
 F. E. Morrison, 131 Hardin ave. Magazine Agent

409. AIR LINE; Huntingburg, Ind.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
 Frank Thalmluller Master
 Frank Bowen, Mt. Vernon, Ill. Secretary
 G. W. Prout Collector
 J. A. O'Neill Receiver
 W. V. Miller, 95 W. Market st., New
 Albany Magazine Agent

410. HERBERT P. LITTLEJOHN; Fitchburg, Mass.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, 1st and 3d Sunday.
 F. L. Johnson, 21 Winthrop st. Master
 W. A. Clements, 89 Nashua st. Secretary
 F. A. Mason, F. R. R. Round House Collector
 J. D. Gleason, Williamstown Station, Mass. Receiver

J. M. Agnew, Shelburn Falls Magazine Agent

411. WOLFEKINE; Marshall, Mich.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Bourke, Box 615 Master
 J. P. Mahoney Secretary
 Thomas Butler Collector
 G. W. De La Vergne Receiver
 Jos. Faulkner Magazine Agent

412. NY. BAKER; Ellensburg, Wash.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Sixth st., 1st and 3d Mon-
 days and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 Hugh McCabe, Box 308 Master
 J. A. Patchett, Box 308 Secretary
 Ernest Stewart Collector
 E. W. Brummitt Receiver
 E. L. Brant, Box 685 Magazine Agent

413. TWO REPUBLICS; San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

Meets in Hall 5, Calle De Morales No. 28, 1st and
 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

John McBride Master
 Willie McFarland Secretary
 W. L. Blount Collector
 F. O. Brantley Receiver
 Louis Kuntcher Magazine Agent

414. AMANT; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Chouteau ave. and Old
 Manchester Road, 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. W. Reed, 3088 Chouteau Ave. Master
 A. A. Fortney, 827 Old Manchester Road Secretary
 L. A. Wilson, 1045 Old Manchester Road Collector
 A. A. Fortney, 827 Old Manchester Road Receiver
 J. G. Hynes, 1260 Old Manchester Road Magazine Agent

415. HAYFLOWER; Louisville, Ky.

Meets in Market Hall, Shelby St., bet. Market
 and Jefferson Sts., Wednesdays at 2 P. M.
 B. W. Blue, 1018 Washington St. Master
 W. M. McKenna, 938 E. Jefferson St. Secretary
 G. P. Enoch, 916 Spring St. Collector
 W. M. McKenna, 938 E. Jefferson St. Receiver
 W. M. McKenna, 938 E. Jefferson St. Mag. Agent

416. RADIANT; Mahoningtown, Pa.

Meets in Smith's Hall, 1st Sundays at 1 P. M. and
 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.

F. N. Truesdale Master
 J. H. McIlvenny, New Castle Secretary
 G. P. Jones, 176 W. Falls st., New Castle, Collector
 F. M. Churchfield Receiver
 Jacob McClain, Box 207 Magazine Agent

417. DIA WOND; Champaign, Ill.

Meets in Druids' Hall, corner Neil and Church
 sts., every Sunday at 8:30 A. M.
 E. C. Sabin, 405 W. Clark st. Master
 G. A. Paro, 604 S. Randolph st. Secretary
 W. I. McFadden, corner E. Clark and
 Fifth st. Collector
 G. A. Paro, 604 S. Randolph st. Receiver
 N. D. Moran, N. Fifth st. Magazine Agent

418. BALD EAGLE; Jersey Shore, Pa.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Allegheny and
 Wiley Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 H. T. Moffet Master
 T. E. Snyder Secretary
 Patrick Sherry Collector
 C. H. Sherry Receiver
 W. H. Johnson Magazine Agent

419. STEPTOE BUTTE; Tekoa, Wash.

Meets in Warner's Hall, Main street, Tuesdays at
 7:30 P. M.

D. S. McDonald Master
 Geo. N. Smith Secretary
 J. J. Winslip Collector
 Wm. Hair Receiver
 H. K. Taylor Magazine Agent

420. ANN ARBORE; Owosso, Mich.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Cor. Ball and Exchange
 Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

G. W. Crinklaw Master
 J. W. Hurst Secretary
 G. C. Corey Collector
 F. E. Harrington, 403 Michigan ave. Receiver
 Ransom Antes, 312 Green st. Magazine Agent

421. WINDSOR, Windsor, Ont.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. A. Finnie Master
 J. H. Hall, Walkerville Secretary
 T. H. Yates Collector
 C. B. Finley Receiver
 Thos. Noble, G. T. R. depot Magazine Agent

422. LAKE VIEW, Ashtabula, Harbor, Ohio.

Meets in E. A. U. Hall, Harbor, 1st and 3d Sun-
 days at 7:30 P. M.
 R. J. Mills, Box H Master
 E. J. Barnard Secretary
 Maynard Schram Collector
 W. A. Strong Receiver
 J. E. Fitzgerald, Harbor Magazine Agent

423. MOUNT HELENA; Helena, Mont.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Main and Jackson St.,
 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. McCarty, 1517 Gallatin St. Master
 F. W. Lenzie, 1508 Phoenix Ave. Secretary
 Jos. Wagner, care J. C. Stobbs, Depot Collector
 O. F. Whitehead, 1429 Helena ave. Receiver
 J. J. Grant, 1508 Phoenix Ave. Magazine Agent

424. FLEETWOOD; Covington, Ky.

Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Madison Ave. and
 5th St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 E. A. Lyman, 124 E. 11 St. Master
 C. E. Bass, 31 E. Robins ave. Secretary
 J. W. Kincaid, 1305 Russell St. Collector
 J. C. Green, 1008 Scott ave. Receiver
 B. O. Chalkley, 1115 Washington
 St. Magazine Agent

425. PETER BURNS; East Nashville, Tenn.

Meets in Wingrover's Hall, North First st., every
 Monday at 3:00 P. M.
 Wm. Green, 23 North Second st. Master
 J. L. Enoch, 241 Foster st. Secretary
 L. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st. Collector
 Wm. Vanacsen, 308 Berry St., Northeast,
 Nashville Receiver
 L. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st. Magazine Agent

426. TOMBIGBEE; Columbus, Miss.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
 J. A. Cheatham Master
 G. W. Carson Secretary
 P. W. Gardner Collector
 J. W. Bealle Receiver
 G. L. Jones Magazine Agent

427. CONGAREE; Columbia, S. C.

Meets in Phoenix Hook and Ladder Fire Co. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 T. M. Glenn, 249 Henderson st Master
 M. J. Boling, 164 Laurel st Secretary
 C. A. Bigby Collector
 F. L. Outlaw, 164 Laurel st Receiver
 W. S. Fetner, 12 Richland st Magazine Agent

428. CHEROKEE; Van Buren, Ark.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 E. B. Dickerson Master
 Jas. Beatty Secretary
 J. H. Brock Collector
 Richard Henesey Receiver
 Magazine Agent

429. MOUNT PLEASANT; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Kane's Hall, 3155 Archer ave, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
 Patrick Murphy, 3901 Marshfield ave Master
 Chaffey Devana, 938 31st St Secretary
 Jos. Smith, 3551 Marshall st Collector
 Daniel Canney, 3029 Pitney ave Receiver
 M. O. Rickbecker, 1513 35th st Magazine Agent

430. WINCHESTER; Martinsburg, W. Va.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner Rawley and Martin sts., 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Jas. Cornelius Master
 Michael Sharon Secretary
 J. W. Yost Collector
 W. O. Sutter Receiver
 W. O. Sutter Magazine Agent

431. MUSKOGON VALLEY; Muskegon, Mich.

Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Clay and Tenace sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 T. A. Neville, 83 Ottawa st Master
 Henry Harvey, 38 Ottawa st Secretary
 F. J. Hayward, Big Rapids Collector
 W. A. Lincoln, 169 Ottawa st Receiver
 W. D. Ryan, T. S. & M. Ry Magazine Agent

432. PATAPSCO; Baltimore, Md.

Meets at Mechanics Exchange Hall, South Charles st and Fort ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 F. B. Caswell, 1743 Hanover st Master
 D. W. Eiker, 114 Giddings st Secretary
 H. H. Hildebrand, 1261 Johnson st Collector
 W. T. Simms, 1292 Johnson st Receiver
 W. T. Simms, 1292 Johnson st Magazine Agent

433. ENGLEWOOD; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Jackson's Hall, cor. Cloud Court and State st., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Chas. Naylor, 5320 Wentworth ave Master
 H. F. Brooks, 5423 School st Secretary
 J. C. Simons, 5650 Atlantic st Collector
 J. B. Thompson, 5414 School st Receiver
 T. J. Moran, 436 W. 53d st Magazine Agent

434. WILLOW GROVE; Bennett, Pa.

Meets in American Mechanic's Hall every Monday at 2 P. M.
 P. H. Swartwout Master
 Frank Laughlin Secretary
 C. O. Sprague Collector
 Joseph Lee Receiver
 J. F. Kearney Magazine Agent

435. NOTTOWAY; Crewe, Va.

Meets in Masonic Hall 2d and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 Albert Potts Master
 T. J. Andrews Secretary
 W. T. Wilson Collector
 T. J. Andrews Receiver
 W. W. Guy Magazine Agent

436. JAMES I. WATTS; McComb City, Miss.

Meets in Marion Hall every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
 C. B. Munn Master
 J. P. Campbell Secretary
 F. B. Heldenreich Collector
 J. D. Flaworth Receiver
 J. A. Larson Magazine Agent

437. EMERALD; Leavenworth, Kan.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 103 Delaware St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Simon Collins Master
 Jas. Garvey, 721 Dakota St Secretary
 A. J. Field Collector
 C. F. Myers Receiver
 Jno. Coulin, 715 Dakota St Magazine Agent

438. COMFORT; Cheyenne, Wyo.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 212½ Sixteenth st., 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
 Ernest Weenan, 1010 Central Ave Master
 T. O. Jones, Box 639 Secretary
 J. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St Collector
 T. P. O'Neil, 607 E. 16th St Receiver
 J. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St Magazine Agent

439. APACHE CANON; Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d Saturday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Saturday at 7:00 P. M.
 Daniel Scully, E. Las Vegas Master
 T. A. Johnson, Box 116 E. Las Vegas Secretary
 F. D. Sweeney, E. Las Vegas Collector
 A. P. Day, E. Las Vegas Receiver
 G. B. Easterwood, L. Box 2 E. Las Vegas Magazine Agent

440. CHERISH; Monett, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 L. L. Carmin, Box 64 Master
 Robert Gardner Secretary
 C. W. McKinnon Collector
 W. H. Smith, Box 60 Receiver
 Michael Ketchum Magazine Agent

441. MIAMI; Cincinnati, Ohio.

Meets in Spencer Hall, Eastern avenue, between Willow and Main sts., 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 M. G. Ely, 1079 Eastern ave Master
 Frank Hayes, 1281 Eastern ave., Sta. C. Secretary
 W. J. Brennan, 1343 Eastern ave Collector
 W. H. Barr, 108 Walworth ave, Station C, Receiver
 Thos. Mitchell, 19 Worth st Magazine Agent

442. MISSION RIDGE; Knoxville, Tenn.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Central Avenue and Broad st
 C. C. Waddle, 147 Clark st Master
 J. T. Berry, 18 Chamberlain st Secretary
 C. M. Ford, 74 Hannah st Collector
 J. T. Berry, 18 Chamberlain st Receiver
 W. L. Logan, 7 W. Park st Magazine Agent

443. MOUNTAIN GEM; Glenn's Ferry, Idaho.

Meets in Schroder's Hall, every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. L. Biggs Master
 R. J. Walch Secretary
 C. H. Madden Collector
 Ed Condy, Box 76 Receiver
 Jno. Taylor Magazine Agent

446. BLUESTONE; Bluefield, W. Va.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Bland st., 1st and 3d Sundays at 9 A. M.
 W. E. Brown Master
 J. S. Mastin Secretary
 J. S. Mastin Collector
 David Morrisett Receiver
 H. E. Peery Magazine Agent

447. FRENCH BROAD; Asheville, N. C.

Meets in R. & D. Freight Depot, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Irvin Allison Master
 F. A. Burgin Secretary
 M. B. Smith Collector
 F. A. Burgin Receiver
 J. R. Coble Magazine Agent

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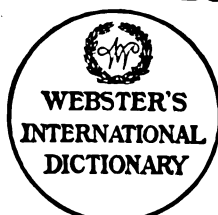
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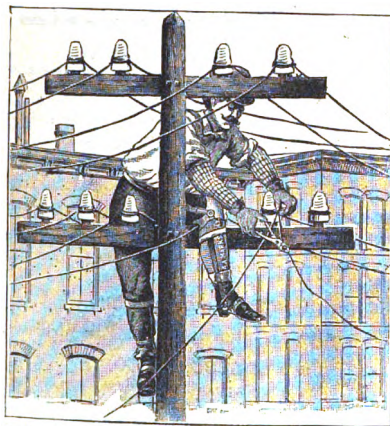
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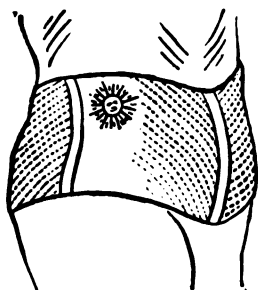
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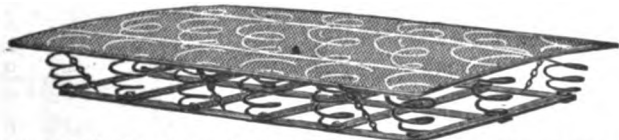
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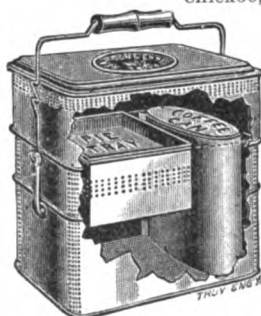
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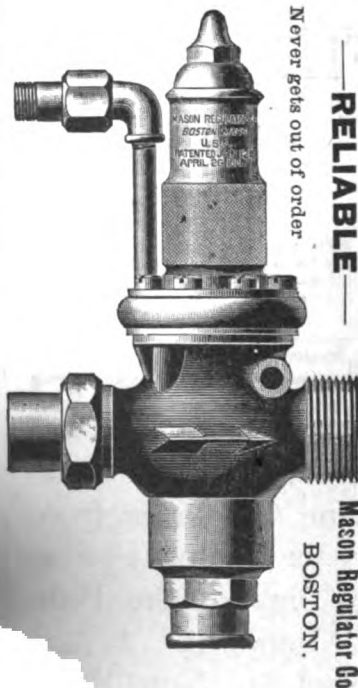


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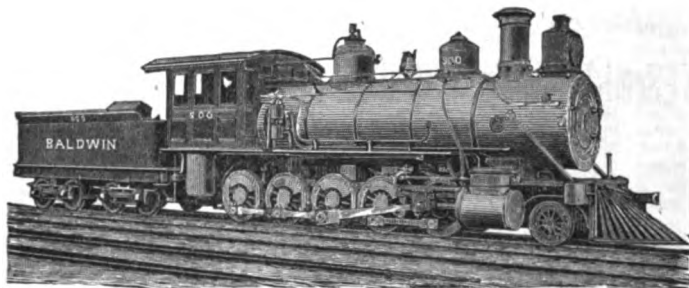
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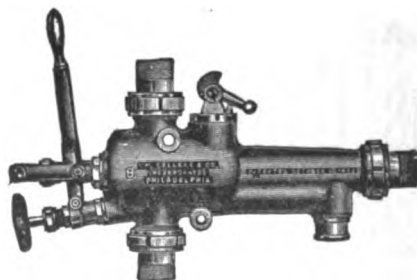
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EUGENE V. DEBBE, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

"THE FARMER, THE INVESTOR AND THE RAILWAY."

Without regard to space or expense we reproduce from the *Arena*, for February, the masterly paper by C. Wood Davis, bearing the above caption, and ask for it the careful perusal its merits demand.

This *Magazine* from time to time has discussed the cost of railroad building in the United States, the purpose being to demonstrate that if dividends were declared on *actual* cost, the roads could pay their employes better wages and make the distribution of the wealth they create more equitable. In the January issue of the *Magazine* we said:

There is high authority for saying that there are now 160,000 miles of railroad track in the country, which, it is said, required the investment of \$8,500,000,000.

Of this investment, it is said, railroad corporations represent \$1,500,000,000, and private individuals hold the remainder, \$7,000,000,000, and of this remainder vast sums are owned in Europe.

This investment, for the year 1889, earned \$1,089,985,831, or 12.80 per cent. on \$8,500,000,000. The total expenditures, for all purposes, amounted to \$88,507,000, leaving a balance of \$101,388,736.

There is not a man in the wide world, who knows anything at all of railroad building, who believes that the railroads of the United States cost \$8,500,000,000,—\$33,126 a mile—including every conceivable item of expenditure.

It is universally conceded that \$25,000 a mile is a large average estimate, and that the cash invested in the railroads of the country does not exceed \$4,000,000,000; hence, it is believed, that of the \$8,500,000,000, not less than \$4,500,000,000 is water.

We have stated that the gross earnings of the railroads of the country in 1889 amounted to \$1,089,985,831, or 12.80 per cent. on \$8,500,000,000. But assuming that the railroads cost in *actual* cash but \$4,000,000,000, then in that case their earnings in 1889 was 27 per cent. on that amount.

We have stated that the total expenditures of the roads for all purposes amounted to \$88,597,000. In these expenditures is included dividends on stocks and interest on bonds, estimated, as we have shown, at \$8,500,000,000.

Suppose we put the rate of dividend and interest at 4 per cent. In that case the expenditure would reach \$40,000,000—\$8,500,000,000 at 4 per cent. yielding that amount. But estimating the cost of the roads at \$4,000,000,000, 4 per cent. dividends and interest would require only \$160,000,000, showing a saving to the earning fund of \$180,000,000.

The *Daily Advertiser*, of London, Ont., sees in the statements of the *Magazine* such errors that it feels called upon to say:

The *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* has an article which goes to show to what extremes some people will go in order to carry their point. From the article the following, which gives the keynote of their argument is quoted: "There is not a man in the wide world, who knows anything at all of railroad building, who believes that the railroads of the United States cost \$8,500,000,000—\$33,126 a mile—including every conceivable item of expenditure. It is universally conceded that \$25,000 a mile is a large average estimate, and that the cash invested in the railroads of the country does not exceed \$4,000,000,000; hence, it is believed, that of the \$8,500,000,000 not less than \$4,500,000,000 is water." These assertions cannot be verified, therefore the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine* has falsified the facts; or, perhaps,

he knows no better. Or else all the railroad officials, contractors and builders who say that railroads in this country cost over \$50,000 a mile are prevaricating. In the name of common sense, how is it possible for railroads to cost less than \$25,000 per mile, when it costs more than one-third of that per mile to equip them with cars and locomotives? Just compare the cost of railroads in this country with what they cost in other countries. In New South Wales the cost is \$68,000 a mile; Victoria, \$70,000; India, \$81,000; Germany, \$100,000; France, \$120,000, and England, \$190,000 a mile. In most of these countries the railroads are built under the direction of the governments. How preposterous it is to assume that railroads in this country cost less than \$25,000 a mile. Labor and material cost more here than in any of the countries named, and this country is on the average more rough. Are we to admit that the Canadian and American engineers are behind the world in ability and skill? No! Is it a fact that the railroads of this country are built for less than the ties, rails, cars, engines, stone and timber cost in other countries? These perversions of the truth are getting too common. It is astonishing that men—railroad men who earn their bread and butter by being interested in the truth—are too ready in the United States to swallow such absurdities as are too often published in various journals. The average Canadian, however, is too intelligent to be gulled by such statements.

Our London contemporary in making an argument in defense of the scoundrelism practiced in American railroad building was not required to make our estimate of actual cost per mile less than we put it,—\$25,000.

We have on our table as we write the official statement of the value of the railroads of a state for taxation, 5,825 miles of main track, including second main track, side track, rolling stock and improvement of right of way—everything from bed to building—and the average value is \$11,371 per mile.

We do not attach special importance to such figures, and yet they serve to give special prominence to the difference in estimated values, when in the one case the people are to be benefited, and in the other case when a basis is wanted upon which to earn interest and dividends for the benefit of the corporation.

Without further prefatory remarks we introduce the paper of Mr. C. Wood Davis. To read it is scarcely sufficient. It needs to be studied. It goes to the bottom of the subject. Its arraignments are terrific; its arguments crushing and the conclusions arrived at are invulnerable. The paper is in

itself a text book and men at all capable of comprehending facts, will be amazed at the methods pursued by railroad builders to increase their gains at the expense of the people, and of the men who carry forward the great enterprises. Mr. Davis writes as follows:

Agriculture having been the first industry of settled life, we may assume that the farmer has pursued his calling since the dawn of civilization; yet, necessary as have been such labors, he has borne many burdens from which his brothers have been exempt, doubtless owing to the difficulty experienced in forming combinations with his fellows for concerted action, while those representing aggregates of capital, being comparatively few in numbers, easily affect such combinations. This is especially true of the present era, and of those controlling the great mass of capital represented by the railways of the country, nominally amounting to \$9,369,000,000, and appearing to equal 60 per cent. while being not over 30 per cent. of the capital invested in farms, yet, the influence exerted upon economic and other questions by railway owners and farmers is in an inverse ratio to their respective numbers and the magnitude of their investments.

One is a compact force, disciplined, alert, living in the midst of the greatest activities; the other exceedingly more numerous, undisciplined, leading isolated lives and with few incentives to quickening thought.

Those familiar with the history of the last sixty years will not question the great benefits resulting from the construction of railways, or grudge the men who have carried forward these great undertakings a rich reward.

By the aid of the railway the wilderness has been made productive, countless farms brought within reach of the great markets, mines opened, mills, factories, and forges built, villages, towns, and cities brought into existence, and populous states carried to a higher development than would have been possible in centuries without such aids. Such are but a part of the beneficent results flowing from the construction of the railway.

While the builders of the railway have been exploiting a continent and piling up the greatest fortunes ever known, the farmer has taken an unproductive wilderness and literally hewn his way through the great forests which clothed seaboard and central region to the open prairie, there developing the most productive of states, continued his toilsome march up the arid slopes, scaled the mountains and planted orchard, vineyard, and farm by the shores of the Western Ocean.

His labors have enabled the nation to flood the markets with a plethora of bread, meat, and fibre, to meet the enormous expenditure of a devastating war, to repair the losses and havoc of those bloody days, and then to turn the balance of trade in our favor.

Willingly has the farmer performed this labor, expecting to share in the prosperity of the country, yet not always content with his part of the rewards,

and coming to believe that those controlling the carriage of his products were exacting as toll more than a just proportion thereof. He has seen the carrier yearly adding to his property, building new lines from the tolls collected on the old, increasing his wealth and power, and leaving a constantly lessening proportion of the proceeds arising from the sale of farm products to the grower. As population has increased, railway property has grown in relative value, as has the power of those controlling it, and this increase has been very largely made from revenues derived from tolls levied to pay interest and dividends on the water in the bonds and shares, hence made at the expense of railway users, a large part of whom are farmers.

All are fairly prosperous except such as are engaged in the basic industry of civilization, and the one cloud in the industrial horizon is the unsatisfactory condition of a large part of an agricultural population numbering some 25,000,000, and the railway is chargeable with so much of this as results from the exaction of unjust tolls, and this inquiry is instituted for the purpose of ascertaining if the complaints, as to the unreasonableness of such charges, are well grounded.

The highest tribunals hold that railway companies are public trusts, and can exercise the power to enter upon and take private property solely in their public character; and that the exercise of such exceptional power can be defended only upon the ground that the good of the public can best be subserved by a corporation under obligation to treat all justly in rendering services which each citizen cannot perform for himself; that the state could perform the functions delegated to railway corporations, which are trusts organized for the service of the public and charged with remuneration for the private capital employed; that the corporations thus endowed must provide all needed facilities for conducting speedily the business for which they were created; and that the charge for the services rendered shall be no more than just and reasonable; and the federal courts have not hesitated to determine what was a just and reasonable charge.

The courts hold that rates fixed by the state are *prima facie* reasonable, and while railway companies can not be barred from showing the unremunerative character of such rates, they can only do so by disclosing—in addition to the cost of maintenance and operation—the exact cost of the plant employed, and that in arriving at such cost account can be taken only of moneys actually expended in construction and equipment. Railway companies have evinced no desire to make disclosures of this character, although it would be easy in this way to show that the schedule of rates established by the state was unremunerative, if such was the case.

The cost of maintaining and operating any given railway is readily ascertainable, and it should be equally easy to determine its cost, but such a procedure is surrounded with grave difficulties—difficulties growing out of syndicates and construction companies, the manufacture of securities, of bond and stock waterings, the purchase and construction of branch lines at low cost, and unloading upon the stockholders at high cost. Stock and scrip divi-

dends, bonus* of stock to purchaser of bonds, bonds sold to pay unearned dividends that much stock may be unloaded at high prices a la Wabash; the building of branch lines at low cost, capitalizing at high cost, and covering resulting profits into the treasury of the parent company to be distributed as dividends, and forever taxing the railway user to pay interest and dividends on the profits thus enjoyed, as well as by a thousand and one other shady devices by which water is added to the basic power of levying tolls and increasing the amount upon which the public is expected to furnish the means of paying interest and dividends.

The cost of the railway is known only to its managers, and rarely to them, as the constructors but seldom retain the management, and railway accounts are manipulated in numberless peculiar ways for the sophistication of investors. For instance, on page 184 of the 1889 report of the Kansas Railroad Commissioners, there is appended to the statement of bonded indebtedness made by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, this note: "The early records of the company are very incomplete, and it is impossible to tell, with any accuracy, the amount realized from the issue of these bonds," *i. e.*, \$14,061,500 of first mortgage, land grant, and consolidated bonds. Another typical case is that of a railway company in whose service was the writer, and which built a costly line of passenger steamers for lake service; but, by reason of the building of railways north and south of the lake, the operation of the line became unprofitable, the steamers were dismantled, engines sold, and the great sum they represented dropped from the annual report of the company, without a word of explanation.

Managers dealing thus with stockholders are not likely to be more frank with the public. Indeed the cost of the railway, and the manipulations of such cost, are of the professional secrets which are employed to defraud railway users and investors, and a case or two in point may not be uninteresting, as showing some of the processes adopted in the manufacture and marketing of stocks and bonds, which are so frequently but evidences of corporate fraud, rather than ownership.

An illustration of the ease with which investor and user are alike plundered, is found in the case of a corporation controlling a valuable dividend-paying property, which a second company parallel with expectation of profits only from construction, and by forcing a sale,—eventually effected,—to the older company, the result being the trebling of railway capital, without an increase of traffic.

Another form of corporate fraud is the payment of unearned dividends from the proceeds of bonds sold, thus adding to the capitalization, and necessitating the collection of unjust tolls to pay interest. These fraudulent payments are often made to enable the management to foist upon the public immense issues of worthless shares, such dividends being continued as long as bonds can be sold, and a market found for the stock, and when one of these bubbles is about to burst, the manipulators make further

*The Santa Fé and other companies have given as a bonus as much as ten shares of stock with each \$1,000 bond sold.

vast profits by selling "short," and then having disclosures made of the hopeless condition of the corporate finances.

Yet another form of corporate fraud is the purchase or construction of cheap branch lines, and selling them at two, three, or four times their cost to the company of whose interests the profiting parties are the trustees. Sometimes these lines are consolidated with that of the parent company, and new issues of securities made to cover the added mileage, while in other cases the old company enables the schemers to sell immense issues of the shares and bonds of the auxiliary line at high prices by guaranteeing the bonds of the latter and leasing its road at an exorbitant rental. Loaded down in this way, the old company frequently ceases to pay dividends.

Again, the parent company resolves itself into a construction company, and covers into its treasury the profits arising from the construction of cheap branches. For instance, it is shown on page 391 of the 1889 report of the Kansas R. R. Commissioners that the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company derived a profit of \$67,871 from the construction of ten and one half miles of road that should not have cost over \$10,000 per mile, but which, with this profit added and stock issued for a nominal consideration, is capitalized for \$28,845 per mile. This company has built many hundred miles in recent years, and construction profits have aided in the payment of dividends on preferred stock, while providing a basis for levying, for all time, tolls to pay interest and dividends on the bonds and stock representing the profits divided. Thus, the greater the profits from construction, the greater the sums which can hereafter be extorted from the user of the railway.

"Poor's Manual shows that to make contemplated extensions the stock of the Missouri Pacific was, during 1886-7, increased \$15,000,000, and the funded debt, \$14,376,000, and while the capitalization of the parent company was thus increased \$29,376,000, † the lines built or purchased were capitalized from \$8,000 to \$32,000 per mile, the result of such multiple capitalization being to add an immense amount of water to old as well as new issues. There are some very instructive phases of the construction of this new mileage. For instance, the 310 miles of the auxiliary Fort Scott, Wichita & Western is shown by Mr. Poor to have cost \$4,666,000; the funded debt is shown by Kansas R. R. Commission to be \$3,666,000, and Mr. Poor shows that \$4,666,000 of such bonds are deposited with the Union Trust Company to secure \$4,666,000 of Missouri Pacific trust mortgage bonds issued to provide the \$4,666,000, which the road is said to have cost. Has the user of this railway a right to ask what became of the other \$1,000,000 of mortgage bonds and the \$7,000,000 of capital stock upon which rates are based, and which make up a capitalization of \$8,000,000 in excess of cost, and what was the consideration therefor?

In the case of the 411 miles of the Missouri Pacific's Denver, M. & A. line, Mr. Poor shows the cost to

* "Poor's Manual" is a compendium of such financial and traffic statements as the railway companies prepare for publication.

† August, 1890.—It is now stated that the Missouri Pacific has added \$20,000,000 to its capitalization.

have been \$4,920,000, and Kansas report shows bonded debt to be \$6,561,000, the first mortgage bonds exceeding the cost by \$1,641,000, and the entire capitalization being \$8,202,000 in excess of cost, a large part of which cost was borne by the municipalities along the line. Like conditions obtain with all Missouri Pacific lines built of late years except two short ones not yet mortgaged.

Another mode of collecting excessive tolls and defrauding the public is that practiced by the subsidized Pacific lines in paying \$900,000 per annum to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to forego competition, and then charging the public two or three times this sum to recoup themselves for such illegal diversion of corporate funds.

A unique case is that of an Ohio corporation, where the men who afterwards became the directors and managers, gave their notes to certain bankers for money borrowed for the purpose of buying the shares which were to give them control of the corporation, and, having by this means secured control, applied—in whole or in part—to the payment of such notes, the first mortgage bonds of the company to the amount of \$8,000,000, although such bonds had, in compliance with the requirements of the statutes of Ohio, been issued for the express purpose of equipments, double tracks, and other betterments.

Many auxiliary lines have been built at costs ranging from \$8,000 to \$15,000 per mile, and capitalized at two, three, four, and even five times their cost, as in the case of the 107 miles of the Kansas Midland, costing, including a small equipment, but \$10,200 per mile, of which 30 per cent. was furnished by the municipalities along its line, yet with construction profits and other devices this road shows a capitalization of \$33,000 per mile.

Or take the 1,055 miles in Kansas of the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska, built by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific in much the same way and capitalized for \$38,000 per mile. Kansas municipalities aided to the extent of \$2,500 per mile in building this road, receiving the stock of the company in exchange for municipal bonds; now, however, foreclosure proceedings are pending in the interest of and at the procurement of the parent company (which owns, practically, all the bonds and stocks of the auxiliary line except the stock issued to the municipalities), whereby the municipalities are to be despoiled of this \$2,500,000.

This is no uncommon device for plundering the farmer and other taxpayers; and railway presidents, directors and managers, who would scorn to put their hands in the pocket of the farmer and abstract a (single) silver dollar, rarely hesitate when, by the devices described, they can take from the same farmer and his congeners a lump sum of \$2,500,000, and the successful workers of such schemes, by one and the same act, acquire vast sums and a reputation for great financial ability.

Another type is found in the Marion & McPherson line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé,† built largely from old and much worn material, and or-

* See the seventh annual report of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway Company.

† Known as the "Atchison" in New England and as the "Santa Fé" in the West.

iginally capitalized for \$28,000 per mile, being more than three times its cost. Under the recent reorganization of the Santa Fé, each mile represents a much larger sum; but how much larger I am unable to ascertain from the accounting officers of that company, to whom application was made for definite information.

Other Santa Fé lines show peculiar phases of railway administration. For instance, the Santa Fé, jointly with the St. Louis & San Francisco, built the Wichita & Western, extending 125 miles through a sparsely settled district and not paying operating expenses, yet the Santa Fé, although having another and parallel line—the Southern Kansas—less than twenty four miles south of the Wichita & Western, doubly paralleled itself by building a third line between the two: this third line, for one hundred miles, being eight to fourteen miles from the Wichita & Western on the north, and, for seventy miles, but ten to sixteen from the Southern Kansas on the south.

In this way has money been wasted in construction, the farmer unnecessarily burdened, the parent company loaded with an immense unproductive mileage, and rendered unable to pay fixed charges, and thousands of those investing in its securities reduced to sore straits, the reason for all of which is probably to be found in the profits—private or corporate—growing out of construction.

Perhaps the Santa Fé affords as fair an illustration as can be found of the ease with which twelve men, sitting in directors' chairs, can issue an edict for the creation of an hundred million or more of fiat property, the only evidence of the existence of which is found in reams of paper, and affording additional evidence of the great and growing utility of printers' ink as an instrument of advanced civilization. By this simple process and without any addition to the property of the corporation, the liabilities of the Santa Fé have been increased more than \$100,000,000, and while rates of interest may have been scaled down, the total of interest and principal have been scaled up. When an individual or firm fails, creditors usually accept large reductions of principal in adjustment; but when a railway company like the Santa Fé fails, they insist on doubling the principal and increasing the total of interest.

Although the earnings of the Santa Fé, in 1888, amounted to \$2,944,529 less than operating expenses and fixed charges, the managers paid an unearned dividend of \$2,625,000, which, with other enormous additions to the liabilities, are to be an endless burden upon railway users and the warrant for the execution of unjust tolls.

The Santa Fé's recently acquired control of the St. Louis & San Francisco lines—which are to be operated as a distinct property—is a remarkable instance of the fiat process of multiplying securities without the addition of one dollar's worth to the world's stock of property.

The St. Louis & San Francisco controlled 1327 miles of railway, capitalized for the enormous sum of \$70,402,800, being \$52,200 per mile. The Santa Fé

acquired control of this property by issuing \$30,000,000 of new Santa Fé stock, not to retire the stock of the "Frisco" but to buy it and place it in the treasury of the Santa Fé and apply such dividends as may accrue to the payment of current Santa Fé liabilities.

The result to the railway user will be that, whereas the "Frisco" property has been represented by \$70,402,800 of "Frisco" and auxiliary stocks and bonds, it is now represented by that sum plus \$30,285,175 of Santa Fé stock, which is an addition of fictitious capital upon which the user is expected to furnish revenue, and the owners of Santa Fé shares have that amount of water injected into their holdings.

The Santa Fé holds 711,120½ shares, of the par value of \$71,112,000 of stock of auxiliary lines built wholly from land grants, municipal aid, and proceeds of bonds sold, and for this immense number of shares the only consideration—as shown by the Santa Fé ledger—was \$4,000, or a fraction over half of one cent a share. For 663,306½ of these shares, of the par value of \$663,306½, the only consideration shown is \$15,000, being at the rate of 11½ shares of the par value of \$1,122.00 for one cent. Such is the stuff which passes current as railway securities, and on which the railway user is taxed to pay dividends.

The Santa Fé affords a most instructive example of what may be accomplished in the way of multiplying securities by the hoodooing of accounts, by reckless construction, the payment of stock dividends (\$18,000,000), the giving of vast quantities of stock to the purchasers of bonds, the payment of unearned dividends and the creation of \$100,000,000 and more of fiat securities at one or two sittings.

The seventy miles of the Columbus & Cincinnati Midland, built at a cost of about \$17,000 per mile—of which some \$1,500 per mile was donated by the people along its line—is capitalized at \$57,000 per mile, and earns nearly twelve per cent. on the money furnished by its builders, yet appears to earn but three per cent., while in its immense fictitious capital the foundation is laid for further exactions.

The enormous profits accruing from the operation of the construction company, and the unjust tax thereby forever imposed upon the public, is exemplified in the case of the "Credit Mobilier" and other construction devices connected with the building of the various Pacific lines, out of which grew no little corruption of legislators, the ruin, politically, of promising statesmen, and the amassing of so many great fortunes, typified in the case of the four men who built the Central Pacific and whose united worldly possessions in 1890 are said to have been but \$120,000. Now, however, their estates are estimated at more than \$120,000,000.

Mr. Poor states that "the cost per mile of the roads making returns (1888) as measured by the amount of their stocks and indebtedness equaled nearly \$90,732 as against \$38,000 for 1887," being an increase of \$2,125 per mile, and at the price recently prevailing it would require 145,000,000 bushels of the farmers' corn annually to pay 5 per cent. on the

Include such lines as the Kansas Midland, etc., built at costs ranging from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per mile.

¹Financial Chronicle of May 31, 1890.

²Poor's Manual, 1889, page 723.

³Ante, page 5.

water absorbed by railway securities in one year, and by such waterings yearly it will take but fourteen years to absorb the entire corn crop to provide revenue on the added fluid. How long shall this process be permitted to continue?

Mr. Poor also states that, in the eleven central farming states, railway earnings have in eighteen years increased 175 per cent., and the bushels of wheat and corn grow 160 per cent.; yet he forgets to tell us that such has been the shrinkage in the prices of farm products that the value of the wheat and corn crops in these states increased but 57 per cent., showing conclusively that the railways are taking a constantly increasing proportion of the proceeds arising from the sale of the products of the farm.

This is still more clearly shown on the same page in the statement that in these states railway revenue in 1870 was \$12 for each unit of the population as against \$18 in 1888. Thus the *per capita* transportation tax is shown to have increased 50 per cent.

Mr. Poor says, "With these facts before us, it is difficult to understand the extraordinary antipathy to railroad corporations in the West."

If such antipathy exists, possibly Mr. Poor could understand it if he would but look at these facts, and others herein stated, in all their nakedness, keeping in view their true bearing upon the greatness of the nation's industries.

That no such antipathy exists is shown by the fact that, while the railways of Illinois are capitalized for \$42,450 per mile, they are assessed for purposes of taxation at \$7,863 per mile, those of Iowa are capitalized at \$38,069, and assessed at \$5,189, those of Nebraska are capitalized at \$40,172, and assessed at \$5,829, and those of Kansas are capitalized at \$52,155, and assessed at \$6,595 per mile.

We have seen some of the processes by which the investor is shorn, and an enormous fictitious capitalization piled up to aid in taxing the farmer and others. Is it any wonder that when his wares are selling at starvation prices, the farmer becomes restive under the burdens thus imposed and seeks to replace present ownership by that of the nation?

According to Mr. Poor, there existed 156,082 miles of railway at the close of 1888, showing a capitalization—including floating debts—of \$9,369,398,954, to pay interest and dividends on which a toll is levied on all the industries of the country.

How much of this vast capitalization is real, and how much the fictitious outgrowth of the practices described?

Owing to the practices illustrated, it is impossible for railway companies to show the cost of their properties, and we are compelled to reach an approximation by estimating such cost, and thus determining the sum upon which revenue should accrue.

ESTIMATED COST PER MILE OF EXISTING RAILWAYS.

Grubbing and clearing	\$100
Right of way and land damage	2,500
Earthwork and rock cuttings	4,500
Bridges, culverts and masonry	3,000
Ties—3,000	2,000
Rails, splices, bolts and spikes	4,000
Switches, side-tracks, cattle-guards, road crossings and fences	1,100

Track laying, surfacing and ballasting	\$2,300
Depots, water-tanks, stockyards, shops and terminals	3,500
Equipment	4,500
Engineering, rents, interest, taxes, and contingencies	2,500
Total cost per mile	\$30,000

* That this estimate is more than ample is assured by the statement (in substance) of Mr. H. V. Poor that the capitalization of the roads built from 1880 to 1883 is double the actual investment and, could the fictitious capital be eliminated, railways, as investments, would have no parallel; and in the statement that within five years ending in 1883, "about 40,000 miles of line were constructed at a cash cost of at least \$1,100,000," being \$27,500 per mile; and that "in 1884 only about 4,000 miles of new line were constructed, the cost of which did not exceed \$20,000 per mile and perhaps not over \$15,000."

For each mile of railway costing more than \$30,000 per mile, ten can be found that have cost from \$8,000 to \$20,000. The eastern two hundred miles of the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific, built in the era of high prices, cost less than \$20,000, although now bearing a capitalization of \$105,000 per mile, but a well known manipulator—who made restitution of millions to the Erie—supervised its reorganization, which may account for the generous volume of water incorporated in the securities.

The Missouri Pacific line from Eldorado to McPherson, Kansas, a comparatively expensive prairie road, being located across the line of drainage, cost much less than \$10,000 per mile, as have thousands of miles of other prairie lines.

Possibly \$30,000 per mile is less than it would cost to duplicate the railways, east of Ohio, but the most of the mileage being west of that region where the cost, outside of a few mountain roads, is at a minimum, the estimate, if erroneous, certainly errs in placing the cost too high. Moreover, we have a factor of safety in the fact that the nation, to aid in building railways, has granted 197,000,000 acres of land, a large part of which has passed into the possession of the railway companies, and from which they have realized vast sums, probably more than \$300,000,000, to which should be added state and municipal aid and individual donations to the amount of \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000.

Taking no account of the sums loaned the Pacific railways, the people have contributed at least \$2,000 per mile towards the cost of existing railways, hence we are warranted in assuming that \$30,000 per mile is the maximum sum on which the user should furnish revenue, less such revenue as the corporations derive from rents, interests and dividends, from lands, buildings, railways, mines, stocks, or bonds bought or brought into existence by an expenditure of any part of such \$30,000 per mile or the earnings therefrom, such revenue, aside from traffic earnings, being now about \$90,000,000 per annum.

It is claimed that in determining the amount of capital on which the rates of toll shall be based, the people are entitled to no voice; but, as the compensation is to be reasonable, and the measure of such

* See Poor's Manual for 1884 and 1885.

compensation being the cost of maintaining and operating the railway plus a fair return for the capital actually employed, the people are unquestionably entitled to a voice in determining what such compensation shall be and how it shall be arrived at, and their representatives will find the railways have cost not to exceed an average of \$30,000 per mile, and could be duplicated for enough less to more than offset the enhancement in the value of right of way, depot grounds and terminals.

Railways well located and mortgaged for 80 per cent. or less of actual cost can dispose of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds at par; but badly located or poorly managed roads, often failing to pay interest, we may call 5 per cent. a fair rate, and on this basis the annual net revenue of roads existing at the close of 1888, from traffic, rents, interest, dividends, and all other sources, should not exceed \$234,123,000, being \$67,408,000 less than the net traffic earnings reported by Poor, and taking the net earnings (\$406,220,000) as shown by the Inter-state Commission, the excess is \$171,097,000 wrongfully extorted from the agricultural and other industries in one year.

This difference in the amount of net earnings arises from the fact that, in Poor's Manual, only traffic earnings are tabulated,* no account being taken of the immense sums railway companies derive from rents of lands, buildings, track, and terminals, as well as in the form of dividends on stocks and bonds owned, and the profits from the sale of such securities, all amounting to vast sums and yearly increasing as the railways become consolidated and absorb more and more of existing property; hence Mr. Poor's figures are incomplete and misleading, inasmuch as they fail to convey a correct idea of the total of railway earnings or the amount annually extorted from the user.

Of the \$234,123,000 resulting from a 5 per cent. revenue on \$30,000 per mile, a very large part, as will hereafter be shown, belongs to the user rather than the investor, while many parallel roads, built for construction profits, are needless; and others so badly located that the traffic will be wholly insufficient to provide revenue, and the owners must, like the owners of badly located buildings, suffer the loss entailed by lack of business sagacity. Favorably located roads can collect more than 5 per cent.; should they be permitted to do so? Each railway company is a distinct organization, each road a separate instrument and specially conditioned, and it is questionable if the compensation for the capital employed should, in any case, be permitted to exceed the rates fixed upon, from time to time, as a just return. As interest rates fall, so should returns from railway investments.

Justice and reason appear to have little part in determining railway rates, the environment being all potent, as in the states where efficient granger laws have been reinforced by a strong and active commission, rates are much the lowest, and highest where either the laws or the commission are inefficient; yet enough has been accomplished to show the be-

neficent possibilities of governmental control in suppressing some of the multifarious evil practices of railway companies; and while these practices continue, they are much less common and not so flagrant as in the past, when the manager of an inter-state railway, in order to destroy the value of the property of a coal company having no other outlet for its product, could, without a minute's notice, advance the rates on coal shipped by such company 133 per cent. above the rates charged another coal company in which such railway company and its officers were stockholders; nor with the inter-state law in force are railway officials likely to repeat the indiscretion of such manager in writing the president of a coal company (of whose property he desired to force a sale) the subjoined letter.

ST. LOUIS & SAN FRANCISCO RAILWAY CO.,

OFFICE OF THE
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT AND GEN'L MANAGER,
ST. LOUIS, MO., February 9th, 1882.

President Pittsburg Coal Company, Pittsburg Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I will pass through Pittsburg about 12 o'clock on Monday next, and would be glad to have you join me at Pittsburg, and go to Girard, and back to Pittsburg.

If we can buy your coal at a low price, I think we can possibly make a deal on that basis.

As long as you continue shipping coal, it has a demoralizing effect on the trade, and renders the coal business unprofitable, to a certain extent, to the "ROGERS COAL COMPANY."

Respectfully,

C. W. ROGERS,

Second Vice-President and Gen'l Manager.

Discriminations and other fraudulent practices, whereby the few are enriched at the expense of the public, doubtless continue, and will until railway managers, thus betraying their trusts, are sent to keep company with the men who plundered the Ocean, Fidelity, and Sixth Avenue banks; but there is, as compared with the time preceding the enactment of inter-state and state laws, but little of the work of discrimination in progress; and great as is this evil, it is trivial as compared with those growing out of a capitalization excessive by more than one half, and which is the warrant for annually levying an immense sum in unjust tolls, by which producer and consumer are alike despoiled of a large part of their earnings.

If the courts are right in holding that the carrier is entitled to but a reasonable compensation, and that the reasonableness of the charge rests upon the cost of maintenance, operation, and the amount actually invested in the plant, then the exaction of existing rates of toll is wholly indefensible. As a bar to the rendering of justice to the user, the plea is made that should rates be reduced to what would afford but a fair return for the actual cost of the plant, it would work great hardship to the present holders of railway securities, who are assumed to have bought them in good faith, and many of whom are widows, orphans, trustees, and institutions in which the poor have deposited their scanty savings. Has this plea against justice any basis except one of sentiment? If sentiment and a charitable regard for the poor and helpless shall govern, are there not twelve times as many widows, orphans, and poor among the 60,000,000 of railway users?

From the fact that there are 10,000 holders of New York Central stock, Mr. Poor estimates that there are

* Page 4 of the Introduction of Manual of 1889.

+ "Granger laws" are the laws enacted in the agricultural states of the Mississippi Valley for the control of railway rates and methods.

1,000,000 investors in railway securities, who, with their dependents, constitute a body of 5,000,000, and it is proposed that rather than this one thirtieth shall surrender, once for all, so much of their power to tax others as is the direct product of fraud, that they shall continue such unjust taxation.

This is not simply a proposition that one thirtieth of the population shall unjustly tax all others this year, next year, or even the third or fourth year, but that such burden, yearly increasing by the addition of more water, shall be carried by the twelve-thirtieths to their graves, that when death relieves them, their children and children's children, for countless generations, shall each in its turn take up the grievous burden and carry it until they also drop into the grave, and so long as these railways exist, this one-thirtieth shall possess the power to thus levy an iniquitous impost upon the entire industry of the country. Could anything be more unjust?

Shall 60,000,000 people and their descendants suffer a great and growing wrong rather than that 5,000,000 shall surrender a power to which they have no right?

The railway is public rather than private property, and while the stockholder is entitled to the usufruct and its limited control, yet such control is a trust for a specific purpose, such purpose being the service of the public for which the compensation shall be just and reasonable, but the law never contemplated that one party in interest should alone be in possession of the knowledge necessary to a determination of the amount of capital employed, and the reasonableness of the charges made, and so long as such knowledge is withheld, shareholders must expect discontent on the part of the public, and efforts to secure such control as will ensure justice: and it is this discontent which has been one of the most potent factors in bringing into existence the "Farmers' Alliance" and kindred organizations, in which millions of farmers—for the first time in history—are united for a common object.

The endowment of the railway company with the exceptional power to enter upon and take private property, and the equally exceptional limitation of the stockholders' liability to the cost of the shares held, implies special duties and obligations to the public; and the people, whose lands have been taken, who furnish the traffic, and provide the revenue, have a right to a voice in determining the justness of the rates charged.

Another plea is that the cost of transportation is less in the United States than elsewhere, hence there can be no cause of complaint. If rates are higher in Republican France or Imperial Germany, where railways exist, primarily, for military purposes, it is neither our duty to emulate them in such matters, nor to copy their costly modes of railway administration; yet we may well profit by their example in providing for stringent control of railways and the rates for carriage.

The farmer, understanding that rates are unjust by reason of an enormous fictitious capitalization, and that such rates reduce the value of his land and its products, appeals to legislation for relief, which states have sought to furnish by laws regulating rates and methods of administration, which are denounced as acts of robbery by the men who have

perpetrated the frauds of which such laws are the resultant.

The men loudest in denunciation of every attempt at control by law are those most active in the manufacture of securities, in operating the construction company, in paying unearned dividends, in selling or capitalizing cheap lines at many times their cost. These are the special champions of the widow, the orphan, and the savings bank, whom they have despoiled by the most unblushing frauds. These are the innocent, chivalrous men, high in the esteem of the street and the exchange, who wish the way left open for more nickelplating, more Wabashing, more Credit Mobiliers, and more stock and bond watering.

There is abundant evidence that where the laws have been such as to secure the greatest control.—Illinois and Iowa,—well located and judiciously managed railways are exceedingly prosperous. Many great lines derive the major part of their traffic from the granger states, yet the laws, which railway managers and investors denounce as acts of confiscation, have not prevented the payment of good dividends. Mr. Poor shows that, for twenty five years the Chicago & Alton dividends have averaged 8.7 per cent., that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy has paid regular cash dividends ranging from 8 to 10 per cent. per annum, and stock dividends aggregating \$6,701,990. The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific has done about as well in the way of dividends, although its traffic has been so largely drawn from Illinois and Iowa. Until certain bond and stock operations, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul paid 7 per cent. dividends, and the Chicago & Northwestern has swelled its capital account by the payment of stock dividends, while paying regular cash dividends of 6 to 8 per cent., and the Illinois Central has, for twenty-six years, paid dividends ranging from 4 to 10 per cent. per annum, and aggregating \$56,989,817.

Notwithstanding these laws and that nearly or quite all these roads carry an undue amount of water, that crops have failed, and panics have prostrated the industries of the country, they have prospered, new lines been added from the tolls collected on the old, the investor received ample returns, and some of the managers enabled, by some occult process, to amass enormous fortunes, all going to show that the granger laws have not been oppressive, and that when railways fail to make fair returns it is due to faulty location, unreasonable rate wars, speculative or incompetent management, or an extraordinary excess of water in capitalization.

Possibly a flood of light may be thrown on this subject by the experience of the writer when general freight and passenger agent of a new railway. Imbued with the idea that the prosperity of the road would be subserved by encouraging immigration and fostering business, the writer formulated tariffs calculated to further such ends. Imagine his astonishment when told by the general manager they would not answer, and to be informed that the road was not being built to make money out of its operation but out of its construction, and what was required of the traffic department was the greatest

present revenue possible and to make the passenger rates just low enough to take the traffic from the stages and the freight rates no lower than necessary to drive the ox teams out of the freight business.

The policy then outlined was pursued until the railway passed through the reorganization thereby made inevitable, and this cheaply-built prairie line, with free right of way and land grant and subsidy equal to its entire cost, is now capitalized for \$105,000 per mile.

On most railways the basic principle underlying tariff and schedule is "All the traffic will bear," and it is to hold in check these "Chevalliers of the road" that granger laws are formulated.

It may be safely assumed that \$30,000 per mile is the outside cost of existing railways, and that the aggregate, at the close of 1888, on which tolls should be based, was \$1,682,216,000; but here the question arises: How much of this sum has the railway builder furnished, and what part has been extorted from the railway user in the form of excessive tolls?

Available data does not admit of going back of 1874 when 69,273 miles were in operation, the cost of which, at \$30,000 per mile, being credited to the

builders; and adopting the net (traffic) earnings as shown by Poor we find that, in 1874, crediting each \$30,000 with its proportion of such earnings, *pro rata*,—and adopting the capitalists' theory that the water in the capital is entitled to the same revenue as the money part thereof—the earnings of the water in the capitalization of that year amounted to \$91,957,829, being equal to the cost of 3,065 miles of railway. Continuing such computations for fourteen years and crediting the railway users with the income of so much of the railway mileage as was, from year to year, built from the tolls collected on the capitalization in excess of \$30,000 per mile, it appears that the users have, within fifteen years, been mulcted, in the shape of tolls based wholly on water, in the sum of \$2,422,588,455, from which those in possession have constructed 80,752 miles of new railway, leaving but 2,901 miles, costing \$7,039,000,* to have been built, in the same period, from funds supplied by those claiming to own all the railways. For details of these computations, see Table I.

*This is from traffic earnings alone, to which should be added a vast sum from miscellaneous sources.

TABLE I.

Year.	Miles of railway in operation.	Capitalization per mile	Net traffic earnings, <i>Per Poor</i> .	Net traffic earnings per mile.	Mileage on which investors are entitled to revenue.	Proportion of earnings per mile on road to be fit by investors at cost of \$30,000 per mile.	Proportion of earnings per mile on fictitious capital.	Earnings of fictitious capital and miles of road built therefrom.			
								Earnings each year on fictitious capital.	Earnings of road built subsequent to 1874 from revenue on fictitious capital.	Total earnings from fictitious capital and from capital furnished by railway users and road built therefrom.	Miles of railway built in each year from tolls of fictitious capital and from tolls or mileage built in preceding years from excessive tolls.
1874	69,273	\$58,256	\$189,570,938	\$2,736 57	69,273	\$1,409 10	\$1,327 47	\$91,957,829		\$91,957,829	3,065
1875	71,759	61,652	185,506,438	2,585 13	68,694	1,258 00	1,327 13	91,165,867	\$7,923,423	99,089,290	3,303
1876	73,508	58,562	186,452,752	2,536 50	67,140	1,299 50	1,237 00	82,196,288	16,152,432	98,348,730	3,278
1877	74,112	60,678	170,976,697	2,307 00	64,466	1,142 00	1,165 00	75,074,930	22,308,690	97,383,620	3,246
1878	78,960	59,163	187,575,167	2,375 57	66,068	1,204 41	1,171 16	77,344,577	30,689,989	108,034,566	3,601
1879	79,009	57,730	216,544,999	2,740 76	62,516	1,424 10	1,316 66	82,276,766	45,277,355	127,554,121	4,251
1880	82,146	58,624	255,557,555	3,111 01	61,402	1,591 91	1,519 10	93,234,752	64,617,581	157,852,333	5,262
1881	92,971	60,445	272,406,787	2,930 02	66,965	1,455 02	1,475 00	98,733,556	76,277,210	175,010,766	5,834
1882	104,971	61,303	280,316,696	2,670 42	73,131	1,306 90	1,363 52	99,678,766	85,098,274	184,777,040	6,159
1883	110,414	62,030	298,367,285	2,656 07	72,415	1,285 54	1,370 53	99,209,926	100,999,717	200,209,643	6,674
1884	115,672	61,366	268,064,496	2,318 32	70,999	1,133 66	1,184 66	84,077,689	103,628,904	187,706,593	6,257
1885	123,320	61,398	269,493,931	2,185 32	72,390	1,067 75	1,117 57	80,870,718	111,357,351	192,228,069	6,408
1886	125,185	61,098	300,603,564	2,401 27	67,847	1,179 02	1,222 25	82,903,995	137,748,854	220,652,849	7,355
1887	137,028	58,603	334,989,119	2,444 67	72,335	1,251 67	1,193 00	86,263,444	158,219,042	244,482,486	8,149
1888	145,387	60,731	301,631,051	2,074 61	72,545	1,024 86	1,049 75	86,125,770	151,174,756	237,300,526	7,910
								\$1,311,114,877	\$1,111,473,578	\$2,422,588,455	80,752

The above computations are based on a cost of \$30,000 per mile, and the unwarranted assumption that investors furnished the money to build all the roads existing in 1874.

Should it be claimed that instead of dividing the earnings *pro rata* between the real and fictitious capital, that the real is entitled to full compensation before anything is assigned to the fictitious, we will, without admitting that the preceding computations are not correctly based, proceed to first give compensation, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, for all

the capital actually employed (except that furnished by the users in the form of tolls in excess of such six per cent.) and again assuming that the capital to build all the roads existing in 1874 had been furnished by the putative owners, and we find the results as set forth in Table II.

Table II. shows that from traffic earnings alone,

the holders of shares and bonds have received six per cent. per annum for every dollar invested and have, within fifteen years, been enabled, by the watery fiction, to extort from railway users the enormous sum of \$1,592,280,471 (to which should be

added about half as much more from miscellaneous earnings), with which has been built 53,076 miles of railway, for the use of which it is proposed to forever tax those who have furnished all the money employed in its construction.

TABLE II.

Showing revenue of investors at six per cent. on cost of \$30,000 per mile and mileage built from earnings in excess of six per cent.

Years.	Miles of Railway in operation.	Mileage on which investor's revenue is computed.	Capital furnished by investors on the basis of cost being \$30,000 per mile.	Revenue of investors on basis of six per cent. on cost of \$30,000 per mile.	Revenue of Railways from traffic earnings. Per Foot.	Earnings in excess of six per cent. on \$30,000 per mile, hence belonging to the railway user, but employed in building new roads.	Miles of railway built from tolls in excess of six per cent. on \$30,000 per mile, and to the revenue from which investor has no right.
1874	69,273	69,273	\$2,078,190,000	\$124,961,400	\$189,570,958	\$64,879,558	2,163
1875	71,759	69,596	2,087,880,000	125,272,800	185,506,438	60,233,638	2,008
1876	73,508	69,337	2,080,110,000	124,806,600	186,452,752	62,646,152	2,082
1877	74,112	67,853	2,035,590,000	122,135,400	170,976,697	48,841,297	1,638
1878	78,960	71,073	2,132,190,000	127,931,400	187,575,167	59,643,767	1,988
1879	79,009	69,134	2,074,020,000	124,441,200	216,544,999	92,103,779	3,070
1880	82,146	69,201	2,076,030,000	124,561,800	255,557,555	130,996,755	4,366
1881	92,971	75,660	2,269,800,000	136,188,000	272,406,787	136,218,787	4,541
1882	104,971	83,119	2,493,570,000	149,614,200	280,316,696	130,702,496	4,357
1883	110,414	84,205	2,526,150,000	151,569,000	293,367,285	141,798,285	4,726
1884	115,672	84,737	2,542,110,000	152,526,600	268,064,496	115,537,896	3,851
1885	123,320	88,524	2,655,720,000	159,343,200	269,493,931	110,150,731	3,672
1886	125,185	86,727	2,601,810,000	156,108,600	300,603,564	144,494,960	4,816
1887	137,028	93,754	2,812,620,000	168,757,200	334,989,119	166,231,919	5,542
1888	145,387	96,572	2,897,160,000	173,829,600	301,631,051	127,801,451	4,260
						\$1,592,280,471	53,076

Is it possible that no remedy can be found for such evils? In the National Bank the law has created another form of public trust, but one whose relations to the people are infinitely less intimate and with the services of which the public could dispense without serious results.

The railway and the bank each perform functions that the state might: yet the bank alone is held to the most rigid discharge of its duties, a maximum fixed for its rates of toll, the amount it shall loan any one party, and the kind of security determined as well as the amount of its reserve fund, its books and assets at all times subject to inspection without notice, no share issued until paid for in full, the payment of unearned dividends made a penal offence, and breaches of trust punished in an exemplary manner.

Can there be any sufficient reason why the railway corporations, with infinitely greater power and privileges, performing functions a thousand times more important, and directly affecting a hundred persons for one affected by bank administration, should not be subjected to control quite as stringent and quite as far reaching?

Shares and bonds being the basis of tolls, should a railway company be permitted to issue share or bond until its par value in actual money has been covered into the corporate treasury?

Should the basis of tolls be laid until it has been shown that a proposed line is necessary to public convenience and will make fair returns on its cost?

Should a railway company be permitted to collect tolls until it has shown the exact cost of the instrument of transportation?

Should it not be a penal offence for a railway official to pay an unearned dividend?

Should not railway accounts, stock and bond ledgers, and assets be subjected to like inspection as those of national banks?

Would not rate wars cease, were railways once having reduced rates, debarred from ever again advancing them without governmental permission?

Should not railway companies be taxed on their capitalization as shown in issues of bonds and shares?

Should not railways be appraised at present cash value, and earnings, from all sources, be limited to what would afford a given or maximum return on such appraisal?

Or should the nation assume the ownership and operate the railways through a non-partisan commission, as the Province of Victoria, Australia, has shown to be both practical and economical?

There is no longer any question as to the power of the nation to control these great arteries of trade, nor is there outside a limited circle, any question as to the necessity of such control, and it but remains for the lawgivers to formulate such statutes as will protect user and investor, both of whom are at the mercy of a small body of men who can and do make and mar the fortunes of individuals, cities, and states, without let or hindrance.

A SHIBBOLETH.

A writer, W. S. Lilly, in the *March Forum*, has an article entitled "The Shibboleth of the People"—or stated differently, "The People,—the Shibboleth."

In the United States "the people" is the national cry, the national watchword—and it is against this national exclamation that Mr. Lilly writes. Mr. Lilly uses expressions which lead to the conclusion that he is a foreigner, as for instance: "The American vote, it is explained to me," etc., and we assume that Mr. Lilly is an Englishman, and antagonizes the shibboleth, "The People" that he may *whack* Gladstone and other distinguished Englishmen who are trying to solve the Irish problem.

The opening sentences of Mr. Lilly's article are as follows:

I met, the other day, a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, distinguished, I was told, as orator at the Union there, who, after a few minutes conversation, was so good as to inform me that he believed in "the people's" gospel—every man to count for one, no man for more than one, whereupon, in my haste, perhaps, I privately wrote him down an ass."

In this the reader has Mr. Lilly's political, moral and religious creed. He writes a man down "an ass" who believes every man should "count for one," and that no man should count "for more than one"—and Mr. Lilly seeks the pages of widely circulated publications in the United States to air his aristocratic and monarchical opinions. It is needless to say that in the United States,—however strange the assertion may appear—Mr. Lilly will have thousands of admiring and approving readers. There are thousands of Americans who despise the shibboleth, "The People." There is not a Carnegie, a Vanderbilt, an Astor, a trust baron, syndicate, shark, a stock waterer, or a food cornerer in the land, who is not entirely in sympathy with Mr. Lilly and who, when they hear a man assert, that "every man should count for one, and no man for more than one," writes him down "as an ass"—and fortunate is the man who holds to such opinions, if he escapes with no severer penalty than being called "an ass;" fortunate if he is not proclaimed "an anarchist," "a dynamiter," "a socialist," or something, if possible, still more odious.

Mr. Lilly wants his readers to understand

what the shibboleth, "The People" means, and says: "It may mean a nation, as it does when we speak of the English, the French or the American people. It may mean a particular section of a nation, the most numerous, the least wealthy, and the least cultivated. When used in this latter sense it very commonly becomes a shibboleth, and an extremely effective one too."

Having defined what "the people" means, or may mean, Mr. Lilly proceeds to note the difference between the "*populace* and the *people*." He quotes Grattan as saying that "the populace differs much, and should be clearly distinguished from the people," and says "the tendency of political progress from his (Grattan's) time to ours, has been to ignore the difference (between people and populace) and rub out the distinction. Throughout the civilized world the populace is now, to a very great extent, identified with the people. And no wonder, for political power has everywhere gravitated to the populace."

The lexicographers make a distinction, as vicious as it is arbitrary between "the people" and "the populace." Webster says:

PEOPLE, the body of persons who compose a community, tribe, nation or race; an aggregate of individuals forming a whole—a community, a nation.

With this definition, what becomes of the "populace?" It is the people, the people are the populace, because the people constitute the whole. Still Webster says:

POPULACE, the common people; the vulgar, the multitude.

And then as if to everlastingly obliterate such a definition, we have in the same paragraph: "Populace—Comprehending all persons not distinguished by rank, office, education, or profession."

Here we have an attempt at distinction, without a difference, and finally the square admission that people and populace are absolutely one, and that distinctions when discussing the shibboleth, "The People," are arbitrary, and in a sense atrocious, as the purpose is to centralize power in the hands of the few and reduce the many to serfdom.

It is not questioned—the fact is too glaring to be denied, or extenuated, that there are those who are ceaselessly at work to degrade the so-called "common people"—to

refer to them as the "mob"—the vulgar horde, and this is accounted for by the fact which the writer asserts, that "throughout the civilized world the populace is now to a very great extent identified with the people"—and that "political power has everywhere gravitated to the populace"—and hence, legitimately, and naturally, "the people's gospel, every man to count for one, no man for more than one," and hence, also, the shibboleth, "The People."

Mr. Lilly does not hesitate to admit that the people for a long period were "nothing," that they wanted to be "something," and that now they are everything, and that "what is called democracy, or government of numbers, is an accomplished fact, and universal suffrage is an accepted form." Here is an admission that the people's gospel—the glad tidings of emancipation, has been heard, and has brought forth an abundant harvest.

It is the purpose of Mr. Lilly to satisfy his readers that the "people's gospel" is a popular sham, a miserable vagary and he proceeds to state his views as follows:

Let us consider a little. Two things are required to enable a man to exercise rightly the political power represented by a vote. In the first place, his will should be determined by the public good rather than by his private ends; and, secondly, he should possess a knowledge of that wherein the public good consists. Is it possible to predicate such a will, or such knowledge, of the average voter? Can any candid person aver that Mr. Mill is wrong when, in the preface to the third edition of his "Principles of Political Economy," he dwells upon "the extreme unfitness at present—of mankind in general and of the laboring classes in particular—for any order of things which would make any considerable demand upon either their intellect or their virtue?" As a matter of fact, the considerations which appeal most strongly to the average voter have nothing whatever to do with intellect or with virtue. The masses are led, not by principles, but by passions; not by reason, but by rhetoric. They are the natural prey of demagogues, who know best how to appeal to passions; who, "uttering great swelling words of vanity, while they promise them liberty, are themselves the subjects of corruption." The idols of the multitude have ever been those who have known best how to play upon it by arts to which magnanimous or high-souled men will not stoop. Universal and ungraduated suffrage issues, at its best, in government by mediocrities; but, more commonly, in government by scoundrels. It ostracizes culture, leisure, independence, and all the qualities which specially fit men to legislate for their country. It produces that political indifference among the men of

light and leading, which is the worst curse that can fall upon a nation.

The foregoing is a fearful arraignment of the people. Mr. Lilly ought to have been honest enough to have cited an instance in history where the nation was wrecked because of the people's gospel, where "every man counted for one, no man for more than one." He ought to have referred to the nation where the people count for little, or for nothing; where the people's gospel is never preached; where the rich ride and rule and the poor bow and obey; where by virtue of such rule the people are happier, more progressive, more intelligent than in the United States, where for two centuries and a half the people's gospel has been preached, and under whose sway the mightiest empire of the earth is established and which can perish only when the gospel of plutocrats is substituted for the people's gospel.

Here, in a government by the people, it is not held, even by the majority, that a majority is always right, and hence constitutional limitations of the prerogatives of majorities in numerous cases. If Mr. Lilly were not himself an arrant demagogue, he would point to Russia, Turkey, Italy, Germany and Spain, where the people's gospel is not preached; not even in England in all its matchless power, and have instituted comparisons.

No, he comes to the United States, where the people's gospel proclaims "every man to count one, no man more than one"; where under the people's rule, including the "populace," there is a free press, a free Bible, a free church, free schools, and, thank God, free men; in view of which, what becomes of Mr. Mill's slander upon the "laboring classes" and the intelligence of their votes? "Scoundrels" there are; scoundrels there have been in all ages and in all nations. The United States has had its share, has it now, but so far they have played no more conspicuous part in governmental affairs than in England. The gospel of the people does not "ostracize culture, leisure and independence;" it ostracizes no good quality in men; it does not ostracize the "laboring class;" nor is it true—on the contrary, it is as malicious a libel as

was ever written—that “the considerations which appeal most strongly to the average voter have nothing whatever to do with intellect or with virtue.”

If Mr. Lilly or any other person finds any satisfaction in designating the masses as the “common people” we have no objection. The common people in politics are like common sense in law and logic. Banish the “common people,” and you have Russia; banish common sense, and you have pandemonium.

It is a fact, which Mr. Lilly and his admirers might study with profit that in the days of Christ He mingled exclusively with the “common people,” and on one occasion, when He was preaching the people's gospel, that “every man counted for one, and no man for more than one,” the “common people heard Him gladly.” On that occasion the Master pointed to the *uncommon* people, and said: “Beware of the Scribes which love to go in long clothing, and low salutations in the market places, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts; which devour widows' houses, and for pretence make long prayers; these shall receive greater damnation.”

The foregoing is about the first mention we have of the “common people” the “populace”—the laboring classes as distinguished from the “scoundrels” who “devoured widows' houses,” and of all miscreants, were selected to receive the “greater damnation.”

It is well enough, occasionally, to put upon record the declarations of the Master relating to the people—the populace, particularly when some snob—some Scribe or Pharisee seeks to degrade the “laboring masses” and elevate the “scoundrels” who “devour widows' houses,” and rob labor of its just reward.

That there is a growing purpose on the part of the millionaires in the United States to hush the gospel of the people—to change the shibboleth of the nation, we do not doubt, and that the ambition of Mr. Lilly is to foster the growth of such upas ideas is manifest. It may be that success will be achieved. It may be that the Sampson—the people, will be de-

cayed, debauched, cajoled, until they find themselves shorn of their strength, and handed over to the Philistines to be mocked and ridiculed and have their eyes put out. If the day should ever come, then look out for the blind athlete, then watch the pillars of the temple of Liberty, for as certain as that

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,”

the temple, people and treasures will be buried in ruins.

FOREIGN PAUPER IMMIGRATION.

There is a ceaseless clamor against “foreign pauper immigration” to the United States. Every poor person is *not* a pauper, though every pauper is a poor person. A pauper is so poor that he or she must be supported by charity or starve. A pauper, as a general proposition, is unable to work. (Old, infirm or feeble minded, the law exempts them from labor—the state cares for them. There are no able bodied, sound minded paupers. If such persons refuse to work the law compels them to work. They are vagrants, vagabonds, tramps, idlers by choice, and generally criminals by profession. They are not paupers, and have no just claim upon charity.

That such characters are all too often found among immigrants from foreign countries is not denied. The point we make is that the clamor of the times includes the great mass of immigrants who seek our shores for the purpose of bettering their condition.

Associated with this outcry against “foreign pauper immigration” is the noise made about the “pauper labor” of Europe. Do those who create the hub bub desire to be understood as denouncing poor men who work in European countries? and because they are poor, class them with paupers? If so, do they not see if poverty and work in Europe degrades workingmen to paupers, it does the same thing in America?

It should be understood that paupers do not work, and that workingmen are not paupers in any land. In this matter let us be distinctly understood. We write to correct errors of expression. Words are signs of ideas, and often of exceedingly vicious

ideas. As for instance, when a member of congress calls labor "a commodity, as much so as any *raw material*, worked up," and the talk about "pauper labor" and "pauper laborers," is equally ridiculous.

Let us take for illustration two extremes of conditions. Jay Gould, with an income of \$10,000,000 a year, and a trackman on one of his railroads whose income is 90 cents a day—or \$270 a year—a difference in incomes of \$9,999,730. Both of these *gentlemen* live within their incomes, neither of them are objects of charity. The trackman is no more a pauper than Mr. Gould. He wears coarse clothes, he eats coarse fare, he lives in a humbler house—but he works, he supports himself and his family. He is independent. Let him be still further oppressed and robbed, and he will wear still coarser clothes and eat still coarser food and find a still humbler dwelling. But he is not a pauper laborer. Europe is full of men who for centuries have been oppressed, robbed and degraded, who have struggled against conditions which agonize the brain to contemplate and yet, have saved enough to get out of their bondage—to find some other land, where, under God's blessings, conditions are more favorable for the poor.

At an early day, we are to have a celebration of the anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. Why celebrate the anniversary? What good came of the discovery, if it did not afford an asylum to men who would escape from tyranny, and especially, those who were workers? But it is held that those who came first secured a preëmption right to the land, not only where they "squatted" but to acres without limit, and now, while making no objection to the immigration of the rich, lift their hands in "holy horror" because the poor manage to land on American shores.

The time has arrived to stop the chatter about "pauper labor" and "pauper laborers." Trust barons and great corporations may be pleased with such terms, because they have the significance of slaves, or serfs, and do not suggest citizenship. If it can be once established that the term, workingman, is synonymous with "pauper laborer," the work of degradation speeds on

more rapidly, and the Corbins of the period will be able to accomplish their purpose more perfectly.

The laws as they now stand, exclude criminals and paupers from our shores, as also, "contract laborers." That is enough. We have room for 400,000,000 population. There are yet empires of waste places. Cities are in a congested condition, but it is not the fault of workingmen. Men at the head of industrial enterprises seek the towns and the cities, and workingmen follow. There are ten thousand industries in the United States that would succeed quite as well in the country as in the city, if located on any of our railroads,—the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone have completely upset the old theory that the city was best suited for industrial enterprises—and that it still holds sway, is due to the vicious ambition of cities to show the largest population, regardless of the vice and poverty which are entailed upon those who must work or starve.

When the Columbus Exposition, in 1893, is thrown open to the world, what will be seen? Not a thing that does not glorify labor—labor, from the humblest toiler to the most skilled artisan, and it is hoped that Europe will contribute, as well as all the civilized nations of the earth; and who, we ask, will write of these exhibits as the product of "pauper labor?" or who will voice the sentiment that the men whose skill challenges the admiration of all beholders, are forbidden the privilege of coming to America? Let us be done with such gabble. When from the mast-head of one of the little vessels in the squadron of Columbus the cry was heard, "Land! Land!" it meant land for the world; not for those who first robbed the Indians, but for men through all time who might seek homes in the New World. At any rate, whatever else may be said in regard to a Chinese wall policy of exclusiveness, let us be done with the "pauper labor" folly—something that never existed since Jehovah finished the world and "rested from all the work which he had made."

COLUMBIA COLLEGE owns property valued at \$8,000,000, yielding a yearly income of more than \$300,000.

SHALL WE GO A-MAYING?

Yes, let us go a-Maying. The trees and the fields are arrayed in emerald beauty; the wild flowers are blooming, the brooks are laughing and the birds are singing. Let us go a-Maying. The Ice King has retreated to his arctic domains. The south winds are blowing. The skies, in cerulean beauty, are bending above us; the fleecy clouds are sailing like swans in azure seas; hill and vale, field and forest, all invite us to go a-Maying.

For a day we will bask in the sunshine and leave all carking care behind us. The morning is blooming, the air is laden with delicious odors and the dew is bespangling herb and flower and tree.

"Come! let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,
Once lost can ne'er be found again.

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then when time serves and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come! let's go a-Maying."

During many weary weeks we have sighed for the coming of the vernal season—for the violets in the vale, for the song of the thrush.

"Ah! our hearts were weary waiting—

Waiting for the May—

Waiting for the pleasant rambles,

Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,

With the woodbine alternating,

Scent the dewy way.

Ah! our hearts were weary waiting—

Waiting for the May."

Well, May has come with all its wealth of beauty and fragrance. May is the queen of flowers, and all the songsters of the grove sing the glories of May. The bee comes forth from its honey home, its sweet retirement, to replenish its wasted store and sing its song of gratitude for the "coming of May." With deft and fairy fingers May decorates all the landscapes, nor does she forget the wayside nooks nor secluded dells and the babbling brooks, as they dance their way to the sea, are ceaseless in their praise of the beauty of their bossy banks.

Yes, let us go a-Maying. Let us gather the wild flowers and weave them into wreaths and chaplets to deck the brow of beauty. Let us go a-gypseying as we did "a long time ago," when

"Our eyes were bright, and our hearts were light.

And Nature's face was gay.

The trees their leafy branches spread.

And perfumes filled sweet May.

We danced and sang the jocund song

'Upon the village green,

And naught but mirth and jollity

Around us could be seen.

And thus we passed the pleasant time, nor thought
Of care or woe:

In the days when we went a-Maying, a long time ago."

Yes, let us go a-Maying and take the children—the youth, the maiden, the little toddlers. Let us climb the verdant hills and view the landscape o'er. And

"Then we'll go to yonder glade

Bonnie Lassie O,

Where so oft beneath its shade.

Bonnie Lassie O,

We have told our tale of love,

And have sportive garland wove.

Bonnie Lassie, O."

Yes, let us go a-Maying. No time is to be lost. We must be joyous and happy while we may. The old, with their wrinkles and gray hairs, will renew their youth as they see the children weave their chaplets of flowers and in the wealth of their youth, strength and beauty, dance the bright hours away.

It is no task to go a-Maying. To most of us the fields and the woods are near. Just "over there" the wild flowers are blooming, the bees are humming, the herds are feeding, the lambs are gamboling, the squirrel is barking, the birds are singing. Let us go out into God's country, away, away from the city, its dust and din, and commune with nature.

Alas! too true, thousands of our fellow workers will not go a-Maying in 1891. They will not gather wild flowers nor hear one note of all the ravishing melodies of nature. The flowers bloom for them and the birds sing for them and all of the varied and wonderful beauties and blessings the good God has bestowed with lavish prodigality, but thousands will not enjoy them, because poverty hedges them in and their task masters

hold them by their cruel greed, fast in their bondage. Between the shop and the tenement house is a ceaseless funeral march and the hearts of the victims of wrong beat like muffled drums. They will not go a-Maying.

But others can, and thousands will, as opportunities offer, renounce work, forego wages, put on their holiday attire, and go a-Maying—go to the fields and to the forests, to Nature's concert of harmonies, to Nature's picture galleries, to Nature's flower gardens, and while communing with the flowers, exclaim:

"Your voiceless lips, O Flower, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nooks."

* * * * *

"Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining.
Priests, sermons, shrines."

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Bellamy's *New Nation*, we have from time to time contemplated with sensations of special pleasure. It is to come as day emerges from the night. First the arrows of light, pencilled drawings betokening the coming of the god of day, steadily growing and glowing in effulgence, shadows flee away and finally the source of life and light and heat coming into full view and rising grandly to meridian glory. Then the winter of man's discontent, made glorious summer by the sun nationalism, comes no more upon the earth. Poverty takes everlasting flight and the millennium, so long prayed for, appears and comes to stay. We have long ago fallen in love with Bellamy's picture. As a work of art, it is divine, it is to the last degree creditable to Bellamy's imagination, and weighs for its realization.

"Go wing your flight from star to star—
From world, to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its faming walls."

And you will find hung upon those "walls" nothing more beautiful than Bellamy's *New Nation*. It is to come without war. No bugle blast is to call to arms. It is to come as does the garniture of fields and forests, at the bidding of the sun and rain, the emerald grass, the wild flowers, and all the varied beauties which nature spreads

out with lavish hand to adorn the world. Who so cold, so stolid, so deaf and blind as not to wish for the coming of the *New Nation*? who so inert and passionless as not to listen for the sounding symphonies of the merry stars and the shouts of the sons of God at the birth of the *New Nation*?

But there is another scheme on foot. It is to have a "New Republic." The scheme owes its origin to Mr. Thomas Lake Harris, of Santa Rosa, California. Bellamy's *New Nation* devotes considerable space to Mr. Harris' scheme and we are indebted to the *New Nation* for what we know of the matter. The "New Republic" is to come as comes the earthquake, the thunderbolt, the tornado; it is to be preceded by calamities, and all the portents are now in the air. Hear Mr. Harris—He says:

The war of strikes and boycotts threatens always to become a war of public insurrection. Pinkerton's police, state militia, the sheriff's posse are powerful; but so are the massed toilers; their roused and maddened wifehood and motherhood; so is dynamite. A mortgaged agricultural state, ruined by failing crops, 10 per cent. interest, onerous rates of railway transportation, tariff taxes, prices of farm products reduced below the cost of production by the system of cornerage,—what is it but a state on the edge of revolution or secession? It is easy to conceive of a possible situation, in which the farming states, as independent sovereignties in the union, may array their governing authorities, legislature, courts, citizen soldiery, against the federal powers. It is easy to look on to the birth of a new confederacy; our Union is not a band of invulnerable steel, it is a glass globe; we feel already the jar of the concussions; its atoms may fly apart. It may shiver into fragments.

Paradise is in the air; the atmosphere of our social hope is impregnated by diffused elysium. This utterance proceeds in that promise; but there is also an air of terror. The toiling masses of the people can be led through miseries, disappointments, ruinous calamities; on to a certain point they may be driven by their task-masters like cattle toward the shambles. Starvation of the body, starvation of mind, heart and hope, starvation that with spectral shadowing extinguishes the fire of the hearth and slays the comfort of the bed, that smites the babe upon its mother's bosom, and shrouds at last that mother for the grave,—this in its long approaches is endured, but in the last extreme it loosens the passion of revenge, the desperation of ruin that is latent in the natality of man; it leads forth a storm of mania that is the opposite of the evolutionary whirl.

When the cry is heard, "Bread or blood!" the plutocratic rulers may well tremble. This is not so far off, by the law of the alternative, but that quickening senses may now feel it tingling toward them. If all the promise of the past is latent in our nation for

the evolution of its social humanhood, the savagisms, the barbarisms of all that past lie latent in its animalized cupidities. Coiled like gigantic serpents they wait, if roused and unfettered, to whirl forth upon the land in all the power and deadliness of wrath that is implied in such enormous heredities. Then reason is nowhere, the instinct of self-preservation is lost, is swallowed up in the final instinct of destruction. The wise of old have written: "It is dangerous to trifle with the avenging fates."

Now there is here a body of toilers, men and women, numbered by millions, to whom every outrage offered to the fellow is felt as a personal indignity, a dart that quivers and rankles in their own flesh. In this common multitude, made one by the sympathy and sensitiveness of the common outrage, this latent mania exists in full force, but is held hitherto in the consensus of repression. It struggles and is forced down: it heaves again and again, made by each new indignity less patient, more determined, more terrible,—loosening by little and little the accustomed restraints that held it in subjection.

"Bread or blood!"—at any hour when the cry lifts wide and persistent the mania may emerge. There is not here to meet it, as in Europe, the obedient force of millions of soldiery. Our government does not rest on force, it is based on popular consent. These thousands of millions of dollars of the people's earned wealth, these hundreds of thousands of square miles of the people's heritage are appropriated by the capitalistic few, whose title holds only by pen and ink that has no binding force, excepting for so far and so long as the people is acquiescent.

Let a whirl of mania forestall the final outlet of the whirl of evolution, and the insurrectionary explosion may flash across the continent, from seaboard to seaboard, between the rise and set of sun. Then the rule of the prudent wise of the multitude is lost in the reign of the terror. Mania, the infernal goddess whose hand brandishes the torch, may show by it the road to the guillotine. For the last quarter of a century we have filled up the land with the discontented myriads of the Old World: they came expecting freedom, but have found new servitudes; they came led on by hope, they sit down brooding and sullen with despair. The skies do not brighten to them, they darken and darken on.

Social nationalism and the kindred preparatory movements, by instilling hope and patience into the oppressed masses, hold in suppression the explosive forces. But these forces are approaching terribly near the surface, the limits of the safety-line are very nearly overpassed.

Men have a curious habit of shutting the mental eyes to what they dislike or are afraid to see. Another habit, when successful, is that of thinking in their phrase, that "old Mr. Luck will always be good to them." This habit holds possession of the average American mind. No nation was ever so successful as ours: therefore it must always be successful. They forget: this nation has been in rapid motion. A thousand years of result have been whirled into one century. Living so fast, it has lived almost to its end, its to-morrow is with death. It may rise again, a new and glorious republic, socialized humanity to the resurrection of the just: but, as to its

present form, movement, custom and environment, it must first die.

The *New Nation* says Mr. Harris is what is termed a "socialist nationalist," but without reference to what he calls himself, or is called, he sees frightful things, and he sees them, or thinks he sees them, with terrible distinctness. To him everything looks red or blue. He hears terrific sounds, the earth trembles beneath his feet and the atmosphere is charged with lightning, dynamite is lying around loose everywhere; the United States is one great powder magazine. Men are preparing to lay hold upon the pillars of the States and shake down the superstructure. The imagination of Mr. Harris is awfully lurid, and like the old German, who, in early times, camped near the Hot Springs in Arkansas, he thinks hell is not more than half a mile distant. Mr. Bellamy should labor to change the character of Mr. Harris' reflections. As matters stand, we feel like repeating the old darkey's inquiry:

What yo' gwine to do
When de world's on fire?

AN English editor, in suspending the publication of his paper, said that "The circulation of this paper, thanks to the extraordinary and unparalleled success which has attended it since the first number, has increased to so enormous a figure that we are quite unable to print it. We are, consequently, compelled to suspend publication." That editor's joke proclaims him a genius.

EVICIONS for the non-payment of rent are twice more numerous in the city of New York than in all of Ireland. All lands and climes are favorable for the growth and maturity of the landlord hog.

THERE are now two hundred women preachers in the United States. Why not turn over the industrial enterprise entirely to women? They could handle it satisfactorily.

DURING the past one hundred years, London has grown from a city of 900,000 population to more than 5,000,000.

IN London 1,000 houses are built every month.

Wages.

"Tell me, what shall thy wages be?"—Gen. xxix.

PRELIMINARY to what I shall have to say in this paper on the subject of wages I desire to introduce the following from the *Chicago Daily News Almanac* for 1891:

WAGES.

The following are given as reasons why by the day, wages in the textile industries are high in America and low in Europe.

Number of looms run by one weaver in cotton mills:

In America	6 to 8
In England	3 to 4
In Switzerland	2 to 3

Number of yards turned out by one weaver of same quality and width of cloth:

In America	1,350 yards
In England	857 yards
In Switzerland	460 yards

Number of spindles in throstle spinning by one spinner (girls):

In America	900
In England	576

Wages by the yard are lowest in America. Rate per 100 yards of print cloth:

In Fall River	40 cents
In Lancashire	51 cents
In Switzerland	60 cents

WOOLEN MILLS.

Number of looms run in dress goods mills by one weaver:

In America	2 looms
In England	1 loom

Number of yards turned out per week by one weaver:

In America	300 yards
In England	105 yards

Number of yards turned out by one weaver on one loom in cheviot cloth:

In America	120 yards
In England	80 yards
In Ireland	54 yards

INGRAIN CARPET.

Number of yards turned out by one weaver on power looms:

In America	180 to 240 yards
In England	72 to 120 yards

Rates paid per yard:

In America	4 to 5½ cents
In England (power loom)	4½ cents
In England (hand loom)	10 cents

Perhaps there is no problem of which the solution is so difficult as the one relating to the recompense of labor; no subject so irritating and vexatious as the question of wages. We see a perpetual conflict between employer and employé; the one striving to decrease wages, the other seeking an advance; resulting in a struggle as perplexing as it is never ending.

What is *labor*? There are numerous definitions given, but do they quite convey the idea that we intend? Are they not more copious than explicit? If this deficiency is as real as it is apparent, the cause will probably be found in the present conception of the word rather than in negligence on the part of lexicographers. As a substitute for something better, and at the same time to be brief, we could define *labor* as "the exertion of muscular strength in exchange for wages." But then the question arises, "what is wages?" To be again brief we could say

that wages "is the price paid for labor." That this will be accepted as the correct meaning of *labor* and *wages* matters not; it answers the purpose in the present instance. Of course there is mental as well as physical labor, but the latter is generally understood when we speak of *labor*. Some may claim that one can labor without expectation of recompense; but this is hardly a fact, unless it be an act of charity, and charity is never without recompense. A man may row a boat for pleasure and he may perform the same act for pay, the latter is *labor*, the former is *recreation*.

The causes assigned for "low" wages are nearly as numerous as the remedies prescribed. Some ascribe low wages to the selfish, grinding power of monopoly, the antagonizing acts of capital; others, that the statutes are defective in the degree of protection afforded. If wages is the *price* of labor, it must come under that never-varying rule, the rule that the price of all things is governed by *demand* and *supply*. To increase the demand for labor without adding to the supply exerts a powerful influence in the raising of wages, but to increase the supply without an extra demand has an effect directly the opposite. When employers are numerous and employés are few, the latter can dictate the terms, but when the situation is reversed low wages are accepted to avoid idleness.

If *demand* and *supply* are the controlling influences, the question can be asked with propriety, "Why not let us endeavor to so arrange these influences that labor will be benefited?" This would be the proper course to pursue, but then it is not improbable that in the future laboring men would meet with the same obstacle that has always been their "stumbling block" in the past. These "sons of toil" have never had the time nor inclination to think for themselves upon the subject; they prefer to allow some one else to do their thinking, and this professional "thinker" willingly accepts the task, but is usually under obligations to a class whose interests are not identical with the interests of labor. If past experiences should be our future guide we may be able by a little diligence, a small exertion of our mental powers, to avoid the reefs upon which many of our hope laden crafts have foundered. By glancing through the annals of the history of the great "Battle for Bread," we may realize where we have mistaken the strength of the enemy, and can see at a glance where defeats could have been victories.

We are aware that the supply of labor is largely in excess of the demand; we know that hundreds of thousands of idle men are vainly seeking employment, then let us discover the cause. Have we "multiplied and replenished" to an excessive degree? No,

for it is said that "among American men there are few husbands and in American families there are few children" when compared with other nationalities. What then is the cause of this enormous supply, this great surplus of labor?

By referring to statistics we find that from 1881 to 1890 there came to the United States 5,246,613 people seeking homes and employment. It is safe to say that they found that which they sought, even if it did become necessary for a few of the "boys" to leave the old home and go a little farther west, where there were "better openings" for young men. This process has now reached a period when an English speaking person feels the need of an interpreter in the mining region of the east. Without being accused of partiality to "English speaking" people we can deplore the fact that the men who "took our places" had just come over on the last ship. There can be but little doubt that immigration has been the cause of the great supply of labor, and this supply not being met with an equivalent demand has resulted disastrously to American labor. How can the demand for labor be increased, or rather how has it been done in the past? Without including our agricultural products we may say that the demand for labor is regulated by home consumption, inasmuch as there is no mutual commercial intercourse with other nations. As we have to depend almost entirely upon home consumption for demand it has been deemed necessary to encourage home production by aid from the government. Under a "protective tariff" an extra demand for labor is created by offering inducements to capital to invest in the protected industries. The tariff is the popular remedy for low wages, but its efficiency is not equal to its popularity. Like anodynes in medical practice, it affords temporary relief but effects no cure, and leaves the patient an abject slave to the "remedy." A protective tariff may increase wages or may decrease wages. When there is a great demand for labor created by the operation of the tariff our wage-earners are benefited, but if our protective tariff attracts from foreign nations a great supply of labor the gain is balanced by a loss. When the tariff creates a greater supply than demand the effect produced upon wages is the opposite of what was intended. The protective tariff does not protect American labor from foreign labor because labor is not on the list of articles protected. A home demand for labor can never compete with a foreign supply. It is claimed that American labor is a direct beneficiary of the protective tariff, but we have failed to hear of a single instance where wages have been increased on account of increased protection. The manufacturer, quite naturally, endeavors to increase his profits by clamoring for more protection, and at the

same time procures his raw material and labor where he can obtain it cheapest, be that America or Hungary.

How can American labor be a direct beneficiary of the tariff as long as there are no restrictions placed upon immigration? The weavers, tailors and shoemakers of Europe cannot send their wares to this country without paying a duty, but they can come themselves and take our jobs at wages that we will not accept. No one receives them more cordially than the protected American manufacturer. Would it not be better for us, for these foreigners to send a few suits of clothes over here free of duty if they would only consent to remain at home? A tariff is either a *tax* or a *bounty*; a tax on the consumer and a bounty to the producer. Labor is not a producer in this instance; the producer is the owner of the plant who calculates labor with raw material as a part of the *expense of production*.

American workmen are content to pay \$150 for clothing and household goods that are not worth more than \$100, under the delusion that they will get a rebate of \$50 in wages. Probably within a week after their purchase they receive a notice of a reduction of wages, they refuse to accept the reduction and strike, then Castle Garden is called into requisition, and a few "little homes" are sold because the owner "went west" looking for a job.

The protectionists have many strong arguments that they produce in support of their policy, among which, the assertion "America pays much higher wages than free trade England," is very prominent. They claim that protection has brought about this state of affairs. They forget that free trade England pays more wages than is paid in Germany with all her protection. They have forgotten that there was a *greater difference* between English and American wages under a low tariff than there is at present. It is a fact that the percentage of increase in wages is greater in "free trade" England than in "protected" America. If protection increases wages, why is it that free trade England pays higher wages than protected Germany?

Density of population has far more to do with wages than the tariff. When the United States has as many laborers to the square mile as England, wages will have been reduced accordingly. Some may say this will not hold good because England is more densely populated than Germany, yet pays better wages. The reason for this is that the greater supply in England is more than equaled by a greater demand. There are no commercial barriers around England, she trades with the world. She refuses to buy from none and sells to all. Under the present conditions America cannot compete with England in manufactures, because the

American capitalist wants and *must have* from three to four times the profit on the same goods. An Englishman is pleased to make four or five per cent. profit on a *million dollar* sale, an American prefers to receive a twenty per cent. profit on a *thousand dollar* "home market" sale.

If we wish wages to improve we must devise some means of creating a greater demand for labor or decrease the supply. Our home market has already been stimulated with "protection" until the farmers are up in arms against the tariff, so we can not expect to increase the demand to any great extent. The only recourse is to regulate the supply by placing a restriction upon immigration.

W. S. Carter.

Federation.

THIS is an age of progress, an age of wisdom and an age of combinations and trusts. The facilities for creating wealth are increasing day by day. In the workshops and factories will be found men manipulating machines which do the work it required a dozen men to perform a quarter of a century ago, which proves the assertion that this is an age of progress and wisdom to be unquestionably true. The millions invested in the transportation of merchandise, in the mining and manufacturing enterprises throughout the land shows conclusively that this is also an age of trusts and monopolies. The most ignorant and casual observer recognizes the fact that the federation of capitalists has strengthened and benefited them and given them power to defeat unfederated labor in any contest. If federation has proven a success to capitalists, it will prove a success to labor. They have given us an example of its power for good which should be the means of suggesting a moral replete with wisdom to Mr. P. M. Arthur and cause him to recognize the selfish, unwise and unphilanthropic spirit which prompted him to say to his craft: "Mind your own business." There will be a day when such men will be regarded as enemies to reform. They will not be regarded as the Colossus "who doth stride the narrow world and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves." For men are sometimes masters of their fates. The fault, dear brothers, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings. Now, "in the name of all the gods at once, upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great?" Shall we say it is the meat of self-interest? We shall think so until the distinguished chief can produce a better argument than he has ever offered upon this subject. While he has been successful in duping

some of his craft, there are thousands whom he cannot convert and who will not follow the injunction, "Mind your own business," "We can take care of ourselves," "We can fight our own battles," etc. It is very profitable to "mind your own business" if it is done with a discretion that will warrant success. It is a duty to take care of yourself (if you can), but what profit is it "to fight your own battles" if your fighting only brings defeat? Then it becomes a blessed thing to have some one to help you fight your battles. If the fighting of your own battles has in any instance achieved success or victory, then we profess to be ignorant of the history of the past, and we will hush and listen to the oracle and grow wise with listening; but we need no oracle, we need only look to the history of the recent past, which teaches us to read, remember and be wise.

Let us soberly inquire into the cause of these defeats. It is a fundamental principle of philosophy that there is no effect without a cause; so we cannot expect to prevent an effect without first removing its cause. Then what was the cause which effected these defeats? It finds its answer in another principle of philosophy that the weak must yield to the strength of the strong.

When two contending forces are unequal, victory is for the strong and defeat, disaster and ruin comes to the weak. Does not history, philosophy, as well as common sense, teach us the truth of this assertion? In a struggle between capital and labor it can not be said that the battle is not to the strong. The material or pecuniary advancement of each separate organization has been effected how? Why solely by union, which is strength. Would any of our organizations be as strong with half of its membership as with its whole? No. If not, why not? And why does each strive to enlist all who are worthy and eligible? Is it not for the purpose of giving it strength? Is this not federation in a limited sense? Then if federation has been beneficial in such a limited degree, I ask what would it be in a general sense? If federation is not a multiplicity of power and strength for our good, then we have no power, and federation must become a dead letter.

Federation is a practical question, it requires no economist to digest it or to understand its application. It will cause no "entangling alliance" except to those who would rather "fight their own battles" than to have others assist them.

Federation has few opponents, who as we believe, have thoroughly considered the question and compared its good with its evil—but where is its evil? Will some one who has the power of penetrating into all

the contingencies that could possibly arise instruct us? We have no prejudices and no opinions that are not open for correction. It is sympathy and love for the toiler that actuates us. It is no dream of ambition that inspires our action. We are soldiers of a heavy and galling cross who seek by honest means an amelioration of our condition. We would not persuade anyone to make a compromise of his judgment, but let us all debate upon this reform. It is one of the needful things in a controversy to have all the points at issue laid bare so all mistakes may be prevented. We may have been blessed with victories in the past, but is this any reason why we should not accept the strength offered through federation? Does federation render us less able to fight our battles? It gives us increase of numbers. Is this objectionable? It gives us increase of wisdom. Is this detrimental? It will unite as brothers those who have been unable to assist because they were not obligated to do so, therefore indirectly assisting our enemy to defeat us. Federation will sing the death dirge to scabism. Federation will become labor's fortress. Federation will unbind labor from its wheel of Ixion and from its Caucasian fetters, and the vultures of monopoly will seek their prey from other fields.

"Oh! happy torments when our torturers doth teach us answers for deliverance."

J. G. Cary.

The Single Tax.

TO THE editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* my thanks are due for publishing my somewhat crude reflections on the "Single Tax" question, as also for advance sheets of the April issue of the *Magazine* containing the reply of Mr. W. P. Borland.

I have read Mr. Borland's article with special interest, because he says, "I have given the economics of the single tax a great deal of study," and further, "and although I do not wish to be considered an authority on the subject, I think I can clear up a great many points on which Mr. Marshall seems befogged."

Most assuredly I appreciate the kindness of Mr. Borland, but he must have observed that in what I had to say I was replying to remarks made by Mr. S. D. Guion, who assumes to be "an authority" on single tax matters, and because Mr. Guion's views were fully indorsed by Mr. Henry George's paper, the *Standard*. This being the case, it may possibly occur to Mr. Borland that Mr. Guion is the party "befogged," and the one who specially requires assistance in navigating his single tax pilot boat. Indeed, Mr. Borland says, "It seems to me that Mr. Guion has made an unfortunate

use of the term 'profits,' in that he has used the term in an ambiguous sense." That was my view of the matter, and still Mr. Guion had the unequivocal indorsement of the *Standard*. Here, then, we have an old time disagreement of doctors, the learned professors, men with diplomas and authority to speak to the unlearned, the rank and file.

But we are particularly struck with Mr. Borland's elucidation of Mr. Guion's ambiguous use of the term "profits." He says: "Strictly speaking, it is not the profit which arises from the use of land, but the profit which is expected to arise that determines its value." I certainly have no disposition to play upon words to increase the mystery in which Mr. Borland's language involves the discussion, still it occurs to my mind that Mr. Borland is himself badly "befogged." If proof is required, the following supplies it: "A person may be deriving an immense profit from the use of a certain tract of land, yet, if there is no competition for the use of that land, it has no value." Here all theories are ruthlessly overthrown. The value of land is determined by "competition," by rivalry—not by "profit," by "use"—simply by a contest to get possession of the land. Mr. Guion says: "It (the single tax) is not a tax on land, but on the value of land, on the value of bare land without improvements, as a vacant lot in a city." Mr. Borland says, "strictly speaking, it is not the profit which arises from the use of land, but the profit which is expected to arise that determines its value."

Persons who are giving the single tax question any serious consideration, should demand of writers who have "given the economics of the single tax a great deal of study," that they cease quibbling and state boldly and concisely what plan they have adopted to raise all the revenues, national, state and municipal, by the single tax on land—and to keep remarkably quiet until they have formulated a plan satisfactory to themselves, one upon which they can all agree, and then stick to it.

The single tax on land is an exceedingly simple proposition. The "wayfarer, though a fool," gets the hang of it at once. But the instant specifications are required, the land tax economists are at sea. One says "use," another "profits," another "competition," another "expected profits," another "rent," and so on to the end of the chapter—and of them all, Mr. Borland, notwithstanding he has given the "single tax a great deal of study," is not ready, we conclude, to propose a single tax bill to go before Congress, and which, if passed, would make the collection of revenue one of the easiest tasks known to the nation.

The writer hereof does not pretend that

he has been a close student of the single tax on land; he has been far more interested in the spectacular theory that the single tax would indefinitely increase the revenues of government, national, state and municipal, and taking writers at their word, I have stated the axiom, that all revenues are derived from labor—and hence, if under a single tax there are to be larger revenues, labor must bear heavier burdens. But, assuming that present revenues are maintained under the single tax régime, I fail to see how labor is to be benefited. What I have to say is within this circle.

If Mr. Borland can demonstrate, as he proposes to do, that labor will be benefited by the single tax—if his arguments shall be conclusive, and they must have the force of mathematical proof—no one will applaud more enthusiastically than myself.

The improvement of the laboring masses is the supreme problem of the times in which we live—and he who labors for its solution, however humbly, is a philanthropist—he loves his fellow-men—and he need not be solicitous about his future, for his name will be written in fadeless letters in the book of "God's Remembrance."

I brush aside what might be called *chests-nuts* (and I mean no disrespect to writers)—rent, use, profit, etc., and state a proposition—not far fetched—not ambiguous—a clean-cut statement.

Two men, A and B, own adjoining city lots. Put their value at say \$1,000 each. They have exactly the same "site value." A is a rich man, and as soon as he purchases his lot he improves it at an expense of \$5,000 and he derives an income from it of \$1,000 a year. B. is a poor man, and can save from his earnings only \$500 a year. He puts his money aside, saying, "when I have \$5,000, I will improve my lot"—necessarily, it will require ten years for B to obtain the \$5,000. During the period named, A has received \$10,000, all of his investment, with a surplus of \$4,000.

Now, it is held by single tax men, that B's lot should be taxed the same as A's—because it has the same "site value." In the one case, the land is in use. From it a profit is derived; in the other case, the land is *not* in use, and no profit is derived, but single tax economists would tax the two lots the same—absolutely. Is that the idea?

In the case of A, the terms use, profits, rent, one, or all, might be used in ascertaining the value of A's lot. Could they be justly used in determining the tax upon B's lot?

Here is, apparently at least, a dilemma. If B's lot is not taxed the same as A's, the "site value" theory is exploded. If it is taxed the same, use, rent, profits, etc. are practically meaningless.

In the case of A, whatever the tax might be, his revenues would be sufficient to meet the demand, while in B's case, the single tax would be likely to relieve him of his land. The Government under the beneficent sway of the single tax, would gobble it up.

True, the single tax advocates could say to B, "sell—pocket your cash and let the rich own your lot." We conclude B would sell out before the Government had taxed him out. But it is possible that Mr. Borland can put the matter in a more lovable light. It is to be hoped so, since taxing "site values" and *expected* profits, competition, etc., so complicates the subject that men doubt if the single tax is the panacea for our financial woes.

I have no desire to embarrass Mr. Borland, but I am persuaded, the reader, at the expense of reproduction, will be glad to see a few paragraphs of Mr. Borland's essay in this connection, since they come as emanations from a mind well versed in the subject under discussion. This for instance:

It seems to me that Mr. Guion has made an unfortunate use of the term "*profits*," in that he has used the term in an ambiguous sense. Strictly speaking, it is not "*the profit which arises from the use of land*," but *the profit which is expected to arise*, that determines its value.

If *expected profits* are to determine values and taxes—then, certainly, "no pent up Utica" need contract the boundless possibilities of the single tax. The "*profit which is expected to arise*" and be taxed, like faith, becomes "*the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for*."

Suppose one farm in Dakota produces fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. Why not *expect* the same from all the arable lands in the state and tax them accordingly?

But, says Mr. Borland, "a person may be deriving an immense profit from the use of a certain tract of land, yet, if there is no competition for the use of that land, it has *no value*." Hence, value arises from competition—not from use or profits, nor rent. Competition settles values according to Mr. Borland, Ricardo's theory of "*rent*" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Throughout New England, farms are being abandoned by thousands. Houses are going to decay, and the land has gone and is going back to a wilderness, as when the Algonquins ruled, and the Pilgrims made Plymouth Rock renowned in song and history. Notwithstanding these things, the states wherein these lands are situated, place a taxable value upon them. There is no "competition" for these lands, they are not used, their owners derive no profit from them. Still they are said to have a value and are taxed.

I shall, with the army of the *Magazine* readers, await with no little anxiety for Mr.

Borland's continuance of the discussion, and it may be, if I do not wear out my welcome, that I shall again ask for some of your valuable space, chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining if revenues, whatever may be the process of securing them, can be derived from any other source than labor.

Charles Marshall.

Socrates.

(Conclusion.)

SOCRATES, as we have stated, refused the elaborate discourse that his friend Lysias, the most able and powerful orator of his time, had prepared for him; because, as he stated, it did not fit him. He firmly refused to appear before his judges in the submissive posture of a suppliant, or make use of any voice but his own in his defence. His plea was a bold, manly and generous effort, strong in the greatness of his soul, and worthy the noble liberty of that great philosopher. Plato, who was present, transcribed it afterwards, and from it composed the work which he calls "The Apology of Socrates," one of the most consummate masterpieces of antiquity.

Melitus, who accused Socrates of unfaithfulness to the gods, and corrupting the youth of Athens, knew that he could not prove these charges, but by artful coloring had given them a likelihood that certainly must have impressed the judges with the belief that they were well founded, notwithstanding the fact that there was not a word of truth in all that the accusers had advanced.

"I am accused of corrupting the youth," replied Socrates, "and of instilling dangerous maxims into them. My whole employment is to persuade the young and old not to entertain too much love for the body, for riches and all other precarious things, of whatsoever nature they be; but to let their principal regard be for the soul, which ought to be the chief object of their affection; for I incessantly urge to you that virtue does not proceed from riches, but, on the contrary, riches from virtue; and that all the other goods of human life, as well public as private, have their source in the same principle." Continuing, he said: "I shall always exhort and reprove you: my good friends and citizens of the most famous city in the world for wisdom and valor, are you not ashamed of having no other thoughts than of amassing wealth, and of acquiring glory, credit and dignities, while you neglect the treasures of prudence, truth and wisdom, and take no pains in rendering your soul as good and perfect as it is capable of being?"

To the charge of abject fear and meanness of spirit, he replied with great force of logic.

It was powerful in the simplicity of its eloquence. When he had drawn attention to the services that he had given his country in the field and in the senate, he concluded: "Every man who would generously oppose a whole people, either among us or elsewhere, and who inflexibly applies himself to prevent the violation of the laws and the practice of iniquity in a city, will never do so long with impunity. It is absolutely necessary for him who would contend for justice, if he has the slightest wish to live, to remain in a private station and never to have any share in public affairs."

The courageous bearing and majestic deportment of Socrates while delivering this discourse, was not pleasing to his judges and they declared him guilty. However, he was informed that an abatement of the condemnation of death would be made by he himself imposing a penalty of banishment, imprisonment or fine; this he refused, because that would be to acknowledge himself guilty; an answer that so much offended the judges that they condemned him to drink hemlock, a common punishment of those times.

A friend and disciple of Socrates, named Apollodorus, advanced to him expressing his grief for his dying innocent. "What," replied Socrates, "would you have me die guilty?"

Plutarch, to show that part of us that is infinitely more noble than our body, that lies in man's power, cites that admirable sentence of the great philosopher after the trial: "Anytus and Melitus may kill me, but they can nothurt me."

Socrates went to prison, where he remained for thirty days, upon which Seneca, that deep thinker and wise writer, remarks that it lost that name when he entered it, and became the residence of virtue and probity.

The cause of Socrates' long imprisonment was that the Athenians sent every year a ship to the island of Delos, to offer certain sacrifices, and it was prohibited to put any person to death in the city from the time that the priest of Apollo had crowned the poop of this vessel, as a signal for its departure, till the same vessel should return. During this time Socrates was visited by his friends, to whom he discoursed with great tranquility of mind upon the wisdom of philosophy. Sentence had been passed upon him the day following the departure of the ship, a voyage that occupied thirty days.

The same day that the ship was to arrive from Delos, Crito, his intimate friend, came to him early in the morning to notify him of that fact, and at the same time informed him that an opportunity to escape was offered. The jailer, he said, was gained: he would find the doors open, and a safe retreat awaiting him in Thessaly. Socrates

laughed, and asked him "whether he knew of any place out of Attica where people did not die." Crito urged the matter very strongly, using every argument to move him,—his friends' grief, his country's disgrace at the shedding of innocent blood, and lastly a father's love for his children's welfare,—but to no purpose.

Socrates listened to him with attention and praised his zeal, while he expressed his gratitude. I shall make one quotation from his wonderful reply to Crito on that occasion. Let us be careful before we ridicule it, as the sordid education of to-day may inspire. "What are you going to do, Socrates? Is flying from justice in this manner aught else than ruining entirely the laws and the republic? Do you believe that a state can subsist after justice is not only no longer in force in it, but is even corrupted, subverted, and trod under foot by individuals? But it may be said the republic has done me injustice, and has sentenced me wrongfully. 'Have you forgot,' the laws would reply, 'that you are under an agreement with us to submit your private judgment to that of the republic? You were at liberty, if our government and regulations did not suit you, to retire and settle yourself elsewhere; but a residence of seventy years in our city sufficiently denotes that our regulations have not displeased you, and that you have complied with them from an entire knowledge and experience of them, and out of choice. In fact, you owe all you are, and all you possess, to them—birth, nurture, education and establishment, for all of these proceed from the tuition and protection of the republic. Do you believe yourself free to break through engagements with her which you have confirmed by more than one oath? Though she should intend to destroy you, can you render evil for evil, and injury for injury?'"

Socrates employed the last day of his life in entertaining his friends upon the great and important subject, the immortality of the soul. "If what I advance," said he, "upon the immortality of the soul proves true, it is good to believe it; and if after my death it proves false, I shall still have drawn from it in this life this advantage—of having been less sensible here of the evils which generally attend human life."

At last the fatal ship returned from Delos, whose arrival, in a manner, gave the signal for the execution of Socrates. Accepting the cup, with a calm and serene countenance he drank off the whole draught as though sipping at his table.

Some time had passed after the death of Socrates before the people of Athens had realized the enormity of the crime. Melitus was condemned to death and the rest banished. Plutarch observes that all those who had any share in this black calumny, were

in such abomination among the citizens that no one would give them fire, answer them any question, or go into the same bath with them, and had the place cleansed where they had bathed, as being polluted by their touching it, which drove them into such despair that many of them killed themselves.

To further display their veneration, the Athenians caused a statue of brass to be erected to him, of the workmanship of the celebrated Lysippus, and placed in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city. They also dedicated a chapel to the memory of this great teacher, which was called the "Chapel of Socrates."

Thus ended that magnificent figure of antiquity, so noble and elevated in his teaching, grand in his magnanimity, modest yet fearless in his convictions; that gave to his times a halo of glory and to humanity for succeeding generations that inspiring principle—that guilt is the only evil a wise man ought to fear.

Tim Fagan.

Labor and the Single Tax.

HERBERT SPENCER says, "given a race of human beings having like claims to pursue the objects of the desires; given a world adapted to the gratification of these desires,—a world into which such beings are similarly born—and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other, then each of them is free to the use of the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And conversely, it is manifest that no one or part of them may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it; seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and consequently to break the law."

The foregoing text is made to support a great many different lines of reasoning, but all of them ultimately arrive at the same end, viz: The emancipation of labor, and the social regeneration of mankind. Among the advocates of the different schemes proposed, can be found many who (more zealous than wise as I believe) claim absolute perfection for their particular reform. Thus, there are nationalists who tell us that labor will never obtain its just share of the wealth it produces, until their ideas are adopted; the same claims are made by state, and Christian socialists, anarchists, communists, Pentecostites, single taxers, and I have before me a pamphlet containing a very plausible argument, showing that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is all that is necessary to secure to labor its just rewards.

I am not one of those who believe the "single tax" to be the *ultima thule* of reform, but I do believe, that before any permanent benefit can accrue to the great mass of workers, the rights of all persons to share in the bounties of nature, on equal terms, must be secured to them. That the single tax will secure those rights easily, effectually and without interfering in the least with government as at present constituted, can be logically demonstrated. For that reason I am a "single taxer." It was long held that wages were drawn from capital and the law of wages used to be stated thus:

Wages depend upon the ratio between the number of laborers and the amount of capital devoted to their employment. It was taught that there was always a portion of capital (called the wages fund), set aside for the payment of wages, and it was easy to demonstrate from this standpoint, that any increase in the number of laborers must tend to reduce wages, thus excusing from a Malthusian standpoint existing mal-adjustments in our social system and inculcating in the minds of workingmen the belief that their only hope for maintaining the rate of wages lay in restricting the number of persons who could participate in the fund. From this idea have sprung the restrictions imposed by trade unions, the agitation for a shorter work day, many of the contemplated restrictions on emigration, etc. But the wages fund theory has been refuted so thoroughly as to make it ridiculous. It has been demonstrated that wages are not drawn from capital at all. Wages are drawn from the product of labor, and the true law of wages is this: "Wages depend upon the margin of cultivation, falling as it falls, and rising as it rises."

By the margin of cultivation is meant that point at which labor is free to engage in production for itself, and the truth of the law becomes apparent when we consider that no person will work for another for less than he can make by working for himself. Thus, call the product at the point of highest production 100, and at the margin of cultivation or point where labor is free to engage, 20, wages will be no more than 20, whether labor is applied at 100, 80, 60 or 40, simply because labor can earn no more than 20 by producing for itself. This is the reason why wages are higher in new countries than in old. Natural opportunities have not all been appropriated and the margin of cultivation or point at which labor is free to engage, is higher than in the old countries. Adam Smith states this clearly in chapter vii. book iv. "Wealth of Nations," he says: "Every colonist gets more land than he can possibly use. He has no rent, and scarce any taxes to pay."

He is eager therefore to collect laborers from every quarter and pay them the most liberal wages. But these liberal wages

joined to the plenty and cheapness of land, soon make these laborers leave him in order to become landlords themselves, and to reward with equal liberality other laborers who soon leave them for the same reason they left their first masters."

In countries where natural opportunities are all appropriated, and labor is not free to engage at any point, wages will of course be fixed arbitrarily, and always at the lowest point at which laborers will consent to live and reproduce their kind. Remember, I am speaking always of the great mass of workers; I am not considering the effect of trade laws upon the wages of certain classes of workers, as such laws are arbitrary, and become operative only on the class which they are intended to affect. Trade unions are but the natural outgrowth of a rotten social system; and although it must be admitted that they have done and are still doing work of incalculable benefit to labor, and work that could be done in no other way (existing social conditions considered), it must also be admitted that, under conditions of freedom, they would become entirely unnecessary.

From the foregoing law of wages must be inferred—

1. That as wages are drawn from the product of labor, and not from capital, increase in the number of laborers can only mean increase in the product from which they are paid; therefore, increase in the number of laborers is not the cause of decrease in wages.

2. That if the margin of cultivation can be raised, wages must raise.

The "single tax" will raise wages, because it will totally annihilate speculative rent, and thus raise the margin of cultivation. Let us see how this will be done.

To begin, let us consider what are the true relations of labor and capital. Three factors enter into the production of wealth—land, labor, capital. Two of these factors, land and labor, are essential. The other factor is not essential; it is but auxiliary to labor, and might, in fact, be considered as one form of labor, as its only function is to increase the product of labor when applied to land. Thus labor applied to land produces wealth; capital and land alone can produce nothing, but labor and capital applied to land will produce more than labor working alone. The term land, economically considered, includes all natural materials, forces, and opportunities; in short, everything freely supplied by nature, from which wealth is or may be produced, is included in the term land.

Capital is wealth used to produce more wealth, or wealth in the course of exchange. All wealth is not capital, but all capital is wealth. As there could be no wealth without labor, so there could be no capital without labor. How, then, can capital oppress

labor? It cannot. Those who speak of the "oppressions of capital," are really speaking of the oppressions of the capitalist; and even then they are scarcely correct, unless the capitalist is also a land owner, as the monopoly of natural opportunities is the only power on God's footstool that may be used to oppress labor.

W. P. Borland.

[To be continued.]

The Woman Question.

IT will not be considered out of place, I surmise, to offer some suggestions on the woman question, for publication in the *Firemen's Magazine*, in which is to be found a "Woman's Department" conducted by one of the most graceful and incisive writers of the period.

For many years the woman question has been up for debate. It has been presented and discussed from almost every conceivable point of view, woman's rights, woman's sphere, woman's employment, woman's education, etc. As a consequence the rights of women have been increased, the sphere of women has been broadened, the education of women has taken a wider range and women's employments have multiplied. Still it is asserted that woman's emancipation from the thraldoms of old-time ignorance, prejudice, superstitions and cruelties has not come, and is yet a long way in the distance, and, as a result, the battle for full equality rages. The women won't capitulate, they won't arbitrate, they won't compromise. Often defeated the women are never conquered, and they never retreat; failure emboldens them. They belong to the "Try, try again league," and strange to say, their worst enemies are found in their own ranks. My attention has been called to an article in *Kate Field's Washington*, which treats of "Women in the churches," more properly I think, "Women in the pulpit."

The Christian church has been from the first not a little chary in the matter of conferring ecclesiastical power upon women. Why so? Where rests the blame? Who is responsible? It appears that in the M. E. church a movement was set on foot to secure for women the right to be delegates to the conventions of the church. The M. E. church in the management of its spiritual and fiscal affairs has been essentially masculine—only men were "called" to do the brain work of the church. There were enough inferior places for women. But they were not satisfied, they wanted their sphere extended, they wanted to be delegates, have a voice in shaping the policy of the church in all matters. On the question of admitting women delegates, some ministers voted "aye," because, as they said, their wives told them to, others voted "nay," because they had

received instructions from their wives to oppose the proposition, and therefore *Kate Field's Washington* says: "If the wives and daughters of those representative Methodists had argued in behalf of women, their husbands would not have dared to refuse what is manifestly just. Women are to-day their own worst enemies, and until they believe in their sex it is asking too much to expect greater consideration from men." I do not agree with what Kate Field says. To oppose woman's participation in church government is not entirely owing to man's ignorance and prejudice—that is to say, the men of the present. The writings of Saint Paul are canonical and binding, inspired. They are,—"Thus saith the Lord,"—and this has been the great trouble from the first. Let us see how it reads. St. Paul addresses Timothy as follows:

"Whereunto I am ordained a preacher and an apostle, (I speak the truth in Christ and lie not), a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity, I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting. In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with *shamefacedness* and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array. *Let women learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man but to be in silence.*"

I have italicised somewhat, that it may be seen that St. Paul, who said he spoke "the truth in Christ," is responsible for woman's secondary place in the church. St. Paul, "an apostle," did not permit women to "teach" and he commanded them to keep silent. To deny the inspiration of St. Paul in the M. E. church or in any other orthodox church is rank heresy, treason.

In such cases what do women say, who are "Bible Christians" and loyal to the church? Well, they just differ with St. Paul and fight the more resolutely for recognition. They won't remain silent. I admire their pertinacity, and they will finally win a victory. *Kate Field's Washington* greets women as follows:

"Without women the men wouldn't have church enough to be buried from." said Mrs. Lathrop at the Women's National Council. Granted. What of it in the face of sentimentality and unreasoning prejudice?

"Three fourths of the congregations are women," declared Mrs. Lathrop. Well, doesn't this prove that women could remove the barrier if they chose? "Women do nine tenths of the work, and raise seven-tenths of the money." Of course they do: they work and beg for men. There is the truth in a nutshell.

In all of this, the point I want to make is that women should fill all the pulpits in the country. Preaching is eminently woman's work. Preaching suits her "sphere." She has all the required ability. Preaching is not hard work. It requires neither mental nor physical strain. It is not as exhaust-

ing as school teaching, and more than one-half of the teachers in the country are women. As a profession "divinity" suits women better than law or medicine. The compensation is fair, sometimes large, as for piety the women have about all there is in the world, as has been said without women there would be no church, and since women are the life and soul of the church, why not let them have the pulpits? No rational objection can be presented.

As matters are now conducted, the church needs reforming, more equality and less quality, and I think the women could if given a fair show inaugurate the remedy.

Frank Forrester.

The Coming Contest.

IF I am correctly informed in the matter, one of our resolutions, one of our demands was destroyed at the late Ocala, Fla., convention, and how long will it take shrewd politicians to destroy the last one of them? Then after years of toil and struggle with old parties we will be left without a party, entirely helpless and powerless, at the mercy of both of the old parties which we know are both in favor of the national banking system, and we have every reason to believe are aiding the British in their schemes to rob the American people. "United we stand, divided we fall." Can we be united by trying to reform old parties, can we do so and unite with our brothers in the state of Kansas? Surely not—we know that the people of Kansas will never go back and try to reform old parties and we have no right to ask them to do it. We should forever respect the people of Kansas as the great leaders of all our reform parties; we should stand by them and support them because the road that leads to victory has been marked out and traveled by the people of Kansas. There is no need of any of our brothers going astray because the road is plain and wide enough for us all to walk in and it is the duty of every producer in these United States both north and south, from the Atlantic to the Pacific to unite with our brothers in the state of Kansas. Come let us rally and fall in line and march with them to victory. And above all things let us resolve to do all in our power to educate our weak brothers, because it is a duty we owe to ourselves, to our country, to our Creator, to our children and to all future generations.

In conclusion I feel it my duty to say to you all with the patriotism and fervor of Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and all the great and good men that have gone before us, we must cleave to our resolutions because upon these resolutions depends the fate and destiny of our nation for ages and ages to come.

Nathan Hiatt.

A Roundhouse Sermon.

By Rev. Emory Polisher, Dec. Dec.

MY BRETHREN: I have been greatly troubled in view of this appointment to preach to you. My trouble has been to find a text that would suit my congregation—something that would wake up the boys, make them listen while I am talking and send them home thinking about something that sticks to the ribs of their consciences, that I could couple to the train of their reflections, grapple their memories, cling to them in their cabs and when at home—or away from home, and make wiser and better men of them.

I have been greatly worried. I spoke to Mrs. Polisher about the matter—and she, good woman that she is, told me that it was time enough to fire up after I got to my engine. She said go and sing a good song or two, talk with the brethren, find out what they need and then give it to them. I took her advice and here I am without a text—and I must trust to Providence. I've got to make the run—and though things look a little gloomy, I hope our singmill will help me out and that we may have a refreshing meeting. Please turn to page 275 of our hymn book, and find hymn 318 as follows:

Come, let us sing as best we can,
High praises of the workingman,
The workingman, who dares to stand,
And grasp a brother's good right hand
And loves his God, his wife and lodge,
And ne'er was known to kick or dodge.

Come, let us sing of brothers' boon,
Who spend no time in the saloon,
Who're out to day in their Sunday clothes
Without a whisky-painted nose,
Whose smiling children are nicely clad,
Because they have a sober dad.

Oh yes, it makes us glad to sing
And give a tuneful offering
In praise of men who have the sand
Right and justice to demand,
And but for whom this world would be
A wilderness, from sea to sea.

Brother R. H. Side will please pitch the tune, while each one of the audience, with throttle wide open, will make this old roundhouse ring with melody.

There, that song does me good—and I feel more like preaching than I did when I took this stand. I now have a number of texts in my mind. I see there are some seats vacant and the people are dropping in. I see by my watch that we have time for another song before regular services begin, and I ask you to turn to hymn 68 P. M. It is a favorite song of mine. It mellow the audience, gets the people in shape to listen to facts, and is really often better than a sermon. I see our choir is here in full force, but I don't want the choir to do all the singing. After I have read the hymn let the singing begin.

"Come on my comrades in distress—
The world's a howling wilderness

And we are short of manna.
But we are going
Where milk and honey's flowing.
Where the fig and banana
Is growing.

"Comrades ope your eyes in wonder,
The blessed land's just o'er yonder,
O, don't you see the Jordan foaming?
Still proceeding
In the goodly land we'll soon be feeding
Where there'll be no more roaming
Nor stampeding.

"Comrades don't you feel like shouting,
When you think of the glorious outing.
That's surely coming to the brave—
The men of sand—
Men who organize and stand—
However cowards may croak and rave—
Firmly stand.

"Comrades will you do and dare?
Will you pledge yourselves in prayer
At this sacred shrine to-day.
Altogether?
Pighting faith to one another
In storm and shine to stay—
A brother?

"We will, amen, so mote it be,
The battle cry from sea to sea.
Once more, 'tis let my people go"—
They shall be free.
Though deep the tide of the Red sea—
Free, in spite of hell and Pharaoh—
God's decree.

While you have been singing, my brethren, I have been thinking about my text. The song we have just sung, sort o' rouses up my imagination. In fancy I see a mighty host of workingmen. I see them along the line of a great railroad, with battering rams, and hooks and ladders, tearing down their lodge houses.

I see a man, with a crown on his head, and a scepter in his hand. He has a long, waving plume in his hat. He is mounted on a pale horse. His steed is royally caparisoned, and yet, he looks like the devil. He is surrounded by a retinue of snobs. Thousands of workingmen stand before him. Their heads are bowed. I hear the word of command, "Down!" and the hosts of workingmen fall on their faces in the dust. Some crawl to where their commander is mounted on his steed, and lick his boots. Others shout, "Long live the Czar." Some yell, "O King, live forever." In my bewilderment I exclaim, "Where am I?" and the answer comes, "In Pennsylvania—the land of Penn and of Franklin, the land of old Independence Hall—the land where the Declaration of Independence was first read." Then I ask, "Who is the Royal personage on the pale horse?" and the answer comes—"Corbin." I ask, "What is the matter with these thousands of workingmen?" and the answer is, "They have no sand." Then I cry out, "O Lord, give the workingmen of my country sand"—and I raise my voice, I imagine, to such a steam whistle note, that it wakes me up from my reverie, but it gives me a text.

SAND.—What workingmen stand in need of is sand—fighting sand—what is called,

sometimes, "spine," "staying qualities." What Sam Jones, the great evangelist, calls "stickability." It means something a little more than courage—physical courage. There is no brag, bluster, bravado about sand.

A poet—I guess he was a poet, said "there are sermons in stones," and there is religion in sand. Take the sand out of a man and he is of no more use in this world than a dog which has had his bark removed by a *nuir romica* button. The *scab* has no sand in his composition—no sand in his craw.

Is there a man in my audience, who has yet to learn that life is one long, ceaseless battle? Who has not read Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" in which he says:

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and further, that

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife."

That's my idea. The central proposition is sand.

Only recently a captain in the U. S. army was removed because he lacked sand. He was all that could be desired on dress parade, but he couldn't stand fire. In the presence of hostile Indians, in a fight, where bullets whizzed, his chicken heart went down into his boots and he disgraced the army. He was deficient in sand—and so is every man who abandons his convictions.

The man without sand is without a mission in this world. He is of less consequence in the world than a cock sparrow—which kills caterpillars. Of less use than a glow worm in the grass that trims its own headlight to guide it through the gloom; less ornamental than the fire fly with its dynamo in its tail; of less service than scavenger swine and buzzards. I declare to you, my brethren, I know of nothing in all animated nature that crawls, so useless as a man, or the thing we misname man, who, or which, or that, has no sand in his craw.

But why preach longer to-day? Some one says to "go on." Thank you, I don't want to make you tired. To hear my brother say "go on" cheers me. In an instant, my fancy is on the wing. The army of sandless men disappear. Another mighty host comes into view. They constitute the grand army of workingmen who have sand. They are giants. They stand erect. The line extends across the continent. Turn which way I will, I see their banners waving in every breeze. Their camps are in every valley, and on every mountain elevation their signal fires are burning. They are in battle array.

I am preaching to a detachment of this grand army to-day. Here are veterans. I

can see in the flash of your eyes that you mean business. I can almost hear the throbings of your hearts. They are beating no tattoo; no retirement from the field; the battle is on. In the near future there is to be a victory, an emancipating, disenthraling victory for labor—or a defeat so overwhelming and crushing, as to defy exaggeration. And here, on this rudely constructed pulpit, here where the aisles have no carpets—here where hard, uncushioned benches serve for pews—here with my 25-cent Bible and 10-cent hymn book, with my soul baptized with inspiration, I predict a victory for men of sand. Amen.

We will now sing our doxology and be dismissed.

Sometimes brethren our faith gets weak.

And we fear we cannot stand
In the fight when Greek meets Greek—
Let our prayer be "give us sand."

Sometimes brethren things look blue.

With foes on every hand—
Then there's just one thing to change the hue,
Pray mightily for sand.

By and by brethren, the way will be bright.

That leads to the promised land,
But never forget you've got to fight—
That victory depends on sand.

A large measure of sand is what we need.

It is the great command,
And every brother should take heed,
And fill his craw with sand.

Some Things We Would Willingly Lose.

HERE'S a very ancient saying which some people claim is true,
That Nature has a work for each created thing to do;
For man and beast, for shrub and plant, for weed and grass and tree,
For cockroaches, for snakes and fleas, insects of low degree—
Each one is for a purpose made, tho' oft it seems to us
We'd part with several different breeds and never feel the loss.
Go interview a "buggist" who does fervently admire
Those forms of bug and beetle life, which other people tire,
And he will say, of all the great created mass of things,
The most entrancing studies lie beneath the beetle's wings.
You may stop and chatter with the man who seems to take delight,
In stuffing skins of bird and beast from morning until night;
By him you'll straightway be assured in language strong, profuse,
That every beast and every bird has its especial use.
Well, that may be, we will admit there's much beyond our ken,
Yet to a few we'd say adieu among both brutes and men.
For instance the mosquito may have *his* particular use,
But we must say that he subjects his rights to rank abuse.
The house fly, too, may have his place on Mother Nature's map,
Yet when he comes cavorting round and spoils our morning nap,
We rise in wrath and swear, by all the deities deceased,
We would not be disconsolate if his existence ceased.
Akin to these the woman is who goes off in the spring
And stays till fall because, she says, she's sure her health 'twill bring;
E'en now she weighs more than her "man" and eats more than her horse.
How gladly would we "wipe her out" and never know remorse.
Then there's the paper's "funny man," he's really getting worse;
His jokes are stale, we think that his barouche should be a hearse.
Then there's the brakeman who all night upon my seat will sit,
And never thinks to shovel down some coal into the pit.
Then there's the noble engineer who quietly leans back
And goes to sleep and lets her throw the water out the stack.
Then there's the "railway hog," who always thinks he has a right
To take a snooze and, also, all the vacant space in sight.
The Chinaman, the Mafia, also the hostile Sioux,
Would not be missed were they to go and join the angel crew.
And there's the man who never seems the brilliant side to view
Of things, but sees the gloom and wants the rest to see it too.
And there's the man who smiles and says, "Old man lend me a case,"
But never brings that dollar back unto its proper place.
Then there's the opera crank who always *will* applaud and thus
Calls back some antique chestnut to spring ancient gags on us.
With these we have the actress whose divorces count a score,
She only needs the time and chance to have a dozen more.
Then there's the man who always comes and offers his advice
Which you don't want nor wouldn't have at any time or price.
These are but samples, readers dear, I'm sure you will admit
You all know *some* whose sudden deaths you'd not deplore a bit.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Spasmodic.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month.

Eccentric's Problem vs. Vulcan.

MR. EDITOR:—Heretofore I have been in this Mechanical Department of the *Magazine* an inquirer after mechanical truths, not an asserter and contender for such truths from my own standpoint. My good friend "Vulcan" seems to differ with my conclusions in a mechanical way in January *Magazine*, 1891, page 28. In his article in February *Magazine*, 1891, page 123, only so far as he refers in this article to what seems to him as unsettled questions is this to be considered as in the nature of a reply. All unquestioned matter in my article herein referred to I understand its correctness is conceded. As Mr. Lockwood advanced these ideas originally in reply to my "A few Problems," January *Magazine*, 1886, page 36, I shall ask him to make reply to "Vulcan" as herein quoted. "Vulcan" has not in his article, where he refers to the "publication in a comic paper," for "lots of fun," treated the quotation correctly or in his usual fair manner. I referred him to Mr. Lockwood's corrected answer in *Magazine*, December, 1888, page 893, and to the following quotation therein: "The bottom of the wheel is at rest, that a point above this point of rest, which you can neither see, conceive or measure, has commenced a movement as compared with the top, the top is moving at four times the speed." The article above referred to treats, with illustrations, this subject at great length, and I, for one, would like to hear "Vulcan" reply with some reasons, and not by mere assertion. Before we apply power to a locomotive driver, we certainly ought to know how that wheel moves and works.

In the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* for March, 1891, page 251, the same question is made a matter of inquiry by one "Cross-Head," and from which I quote:

"Messrs. Editors: Does any one part of a wheel move faster than another? One of our great dailies recently published the following in its columns of 'To Correspondents': Is this a correct answer, and is the same line of reasoning applicable to a locomotive's driver?" Signed, "Cross-Head."

"G. E. C. The motion of the entire wheel of a bicycle or road wagon is uniform. It would be impossible for one part of the wheel to travel faster than another." Signed, "Cross-Head."

Asking for this article "Vulcan's" and Mr. Lockwood's kindly consideration, I am as heretofore

Eccentric.

MR. EDITOR:—I am pleased to see "Eccentric Strap" once more among us. I had begun to fear we had lost him. It is a pleasure to know that "Eccentric Strap" is at last where he belongs, on the right-hand side. I congratulate him on his success. I also congratulate him on being clear-headed enough to understand my demonstration of the action of the injector. It seems "Eccentric Strap" has a great advantage over "Vulcan" in that respect. In regard to the question propounded by "E. S.," I should say, from a casual examination of the subject, that if an engine had a front cylinder-head blown out, and was working only one side, that if the front port on the disabled side was not properly covered by the valve, the engine would not have the same power to stop by reversing as if the port was fully covered, for this reason: When an engine is running reversed, air is sucked in through exhaust pipes, and is forced by the action of the piston into the steam and dry pipes; a pressure exceeding boiler pressure is thus created in the cylinders and steam pipes. This we know, as we can note the effects on the gauge and pop, by opening the throttle. Now, it would follow that in the case stated by "Eccentric Strap," as there is direct connection from one steam chest to the other through the steam pipes, if the front port was open there would be much of the pressure that could be applied to stopping the engine, escape to the atmosphere. At least that is the way it looks to me.

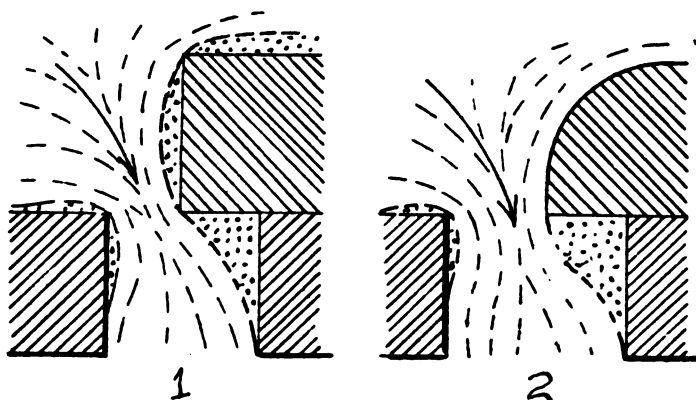
Vacuum.

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, Room 26, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of April, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone, viz.:

Car axle, W. F. Brooks.
Car brake, W. C. Baker.
Sleeping car, R. P. Leary.
Carspring, P. G. Gardner.
Car coupling, Carlton & Killmer.
Car truck, C. A. Thompson.
Apparatus for avoiding collisions, Ryder & Biemond.
Rail joint, J. M. Clem.
Car brake, G. Westinghouse, Jr.
Carspring, J. C. Pickles.
Cinder fender for cars, D. E. Dutron.
Signal apparatus, T. S. Hall.
Switch, J. M. Clem.
Car ventilator or screen, I. A. Salmon.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.



Slide Valve Details.

There has been too little attention paid in shops to the valve itself—particularly for stationary work. Any block with a cavity in it seems good enough in many cases; poor design and construction do not stick out so plainly as when the engine is on wheels and steam harder to get.

It is highly desirable that all edges past which the steam must flow, be rounded so as to permit the greatest freedom of motion. Figure 1 shows the course taken by steam in passing through an opening with straight sharp edges and angles. Figure 2 shows how they should be rounded. Care should be taken not to let the rounding extend clear to the working face of the valves, else when the latter is worn down the lap will be reduced. The dotted portions represent dead places, free from current. This desirable little detail is generally neglected.

ARCH.—As a general thing the arch is truly arch-shaped because rounded outlines best allow the steam to pass out with a minimum of friction. There are generally horns or lugs for the reception of the valve-stem; and these generally have, instead of holes in which the rod is screwed, slots in which it plays so that as the valve-rod and seat wear the valve can drop down without impairing the centrality of the rod in the stuffing-box.

The valve may be attached to the stem by means of a yoke surrounding it, which will permit its keeping to the seat without putting the stem out of center in the stuffing-box.

The passages should be as short as possible, and as to their cross-section, judgment must here be exercised in order, in fleeing from the evils of friction and wire-drawing, not to run into that of excessive clearance. But whatever is their cross-section they should be as smooth inside as they can be made; and should be free from angles or even sharp bends.

As to the material of which the valve is made—cast-iron is the most usual, although English locomotives have to a very great extent brass, gun-metal, bell-metal, and phosphor-bronze. In this country there are seldom to be seen any but cast-iron valves. As a general thing it is best to have the valves and the cylinder cast from the same ladle so that they will be practically of the same hardness. If there is any difference between them the valve should be the softer, as being the most easily replaced when it has worn.

Robert Grimshaw.

Question on Valve Motion.

Our old friend "Eccentric Strap" is still alive, and glad we are to hear from him again, and to hear that he has realized his anticipations, and has reached the right side, and is thus in a position to try some of his theories by proving them good practice. The question asked by "Eccentric Strap" amounts to this: What will be the effect of reversing if you can not have any compression by it? It is a generally well known fact that when an engine is reversed while running ahead, the cylinder becomes an air pump, in which the piston draws air from the smoke arch and forces it, into what? Well, as the action is just the opposite of using steam, it follows that the compressed air must go just the other way to the steam; it therefore goes into the steam pipe, and if the throttle be opened, and the compression is greater than the steam pressure (as it often is), the air will be forced into the boiler. But in the case as stated by "Eccentric Strap" the other end of the branch pipe was open, and afforded a ready means of escape for the air, and as there was thus no compression in the cylinder, the effect of reversing was lost, and it did not make any difference, or any appreciable difference, except the throttle be opened to get the help of steam.

Vulcan.

"Pulling her Fire."

J. M. Brayton asks about the cause of an engine "pulling her fire," which must be what the hard coal firemen of the Middle States call "hauling her fire," and consists of the exhaust taking a strong hold on the fire near the back end and drawing it up toward the flues. In most hard coal burners the fire is kept in a wedge shape; its apex or sharper point ahead and the heavy end near the fire door. When engines get to hauling their fire badly, they often change this order of things, and have the fire heaped up against the flues, and then it is all up with the steam, and a heavy job to get the bank of fire out, and get it thin enough to allow the exhaust to work it at the front end. An engine that hauls her fire is generally a good steamer as long as you can manage to keep the front end light enough, and the proper way to fire them is to have the back end very heavy, so as to force the air drawn in by the exhaust through the fire at the front, thus giving it no chance to draw the coals from the back end to the front. Changing the draft or petticoat pipe down lower will make the exhaust heavier on the front end, and easier on the back, thus often curing them of that bad habit. I must however say that I would rather fire one of this kind than one where the fire is handled so easy as to let it die out for want of work, for if once posted about the habit of "pulling" or "hauling" you can generally guard against it by loading her down at the other end, and trusting to her to feed it ahead. *Vulcan.*

Current Notes and Comments.

Theory. Theory is a word which has great terrors for some, but it should never have, for theory is only another name for speculation. The very men who abhor theory as a term often theorize the most. It is because the name is so frequently misapplied that men are afraid of it. Theory is supposed to be something which a practical man, so-called, detests; but the practical man, of all others, uses it the most in daily work. He cannot see the actual cause of the grunting in the cylinder, but he forms a theory as to what it is, and soon finds the remedy. Would that we could test all theories as promptly! Students and others theorize, or speculate in their researches upon the causes of cylinder condensation, but they cannot put them to conclusive tests. Such men are called theorists, in distinction to practical men. We are all theorists in daily work when we cannot obtain positive proof. Where we cannot see with our eyes and touch with our hands, we must speculate, conjecture; build on a slight foundation of fact a superstructure of possibilities which may stand or may tumble down. It seldom does this last if the speculator is well grounded in practical work.—*Engineer.*

As the above is so near in line with the thoughts expressed by "Eccentric Strap" in the April Magazine, I cannot resist the desire to reproduce it for his especial edification.

Flagging. General Manager H. S. Haines, of the Savannah, Florida & Western, has issued a circular to employees that concludes as follows:

TO FLAGMEN: Never forget that you are placed at the rear of the train to protect life and property, and that it is in the darkness of night, in fogs and storms, that your prompt attention to duty is most valuable.

It is better for your own peace of mind that you should get wet or be left on the road cold and hungry, than for you to see life lost, perhaps your own friends mangled and crippled, or engines and cars broken up in a collision, through your own carelessness or laziness, or because you did not go back when you knew that you ought to.

TO ENGINEERS AND CONDUCTORS: Your attention is called to this circular; see that your flagmen understand it and act upon it. Pay strict attention to giving whistle signals or verbal instructions to flagmen; also as to dropping fuses in ample time, when you know in advance that you intend to stop at an unusual place. You will thereby assist your officers in protecting your own lives, as well as the lives and property which it is your duty to protect. You will also add to the reputation of the railroad company which employs you, and in which, I believe, you take as much pride as I do.

Of the class of railroad accidents that can rightly be charged to negligence of employees, there is little doubt that fully ninety per cent. is due to insufficient flagging or to no flagging at all.—*Locomotive Engineer.*

All trainmen know that this is only too true, and many engineers have found it out to their sorrow when too late.

Golden Rule. When you think you are being unfairly treated by your officers or associates, before you kick very hard just think the matter over and see if you are entirely in the right yourself. Put yourself in the other fellow's place and take a fair, honest look at the case. Remember that this world would be pretty near free from wrong if each individual did right. Be fair. Sometimes justice cannot fly because she is weighed down by the leaden wing of selfishness.—*Locomotive Engineer.*

This putting the shoe on the other foot is what sometimes hurts, for if we have ever tried it we have found that as a general thing we expect more from the other fellow than we would like to do for him; and so say it, but such is human nature.

Strict Rules. The government officials who manage the railways in New South Wales appear to be a little exacting with the "servants" who are under their control. Our railroad men rather resent the claims that some managers make that they have a right to prohibit the employees of a railroad company from drinking when off duty, but the New South Wales "Commissioners" go a good deal further. They have recently issued an order prohibiting the employees from smoking even when off duty.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

Rather strict orders; wonder whether the commissioners live up to their own rules, for if it is good for the men it ought to be for them.

Bad Examples. Not long ago there was an important meeting of railroad presidents in this city to fix up some of their broken agreements, and President Stickney, of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City road, among other forcible remarks, said:

"I believe that all the presidents here are honorable gentlemen, and, as private individuals, I would trust them with any amount of money. But as heads of railroads they are a lot of scoundrels, and I wouldn't believe them under oath; neither would I trust them with a cent out of my sight."

Not one of the gentlemen present seems to have resented this charge, and therefore practically acknowledged its truth.

Very few who know anything about it deny that the management of a great railroad property on the modern lines laid down calls for the perpetration of almost, if not all the crimes in the calendar—robbery, corruption and bribery, to say the least—yet the worst of this is called "sharp financiering" or "good management." As the heads of our railroads are the virtual management, they are responsible for all questionable practices—and there are enough of them daily to send a banker or grocer to prison if he but slightly imitated them.

If an engineer or trainman is caught telling a lie about a little mishap on the road he is discharged. But the great big president will deliberately sign a cast iron contract just for the fun of breaking it to injure another line. President Stickney seems to have known who he was talking to.—*Locomotive Engineer.*

"Consistency, thou art a jewel" sings the poet, and considering its scarcity he might have said a rare jewel. Brother Hill is not at all backward in speaking his mind of men who will make bargains one day to break them the next, and thinks that after setting so poor an example they ought not to come down too heavy on their employes if they are caught telling them a lie about a mishap on the road when they were so ready to do the same thing for a little gain.

Angus Sinclair When Angus Sinclair was a boy in the telegraph office of the old home road in Scotland, he had the "engine fever," and used to spend his spare time around the engine sheds, where he soon struck up an acquaintance with the firemen, who used to swell him up with pride by allowing him to do sundry chores for them on the way to the trains. He learned rapidly, and one evening was elated more than usual when one of his stoker friends got down to oil and told him to "fill up the fire"—a common expression then. Angus had not written his pamphlet on combustion at that time, and translating the stoker's instructions literally, he "filled up the fire," and the fire-box as well, while his friend was busy elsewhere, and the engine started out with a mail train—losing two hours. The stoker has it in for Angus yet.—*Locomotive Engineer.*

The above story of the boyhood days of the now famous author of "Sinclair's Locomotive Running and Management" is nothing to his discredit, for it shows that even then he had a disposition to learn and that he was willing to work to pay for learning. It also shows that he did not shirk his work but obeyed orders, and these are valuable traits of character, and have no doubt, helped Mr. Sinclair in attaining his present position as an author, editor and secretary of the Master Mechanics' Association.

Federation. It is rather curious that almost to a man railroad managers or presidents are for a consolidation of interests, for rate agreements, and combinations of roads to better the conditions of the road they represent, suppress strife and maintain rates, and yet are so eloquent against a consolidation of the organized employes of the roads. They tell the engineers that to federate means the loss of prestige of their order and makes them no better than trainmen or firemen, and they tell the other boys that with federation the engineers would dominate and control them. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Federation goes just as far toward insuring peace and prosperity

for men as for roads—in union there is strength.—*Locomotive Engineer.*

The brotherhoods know it and are very well pleased with its operation thus far, and feel assured that federation has come to stay, and that the only way to escape federation is by separation from the orders for they are all coming in just as soon as they can get rid of some of their old notions of caste.

Wm. Weiler.

Test of an Automatic Coupler.

In the *Creston (Iowa) Gazette* of March 18th, there was published an extended account of a successful test of an automatic car coupler, which we produce as follows:

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, this morning at 9 a. m. quite a number of gentlemen assembled in the C. B. & Q. railroad company's yards just north of the machine shops in the eastern part of the city, for the purpose of witnessing a trial of an automatic car coupler, which is the invention of two Creston gentlemen, Mr. John Igoo, a former C. B. & Q. engineer, and Mr. E. D. Whipple, the undertaker in the Summit House. Among those present were the two inventors named above and Mayor Ed. Derr, J. B. Sullivan, P. C. Winters, W. M. Scott, Master Mechanic Evan Jones and a number of other gentlemen interested in the coupler; and representatives of the Creston papers.

The coupler was attached to the end of a box car and tests were made of its workings in every conceivable way and it proved entirely satisfactory. On the opposite end of the same car was a Boston automatic coupler, and on an adjoining car was a Janney coupler, and a splendid opportunity was offered for a comparison of the merits of the different couplers, and the unanimous verdict of those present was that the new coupler possessed features that made it superior in every particular.

The new coupler presents an appearance somewhat similar to the Janney coupler, but in place of the movable jaw being held in place by the dropping of a pin in place, that service is performed by an automatic lock of the simplest construction. When the two jaws on opposite cars come together, that action performs the locking of these jaws and they are firmly held in place, but can be released and the cars uncoupled by a bar which extends to either side of the car or from the top. An employe is not compelled to go between the cars for any purpose, as the jaws, when unlocked, are opened by a spring. The jaws of the Janney coupler, which is conceded the best coupler in use, have to be pulled open before making a coupling, but this is done away with on the new coupler. The coupler is also made of a sufficient depth that it will operate on almost any two cars no matter what discrepancy in height may exist, which is another advantage possessed by no other coupler.

In uncoupling cars all that is necessary is for the employe to raise a bar from either side or the top of the car and the lock inside the coupler is opened and the jaws are opened by the strain of the cars in separating.

The invention had a pretty thorough trial this morning and proved entirely satisfactory to the inventors and spectators, and it is hoped that it may prove profitable also.

Mr. John Igoo, who is mentioned as one of the inventors, is, and has been for a number of years, a member of our order, and at the present time is receiver of Advance Lodge, No. 101, Creston, Iowa. The invention is pronounced a success by all who witnessed the test and it is to be hoped that the inventors may be able to secure the prompt and satisfactory recognition of its merits.

"Newspaper Railroadin."

It is a good while sene I've dun eny ritin but I've sorter kep one I open and ben thinkin morerles, sum of the stuff that gits inter print is slitley amuzin ef it haint 'mazin;—I'm ole fashind an that makes all ther difrens but when it comes to shovin my old barker over the rode an keepin on the time table as well as one I on the iron ahed why if im a chicken it has took me a mity long time to "get thar" in the April L. F. M. the clippin from the Jernal of Appliunses cawt my I, an if you will have a littl pashuns with an ole man I'd like ter hav my say, most all engineers and firemen have some human nater in their make up, but I'm long ways from thinkin theyre all fools. The reasons the riter gives as why the "Jon Bull" had no frens is a slap at both classes of men in the kloeset relashun to the lokomotiv, and no man put in charge of any kind of a masheen whether bilt by some of the dude foremen or a man with a leenin to John Bull is goin to lay off and not git evry ounce out of her thats inside of her from the ash pan lip, kleeer to the spark kecher on the stack, if I'm enyways 'quainted with engineers they don't go round huntin trouble, and they git most all they can rase with and not do a grat amount of huntin, it may be the Pensilvany R. R. managers keep a lot of sich kattle round, but if I ain't off a good ways, a runner that hadn't eny better reesun than "its inglish"—"it rode bad"—or sich twaddle he would git out on the "carpit" and here a little lesson from one of the Div. Supts. threw the R. H. F. that would raise his hair so his old soft crown wouldn't fit him agin in 2 weeks at leest, and he would be a lucky rooster if he klim in on the foot bord on that div., agin at all. Men who run the machines now-days may and do have there likes and dislikes but unless I'm a bak number, and a good wase back thay aint fools by a long shot;—not much, the next pint that our kritik makes is a real old buster, 'Fifth, Many runners did not no what the parts were for and it was much easier for some to condemn a thing that they did not understand than it was to learn its use." aint I proud of my feller runners it makes me feel blew, only it is real funny after these runner men had done so "away ahead" of the regular standard machines of the Penn. R. R. with the old jonny Bully, that they didn't know enuf to understand her, I bleev I'm reedin it as it is but I aint so yung as I was 25 years ago but is out er my reech to understand sich lingo, hear's a man (or a boy) ritin in one line that a sett o'fools don't no enuf ter tell what the parts of a masheen is for and a few lines up he ses these same blokheds made old John Bull do bettrn our own make of "barkers" which is which or aint I ter hum, praps my hed is on the forward end an the waters up in the smok box

but it is kleeer as mud that these runners must be *very* kuris boys; how a man can understand a thing so's to make it hump and bust the regler rekord; and not know enuf to tell what the difrunt parts ar for is a mystery to an old sap-hed jest my size, an I'm resenubly sure thers more'n the same state of mind. It's ben generally sposed that the Amerikan runner could get at the inside or outside of any kind of a thingment to chew coal and stay on the iron, and I've been thinkin what a set of lunk-heds we all be to not no nuthin about what the parts of a masheen as we git it is for, and then to reed that we du no suthin and can make her spin nokin the record clean off the yankee good for nothin masheens is a stumper for my old noddle;—my idea has ben that my "valyerble services" wouldn't be very valyerble about an hour or next day at most after; I'd gin in eny reeson like these I've been reedin and kopyin hear to the R. H. F. and no man not an idyut would give any sech reeson even if he want man enuf to no any better;—if the men are to some degree prejudiced in certain matters it aint becos tha don't no better; it is in a grate meny kases for "wis dum born of sad expeeryuns" in trying to make a masheen got up by some fool, or the fresh gradewate of some institoot of book larnin, or a nuse paper offis, or some feller that can shute off his mowth orgin in figgers and roots and powers and tell what awt ter be dun, but let him make the trial of keepin my ole barker on time, an in a good deal less time than it took him to git his larnin he would be stalled, as ded as a smelt and the train dispatcher would be cussin for the omejit killin of "that are fool," but if any Div. Supt. on the ole Pennsilvany puts a nu lokomotiv on the iron and tells the "boys" to look her over and git out all theres in her, shes goin ter git fare play and the man who rites it down eny differunt is the man that aint willin or kapabl of takin the class of men that make up the "grate unwashed" body of over 30,000 lokomotiv runners and the 40,000 next best men that stan on the other side of the tale bord and "funk" the blak dimunds on these United States lokomotivs;—an as to not understandin the parts of old No. 1320, the Pennsilvany John Bull why any man is a natural born fool to make such an assershun;—no one man ran her for eny length of time and sum of the men that stood on her foot bord and "sent her flyin" are perfectly kapable of steerin any ole barker that runs on any two streaks of steel that is lade down on any continent that I've heered of yit.

My impreshun is that if a United States fireman or "runner" should have the kommon sens to say ther was enny better way to heet kars than bi puttin hot water bottles in in the kars as they do in Ingland now that the same nuse paper feller that rit the mess

of nonsens I'm takin of would sa that he was prejuidist, an thers as much reesin in the one as in tother; its kuris but it is tru, that the man who kum over with old No. 1320 was no fool an when his time was up, an he was goin back to Inglund, he was a good deal more onist than the ink slinger who puts his mouth round "us" for he told the men in the round house that she want adaptid to American work and trains, its kuris how much peole no that aint so; and Artimus Ward was right when he said it;—and its funny enuf to see what a dunky a man can make if he sets out, mi idee is and has ben for mor'n 25 years that the United States "runners and firemen" want eny pertickerler slowches as a class of men and sum how the idee had got under my skull that some rodes had some bizness abilty in the manigment, but if the men who pertend to manig the rodes will by an engin and put her in the round house becaus the "runners and firemen" can't find out what she is made of, or becos they have a "prejuidis" or a belly-ake; then I'm willing to say that I'm an old fool and nary a mistaik, thar ma be another way in lookin at it if American engineers don't no enuf to git all she had in her why didn't the Pennsilvany manigers git one of the big mouthed nusepaper dudes that no so much that aint so, if one man won't another kan, and in bizness there aint eny frendship; and it is real strange if one of the most onest rodes in this or enyother kuntry with its "Runner and Firemen" as well as them that pay it millyuns of \$ \$ \$ a year have been compelled by the reasons given to set one side such a splendid and valyerble masheen becos its men who run 1400 other masheens evry day and nite didn't no enuf to make her snort?—?—?—?—?—?—?

Thars a set of men travelin over the kuntry now "tha used to be locomotive runners" if yu bleeve thar mouth orgin, but if the fax are none tha never run morn one kind of an engin and that was made of wood, had wun wheel an a pare of handles an a wood hold about two bushel of sand or gravel, tha hev the gift of gab; and the check tha karry wood plait a nu gun bote, if it want a frawd; thes men are allus hanging round the R. H. tryng to pik up the slang we uze and then sell it to the men who run nusepapers on the same plan, I'd ruther sta on the rite hand side and make mi living onestly for a spell yet if I don't "run short" and get a la up, for if thars one thing a real United States "runner and fireman" hate on top of grownd its a mungrel that nose sich a lot that aint so; we have all the rakets and trubles we want and moar, but when we are accused of inkompetency and prejudis against another make of masheen than the ons we run by a swing jawed ink slinger, its time for me to kik; and hear you have it; I mite sa moar but

my spellin is so plagy bad that I'm afrade it will spile all the boys in makin out ther reports for a munth comin.

"Uncle Silas."

Automatic Couplers.

I notice in the April number of the *Magazine*, an article on the vertical plane coupler over the signature of "Vulcan." Now, Mr. Editor, after carefully reading his objections to both the Janney and Gould self-couplers, which I presume are the ones he refers to, I am perfectly satisfied that he has had no practical experience with either of these couplers. It is plain to be seen that the only knowledge he has, is what he has obtained from railroad officials who naturally object, and try to find flaws in a self-coupler, on account of its expense, and who make the safety of the trainmen a secondary consideration.

"Vulcan" says that in making up a mixed train the vertical plane coupler is a delusion and a snare; there is some trouble sometimes, I admit, but not any more trouble or danger than in making a pin and link coupling with a high and low drawbar; then why under these circumstances it should prove a delusion or a snare, is more than the writer can see. The objection that Mr. Adams, of the Boston & Albany, and Mr. Chamberlain, of the Boston & Maine, pretend to have is the liability of breakage to knuckles. These breakages do not occur from uneven distribution of strains, but from rough usage which can be avoided by every car being equipped with a self-coupler and a good strong deadwood, and as the brakeman would not have to go between the cars to couple or pull pins, he would be in no danger from these deadwoods, and the breakages would be reduced ninety-nine per cent. "Vulcan" claims that these couplers will not work satisfactorily with their own kind, as in the case of a high and low drawbar; he forgets that if every car was built according to the plans laid down by the master car builders (and who should know better how a car should be built than they?) every car would be a standard height, and the difference in height between a loaded and empty car would not amount to anything.

"Vulcan" and the New England Club would probably laugh at the idea of our roads adopting a standard car, but why should they not, as it would be as much to their interest to have properly equipped freight cars, as it is to have a standard gauge or a standard car wheel.

Many a wreck has ocured on our first-class roads, costing them thousands of dollars, through cars from New England roads, such as the Old Colony, etc., which are more fit for a museum than for active service on a railroad. The Janney coupler was

selected by a body of practical railroad men representing the principal roads in the United States, whose ideas are up to the times, not men with old foggy ideas such as the New England Railroad Club; and it would certainly do away with a terrible loss of life and limb to trainmen which results from the use of the old "man-killer" coupler.

Yours sincerely,
W. Hodgson.

MR. EDITOR:—I have read with much interest the article of H. W. Hall, on the "Wheel and Lever," in the February *Magazine*. If others would read as closely and experiment as honestly as Mr. Hall has done they could as easily satisfy themselves of the truth of the propositions I have demonstrated, and tried to illustrate.

I suppose some one will attack Mr. Hall's experiment on the ground that his lever, the eccentric rod, was attached to the axle, and that its power was applied differently from a rod and pin, but that is a fallacy. By bolting a bar to the outside of a wheel so as to extend below the rail, with holes in which the "pin" may be inserted, at different distances, his proof will be just as strong. The axle nor the centre have anything to do with the fulcrum or the leverage. We could not have a revolving lever without them, but they have no place in the real question of how the lever works, any more than the expansion of steam has.

In his experiment Mr. Hall pulled from the ground—that is he stood on the ground. The principle is the same, but the action will be varied, if you pull from the engine—that is if you stood on the foot-board—or if you pulled as steam pulls, with an equal push on the frame. In that case, when the pin is above centre your wheel rolls toward you because the pin is farther from the rail (or fulcrum) than the frame is. If the pin is below centre, the wheel rolls from you because from where you push is farther from the fulcrum than the pin where you pull. When your pin is placed below the rail and you pull on it, the wheel still rolls from you, because both your push on the frame and your pull below the fulcrum gives motion away from you.

Amboy Division.

A Perverse Woman.

Gillhooly—So Ferguson's wife is dead?
Gus De Smith—Yes; she died yesterday.
"She was an awful contrary woman."
"She was that, about everything, and she kept it up to the last. In fact, I don't believe she would have died at all if it hadn't been for her perverseness."
"Why, how was that?"
"She was very sick, and her husband, with tears in his eyes, said: 'Dear Jane, you must not die.' Then she looked at him and said: 'I'll show you whether I'll die or not,' and turning her face to the wall was dead in a minute."—*Texas Siftings*.

The Postal Service.

INTERESTING FACTS FROM THE POSTMASTER GENERAL'S LAST REPORT.

The sale of postage stamps of all kinds amounted to \$52,921,784.18.

The total number of pieces of matter sent to the Dead Letter Office was 6,479,293.

There are 8,257 letter carriers and they delivered last year 1,703,262,436 pieces of mail matter.

The greatest number of clerks on any railway postoffice line is 351—on the New York & Chicago.

The longest continuous run made by postal clerks is from Omaha to Ogden, a distance of 1,035.30 miles.

The number of clerks employed in post-offices was 7,809. They received for their services \$5,919,301, or an average of \$758 each.

The number of clerks in the railway mail service was 5,640, who were paid an aggregate sum of \$5,235,067, an average of \$928 each.

The weight of mails dispatched to foreign countries was 4,111,852 pounds. Of this amount, 3,351,565 pounds was sent to trans-Atlantic countries; Great Britain leading the list, receiving 1,549,680; Germany comes next, having received 644,673; while France is third, with 239,469 pounds to her credit.

At the close of the last fiscal year there were 59,838 postmasters in the United States, whose compensation was \$13,168,990, an average salary of \$220 each.

The total number of clerks in the railway mail service is 5,448. The number of casualties last year was 193. Ten clerks were killed and ninety-five seriously injured.

The total sum paid by the government for the transportation of mails, including railroads, steamboat and star route service, and also compensation for the use of postal cars, was \$25,732,545.59.

The heaviest mail carried over any mail route in the United States is between New York and Philadelphia. The average daily weight of mails carried over this route last year was 201,813 pounds.

For trains carrying mails the best time is made on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, between Easton, Pa., and Metuchen Station, N. J., distance 54.20 miles. The average time of all mail trains is forty miles an hour.

There were 13,324,240 pieces of matter sent in the registered mails; 3,998 complaints were made of delinquencies in the service; of this latter number 1,616 were reported as losses, but subsequently the letters or parcels were received by the persons addressed.

Saw Him and Called Him.—Mrs. Dogood—Did you see the Elephant while you were in New York?

Mrs. Tyker—I didn't; but my husband did. At least, when we got home he said one had stepped on his pocketbook.—*Puck*.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

HINTS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

At the risk of incurring the charge of repetition, we must offer a few more suggestions in regard to the preparation of letters for the *Magazine*, which we hope our writers will receive in the kindly spirit in which they are written. There are so many annoying mistakes made which are entirely unnecessary. We do not believe it is ever necessary for our correspondents to use torn scraps of paper or wrapping paper when a whole letter pad may be purchased for five cents. If one is totally ignorant of the proper method of commencing a letter, she has only to take any of those published in the *Magazine* and copy the heading.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 24, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Is not that simple and easy? Do not address "Dear Mr. Debs," or "Dear Mrs. Harper," or any other "dear." Put the date line at the beginning, not at the end of your letter, and write the name of the town and the name of the state. Sign your name to the letter. Make your sheets all of one size and write only upon one side, number each page, lay one sheet upon the other and fold all together. When you have finished a sentence, put a period at the end of it and commence the next one with a capital letter. Do not begin every line with a capital unless you are writing poetry. Always write "I," when speaking of yourself, with a capital letter. Do not commence father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister or sweetheart with a capital. These are simple rules and easily remembered. Fully one-half of the mistakes the editor has to correct could be corrected by the writer herself if she would read over her letter carefully before sending it. These criticisms apply to the male persuasion also, as many of them make the same mistakes as the women do.

Out of thirty letters received this month, twenty of them closed with a thrilling reference to the waste basket, although we have been eight or ten years trying to impress

upon our writers that this is a superfluous remark. We would ask our readers if, out of hundreds of letters written for this department by women who insist upon telling us something about the lodge, one dozen of them ever contained any information upon that subject? We would rather you would tell us how you wash your dishes, or what success you have had with your onion bed this spring. Please remember that the object of this department is mutual improvement and benefit. Some of our correspondents persist in sending their letters to Mr. Debs, thereby compelling him to consume some of his precious time in forwarding them to Indianapolis. Now, dear friends, please give these suggestions your careful attention and your letters will be most welcome. Our correspondents have suggested a number of new and interesting topics of discussion. Let us have your opinions and comments upon those in which you are specially interested.

WITHOUT wishing at all to intrude upon the domain of the men's department of the *Magazine*, we cannot forbear a comment upon the poem of Shandy Maguire in the March number, entitled "Kitty O'Shea," and dedicated to Mr. Debs with "compliments," which are rather doubtful. We will not discuss the questionable taste of ridiculing and making light of a sin against morality, which has resulted in breaking up a family, disrupting a powerful political party and endangering the prospects of an oppressed nation. We will forbear any criticism upon the manliness (?) of the writer in placing all the blame upon the woman. But we wish especially to call attention to the last stanza, in which everlasting devotion is pledged to the Irish leader if he will "discard the woman" he has wronged. From our point of view there is but one honorable course left, but one way in which even a small reparation can be made for the sin committed, and that is by a respectable marriage as soon as it can be legally arranged. To "discard" the woman who has, for his sake, sacrificed family, friends, reputation and social position, would be a baser crime than even his worst enemies would believe Mr. Parnell capable of committing.

THE letter from East Cleveland is not quite up to the standard for publication in the Woman's Department. It contains some bright things, but its slangy and reckless tone bars it out. We trust that our correspondents of both sexes will assist us in preserving the dignity and respectability of our department. Every year shows an improvement in our class of correspondents and in the tone of the letters. We cannot afford to lower the character of our work.

SAY THAT YOU LOVE HER.

A most pathetic feature of many of the letters received for this department is the evident craving of the writers for love and affection. It is not possible for a man fully to appreciate a woman's intensity of feeling in this respect. Love is not so necessary a part of a man's as it is of a woman's existence. At some time in his life, usually in his early years, he becomes strongly attracted to some woman and considers that she is absolutely necessary to his happiness. A man's method of showing the highest admiration and esteem for a woman is to ask her to be his wife. There is a portion of that selfishness in it that is characteristic of most of men's actions. There is also a trace of the ancient and dominant idea that what he wants he must possess, and that nothing shall come between him and the object he covets. In the early history of the world he exercised his physical strength and carried the woman away. That species of courtship having become superseded by modern and milder customs, he is obliged to resort to other and pleasanter methods of securing what he wants. Hence the various phases of courtship, the drives, the places of amusement, the ices and confections, the moonlight walks, the long evenings by the cosy fire, the pledges of never-dying love, the promises of eternal devotion. All these are but the means to an end—the necessary preliminaries to obtaining possession. The woman thinks it is simply her own sweet self that inspires this devotion, and that if she can command it before marriage she can continue to do so after marriage.

And finally they are married and the man has secured what he started out to get—a wife. Usually he is satisfied and quite ready to settle down to the plain realities of life. It now becomes necessary to pay attention to the practical things of the world. He has founded a family, wherewith shall they be fed and clothed and sheltered? The coming of children makes the question still more serious. Even under the most favorable circumstances, existence is a perpetual struggle. The man who works faithfully day after day and applies his earnings conscientiously to the maintenance of his family, shows infinitely more devotion and constancy than are possible in the most ardent courtship. Engrossed in his work, annoyed by many cares, physically and mentally worn out by night, he is not inclined to effusive love-making. In fact he would consider it superfluous and unnecessary, if he thought about it at all, but it does not occur to him. He considers that he has shown his love for his wife by choosing her from all others and, if he provides for her and is kind and faithful, she never ought to have a doubt of his affection. We are talking only of those husbands who are simply

negligent about putting their love into words, not of those who are neglectful of the sacred duties and obligations of marriage.

But this practical view of the case does not satisfy the wife. It is doubtful if men are capable of understanding a woman's feelings in this matter; not because of any hardness of heart, but simply from a difference in nature. They are quite satisfied to take the wife's love for granted and they are conscious of no particular craving for a verbal expression of it. They utterly fail to comprehend her monotonous and isolated life, her longing for sympathy and tenderness, her grief and heartache at their apparent coldness and indifference. They do not mean to be unkind; they would not hesitate to lay down their life for her if it were necessary, and yet, through a big, blundering man's ignorance and obtuseness, they withhold what would cost them nothing and yet would be of untold value to the wife. Think of it! Just a kiss of good-by and of greeting, just a caress and a word of praise once in a while, trifles when you consider them in the abstract, and yet they would fill the days with sunshine and make the average married life a Paradise compared to what it usually is. Is there any remedy for these sins of omission? So much has been said and written upon the subject, and yet, no doubt, our grandmothers and great-grandmothers grieved and worried over this neglect, and it will break the hearts of our children and grandchildren. To the young husbands and wives this caution may be given: Do not let the first carelessness creep in; keep up, as far as is consistent with the trying demands of every day life, the affectionate habits of courtship, for it is very hard to resume them after they have been dropped awhile. The older married people need not be ashamed of loving demonstrations; they are even more beautiful in those who have been tried by the troubles and temptations of many years and remained faithful and devoted. But beyond and above all, hold fast to that mutual love and respect which is the essential basis of all permanent wedded happiness.

THE editor hopes the contributors will excuse her for omitting from their letters the complimentary allusions to herself. They are fully appreciated and enjoyed, but she feels sure they would not be of interest to the general reader.

WE will ask our good letter writers to please consider the discussion closed in regard to the management of husbands and wives. We cannot use any more matter upon this subject.

T. C. D., of Arkansas City, sends four closely written pages describing a B. of L. F. ball, given by the lodge. It is interesting and well written, but, as we have frequently stated, we cannot publish accounts of social events. We cannot spare the space and it is so long before they can be published they become "old news." For instance, this ball took place February 26th, an account was mailed to us March 8th, reaching here on the 10th. As we prepare the matter for the *Magazine* two months ahead, it would have to appear in the May *Magazine*. Would not an account of a February ball appear out of place in May? Will our correspondents exercise judgment in these matters?

"S. B.," of Springfield, Mo., writes very kindly of Lodge 51.

WASHINGTON, DAVISSON CO., IND., March 6th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In the March number, which has just come to hand, I notice where Mrs. J. W. Taylor, of Mattoon, wants to know what has become of Mother Jones? Can it be possible this is my much esteemed friend of long ago? Well, it is certainly some kind friend anyway, and now Mrs. Taylor, if you live at Mattoon, Ill., doubtless are this you know I am engaged on the *American Federationist*, published at that place. I am afraid our good editor, Mrs. Harper, gave me a kinder notice than I really deserved in the February number, but all the same I value her words very highly indeed. It was with a feeling of pride I read her kind words. I am very much interested in her editorial this month and with her usual good nature, I feel sure she will allow me to express my opinion on card playing, and my experience in such matters. As far as card playing as an amusement is concerned, there is no harm done if the card playing stopped there, and we could make our children feel that this was the only way in which such games were permissible, but alas, while under our home influence they may realize this, yet if infatuated with the game, they will forget this, just as sure as we wish them to remember it, and will not stop to think of the place or surroundings when chance gives them an opportunity to satisfy their pleasure. If we cannot prevent our boys from playing cards, if we do not practice the games at our home, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we did not encourage them by giving them an example. Our conscience will be clear at any rate. I knew a family who were looked upon as Christians, and no doubt but they were really good people. They loved to have friends surround them, and their favorite pastime of evenings was cards. The father of the family was a high church member, a man of wealth, one who employed numerous workmen, and always treated his employes generously; the mother was an excellent lady who did all the good she could find to do. The rich loved her, the poor blessed her; she loved music and singing; there were three fine boys in this family, and two handsome daughters. They took such interest in singing that they had a class of young men and women come to their magnificent home, and it was there church anthems and hymns were taught for the Sunday service. I was one of that happy class. Soon the boys grew to manhood, a credit (as to looks) to their loving parents. But the eldest boy, the pride of the family, infatuated by the game of cards, what became of him? First he only played for a little money with some of his friends; by degrees, step by step, this promising young man, letting infatuation get the better of him, played with every person and in every place he could get a chance. When his parents found out his degradation they obtained a

commission and sent him out to sea thinking to cure him. But alas, temptation was on board the vessel as well as on land and one day while engaged in the game a card was blown out of his hand; in attempting to catch it he lost his balance, fell overboard and was drowned. I happened to be at his home the day the fatal news was brought and the heartrending screams of that agonized mother ring in my ears yet. Oh, how she blamed herself, that his first lesson should have been learned at his own happy home. So earnestly after this did she impress upon my mind the evil of playing cards, that I came to look upon a card as something too terrible to take hold of. But this was not all. The second son had got into debt just at that time to the amount of several hundred pounds, lost by card playing. This trouble and the news of his brother's death was too much for him. He took morphine to end his troubles and in less than a month was buried in the graveyard of the little church, where but a few days before his voice had rung out in the Easter anthem. Thus was broken up one of the happiest families that ever existed, and the change in that one family was sufficient to prevent my ever allowing a game at my own home. There never was a card inside of my house and never will be while I have breath.

Some of my readers will say this is an isolated case. Well, the grief of that one home was sufficient to counter balance a dozen others that escape. I was surprised lately at reading an article in a journal where the writer, who seemed a lady of talent and education was relating something about card playing and wine suppers at 10 P. M. I should think young ladies ought to be in their beds at that hour, not card playing.

I am your sincere well wisher

Mrs. Henry B. Jones

[Mrs. Jones will pardon the editor for drawing a pen through her too complimentary allusions. The other matter looked too much like an advertisement. Where one regards card playing as our correspondent does, it certainly would be wrong to permit it.—Ed.]

HOME.

Home, how dear to our hearts is that one short word—when we speak of home how lovingly we speak of the place we cherish in our hearts. Home is indeed a haven of rest for the wearied soul and body.

Can we but wonder when we think of those who are leaving the place where they have spent so many happy days, some leaving it to make their fortunes in distant lands, others because of the spirit of discontent which has entered their hearts and made them slaves to its will.

When we hear the sad, sweet strains of that beautiful song can we imagine the writer, an exile in foreign lands, without money, without friends and without home; his heart breaking with sorrow, writing the words which ever float through our minds with a pathos that seems almost unreal—

"Be it ever so humble,

There's no place like home."

A child was once asked, "Where is your home?" Looking up into the face of its questioner with a glance of utmost love and confidence, it replied, "Where mother is." How many of us can say that our home is where mother is?

The "house mother," as the Germans so quaintly put it, is the ruler of the household. She it is who cares for the happy, laughing children, soothes their childish grievances, guides their tottering footsteps along the rough pathways, and lavishes on them a love that can never be replaced when she is gone.

Homes have been broken, ties of love severed by the loss of one person whom we love so well. Can we not then strive to do our duty in helping mother to make home bright and cheerful for the father and brother, and at last hear the praise of the loved parent when the hour of death is nigh, whisper in accents low and sweet, "Well done, daughter." Would not our happiness be complete?

Edyth.

PERU, INDIANA, March 5, 1891.

TRENTON, N. J., March 16, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

"I am only a fireman's wife," as some would remark, but there is many a gentleman beneath a greasy pair of overalls, and many a lady beneath a calico dress. I consider my husband as noble a man as ever walked this grand, old earth. He knows how to say "no," and mean it, and he considers me as much of a lady as anybody. We have found out that the way to live a happy married life is to put into practice the old maxim, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you;" perfect confidence in each other; faith in God's promises; neither one the "boss" of the other; no "boss" is needed. We would carry out no plan without confiding in each other. I would not wish my husband to have to ask me for money, as though he did not help earn it; nor would I like to feel dependent by asking him for money. We both know what bills are to be met and pay them, and what remains we are at liberty to use if we so desire. We dress to suit each other and not to suit other people. To the wives I have written this letter, and if accepted, I will write to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to their daughters and sons.

Wives: Before marriage many of you took pains to make yourselves look attractive to your lovers. Now, do not fail to try and make yourselves look attractive to your husbands. Dress according to your means, and for your husbands alone. You may say, "I have not the time I then had." Perhaps not, but you can at least look neat, for it is just as easy to be neat as it is to be slovenly after the habit is once acquired. Teach your daughters this fact as they grow up in life. For does not the good book say: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Also teach them to do all kinds of work: to cook and keep house. There is an old saying "That a man's heart is to be reached through his stomach." I think it is won before marriage without the use of cooking, but it is in a great measure held after marriage by good food. Teach them also to sew, for these are the accomplishments that a poor man's wife needs above all others. After these then I approve of all that one has opportunity to acquire. Magazines are of great benefit; the *Firemen's Magazine* has certainly been very instructive to me. But I have left my subject.

Mothers, if you have not time to train your daughters to sew, send them to a dressmaker to learn. Send them in a kitchen to work before you send them in a mill. It will be of greater benefit to them both physically and mentally. Teach them that there is no work that will disgrace them unless they disgrace the work. A lady friend of mine was raised with her every want supplied; she was sent to school until she was married. To-day she has three little children and she does not know how to sew. Her husband draws but very small wages. Do you not think her mother is to blame for not teaching this girl to sew, at least in vacation? Is it not discouraging for this husband? Although you may expect your daughter to marry rich, remember she cannot superintend a house full of servants unless she understands how to work. I was taught to work and sew; to-day I can take a trifle and beautify my home and make it comfortable and homelike. I can make a wrapper of five cent goods and feel as happy in such a wrapper as beneath a satin or velvet gown. Teach your daughters to marry for love and love alone. For what is spoken of more highly in the Bible than "Love." Without this "marriage is a failure." Right here I would say that all women have not the time that I have to make their own dresses. Wives, you can govern your husbands best by kind words. Remember, a soft answer turneth away wrath; it may seem hard always to do, but in the end it will soften the hardest heart. For "there never was a heart so hard but it had one tender spot." Do not say, "There is no use in my trying to be good when my husband will not try also." Try; for have you not your own soul to save and he has his. Cast your burden on the Lord and He will strengthen you and you will surely conquer in the end. Last, but not the least, I would say: Wives of railroaders, you whose husbands start out on what seems to me like going to war and facing the cannon's mouth, never let them start on a trip without first kissing them

good bye, no matter how angry you may be. Some will say it is soft to kiss. Would you think it soft to kiss his lips were he brought to you cold in death? Ah! no. Over his coffin lid you might say, "He was a good husband," while in life you were never heard to praise him. If he begood, tell him so while he is yet in life. If he is wicked, so long as you remain beneath the roof with him, do not speak of his wickedness. If you are at fault do not be too haughty to acknowledge your faults and ask to be forgiven. For if you do not do this, and harm should come to him, great would be the fall of your haughtiness, and your repenting would be at leisure. This poetry I love to think of and try to remember:

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Tho' we love our own the best.

"How many go forth in the morning,
That never return at night,
And hearts are broken by harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

"Ah! lip with that curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a sorry fate, were the night too late,
To undo the work of morn.

The boys of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, are in a flourishing condition, and they are a noble set of boys and know how to be good and kind to their wives. Now let us hear from some of our sisters out here in the East. Do not let the Western women get all the credit for having the brains, for I know we are possessed of some too.

God bless the locomotive firemen and their families is the wish of a fireman's wife. Signed with pride,
The Jersey Writer.

[A very good letter. Come again.—Ed.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 6th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having seen many interesting articles in your valuable *Magazine* in reference to different lodges, I thought perhaps a word from Mayflower Lodge, No. 415, of which my brother is a member, would be of some interest to its many readers. It is a thriving lodge, the members are all honest, noble, upright young men and are sure to come to the front, Brothers Mart McKenna and Bart Blue being the leading spirits. The fireman's life is a very trying one and they deserve the sympathy of all. They look danger in the face on every side. They are truly a noble set of men. I heard that several of the members had decided to lay aside the bachelor garments and don those of benedict. If they do others will be sure to follow. As this is my first attempt at writing, if accepted I will come again if I may. With best wishes for the success of B. of L. F., especially Lodge No. 415. I remain

Uncle John's Daughter.
L. B. E.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I am at leisure and have long been thinking to put a good word in for the firemen of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 91, I am going to do so now. They are a dandy set of young fellows, kind, free-hearted and generous wherever they are known.

This lodge has set up an auxiliary for ladies, but alas! only the mothers, wives and sisters are allowed to join. As I am only the "sweetheart" of a fireman I cannot get in, but perhaps I may soon.

Thos. D. Manhire is Master and makes a very brave one. The fire boys made no mistake in choosing him. W. S. Runyon, our Receiver, has the same brave heart.

I see a good deal about "Managing a Husband." I have none yet but as "the happy time is drawing near" I will have one soon, but I'll let him manage himself and I think that is the best way.

A Fireman's Sweetheart.

GOODLAND, KAN., March 4th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

How I do enjoy the *Magazine*, and anxiously look for its coming every month. My mother has often said she would like to see something I could not make use of. "Poverty is the mother of invention," and therein lies the secret. Now I hope all of you who have torn books, will try my way—as I never saw any one else mend them the same, I call it my way. Get the yellow oiled paper your hubby's tobacco comes wrapped in, and cut strips and paste on each side the leaf. I think it a shame so many nice books are let go. If you can't afford a bookbinder to bind your little journals or even the *Magazine*, get some good heavy pasteboard, and cut as long as the book and just wide, bind one edge of each leaf these pieces with some good stout cloth, say dress drillings leaving one-half inch at the back that has no pasteboard in, to sew on by, place all your papers in position and take an awl and stout twine and sew through all firmly. Then you can ornament the covers to suit your fancy. I have made several for my children out of S. S. papers and little books that had paper covers. There are such a multitude of ways to use old sock and stocking legs. When you have to "re-seat" knit drawers, take a sock leg and cut it open, take it onto the machine and in five minutes you can have a patch "as good as new." They make nice sleeves in children's under waists after the "original" ones are worn out, and I have made very nice-looking mittens from them; and after you have cut and made everything you can from them, take the pieces and roll them up tight and tie with cord, to scour knives with, or tie on the end of a stick, to black the stove with.

And while you are looking at your neighbor's embroidered pillow shams with such longing eyes, let me whisper in your ear how you can get time to make yours. Get a pattern that you can "start in at one end and go till you get done," or "one that has a series of lines;" all your bobbin with floss, and coarse looks better than fine; put fine thread on top, with a loose tension—you can tell how loose by trying on a small piece of cloth; sew your sham on what is to be the wrong side. I am sure you will be pleased, as a little way off you can not tell it from Kensington stitch, and it is so quickly done. I've embroidered "a pillow case across the end with a pattern intended for a mantel lambrequin, with tinsel; also an apron, and hemmed the children's school handkerchiefs the same way.

If you have to tie comforts, don't keep those horrid old quilting-frames around all summer, but after you have the comfort all tacked in, baste it across both ways where you would want the knots to be, and then take it out of the frames (lay it aside if you haven't the time that day to finish it); then get comfortably seated in your rocker, with the comfort on a chair and your lap, and clip and tie at your leisure. Maybe "John" will help you, but I have my doubts about it, as they are not, as a rule, over-fond of feminine work.

I hope some one will give us a few "hints" on housework, where hired help is not to be got and we must depend on the children. The best way I have found to get along with small help is to play "Mrs." Such fine times as we do have some days! I hardly ever have to make them work. Each one takes a room to clean up, and if any one else wants an article from another's room, they knock, and borrow it from "Mrs. Brown," or "Mrs. Green," as the case may be. Sometimes one is the mother, and I am made to "walk chalk." Then the little three-year-old must "play I am your pa," so he gets all the chairs in a row, and the funnel for a whistle, and then he will tell me what to tell the rest. Toot-toot! "Now say, 'Hark, chilblins, I hear your pa, maybe.' Toot-toot!" "Say, 'Yes, that is them.'" Then the train arrives, and the little fireman washes, and leaves everything "shipshape" in his imaginary engine. Then is the home-coming. He comes in and gives me a regular "bear's hug," and a kiss, and says, just like his pa, of course: "Well, old woman, I've had a pretty rocky trip, and I'm hungry—gee whizz! got anything cooked?" And if one forgets and calls him Johnny, he is sure to look cross and say, "I'm pa."

One of the "hints" I want is how to manage to not offend your neighbors, when their children come in at a very muddy time, with their feet perfectly loaded with mud, and track all over your house; and I have seen grown people as bad. Of all things, it is to me the most discouraging.

To the man in the February number who said he would tell how he managed his wife, only he did not like to give his scheme away—Don't. The rest have "schemes" and "methods" enough, without your adding anything to the list of "ways and means." But if any sister has a way to get her husband to take up the ashes when he builds the fire, I pray her let it be known. Don't forget to praise your wives when they do anything nice for you; and remember a "Thanks" for the patch she put on your overalls, and you happened to see before you wore, and the buttons she sewed on your jacket, are as sweet as praise could be. *Phillips*

[Such letters as the above are very acceptable.—Ed.]

SANDUSKY, OHIO, March 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the *Firemen's Magazine* some time and have not noticed anything concerning Safety Lodge, No. 142, in which I am interested, having two brothers as members. It is, I understand, in a very prosperous condition. Now let me say that I agree with a "Fireman's Mother" and say the pie and cakes she speaks of are very necessary in every family. I am a little partial to railroad men. They are a class as a rule that provide plentifully for the family. We rarely see pie and cake wanting in any of their families.

The first letter I read in the March number was Jim Dooly's, and I must ask a little space to express my sympathy for him.

Jim, surely in all Texas, you could find some one that would put up that "dainty lunch" you long for, and save the man with you from your envious glances. But if you cannot why come right up to Ohio. I know when you become possessor of that precious article you will call "wife," you will be very considerate and I sincerely hope you will find a good cook. My experience with railroad men has led me to believe that they are all blessed with good appetites, and will not tolerate poor cooks. Just one word more about the card subject. I say boys will play and they may just as well learn at home as in some saloon, for we all know "forbidden fruit" is sweet and play they will. Wishing success to the B. of L. F., I am yours, *Cedar Point.*

LEADVILLE, COLO., March 15th, 1890.

Editor Woman's Department:

May I be one of the applicants to write just a few words of encouragement for the Cloud City Lodge, No. 196? It is a prosperous lodge and increasing very rapidly and is composed of young and noble boys. We may not for the time being realize what good these noble boys are doing, but when sickness or death comes we can't fail to see and receive the willing hand they extend toward us; therefore I deem it every fireman's duty to belong to the brotherhood, for it not only benefits himself but his family also. So may we live to see the day when the firemen can demand their rights in triumph over the railroad monopolies.

I take great interest in reading the arguments of how to manage a husband, and I think it a rather complicated question, but can not say anything for myself as I am inexperienced in that line, but I hope if I ever do marry, he won't need any managing. Sisters, speak kindly of them, for they are here to day and away to-morrow, maybe never to come home again alive; a harsh word is never forgotten, while kind ones would lighten and make their work more pleasant. I appreciate the thoughtfulness of the sisters in sending receipts, for they are always acceptable, when you have to put up lunches. With success and best wishes for the brotherhood I will close by signing myself
A Fireman's Sister,

C. M.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

It is only a rose, now faded and dead,
Its beauty departed its fragrance now fled;
It is only a rose, with petals once bright,
That bloomed for a day—a blossom of white;
A memento of past friendship I cherish it yet—
Tho' simple the gift I cannot forget.

It is only a rose yet to me it brings pain,
For I think of the one who will ne'er come again,
While my heart grieves with sorrow for him, far
away,
Whose love, like the rose, lived only a day,
Then died ere it reached the zenith of bliss,
Alas! If our hearts such love could resist.

Tho' faded the rose, I cherish it still—
Tho' scentless its leaves, it has power to thrill
The heart with emotion so blissfully sweet,
Where love is enshrined so faithful and deep,
For the dear friend who gave it, who is now far
away,
While I treasure the rose so faded and gray.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL., March 16, 1891.

MONTPELIER, March 15th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have seen nothing in the *Magazine* from a fireman's mother, sister, wife or sweetheart of Montpelier, neither from the boys of Re-Echo Lodge, No. 195. Perhaps the women of Montpelier do not know how to manage a husband is why they have nothing to say, but cannot say the boys of No. 195 do not know how to manage their lodge, for I am sure they do. There are as good and true hearted boys in No. 195 as ever belonged to an order, and I am sure they are doing all in their power for the interest of the B. of L. F.

I cannot help noticing Mr. Dooly's letter in the March number. First, he says he would eat anything, no difference how it tasted, if it did not have a long hair in it. That does not sound altogether right, for it is not natural for any one to eat anything that does not suit his taste.

Again he says to excuse the mistakes of the inexperienced girl you have taken from her mother's care. Now has she not been an apprentice under her mother for from fifteen to fifty years or more and if she does not understand her business I say send her back to her mother until she learns her trade, just as a foreman of the shops would do with a machinist or a master mechanic with an engineer or fireman. If they are no good they must go; (why not the same with the wife?) How many wives are there to-day that keep their homes looking as they should or as they could if they would try? Not one-third of them, and what is the reason? Because as soon as hubby leaves town they are out gadding around, gossiping about their neighbors and never think of home until they hear the sound of the old man's whistle, then they have such a sick headache, or baby has been so cross they could not do a thing. Therefore hubby must get his own dinner, go to a hotel or do without. And how often do men come in and find their wives out riding, walking or even to balls with some other man, and when they ask her to go anywhere with them, "Oh I am so tired I do not feel like going." This will do for a time but it will not last. Soon there rises a jealous feeling in the man's heart, and he begins to spend his evenings around saloons and gambling houses and soon gets to drinking to drown trouble, as he says. Next he loses his job, and becomes a regular sot and bum, all through woman and whisky (but of course whisky gets the credit for all). How often do we hear the expression, "What would this world be without women?" It would be a paradise, a heaven on earth. How often does a man get into trouble but that there is a woman mixed up in it? Not once out of ten times. What is nicer and purer than a boy just emerging forth from youth into manhood! But lo, soon he is caught by the bewitching smiles and evil snares of vile women and dragged down into the fires of hades.

Girls, look out for such fellows as Jim. He is liv-

ing you soft soap and taffy. Do not believe a word he says. I think he would like to get married.

I agree with "Engineer's Wife," I think they have been managing their husbands long enough. It is time for a change in family government. Family government, like political, too long under the same administration, becomes monotonous. So let us have a change, once and forever.

Every woman should be glad to give up all pleasures to please her husband. Think of the grief and danger he must undergo to make you comfortable. From the time he gets aboard his engine until he is to the end of his run, his life is in constant danger, while you are at home by a comfortable fire or out walking, riding, and perhaps to a ball having a good time with your old lovers.

There has been so much said about managing wives and husbands I think some one of experience ought to tell us unfortunate fellows the way to manage to get a wife.

As this is my first letter to the *Magazine* and not expecting to be admitted, with best wishes for the Woman's Department and success to the B. of L. F., I will close.

Respectfully,

W. B. Richmond.

[The writer of this letter evidently needs a liver pad or some soothing syrup or anything but a wife.—Ed.]

FORSYTH, MONT., March 12th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In looking through the March number of the *Magazine* it occurred to my mind that I should knock for admission into the sunny circle of the Woman's Department. Both my husband and myself take great pleasure in reading it. There is a great difference of opinion expressed in it and I am sure we can all profit by it. Card playing at home seems to be the general subject at present. The editor's article in the March number is (in my opinion) a very sensible one, for nine out of every ten of the boys will learn sooner or later. How much better then that they should learn at home in an innocent social way than to go into a saloon to learn later on and perhaps bet on their second game.

I must say a few words of praise for "F. M. S." in the March number. The fireman that will win her for his bride, will indeed be fortunate, for no doubt she will make a model wife. I think she and "Jim Dooly" would complete a very happy household for they both have very noble ideas of married life.

I am so fortunate as to have a husband that fills the bill exactly of her ideal, his first thought is always of me, and dinner comes afterward.

With kindest wishes for the Woman's Department and success to the brotherhood, I remain

Yours truly,

An Engineer's Wife.

HAMILTON, ONT., March 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have often heard mother say that she has never yet seen a letter from any of the Hamilton ladies, but I am only a little girl of 10 years. But I will try and tell a little about our beautiful city. There have been some lovely buildings built here lately. The City Hall, the Young Men's Association Rooms, and the Public Library have been the latest. A walk or a drive to the top of the mountain is delightful, you can see all over the city and across the bay, which is at the present time covered with ice, and the ice boats and the merry skaters go skipping along. The ice men have had a grand harvest this winter. I heard father tell mother there has been the best ice cut this winter there has been for years, and there has been a great quantity shipped to other places. Father is a member of No. 151 and he always attends lodge meetings when he is home, and I always hear mother say, "Don't be late coming home."

A fireman's daughter,

Bessie E.

[Bessie has set the ladies a very good example.—Ed.]

BAY VIEW, MD., March 17th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I always read every letter in "the Woman's Department" before reading anything else in the *Magazine*. I would like to shake hands with "K. L. W." The very idea of having to smile when you feel like crying! I hope she will write often. I must have my say on this voting question. I feel sometimes as if I would like to break some of the laws made by men elected by foreigners and ignorant negroes. I don't believe any woman would really not vote if she had the opportunity to do so. It may sound conceited but I think I am more capable of understanding the Mills and McKinley bills than a good many of our smart (?) politicians. Because a man can't go to an election and return in a reasonable time, is no reason why a woman should not do so. If I had a husband (which fortunately for him I have not), I should just expect him to vote as he saw fit, and I should do the same. There is one fact I am sure of. If ever the happy day dawns when women can vote, they will have the prohibition question settled at once and in the only way—that is the manufacture of whisky stopped in the United States.

I imagine I hear our charming editress say "strong minded," and cast her eyes towards the waste basket. But if she will remember, this is my first letter and I had to say my say. I can't help saying I agree with "Jim Dooley," but wonder what is the reason he don't take that advice to boys, himself. Or, Jim, is it possible you can't find any one to take you? I cannot resist the temptation to tell the sisters that I love to play all kinds of games, including euchre, seven-up, dominoes, checkers, etc. Now I'm sure some of you are shocked and I'll not add another word except success to the Woman's Department.

Fireman's Schoolmarm.

P. S. I wish the sisters would use some other *nom de plume* beside initials, as it is difficult to remember them.

[Why not set the example by signing your own name? "Strong-minded" articles do not go into the waste basket.—Ed.]

OTTAWA, March 9th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am neither wife, mother nor sweetheart of any of the railroad boys but I may say that I am a friend and an interested reader of the *Magazine*, and I thought I would write and tell you a little about the boys of Ottawa. The boys of lodge 172 (F. G. Lawrence) are a fine lot of fellows and do credit both by their conduct and personal appearance to the B. of L. E., which I think is a grand order for keeping up a continual brotherly feeling, and I must say that "the boys" here are in no way behind in exerting themselves to render assistance to those in need of it. They are kind hearted, manly fellows who are always ready to lend a helping hand. Their life, too, when on the road, is rather a hard one, and they are always in continual danger. Let us try to always have a kind word for them, for kindness goes a long way to soften life's pathway. Wherever we meet them, whether they are dressed up in their Sunday best or not, never slight them or hurt their feelings by not recognizing them. Let us remember them in our prayers, that in starting out on the road they may always be prepared to meet their God. Life is so uncertain, accidents always happening.

As I am not married I can not give any personal experience of how to manage a husband, but for those who have husbands I will send a recipe for ginger bread, which I think is very nice.

One cup flour, one cup sugar, one tablespoon ginger, one teaspoon soda, mix dry first; one-half cup butter, melted; one cup buttermilk, two eggs; pour in milk, treacle, butter, eggs, stirring all the time.

I am of the opinion that it would make the management of man easier if everything was cooked nice and tasty, but I do not know. May I come again, this is my first venture?

A friend and well wisher of "all the boys."

Velvet Eyes.

[Yes, come again and tell us something about Ottawa and life in Canada.—Ed.]

MONETT, MO., March 6th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am not a constant reader of the *Magazine*, but when at leisure I love to read the letters in the Woman's Department, and I find them so interesting. Have often thought I should write, but have never attempted it before.

Have been quite interested in the letters telling how to manage husbands. I do not think it is very easily told. I have not been married very long, scarcely a year yet, but I had never thought of managing my husband. We both love one another and help each other and there is no managing needed on either side.

Have never seen anything in the *Magazine* from either the members, or their wives, of the Monett Lodge, but probably it is because it is not a very old lodge. I know it is not from lack of writers. Our little city isn't very old, having been a division point only a little over five years, and it has grown wonder fully. It was only a little village then, and now I think the population is about 4,000 inhabitants. It is away down in the southwest corner of Missouri and is such a pretty place.

Was quite interested at the piece of poetry, "How to Manage a Wife," written by Shandy Maguire, and if what he states were the true facts of the case I think he (poor man) is to be pitied. But I cannot think he has had such a hard time as he would make us think, and as I feel he will be answered by a number more competent to answer him than I am, will not say anything about it.

Now this is my first attempt at writing for publication and if my letter is accepted I may come again.

With best wishes and earnest prayers for all the brave boys that shovel coal, as my dear boy does,

Sincerely yours,

Pearl H. Johnson.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., March 8th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been an interested reader of the valuable *Magazine* for over four years. And I can say truly I think Mrs. Harper deserves great praise for the success of the Woman's Department.

I look forward with great pleasure for the *Magazine*, as the Woman's Department has many useful as well as interesting pages to be read.

I have read a great many sensible letters on how to manage a husband. I have nothing to say on the subject, as I have never had the least trouble. We always consult one another in everything; that is how we have always gotten along so nicely. Some of the young ladies say how lovingly they will meet their husband when he comes home. Girls wait until you get him, and when you do he won't expect you to meet him with a broad grin on your face and your arms out when you are sick at heart over some trouble you have had while he was out on the road. Don't think your married life will be all sunshine. Prepare yourself for dark days as well as bright ones. If you are fortunate enough to get a good fireman (which I hope you will), no doubt you will be as happy as it is possible for us to be on earth.

I would be very glad if some one of the correspondents would please give a good recipe for chocolate cake.

Well as this is rather lengthy for the first, I will close with success to the *Magazine*, happiness and good luck to the editor, my best wishes for the B. of L. E. Yours truly,

An Engineer's Wife.

SCHANTON, PA., March 9th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been an interested reader of the *Magazine* for some time, and it is always received with great pleasure. I seldom see anything in its columns from Acme Lodge, No. 238. I will say in favor of the members, they are a brotherly class of men, always ready to aid the needy brothers. My husband is a fireman on the D. L. & W. R. R., and I think there is no worthier or better class of men than the firemen (one especially). Will close with best wishes to the *Magazine*.

Yours truly,

M. A. T.

HINTON, W. VA., March 5th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the *Firemen's Magazine* for some months and take great pleasure in perusing its pages, especially the *Woman's Department*. I find a great many letters written from different places of which I have been a great admirer. Although I do not agree with all of the correspondents I can heartily endorse some of them. There is a letter in the March number from "H. C. P." I can not endorse. I think she is vastly mistaken in the matter of card playing. I do not endorse card playing in any form nor at any place, it being the first step to a gambler's den. The man who never takes the first drink will never want the second, neither will he ever be a drunkard. The youth who never plays the first game of cards will never play a second, nor will he ever be a gambler. If the parents encourage card playing God knows where it will end. God forbid that if my child should ever be asked where he learned to play cards he should say, "My parents taught me when at home." Bring up your children the way they should go and when old they will not depart from it. Bring up your children playing cards and they will play when they are older. If it should be the *secret* or *mystery* of card playing that causes the youth to seek it when older, and that is the reason why "H. C. P." advises card playing in youth, with the same propriety could "H. C. P." advise the seduction of the fair young maid whose virtue soars upon eagle's wings, to prove or make her virtuous in after life. I think in dealing with children we should be very careful and *avoid the very appearance of evil*. For my part when I am moulding the character of my children, if it becomes necessary to the successful management of my husband for me to sit down in my house and play a game of cards before my children, my husband would forever go unmanaged.

Now in regard to managing a husband, a great big book might be written and yet the man would not be managed. Women can not manage men, neither can men manage women. As for my husband, I think him capable of managing himself. If I had a husband whom I could not trust to manage himself I should blush to own him, or if my husband thought me incapable of managing *myself* I would still blush. Very good suggestions have been made for those whose husbands are incapable of self-management, but I am glad my husband can manage himself. I think it an insult to the men for women to write such articles and cast such reflections on their husbands, proclaiming from hill top to valley that their husbands are so green as not to be capable of self-management.

I hope the sisters will adopt some other topic for discussion, say "home attractions" or "flower culture," or "preparing their children for some profession in after life."

I have already written my first letter too long and perhaps have intruded on your valuable space, and by promising a shorter one in future if this appears in print, I will subscribe myself a friend to the B. of L. F. and especially old 236, of which my husband is a member.

May Day.

BUTLER, DEKALB CO., Ind., March 28th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the *Firemen's Magazine* for a few months and like it very much. Have not heard from Butler Lodge, 164, and thought I would write a few lines for the B. of L. F. from this place. Am not a fireman's wife; have been staying with my sister. She has a fireman for a husband and we read the *Magazine* when we get it. I am well pleased with the *Woman's Department*, think it is very interesting. I have read a great deal about managing a husband. My sister does not try to manage her husband; she lets him manage himself and she does everything to make it pleasant for him when home, and I think that is the right way. That is the way I would do if I had a fireman for a husband, which maybe I will have some day. I will close, wishing the *Magazine* a successful future and all the firemen good luck. God bless the B. of L. F. Yours truly,

A Fireman's Sister, M. C. M.

MATTOON, ILL., March 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

This gloomy Sunday afternoon while my husband is at the lodge I will employ my time writing to the *Woman's Department*, which improves more and more every month.

Jim Dooly's letter in the March number is splendid. I wonder if when he gets a wife his sentiments will be the same. They are always very precious before marriage, but they soon forget that they ever thought so. If he remains of the same opinion after he gets his wife I hope he may never be tempted to sell his overalls for a breakfast; that the porter-house and coffee will always be ready on his arrival.

"A Fireman's Wife, Anna," says her advice to all girls that can marry is to marry a railroad man, that they will never regret the step they have taken. She must remember they are not all alike. I say Girls, marry to suit yourselves, for that was the way I did.

There has been so much said by the ladies about meeting your husband with a kiss. Let me ask some of the writers what they would do if their husband wouldn't let them meet him with that kiss but tell them that they had better be thinking about something there is more profit in. I am like K. L. W., I believe in looking just like I feel, for your husband would as soon see you look as you feel as to know you felt one way and looked another. But it is woman's nature to look for a little praise from her husband. As the wife of a year said to her husband when he asked her what she was crying about: She sobbed out, "Do you love me?" "Why, you foolish woman," he replied, "What did I marry you for if I didn't love you?" "Oh, then, tell me so sometimes," she said.

This echo of the heart explains the feelings of multitudes of women to whom words of affection would make the heart throb and pulses bound as they have not for many years. The husband should bring her daily the flowers of affection and hold above her the shield of his love when clouds lower and life's storms beat. It isn't money, or houses, or fine dresses which make happy homes, it is love and appreciation expressed not only in deeds but in words of tenderness, endearment and sympathy.

I have said more than I intended to and so I will close for the present, but some day when I have time I will call again. Good luck to all and a brilliant future to Mr. Debs.

Mrs. J. W. Taylor.

[Your letters are welcome.—Ed.]

BROWNWOOD, TEXAS, March 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been reading the *Firemen's Magazine* only a short time and I am well pleased with it. It was sent me by some kind friend and I appreciate it more than any book except the Bible, and this is why: I have one and an only brother that is a B. of L. F. man, and I think it is one of the best of societies. I have just read Jim Dooly's letter in the March number and I think he is correct. I haven't a word to say about wife and husband management, as I think every true wife or husband needs no managing. I think they should consult each other but not manage. I think that word should be applied to an unruly mule or horse, not to man or wife. This is my first and if it is worth using I will do better in the future.

I will give you a description of our country and beautiful city, tell you of its fine buildings and of the oil well (its depth is now thirteen hundred feet, water and oil running out at the top), and of the R. R. and the pretty mountains. Our cemetery is just one mile from here and it lies just at the foot of Round mountain. At sundown it is the prettiest spot I ever saw and it is very dear, as I have just laid a loved brother there to rest until the great trumpet is heard. He was a K. of L. and now he is with the Sun of Righteousness. I hope every reader of the *Magazine* is trusting to God to take care of her loved ones, and especially firemen and engineers. My brother, H. A. Jernigan, is a fireman whom wife and mother and sisters are trusting.

C. J. Bell.

March 4th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am the mother of two railroad boys, both firemen. You will probably find as good but I think not better boys on any road. It is only quite lately that I have taken much interest in the *Firemen's Magazine*, but one day the name "Nora Bull" signed to an article attracted my attention, and I wondered if it could be the "Nora" I had known since she was a baby, and knew her mother years before. From seeing one familiar name I became interested in the *Magazine*, and again I noticed "W. L. W." and he, too, is an old acquaintance. But I can't tell you how it amuses me to see so much discussion about "How to Manage a Husband." Why, bless you, I have lived with one of those necessary household appendages for nearly 25 years, and I tell you it is not necessary to spend a very great amount of time trying to manage them. They are all right (at least mine is), and I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing for some wives to *manage themselves* a little differently. Maybe it would make some difference with the husbands.

"Phillips." I like your letter in the March number, and I would like to shake hands with an "Engineer's Wife" in the same number. I am going to preserve her letter in a scrap-book, or at least a part of it.

Let me assure "Olga Lane" that "married life is not so bad a life as some would like to make it, but whether good or whether bad, depends on *how* you take it."

"F. M. S." had no need to tell us she was not married. One reading of her letter would have convinced a married woman that such was the case. I say, by all means, have a good warm meal ready, if it is meal time—it pays!

The only apology I have to offer for writing is that both my boys are B. of L. F. men, and I am interested in the "boys." Minnesota.

CARROLLTON, MO., March 22, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Once more I will apply for admission in the charming circle of Woman's Department. I have read every letter in that department, and find them all more interesting than ever before.

I will admit that to girls and women too, the subject of "managing husbands" is quite interesting; but as variety is the spice of life, and it is best always to drop a topic of conversation before it is worn threadbare, I move you, good friends, that we fall in with the suggestion of our Pocahontas sister, and discuss something that, although it may not be so important or so fascinating as the "loris of creation," yet may give us broader views and newer ideas.

I will take up books first. How thankful we should be that we are living in an age, and in a country where good reading matter can be procured for a mere trifle. Those who live in cities and large towns have access to free libraries and reading rooms. There is no country on the face of the globe, where there is more free, pure literature distributed than in our own beloved land. Yes, fill the home with the higher class of books, magazines and newspapers. Talk about what you have read and thus interest the family in that which pleases you. Spread out your books temptingly on the table where they will invite your brothers and your fathers to peruse them instead of spending their evenings down town.

But literature alone is not sufficient to make a pleasant home. If I were a wife, my first care would be to dress neatly and becomingly. In other words I would endeavor to please my husband by my personal appearance as much as ever I tried to gratify the eyes of my lover. Home will soon lose its charms if the mistress neglects her dress and makes no effort to beautify herself. Then again, I would not begrudge my time or money used in adorning my rooms, with fancy work. What hides the unsightly, straight lines of an old chair, better than a home made tidy, or what brightens up the dingy couch more than a gay slumber robe, or what rests the eye more than a pretty picture framed in an

artistic frame by your own hands? Again I would consider it my duty to see that my table was perfect in all its appointments. That the food was substantial and dainty, well cooked and well served. All this by proper management, I would do, and live within my income—and be able to lay by a sum each month, for a rainy day. Briefly summing up the matter of creating a pleasant home, it is necessary to be a neat, sensible wife, provide instructive literature, decorate the rooms with pretty home-made fancy work, and last, but not least, be competent to furnish the table with properly cooked food. As my letter is now rather long I will close with a host of good wishes for the brotherhood and its interests.

I am yours truly,

Grace Cutler.

[Your theories are all right and we hope it may be your good fortune to secure a kind, appreciative husband.—Ed.]

KEOKUK, IA., March 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The March number of the *Magazine* came this afternoon and while reading the very interesting letters in the Woman's Department, I concluded to try my ability at writing one.

Do not be surprised if it is a failure, as it is my first attempt. I have a dear brother "fire boy;" he is away from home at present, has been for three weeks; I do not like that part of it, in fact do not like having him on the road at all, as it is so dangerous. But I have this consolation, he is a good Christian. Oh, that all railroad men were Christians, how much better it would be. An engineer on the Rock Island, Mr. Jesse Damp, who was scalded to death in the wreck at Eddyville, Ia., not long ago, was one of Keokuk's noble citizens.

I wish the ladies who write for this department would let the poor husbands manage themselves a while, and talk about something that will interest the sisters and daughters of firemen more. My opinion on that question is, that if husband and wife love one another neither the one nor the other will need any managing. The card question is being discussed to some extent at present. How any person can say, "Let the young men play cards at home and they will not care to go any place else to play," is more than I can comprehend. It seems to me, home can be made attractive without the aid of cards. My mother has never allowed a deck of cards to come into the house, and to-day she has three as noble boys as ever lived. If I may I will come again.

Minnie H.

[Yes, come again.—Ed.]

LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 18, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having had the pleasure of reading the *Magazine* for quite a while and never seeing anything about San Diego Lodge, No. 90, located at San Bernardino, I will just say a few words for the noble and worthy members of that lodge, so they will not be forgotten. They gave a grand ball, March the 17th, which was a perfect success, largely attended and enjoyed by all. The invitations were rather novel as they were written in the form of a train order.

I am so glad an "Engineer's Wife" in the March number proposed something so instructive to talk about. As for me, "managing a husband" is a topic that amuses me, but that is all. I am sure there are a large number that read the *Magazine* in the same boat as I, that is, young and inexperienced; and books, spending money wisely and decorating the home, is just the talk we will benefit from. We take the *Engineer's Journal* also, but I hardly ever read it as there is not one single thing in it that will interest a woman. Being a lover of elocution I never tire of the lovely selections that are found in the instructive pages of the *Firemen's Magazine*. Wishing the *Magazine* unlimited prosperity and success through life, and joy and success to the brotherhood in all they undertake to do, especially No. 90, at San Bernardino, I remain,

A Fireman's Wife,

Jennie.

TO "SHANDY MAGUIRE."

Dear Sir: I've been waiting and waiting,
In hopes I might hear from you soon;
I really believe you have forgotten
Your far-off friend, Mrs. Bloom:
No more you send kind words of greeting,
Nor write in that ecstatic strain,
As oft in the past you have written,
That so heavily over-taxed your poor brain.

I have wept till my eyelids are smarting,
And I assure you I am growing quite thin,
While pains through my heart are now darting,
As I think of Mrs. Maguire and the twins;
Of the "dimpled-child" boy that you longed for—
Of your marital troubles through life,
Which you so artfully portray, to gain sympathy,
In your ode "How to Manage a Wife."

You may try every means and method—
Resort to every device that you can;
Tho' tractable in many ways, Shandy,
The ladies will never be managed by man;
For when we wed the lords of creation,
And the days of our courtship are o'er,
We expect to manage the husband
As the lover was managed before.

Kind words are more persuasive than "ducats,"
In the daily management of a wife;
Tho' you bedeck her with jewels so priceless,
Yet no pleasure may enter her life:
But loving words of praise and true devotion,
Each womanly heart craves far more
Than gold, silks or satins or jewels,
From the one her heart may adore.

You have sung so oft of "orange groves"—
Of "love so fond and tender,"
That I expected you to greet
At the B. of L. F. convention last September;
Friends Sargent, Debs and Hannahan
Were here, whom the ladies did admire,
While you remained at home to care for the twins,
And be managed by Mrs. Maguire.

Friend Shandy, do not feel offended,
For poets are licensed, you know,
And the pleasure of writing these stanzas,
My muse would not allow me to forego;
And now I will say in conclusion,
When matrimonial troubles are rife,
That kind words will make the best "check-rein"
To use when managing a wife.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

PANA, ILL., March 8th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

It makes me tired to hear the ladies always say the same thing. I think they must like the men pretty well as that is all the most of them can find to talk about. I think the woman that says to always "meet your husband with a smile and a kiss" don't meet her husband with a smile and a kiss every time he comes in. I don't believe in anybody telling someone else to do what they wouldn't do themselves. I would like to see the house of the one that says "Always keep your house neat and have the meals ready to sit down to the minute your husband comes in, and yourself as neat as before you were married." Suppose you are washing, how can you look as nice as on Sunday evening when your intended came to spend the evening with you? I believe in using a little common sense as we go along.

I think the letter signed "Fireman's Mother" in January number is just splendid. Through the kindness of a friend I receive the *Magazine* and think it is just grand, especially the "Woman's Department." I will close with best wishes to all firemen, (especially one). I remain,

A fireman's friend,
Addie.

MISSOULA, MONT.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have read every letter in the Woman's Department of the February number. Some I like very much, two especially: "Engineer's Wife," of Abbot's ford, Wis., and Mrs. J. W. Taylor.

I wish some of you would tell me what you would do if you had a husband who was not affectionate and did not show his love for you, never caresses you unless you go to him and say, oh, do put your arms around me and kiss me, and then sometimes he thoughtlessly does not? And does not take any interest in things that you are interested in; when you talk to him, pays no attention to you, half the time don't know what you say? Don't care for reading, won't listen to you read; don't want you to buy books, and, though you are not a strong woman, in fact very delicate, he does not seem to care how much hard work you do; does not offer to help you and sometimes will not when you ask him? And neglects you in a dozen little ways that no one can see but yourself? Although he is otherwise a good man, does not drink, has no bad habits to speak of, saves his money and stays at home all he can. Pray tell me what you would do.

I for one do not believe in card playing in the home, nor any place else; neither does my husband. I could give several reasons why, but space forbids it here.

Minnie Steele says, "I am a church member." So am I; a member of the M. E. Church. Neither do I believe in kissing parties, nor gatherings where scandal is rehearsed and impolite stories told, nor card playing, nor dancing. Dancing is all right in itself, but at balls and dances we mingle with people we would hardly speak to on the street the next day.

Engineer's Wife, H. C. P., should remember that the Christians of the present day take the gospel of *Jesus Christ* for guide, and that, if I am not mistaken, teaches love, kindness and charity. Respectfully yours,

Alzetta.

LA JUNTA, COLO., March 25, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I anxiously wait each month for the *Magazine*. I enjoy reading it very much. I not only think it a very interesting book, but a very beneficial one. If one would study the receipts they find in them. I have looked for some news from Spanish Peaks Lodge, No. 228, of which my husband is a member, and I have never seen any. This is my first attempt to write, so will not tire you too much this time. I see so many remarks concerning "managing a husband." I have nothing to say concerning that, as I think my husband capable of managing himself. My husband went out on the road last night on his regular run. It was snowing when he left and is still snowing. I hope there will be no blockade, so he can get in on time in the morning. I realize the danger he is in and I am always anxious to see him return home safe and well. I will close, wishing success to the *Magazine* and good luck to the firemen.

A fireman's wife.

May.

PADUCAH, KY., March 25, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Please allow me space through your valuable columns to return thanks on behalf of the ladies to the boys of the Plain City Lodge, No. 238, for their most delightful ball of the 22d.

Surely they think "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well" for in every detail it was a perfect success and the only regret of the fair sex is that it is over, without prospect of an early repetition.

After months of constant reading I have never seen anything from Paducah, and it is a source of wonder to all, for a brighter, more intellectual set of boys never composed a lodge than those of the Plain City. And should they favor us with something from their pens, I feel assured it would be both instructive and entertaining. For fear of intruding on your time and attention, I will close for the present time, but should this be found worthy of publication in our highly appreciated *Magazine*, will come again to let our friends know we are still "up and doing."

Nellie.

NEW ALBANY, IND., March 29, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am begging for space enough to inform your readers that we have a Division 268, we call Clifton Heights, although never a word from any of its members has been seen in the *Magazine*. The lodge is in a flourishing condition, being one of the smallest divisions ever organized. It was organized April, 1890, with but five charter members, and now it has twenty four names enrolled. I don't see why some of its members have not written ere this. I am sure it is an order to be proud of and ranks among the best and grandest orders of the present day.

The February number of the *Magazine* has arrived. I see there is quite a debate on the subject, "How to manage a wife or a husband." My whole soul is in an argument when I have a good subject, but in this case I hardly know which side to take, for fear I shall get in trouble with some of those unruly creatures. I will first tell you how it is with me. In my younger days I was taught to look well before leaping, or see what matrimony is before you try it. Possibly that accounts for my not having a better-half; perhaps I have looked too long or seen too much of married life. Well, this has nothing to do with managing a wife or a husband, so I'll give you my ideas on this all-important subject. First I should endeavor to get a wife that knew enough to manage herself and try to make home happy and cheerful. I think if a man and wife are well matched they will neither of them need to be managed, but what is one's business will interest the other, and if the husband is a fireman, while he is out on the road toiling for the support of his loved ones, the darling little wife should be busy at home planning some way to save up his hard-earned dimes, so that he may have the promise of an easier life in the future, and also give him a square meal when he comes in. Always have clean overclothes and something good for his lunch, for the fire boys like something good to eat. Then make home pleasant and if your husband don't treat you kindly, he must be one of those unruly devils that don't know a paradise bird when he sees one.

Now, to give the poor men a show as to how to manage their female partners. When you marry be sure you love your wife and be most sure you can support her. Understand well before you marry the obligations of a married life, then if you think you can treat her kindly, love, respect, protect and support her, you are the man to get married. You should furnish a little home and always come and go in a pleasant manner. Make her think she is the idol of your heart; allow her to handle the money so far as she is able.

I am altogether "stuck" on Edward Ames' letter in the February *Magazine*. I am sure his wife ought to feel flattered that she has a model husband. I guess I had better drop the subject before I go too far.

Yours unmanageably,
Coladager Ed.

WELLINGTON, KANSAS, March 25, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am glad to see the men step in and relate some of their experiences in the wife managing "biz." Of course, the cleanliness and order around a home are due to the exertions of the wife, but if it is not appreciated by the husband she will not have the heart to keep it so, for "As the husband is, the wife is," and if he takes no pride in his home she has no incentive to work and keep it in order. For a woman to always be dressed up and smiling like a French doll, when her husband comes, is very good to write about, but when it comes to real everyday life "It's different, you know." If a man was not met with a frown or sober face once in a while he could not appreciate the smiles. And smiles; well, a forced one is little short of deception. I think "Shandy Maguire's" last effusion was just horrid. I think Mrs. Maguire must be a long suffering, patient woman, or she would step out and vindicate herself. Several of our boys are taking enforced rests on account of vaccination. My husband and I both pull our own share of the matrimonial car, and so need no managing.

Anel.

ATLANTA, GA., March 25, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have concluded to try my success at writing again. I think the *Magazine* is just splendid. I mean all of it, not just the Woman's Department, for I always read it from cover to cover. I am as much interested in the Mechanical Department every month as my husband is. But best of all I like the Woman's Department. I have not tried "Helle's" receipts yet, but I will. I think she is right about husbands. I know my husband does not always expect to find his meals ready, the house cleaned up, the baby as neat as a new pin and me smiling, because he knows it is not always possible. But I am like "Belle," my face is seldom straight, and when it is every one in the family wants to know if I am sick or mad. I think the letter from "A Fireman's Mother" is just splendid. I can safely say I get my share of "pie and cake." Please let me tell "Minnie" that I have been married three years and have never blacked my husband's boots yet (but if he was in a hurry to get to the lodge I suppose I would), but when he feels "badly and tired" and "lays off," I do not expect him to stay at home all the time. She wants to know "who takes your place when you sit up all night with a sick baby?" Now, don't you think if your baby is sick enough to sit up with, if your husband knew it he would stay and help you? I know mine does every time my baby gets sick; that is, sick enough to sit up with him. He is our only child and is just two years old. And if I do not feel able next day to do all my work myself, he helps me. I think most men would stay at home and help if they knew "baby" was sick. "Fannie" says she does not believe in card playing. I do, and often play with my husband. I do not think it is right to gamble, though. She says she thinks a woman is the cause of a man's ruin. Now, I do not think so. There are few women that have been raised to know that a man has to work for a living, that have little enough sense to expect "a plush coat, silk dress, and a new hat every three months," out of seventy-five dollars a month. If a working-man marries a girl who is well off and knows nothing about a workingman's life and wages, he need expect nothing else; but if he gets a girl whose father and brothers, and maybe herself, have had to work, he will have somebody who expects to help him along all she can. I was raised to work, therefore I must be one of those lucky ones who know how to take care of their husbands' "hard-earned money." Very often my husband goes to town with me and always insists on getting costlier things than I wish. I have seen nothing yet from any of the ladies about "managing wives." I think they need as much "managing" as husbands do. I know I do. That's saying a good deal, isn't it? But I am like a balky horse, sometimes I go and sometimes I don't, and you know balky horses need a deal of managing. Well, I could say much more but I do not wish to "wear my welcome out." Success to all is the wish of

Mrs. A. A. Maner.

[A very sensible letter. Call again.—Ed.]

MANZANO, NEW MEX., March 25th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have received, through a fireman friend, a copy of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, the first I had ever seen, and think the Woman's Department is very nice. I live about forty miles from the railroad, on a ranch. The Manzano mountains are only three miles to the west, and just now are very beautiful, being covered with snow. On the east stretches a vast prairie, which is also white with snow. I think my home is most beautiful, though we are very isolated, our nearest neighbors being two miles away.

I am a Michigan girl, but New Mexico has been my home for three years, and I like it far the best. I think "Dad's Girl" wrote a very interesting letter. I have a correspondent in Texas, and Texas friends here.

As this is my first letter, perhaps I had better close. Wishing the *Magazine* the best of success, I am

Yours very truly,

Bertha.

A MEMORY.

Close to his heart he held me.
And the nodding roses heard
The passionate love he whispered.
And my heart to its depths was stirred.

We met, and all unbidden
My heart to his keeping went,
Nestling close to his bosom,
Like a bird from Paradise sent.

It seemed a dream of Eden.
That would vanish like glistening dew.
While my slumbering soul awoke,
And to passion thrilled anew.

His love was all I longed for,
And the joys of the world above
Looked shadowy and afar off
In the light of my maddening love.

His love is mine, but our paths far apart
As the shore to the depths of the sea:
The blessed dream is o'er—
A sad, sweet memory.

Oh pitying Heaven, the pain of parting!
Oh Fate, how cruelly relentless thy knell!
Tortured, rebellious heart be still!
Farewell, my heart's king, farewell!

Vita.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

MILLVILLE, CAL., March 26, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Well, this afternoon I'll visit with the editor. We are having a lovely winter compared with last winter, not any very cold weather and very little rain, scarcely enough to suit the farmers.

The Citrus fair at Marysville has just closed, the first for northern California, and the many thousand oranges and lemons that were on exhibition, were a sight to behold.

The cruiser Charleston, built at San Francisco, had the honor of bringing King Kalakaua on a pleasure trip to our state; but the king not being in good health, the journey and festivities were more than he was equal to, and he died at the Palace hotel in San Francisco, away from home, but not entirely among strangers, as he was acquainted to some extent here. The city paid due respect and honor to his mortal remains, which were conveyed to his island home by the Charleston.

Our state produces an endless variety of products; wheat is the principal grain and the quantity produced far exceeds home consumption. Lumber, fruit, gold, silver, are other resources, but, as I've always lived in Shasta county, I'll confine my description simply to that county. Our scenery is magnificent—lofty mountains, containing many snow-capped peaks, surround our valley, and in spring the earth is covered with a verdure of green, mingled with some of the loveliest wild flowers of every color and variety. I obtained ninety different varieties and pressed them, sending them to the county superintendent with school exhibits.

Quite a lot of grain and hay are raised every year and there are several grist mills in the county.

They depend entirely on irrigation to raise vegetables, for otherwise very little could be raised, as it is so very dry here in summer. Onions are the principal vegetable peddlers, although "boycott" has been resorted to, to drive them out, but as they can raise them cheaper than the whites they still come with "potatoes, cabbage," &c.

Several sawmills are here, of which the Shasta Lumber Company has the largest. They flume the lumber about thirty-five miles and wagons then haul it to the railroad, but they have commenced building a railroad from the dump to Anderson, a station on the C. & O. line, a distance of about fifteen miles, and they will probably extend the road on to their mills and do away with the flume.

A great deal of fruit is raised, there being many large orchards and vineyards here and the quality and quantity are excellent. There are two large sash and door factories.

Wages are \$2 per day during harvest and cheaper the rest of the year.

Many are engaged in mining, there being some large gold and silver mines. Stockraising is another feature for money making, as much of the land is adapted only to grazing and most of the stock winters on the commons.

Well, I believe I have spoken on all subjects except school teaching, and it would be heartless not to devote a few words to that interesting topic.

We have about one hundred district schools and about two-thirds of them are taught in the winter and the remaining are in the mountains and taught in the summer. Our county superintendent is a lady, having defeated her opponent, a gentleman, by four hundred and fifty majority last fall. The preceding lady superintendent was in office thirteen years. School teachers' wages are from \$60 to \$100 per month and the terms are from six to eight months. Young teachers were reducing the wages, but the older and more thoughtful ones were equal to the emergency, and at the Institute three years ago, they passed a resolution that it would be considered unprofessional conduct to teach for less than \$60 per month, calling those "scabs" who took less. I've given the favorable side of school teaching; but when the would-be teacher has to appear before that august Board of Education, often shaking and trembling, for a certificate—then the trouble of securing a situation—we find the pathway not strewn with heartease solely, and this county hasn't the name of giving easy examinations or being very lenient in marking.

My letter has already assumed too great extent, but in my next I will contribute some recipes and descriptions of useful articles.

Wishing success to the brotherhood and especially to the Woman's Department, I am, without any *nom de plume*,
Emma E. Smith.

[Do not fail to come again.—ED.]

FT. WORTH, TEX., April 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Mr. Rob Hancock, who has recently been promoted to the right-hand side, is now on the night switch engine of the Ft. Worth & Denver. Rob has ever been on the right side of all workmen's rights, and is very popular with the boys of the B. of L. F. and all good people generally.

Mr. Harry Cunningham is now hostler on the same road at Ft. Worth. He has only recently returned home from the Panhandle counties and taken up his duties as Secretary of the lodge here. His mother, sister and friends all rejoice to have him home again.

I cannot forbear congratulating the *Magazine* on its new and beautiful appearance in this now rather old new year, and its anticipated removal to a larger field of usefulness.

The Woman's Department, too, seems to have taken a new impetus under its able management, and Mrs. Harper, who has ever been the champion and helper of womankind, is now in her new home, I hear, doing more and better work than ever before.

It seems to me, however, that it will be a great calamity for Mr. Debs to resign—that is, for the *Magazine*. His talents and general ability will command a far better position anywhere. Still we have grown so accustomed to associate his name with that of the *Magazine* that it will be like separating old friends. But we have no doubt that Eugene V. Debs' name will go on steadily climbing the ladder of fame. That wherever found it will be a synonym for honesty, integrity of purpose, and downright earnest helpfulness for the workmen of the world, be they found in what walks of life they may. Beginning when the cause of labor was poor and unhonored, he has stood bravely by his purpose and left nothing undone that would prove him heart and soul in the cause. But now the tide has changed; the workmen are fast gaining all they want; are taking the best places and placing those who have helped them to gain this victory where they will still be able to reach down and pull them higher. Excelsior is written on the banner of their party and the great thinkers, like Mr. Debs and others, will be rewarded for all past efforts.

This is for the *Magazine* and I cannot say all I

would like on this subject, for fear they will not "print" any of it.

Shandy Maguire's confession reminds me of an overgrown school boy rushing in hot, tired and impatient of his shoes, trying to undo an unruly knot. It is a little thing to untie a shoe, or manage a wife, but it takes patience sometimes when the knotty ones come up, and Shandy swears like he did not have much.

I am pleased to learn that "Kicker" is supposed to be a woman. We can all understand the letter now. Some of the boys enjoyed that immensely and were about writing a remonstrance in favor of "Kicker," to get the women started again. There is ever a fascination in eyes masculine to see women fight or disagree, provided it is some one else who is to be plucked. But taken all in all I believe one home is about as happy and well managed as another. There are some who have more means to enjoy themselves; others who have more capacity. There are times when life is bright and beautiful, when we are free from care and our homes are our greatest pride. Again we become weary of home and its surroundings and long to be away from it all, to lay our burdens down and never see them more. "Life is cold and dark and dreary." Long-fellow's "Rainy Day" is a greater consolation than all the bright promises in the Bible, at such times. However, I must close, for I have written more than I should already.

Irene.

[How do you know "Kicker" is a woman?—Ed.]

"THE BRIGHT SIDE."

Several weeks ago I was reading, in one of our local papers, an article called "The Bright Side," and quite often since, I have wondered how many of the readers of the Woman's Department ever look at the bright side. Now, in all our lives there is sure to come some darkness and trouble, yet I wonder how many of us ever try to find an opening, or ever think of some way in which we can see a light in our darkness. And very often little clouds arise in our sky, and instead of looking at "the bright side," and trying to make ourselves as content as we can under the circumstances, and also to make those around us feel happy, I am afraid we sit down and look gloomy and are cross and hateful, and cry at everything one says to us, and if anyone comes near us to try and comfort us by saying a few cheerful words, instead of being grateful, we break into a flood of tears and make ourselves miserable and everyone else. I am not very old in experience myself, yet I have often heard women say they did not believe any one could look at the bright side when their lives were full of bitterness and sorrow. Now I think that is a grave mistake, for have we not examples of noble and remarkable women, who had great troubles in their lives, yet they lived on and looked at "the bright side," and were comforted by its light. For instance, we have Mrs. A. H. Hage; her name is familiar to all women and girls of the modern day. When I think of her, I know there is a great deal in looking at the bright side, for did not she always look at the pleasant side of things? Some of the girls have said she had no really great grief in her life, but I am sure she did. Just think what it must have cost her when, one by one, her sons were called to fight for the service of their country, and when she told them farewell, only think how hard it was for her, yet no one knew what an aching heart hers was when she gave them up. And later on, when she left her home to care for the dying soldiers, how many messages of love and farewell she must have heard then from their dying lips. And do you not think her heart went out to them in tender sympathy, when she knew she could not deliver all their last messages to their wives and sweethearts? But I am sure in all her troubles she carried as one of her many mottoes, "Look on the bright side." Then again we have Elizabeth Prentiss—ah, her name is a household word. Who of the girls and mothers but that loves to hear her name and loves to sing her praises? But think of the burden of grief she carried, yet she carried it bravely and well. We all know she was a great authoress. I have read

many of her books and they have done me much good. One can always read between the lines and know her life was not all sunshine. Most of the girls in our wide land have read her beautiful story called "Stepping Heavenward." By only reading this book you will know she had griefs and trials in her own life, yet she made the best of it and carried as a standard, "Look on the bright side." When I think of those two women, it seems really easy to try and be content, yet I know it is quite hard to make the best of dark trials.

I will close, for I have already written too much, and if I am welcomed into the bright circle this time, I will come again. Wishing long years of success to the *Magazine*, and good luck to the brotherhood, I will say goodbye.

Rose Temple.

FL. PASO, TEXAS.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS., March 26, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Time's fleet wings have borne us onward "Gently as the pure snow flakes it moveth on," until another month, one more point in this great course, has been attained.

This morning Winter, with her frost, like the old man's hoary head, stands before us, a fitting emblem of purity. Every month brings us nearer to Spring, who paints with green and bids us hope, and each month brings the *Magazine* and its Woman's Department, a very interesting department, I must confess, and, as I scan the correspondence of the months since "Kicker" made her appearance, I can but liken them to soap bubbles from various pipes, each labeled and going its silent way.

One "Bright and airy," next "Give the devil his due," in bright and glorious colors; and "To the point," "Hit him again," "Well done," all come floating past. "The one that blows the biggest is the best fellow;" some stand almost still, as if in doubt, or sail slowly, lettered "Can he be a man?" "It must be so," and "Yet, not so. Ha! ha! I'm tired."

After an hour of energetic study I pick it up again. It affords rest and pastime, combined with pleasure, and I peruse it again. "How to manage a husband," "Poor fellow," "Up go the bubbles again, all labeled as usual," "Kiss him," "Smile at him," "Pat him on the back," "Drive him over," "He'll balk every time," "Black his boots," "Get him some grub," "Play cards with him," "Feed him well, his stomach lies next to his heart." Then Hope blows her bubbles and in her first tiny pencilings she daintily prints "Love him," "Lead him," "Wait for him," "Encourage him," "Guide him," "Love the twin soul that halves your own," and so on.

As they sailed in the glorious sun I watched the prismatic shadows and saw them blending with pleasure, and ening into patience, emerging through experience into hope. Carefully and tenderly they sailed to the heights and joined truth, love and joy. Now "Sweetheart" tries to catch her share of these gaudy bubbles, and as she nearly reaches one she ignores the label, "Catch me quickly," I am passing," "Passing rapidly away—people say," and turning her attention to the coloring of these crystal moons she whispers, "Everything has a meaning. Nothing has so much of love's silent language, unless it is the eyes, as color." The drops at the bottom of the bubble, they say, whisper faintly of tears. They imagine they read power, value and purity in its clearness. Its delicacy, its tiny, hair-like waves, each holds its value to their innocent, greedy eyes. Clear blue expresses Heaven, truth and constancy. Yellow or gold signifies richness, purity, endurance. At last, a dirty, muddy yellow implies jealousy and deceit, but they pass it by, looking forward to a golden tint, softening into red, which elevates their thoughts to a glorious strength, a higher thing of innocence. The sun has been shining on all of these bubbles for a long time and I have been watching the varying hues playing softly hither and thither until the shutting of the door and the well known step shattered my reverie.

Hoping I have not wearied you beyond endurance, I say, what next?

A Mutual Friend.

NOT TO-NIGHT.

To-night let me rest 'neath the old roof-tree,
Let me feel once again the old thrill
That came to my heart in the bygone time,
Ere I taught the heart-voice to be still.

The strife and the trials that come in the day
I'll put them aside for to-night,
And rest well content in the lamplight glow,
Tho' the turmoil return with the light.

Thoughts of the loved ones are fresh in my mind,
While I gaze on each vacant chair,
And remember that life has changed since then—
Much is dark that might have been fair.

Busily toiling from day to day,
The home friends sundered wide,
Cherishing a rose or tress of hair
More dear than all else beside.

In fancy again I clasp the hand
Of brothers and sisters dear;
They all are gone from the old roof-tree,
And I alone am here.

Could I see once again the smiling eyes,
The lips with laughter curl,
While the bleak north wind goes wailing by
And the feathery snowflakes whirl.

Let me see again my mother's face
Light up with a gleam of mirth,
As she sits in the group, with silvered hair,
'Mong all that she loves on earth.

They will never return to the old roof-tree,
The distance too great has grown;
Life holds for them newer seeds of love
Than those in their childhood sown.

The sister may sigh through the lonely eve
And long for their buried love,
But 'twill never be hers, as in other days,
Till she goes to the home above.

The lonely mother, with stooping form,
May weep and her eyes grow dim,
As she thinks so oft of her wandering boy
And murmurs a prayer for him.

And so not to-night will I vex with care
What only should come with the day,
But will think of the loved ones and offer a prayer
That they may be happy for aye.

Sibyl.

ROODHOUSE, ILL., March 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am a faithful reader of your most valuable *Magazine*, and as a wife and sister of members of that grand and noble organization, the B. of L. F., will write a few lines of encouragement to what I consider the best part of the *Magazine*, namely, the Woman's Department.

The letter from "Minnie Belle," in the January number, was only the second time I ever saw one from here. We have many noble members of dear old J. M. Dodge Lodge, No. 79, who are earnest workers for the brotherhood, and best of all, they believe in, and stand up for their motto of Protection, Charity, Sobriety and Industry. Now, I want to ask the ladies a question. Why cannot we ladies of the B. of L. F., organize an auxiliary much the same as the ladies of the B. of L. E., who will shortly have their lodge in working order? Our boys, Bros. Becraft, Truitt, Stone, and C. A. Timlin (who, by the way, was married to one of our leading society young ladies last November), and many others of the B. of L. F., would be greatly pleased to have us do so.

I think "Anna," from Fort Scott, Kansas, a very sensible woman. If only more women were like her there would be less trouble and tears in homes that should be happy. I have been married nearly five years and do not regret my choice. I have never tried to "boss," neither have I been "bossed." For my part, I think too much has been said about managing husbands, and wives also. A man that has to be managed is a disgrace to his sex, and a woman

the same. Any one, with common sense, won't have to be managed, and for my part, I could not love a man that had to be managed; it seems too childish for men and women. If man and wife would only work together, and for each other, there would be no managing needed, and many happier homes. Of course, there are many little things to be given up on both sides, but in the end all will be right.

I have heard firemen's wives say, when not invited out to a party composed solely of engineers and their families, "Oh, those high-toned engineers." Now, this is not a kindly feeling for the women to have toward one another, for at some future time their husbands may be "right-hand-side" men, and they would not like for the firemen's wives of that time to speak in such a way of them. Our men are brothers in their work, and more so when in time of danger, and we women should consider each other as sisters. All engineers were firemen at one time in their life, and no right-minded man will feel himself above another one, merely on account of the difference in their positions; and more, we are all born equal in the sight of our God.

Hoping this will be accepted, I may, in some future time, knock again for admittance into the charming sanctuary of the Woman's Department of the B. of L. F.

Wishing long life and success to our brotherhoods, and also to the Woman's Department, I remain yours truly.

An engineer's wife.

Marguerite.

[You will always be welcome.—Ed.]

CHARLESTON, ILL., April 2, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

If you will permit me to enter your charmed circle I will give you my idea of managing a husband. If he is a good one he won't need any managing, and if a bad one, I feel sorry for the wife who has him. I do not manage my husband, neither does he manage me. We both manage our home and little ones and each one tries to make the other happy. We have been married seven years, and have to have our first quarrel yet. I think if a husband and wife truly love each other, they cannot find anything to fume over. My husband gives me his money, and I never waste it. I think firemen and engineers work too hard for their money to have it spent foolishly.

He never comes home looking cross, but has a pleasant smile and a kind greeting for babies and me, and I surely smile, for I am always so glad to see him. I never get tired of his company. I think my home is the dearest place on earth. I have his meals ready when he gets in, if I know when he is coming, and if not ready he will sit and hold baby while I get it. He never gets mad over it, and if he did should certainly take my time then. When a man is at home it won't hurt him to help his wife a little. My husband can sweep, make the bed, wash dishes, and he is willing to do anything to lighten the work for me. If he wants to build a walk, or fence, I am glad to help him and I am not ashamed to hold the boards while he drives the nails. It takes two to make a bargain, you know, and unless both try to make home happy, there can be no happiness there. My husband does not drink, smoke or chew, so you see he is as near perfect as man can be. We keep no secrets from each other, and I think that is one key to our happiness. Now my advice to those who have trouble in managing their husbands and wives, is to try our plan and it won't be long until the question, "How to Manage a Husband or Wife," will find its place in the scrap basket, and lawyers will not get rich making money out of divorce cases. Well, my baby is crying and I will have to get my "paregoric bottle" ready and take her to bed. I guess I have taken too much of your valuable space now. Will have something of more interest next time, if I am permitted to come again. I think George Hall's poems are beautiful, also Nellie Bloom's, and poor Shandy Maguire does have an awful time trying to manage his wife. Try and be as good as my husband, Shandy, and she will soon lay the broom aside. With best wishes for yourself and the brotherhood.

Clover Leaf.

[Come again.—Ed.]

HARBOR, ASHTABULA CO., O., March 21, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have thought for some time I would like to enter the circle of your correspondents, but the dread of that "waste basket" has always interposed.

Although we do not take the *Firemen's Magazine*, I have the reading of it through the kindness of a friend, and I like the Woman's Department very much.

For the benefit of the brothers who read this part of their book, I will say, railroad business is very dull here. Some of the old firemen have been discharged and a great number of both engineers and firemen are idle.

For the ladies, I think if they would write more of their housework, and how they conduct it, the letters would contain more needed information. I believe it is by hearing more of other's ways that we can make our own nearer perfect. As I take it for granted every lady likes to make all things count as much as possible, and yet have her house look neat and inviting, I will tell them one little instance that may be new to some. To make a pretty and serviceable rug, take odd pieces of old woolen carpet, it will make no difference how worn out; cut it into strips about three inches wide, and ravel out about an inch on each side, and then double the strips, and by sewing these strips together, a very nice rug will be made with but little work, and it needs no lining. If the strips are cut crosswise of the carpeting they will look better. Then one can take the wool that is raveled out and sew it in tufts onto a piece of canvas and make another rug of it.

I have some good recipes which I will send some other time. One I will give now for cake: Two eggs, the white of one for frosting left out; one-half cup water or milk, one cup sugar, a piece of butter half as big as an egg; three big spoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to suit; enough flour to make a good batter, I have no specified amount. This will make eight good layers, or one good loaf, and by putting spices in part of it one can make a marble cake.

As to managing "husbands," I don't think they need it. For if they will not be kind and obliging of their own free will, they cannot be made to.

For fear my letter is too long now, I will close, wishing all firemen and those related to them long life and much happiness.

A Fireman's Wife.

MISSOULA, MONT., March 16, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

This delightful *Magazine* comes to us regularly every month. The February number is much larger than the last. I hope the ladies will continue. Let's talk about something besides men. Let us just set them aside for a time. Just look at Shandy Maguire. The ladies through the *Magazine* mentioned his name in their writings so often it has just completely turned his poor, foolish head. I agree with "Olive." I too think that the married people should have a rest. I think that a girl should enter some good school as soon as old enough, to study. Learn everything that is taught in a ladies' school—fancy work of all kinds, music, etc. Go in with a will that you are going to perfect yourself in something. It matters not whether your parents are wealthy or in common circumstances, you do not know at what time you will have to be thrown on the world to make your own living. Some young girls go to school, knowing when they go there that they are going to be married in vacation. "I don't care whether I learn anything or not, I will play lady when I marry." It is best to be prepared when you leave school to support yourself in case you should be left without any means. Even then you would have a better idea to make the best use of the money or property. Girls, before you are thinking of getting married you must learn to cook and do cooking that can be digested. You must bear in mind that no matter how much a man cares for you, if you cannot cook, he thinks more about his eating. All men are alike (that is, all my lady friends say so about their husbands). If you want to keep a man in good humor you have got to have your cupboard filled with lots of good eatables—cake, pies and fruits of all kinds I agree with the party writing from

Bloomington, December 23, let man and wife be equal partners. I do not think that too much bossing on either side will be just the thing. I will not say anything about Lodge 194. Let the boys tell what they and the lodge are doing. Hoping my letter has not been too lengthy, I remain,

Missoula.

SOLANO COUNTY, CAL., March 22, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have had the pleasure of reading a few copies of the *Firemen's Magazine*, and I think it is about the best I have ever read, "of its kind." It is very interesting. At a friend's request I will try and pen a few lines to the *Magazine*. And if I do not make a very good attempt the first time, please excuse me, and if it meets with any satisfaction whatever, and does not find its way into the waste basket I will try to do better the next time I write. The most important question seems to be about managing husbands. I think a man ought to be able to manage himself if there is any "manage" to him. If not, he isn't worth managing. I don't think any man could help loving a nice little wife, who can handle a broom to brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the room, and can make decent bread that a fellow can eat. Not the horrible compound you oft-times do meet. Who knows how to broil, to fry and to roast, make a cup of good tea and a platter of toast; a woman who washes, cooks, irons and stitches, and sews up the rips in a fellow's overalls, and makes her own garments—an item that grows quite highly expensive, as every one knows—a common sense creature, and still with a mind, to teach and to guide—exalted, refined; as sort of an angel and house-wife combined.

Well, as this is my first letter, I guess I will close. Wishing the *Magazine* success, and may God bless the brave boys of the B. of L. F., I remain respectfully,

A fireman's best girl,

May Aymes.

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN., March 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I thought I would step in for a few moments, not having much time to stay, therefore will not detain you long.

I want to make a proposition to the ladies that have been giving their experience of "managing a husband." Now, I propose that each one tell how she manages her housework, and how she began housekeeping, and also give receipts for cooking—above all for making yeast bread. I know of several girls that do not know how to make good bread, and that in my opinion is the main thing in housekeeping.

I hope all will give us their receipts. Now I want this for my own benefit as well as lots of other girls. How nice it is to sit down and read the Woman's Department, and all the letters have some good, sound advice in them. It is a pleasure to me to read the letters from all parts of the United States.

I think after all we have read in the *Magazine* we will all know how to manage a husband, and now what we want to know is how to manage a house.

I think we ought to learn that first of all. I knew a city girl that married a farmer, and the first thing she did when she went to her new home was to sit down and take a good cry. She knew nothing about housework. Now, I think that is what every girl should learn. Housework is no disgrace to any lady.

I wish other of the Arkansas City ladies would let us hear from them. There are lots of firemen's wives and sisters in this city.

Business here is not quite so rushing as has been. There have been some engines rebuilt here in the shops, Nos. 192, 173 and 197. I like as well as the engineers or firemen to see a nice, new and bright engine come out of the shop. It is a great pleasure to me to watch the many freight and passenger trains coming in and going out on the A., T. & S. F., also the Missouri Pacific.

The B. of L. F. No. 255, are going to have their first annual ball at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, February 26th. Also the O. R. C. have one at Winfield to night. The B. of L. E. are to have one, but haven't set the exact time yet. Hoping my letter isn't too long, I will close with best wishes to the noble B. of L. F.

A fireman's sister,

T. E. D.

EAGLE BEND, MINN., March 13, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

How warm and bright the sun shone forth to-day. As I sat revelling in his beauty and receiving the full benefit of his rays, I thought, no wonder that the bright side of life is often compared to God's blessed sunshine. But while it is true that it is a free gift Heaven sent for all who wish to indulge in its invigorating power, yet it is not equally true that we often turn our back on his glory, stand in the shade and look away in the distance for a dark cloud, be it ever so small, which foretells that a storm is imminent, which may be but a false omen? Fostering the shadows and rejecting the sunlight, losing half the sweetness in life with forebodings of coming evil, is it not true? If we could enjoy the blessings that are bestowed upon us each day of our lives and leave the future to God, what happy mortals we would be, helping others by our cheerful, trusting spirit. It is not necessary to be highly educated or have a special talent in order to make ourselves useful and beloved. A word of encouragement to the crestfallen, a helping hand to the helpless, a word of warning, kindly spoken, to the reckless, and in a thousand different ways, we can distribute sunshine wherever our footsteps fall. Let us cast off the yoke of despondency and don the robe of abiding faith, hope ever bright, and charity to all. Shandy, I am afraid you are becoming indiscreet again; you are liable to incur some of the ladies' displeasure and set their pens in perpetual motion. I can see the signal ahead and it is that very conspicuous Irish cloud. With friendly greeting to all. Ever yours,

Mrs. C. E. Miller.

N. SPRINGFIELD, MO., March 25, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

May I knock for admittance to your much esteemed department to say a few words in reply to the letter written in the February number and signed "Ruby"? I was very forcibly struck with the account she gave of her husband.

It may be that I have not the proper regard for others' feelings that I should have, but nevertheless it seems rather out of the way for us sisters to expose our husbands' faults for public opinion. My good sister, how would it suit you for your husband to expose your faults in a like manner, for I am sure there is no one perfect.

No, there is not one man that would be willing to expose his wife's faults. They would strive to conceal them from public gaze. Now, why should we allow them to outstrip us? I think the wiser plan is to conceal each other's faults; but allow me to say I cannot see where any faults exist in my hubby.

As to managing either party, that is something I do not believe in. We can both manage ourselves.

My hubby is going presently on his engine. He is a member of 51, and I am very proud of him.

Wishing B. of L. F., No. 51, untold success, I will close. A fireman's wife.

P. S.—Why not exchange patterns in fancy work?

GLEICHEN, N. W. T., April 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

While reading the *Magazine* I thought I would write a few lines. I see a great deal said about managing wives and husbands, and how to keep the house nice and tidy and the children all neatly dressed, and everything in order. And it is all very nice and a woman deserves great credit who does it. But I was going to speak on a different subject. I think it would be a good idea if some of the young men thought more of trying to save some of their wages, for I have known young men to work for three or four years on the road, and getting good wages, and not save one dollar in that time, and if their month's pay ahead was drawn they would owe every cent, and a little in debt. This is the case with a great many young men that I have known. I have had them tell me so. Now, I do not see the use of a man getting good wages, if he works for ten years and has nothing to show for his hard work only a few shabby clothes. He may have had what he calls a good time. But I cannot see it in that light. I think, if he had made it a point to have

saved twenty-five dollars a month that he would be better satisfied and his friends would think more of him, and if he should live long he will need every dollar that he spends foolishly. This is to the unmarried firemen, and I hope that none of them will take offense.

As for the *Magazine* it is a very interesting book. I will close by wishing success to the B. of L. F. I remain

The firemen's friend,

Annie.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, April 2, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am in receipt of the January and February numbers of the *Magazine*. To express my opinion I must reiterate the words of others: "It is excellent." But I did not ask admission to sing praises of the *Magazine*, nor to talk about those dear darling boys.

The October *Magazine* contains a letter from "M. C." of Marietta, Ohio. I found it especially interesting. I think it would be both interesting and instructive if the various contributors to the Woman's Department would describe their homes and the surrounding country as regards natural scenery. At least we Western folk would be glad to have a glimpse of Eastern villages, etc. Now I want to say just here that Arizona is more than a combination of Apaches, sand hills and rattlesnakes, although you may not think so. I would impress upon your mind one thing, that Arizona has the best sort of public schools. I have attended public schools in California, Arizona and Texas, and I find that Arizona schools are equal to those of the former State, and far superior to those of the latter. And tell me what it is that so fits children for the duties of life as a thorough school course?

Poco tempo, and you will see Arizona inhabited and governed by men of letters.

Will some kind sister tell me of a good method of cooking *frjolles*—not a *tu* Boston, of course. In return I will tell you how to make *tortillas*.

With much respect to the *Magazine* and to the brotherhood, I am,

Hanna Brown.

TO MR. MAGUIRE.

Well, Shandy, I will have a word to say. Since you've told us what you know About managing wives; so clear the way And see where my pen may go.

You've handled the subject in such a way It's hard to tell where to begin. But here I will say I know your wife Would much rather not have had twins.

I'll admit they are lovely, and any one well May feel proud their mother to be: But yet, when one has the care of those boys They must wear out her patience, you see.

Any man that finds so much pleasure abroad And can manage to enjoy himself there, Will not make just the kind of a husband at home To relieve his own wife of such care.

I know you are flattered, as many men are, And may think it is only your due But many a heartache you'll leave at home With one who cares only for you.

She may have grown nervous, toiling for you, Your twins, and perhaps many more. How long since you've told her, "I love you, my dear?"

Do you make love to her any more?

Ah, Shandy! look back to the days of your youth When she gave up to you her young life For weal or for woe, she trusted her all And was happy to be just your wife.

Now, Shandy, I always have thought well of you. Have admired your writing *galore*. I only have said what is true of most men Who think their own wife such a bore.

ELDORADO, KANSAS.

Katy.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

THE O. R. C. AND THE B. OF R. C.

The Order of Railway Conductors as originally organized, was by its constitution non-protective, or in more common parlance, was a non striking order. But in the march of events, and under circumstances, which forced the thoughts of the membership into new channels, the order, in convention at Rochester, N. Y., May, 1890, eliminated the non-protective or anti-strike law from its constitution, which, without further action, left the order in a somewhat anomalous condition. There was no law opposed to strikes nor was there any law which under any conditions authorized strikes, and it is presumed, that at the annual convention of the order which meets in the city of St. Louis on the 12th of May, the subject will receive special consideration, and that a definite policy will be adopted.

Prior to the Rochester convention of the O. R. C., another order of railway conductors was organized known as the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors. This new order was brought into existence by virtue of the fact that the O. R. C. did not, and under its laws could not protect its members when they were the victims of flagrant injustice, and throughout the entire history of railroading, no one class of employes have been subjected to greater wrongs than have been inflicted upon railway conductors.

The B. of R. C. has sought during its brief career to remedy the wrongs complained of, and the victories it has won and the good it has accomplished bear eloquent testimony to the fact that there was a pressing demand for it.

The B. of R. C. has had a phenomenal growth, and is regarded as one of the most aggressive and progressive orders of railway employes.

But the action of the O. R. C., in convention at Rochester leads to the conclusion that at the St. Louis Convention the order will be made *protective*, in which case, the two orders of railway conductors would be in harmony in policy and purposes.

Should the action of the O. R. C., be such as we have intimated, the question arises, why have two orders? Why not consolidate? Why remain apart?

The *Magazine* is unable to suggest a reason why there should be two orders of railway conductors, having practically the same policy, any more than it could frame an argument in favor of two orders of locomotive firemen—and with the same policy and purposes guiding and animating them, we doubt if a rational objection to their consolidation could be formulated.

The O. R. C., in electing a Grand Chief in sympathy with protection, and whose administration of the affairs of the order evinces a clear comprehension of protection, leads naturally to the conclusion that the action of the order at St. Louis, will be such as to emphasize the wisdom of having but one order of railway conductors in the country.

The legislation required to bring about the unification of the two organizations is simple and if the spirit of compromise should prevail and be permitted to exert its power we shall look forward to the early consolidation of the two orders, a consummation which we do not doubt would be fruitful of lasting benefits.

GATEWAY CITY REVIEW.

We have received No. 1 of the *Gateway City Review*, published at LaCrosse, Wis., by C. H. Morrison, editor and proprietor. The *Review* will pay special attention to labor organizations, and says:

We present the public this morning with the first number of the *Gateway City Review*, a journal devoted to the interests of the many kindred organizations in this city, those of the North Side in particular, the local news and all matters of public interest. The mission of the *Review* is to give the several organizations a medium through which they may publish to the general public a weekly résumé of matter that will tend to aid their prosperity. The columns of this journal are open to contributors, and articles on questions pertaining to the "good of the order" are solicited. The *Review* will not consent to be a mere advertising publication, but will devote every effort to fill its columns with original and readable articles; a paper that will prove a welcome visitor in the home of every citizen. If the paper meets with your approval we should be pleased to receive your subscription, the price of which is one dollar a year.

The *Review* gives cheering evidence that its editor is very much at home, fully comprehending the task he has selected to perform for the delectation of the public; and we wish Brother Morrison may find the task both pleasant and profitable—a reward which all editors deserve.

Will you contribute to erect a monument to Wm. D. Robinson, the father of organizations of railway employes? Any amount from 10 cents upward will be received. See notice of monument fund elsewhere.

THE RAILROAD TELEGRAPHER.

In numerous instances, the railroad telegrapher or train dispatcher, is one—two in one—but the wages received by these double-worked men, is barely enough to keep a single man's soul in his body, and if a married man with children, he must of necessity be on the ragged edge of poverty and hunger all his life.

A writer in the *Railway Telegrapher*, of February 15th, himself a station agent and telegrapher, furnishes a graphic account of the duties of the station agent, of which the public knows little or nothing at all, notwithstanding the public is very much interested in the matter.

The station agent, also a telegrapher, is express agent, freight agent, telegraph operator, way-biller, freight-checker, etc. What he does must be done quickly, all must be done at the agent's risk, as any damage resulting from an error is charged up to him. Besides being all we have said, the agent must be something of a lawyer, a good judge of counterfeit money, and be a good judge of all kinds of goods presented for shipment, and know if they are perishable. In addition to such things the agent must be polite and answer all questions regardless of their importance. In addition to such duties he must study tariffs, instructions, etc., and sell tickets. Says the writer:

The first daily duty of the agent at a way station is to rise (if he has been allowed to lie down), repair to his office, dust off his desk and his chair; but he must not sit down till he has blown out his switch light, examined his switches and the whole yard, shoveled the snow off the platform in winter; then make his daily report, prepare his cash for remittance, receive and way-bill freight, and prepare to sell tickets, check baggage and way-bill express for the next train. While doing all this he must also give continued attention to his telegraph instrument occasionally transmitting a few messages, answer calls from a number of business men, answer a lot of nonsense to men who only talk to signify their presence or to show their importance, and he must answer or nod his head to "Good morning, fine day," from every one that comes in. When the express train and the way freight arrive at the same time the agent is supposed to attend to both. He does no such thing, but he must say he did whenever the question arises. The agent must break every seal and open all freight cars himself, note the seals on both sides of the car, check his freight, note all shortage and bad order. Why it is not sufficient for each agent to note the seal he breaks is a mystery, but in all investigations he must account for all the seals on the car when passing his station. No agents at way stations do it. They take the conductor's word for half of them and guess off the rest. If a freight train should wait for every agent to do all his duty that train would arrive home twenty four hours late every trip. When the trains are gone the agent must report by telegraph the exact time of arrival and departure, then pick up his express and book it, take in his freight, enter his bills in the delivery and abstract books, make out 50 or 100 advice notes and write out half as many postal cards. Then he can proceed to open the bundle of letters received by the last passenger train. Half of them are circulars, new tariffs and supplements which he must file in their proper place after writing a receipt for each one of them. The other half will consist of a lot of investigations, the answers to which must be taken

from old books and way bills. Involving more work than can be done now, so he throws them on the end of his desk where such correspondence is continually accumulating, but for the present the agent must turn his attention to the next trains which are now nearly due and will bring him another dose. When the last train of the day has passed is the agent done? Not by far. He has weekly reports to make amounting to one day's work every week, and monthly reports which are no less than six days' work, all of which must be done in proper time or his work will still be increased having to answer a number of letters and telegrams in regard to his delay. These letters and telegrams are considered a very small matter at the department offices where there are clerks to do the writing and operators to transmit the messages, but they amount to a good deal with the agent who has to do it all himself.

Just here comes in the question of pay. Any one would suppose that a station agent, also a telegrapher, would command a fair salary. Well, here is what the writer says:

One day a neighboring lawyer who knew very much about the nature and extent of my occupation asked me what wages I was getting. When I answered, \$40 a month, he laughed thinking I was joking, but when convinced that I was speaking the truth he said, "I knew you were not half paid for your services, but I surely thought you were getting no less than \$75 per month." A young man may be well enough talented to do honor to the highest professions, but being poor he readily accepts a position on a railroad. After a few years he discovers that his work is continually increasing but his wages remain the same, but as his wages are too low to lay up a dollar he has no choice but must continue to suffer all abuse and do all he can toward accomplishing the impossible duties demanded of him in order to get the insignificant but indispensable wages.

There it is in black and white, \$40 a month—\$1.33 a day.

In cases, too numerous to be catalogued here, when the station agent is not a telegrapher, the latter receive from \$25 to \$50 a month, and the figures conclusively show the estimate managers place upon the ability required for the movement of trains. The *Railway Telegrapher* in an editorial article upon the subject of wages, says:

For instance, we do not believe it would be understating the matter to say that the wages of the ordinary day and night operator will not average over \$40 per month. At some of the larger places a higher salary is paid, but there are many more smaller ones which pay even less. But \$40 is no doubt a fair basis. At the place where this salary is paid twenty-four hours make a day, the same as in all other civilized countries. In order to have continual telegraph service two operators must be employed, one to work days and the other nights, consequently each of them is required to be on duty twelve hours. On most roads trains are run on Sunday as well as week days, and these operators are therefore required to work on an average thirty days each month. Thirty days with twelve hours each, at \$40 per month, equals about 11¼ cents per hour, as the compensation for the telegraph operator. On the same roads where the operator receives \$40 per month, the section man receives, as a rule \$1.10 per day in the winter time, at 8 hours per day, or \$1.25 in the summer time at 10 hours per day. Eight hours per day at \$1.10 would be 13¼ cents per hour, as the compensation for the section man, or 2½ cents per hour more than the operator receives. Now this is the ordinary case and a straight comparison. Whoever can look at these facts and say that the telegraph operator is not underpaid is as blind as a bat. The operator's labor is skilled; it has taken from two to three years to fit himself for the position, and yet he is compelled to work for less

money than the section man whose only qualification must be a little muscle.

Such are the facts which have driven railway telegraphers to organize for protection, and if possible secure fair wages. It is a movement in which all people who travel have vital interests at stake, and yet every movement on the part of the men to better their condition, is resisted by the corporation to the death.

THE *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, of March 19th, contains an article from the pen of T. V. Powderly, Grand Master Workman, on "The New Orleans Massacre"—which starts out with the declaration that "the leading papers of New York and Philadelphia are unanimous in their condemnation of the cowardly assassination of the eleven Italians in New Orleans." What of that? The leading papers in New York and Philadelphia were practically unanimous in opposing the strike of the Knights of Labor on the N. Y. C., and were equally unanimous, by their silence, at least, in approving the employment of Pinkerton thugs for the purpose of shooting down, like "wild beasts," as Abram S. Hewitt puts it, Knights of Labor? Why so quick to quote the press? Why not discuss the case on its merits? Why not state all the facts? The attack on the "better element" is misleading. It explains nothing. It mystifies the situation. It is practically justifying the Mafia, and condemning men who had the God-ordained right to kill the organized band of assassins. Mr. Powderly says:

The case stands thus: The Mafia Society, composed of cheap, ignorant, poverty-stricken Italians, murdered the Chief of Police of New Orleans. The threats of this society murdered the conscience of the jury; the members of the jury became perjurers, failed to do justice, and the "better element" of New Orleans, aping the practices of the Mafia, murdered the prisoners. The reports in all the papers state that it was the "better element" which headed the revolt and committed the horrible butchery. I am glad of that, for, if they were working-men who did it, the press of the country would cry out for the summary punishment of the perpetrators. As it is, they say that there is but little probability of anything being done with the latest addition to the assassins of New Orleans.

Everybody concedes that some of the Italians were guilty and deserved death. No one could blame them for desiring to live. They were to blame for the killing of Hennessey, but the jury was to blame for their acquittal. Why did not the mob kill the men who served on the jury—the cowardly "respectable element" of New Orleans? Had that jury been composed of workmen, had they been bribed into rendering such a verdict, it is altogether likely that the "respectable" assassins would have murdered them too. Really, if any one deserved killing last Saturday it was the jury.

The Mafia, not only murdered Italians and Chief Hennessey, but, according to Mr. Powderly, had "murdered the consciences of the jury." Naturally, if the consciences of the jury had been "murdered" the jury was ripe for perjury. We suppose Mr. Pow-

derly means, the jury were terrorized, were afraid of being assassinated—indeed, there existed in New Orleans a reign of terror. To obey the law, to administer the law, to champion the law, was to invite assassination and, under such circumstances, there is but one remedy, and that is to kill the men who create and maintain such conditions. The men who organize vengeance in such cases are always the "better element," never the worst element.

The term "horrible butchery" is well enough, we do not object. Sometimes we say "horrible hanging," "horrible beheading," etc., but to say that the jury "deserved killing" will not be accepted anywhere as proper. It is not true.

The one thing to do was to break up the Mafia. This has been done. There will be no more of it, for some time, at least, in New Orleans. It took the "horrid butchery" to bring about the reform. It is worth all it cost. Civilization is the beneficiary. The atmosphere is more healthy in New Orleans now. Assassins simply got what they deserved in the quickest way and at the least expense. It is the American way, and domestic or imported assassins will do well to take notice.

WM. D. ROBINSON'S MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the Magazine we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What ballows ground where heroes sleep?

'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap;

In dews that heavens far distant weep

Their turf may bloom.

Or genit twine beneath the deep

Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?" 'Tis what gives birth

To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!

Peace! Independence! Truth go forth.

Earth's compass round,

And your high priesthood shall make earth

All hallow'd ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallow'd ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallow'd ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the

brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from the members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods, will be constituted to take charge of the fund, and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices, the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in poverty that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, *Terre Haute, Indiana*, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

THE MAGAZINE AND ITS CRITICS.

The following communication has been received:

CHARTER OAK LODGE, No. 285, B. of L. F.,)
HARTFORD, CONN., March 8, 1891.)

To the Editor of the *Magazine*:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—On page 134 of the *Magazine* for February of the current year appears a communication from Elm City Lodge, No. 284, signed by E. A. Ferrill, the secretary of that Lodge, heartily condemning the policy of the *Magazine* for the past year or more. The editor then proceeds to cut and slash the writer of the article, the members of No. 284, and the Connecticut membership in general, that is, if I am able to comprehend the eight column editorial which follows the article in question. This editorial, in my estimation and also in the estimation of the members of this lodge, was entirely uncalled for and unnecessary, and does not show up the "policy of the *Magazine*" in any better light than has previously shone upon it for the past two years. "The *Magazine* under our management has steadily increased in circulation."

Now I would like to ask you candidly and would like to receive a candid answer, has this increase in circulation been entirely due to the present "policy of the *Magazine*?" or is some part of the credit for this steady increase in circulation due to the ever increasing membership of the order and the consequent placing of our *Magazine* in circles where it was never even heard of before? "Honor to whom honor is due" should be our maxim in "cases like these." Another question: If the *Magazine* under the present management has shown such a large increase in circulation why is it that our Grand Dues were raised at the last convention to help pay the running expenses of the *Magazine*, which it was claimed were running behind? This communication from Elm City Lodge, No. 284, may be a mouse, an elephant, a flea, or a Jersey mosquito. Still the fact remains that it has in a large degree, voiced the sentiments of the members of this lodge. We are willing to admit for the sake of argument that Connecticut is a small State, noted for its long-necked claims and w-o-o-d-e-n nutmegs, but it does not follow that all its citizens and especially those who happen to be members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are all blockheads with cast iron brains, neither are they corporation parasites, (very degenerate or otherwise) but intelligent thinking men, even though they live "under the shadows of old Yale." I do not believe that it has been the purpose of Bro. Ferrill, or of any other member of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, nor of any member of Charter Oak Lodge, No. 285, to sneer at the utterances in the *Magazine*, but rather to study them, think over them, and to accept them for what they are worth be their value great or small, and it does not become the editor of our *Magazine* to sneer at the educational facilities that they may have been near but may not have an opportunity to embrace and I fail to see anything in the communication from Bro. Ferrill to warrant such a course on the part of the editor and manager of our *Magazine*. I will now try to point out to you where you have made some of the "scurrilous" attacks referred to in this communication from Elm City Lodge, No. 284. On page 920 of the *Magazine* for October, 1889, appears a communication signed "Pop," which is followed by an editorial attack, as vile as it was unnecessary. On page 1,008 of the November, 1889 *Magazine*, in the closing lines of an editorial commenting upon the opinions of a brother who signs himself "S. W.," appears this sentence: "If men will oppose the change of name, by all things decent let us have reasons instead of rot to answer." Now did it not occur to you that this correspondent expressed his honest convictions and that he expressed them in the best possible language which he had at his command? and then what a withering, blasting, scorching batch of sarcasm on page 245, of the March, 1890 *Magazine* in reply to the defense of W. S. Carter, against a previous sarcastic editorial. Commencing on page 157 of the *Magazine* for May, 1890, you devote a column to "comments on Corbin," which are decidedly out of place considering the vast amount

of space which his name had occupied in the four or five preceding numbers. On page 39 of the January, 1890, *Magazine*, you publish an open letter to P. M. Arthur, which was perhaps well enough; he did not deign to give this letter any notice, so far as I am able to inform myself. Now why would it not have been a commendable course on your part to have let him alone for the future and not keep slinging ink at him as you have done ever since the publication of that letter, notably on pages 621 and 894 of the same year? And what possible use could the readers of the *Magazine* make of the continual harping about Mephistopheles Depew? It does them no good and certainly does him no harm; it only makes it harder for the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen who happen to be endeavoring to make a living on the road which he controls. It has been the intention of this lodge for some time to remonstrate with you about these articles but Elm City Lodge, No. 284, has forestalled us, and has taken the words out of our mouths so to speak. Although we do not approve of their utter refusal to solicit subscriptions for the *Magazine*, I will say that it is a very disagreeable undertaking, as it is almost an impossibility to get anybody to pass over a dollar for the privilege of reading such matter as has filled the columns of our *Magazine* for some time. I do not believe that the seal of the lodge was in any manner debauched (as you claim for it) by placing it on that letter. This letter was written by order of this lodge and bears the seal of the lodge as a mark of approval. In conclusion, let me say to you that we hope that you will accept this communication in the spirit in which it is given, that is, a desire to promote the general welfare of the *Magazine* and not to see its columns filled with such matter as they have been for some time past.

Yours fraternally,

A. M. Porter,

Secretary 285.

Charter Oak Lodge manifestly suffered a large amount of chagrin because of the renown Elm City Lodge had secured by writing an exceedingly contemptible letter to the *Magazine*, as for instance, Bro. Porter says, "It has been the intention of this lodge for some time to remonstrate with you about these articles, but Elm City Lodge, No. 284, forestalled us and has taken the words out of our mouths, so to speak." The mortification and vexation must have been excruciating. What does Charter Oak Lodge, No. 285, do to get even and have an inning? It takes the words of Elm City Lodge, not from its "mouth" unfortunately, and redigests them for publication in the *Magazine*.

The editor of the *Magazine* has no apologies to make for his utterances in the *Magazine*. If members of the order deem it prudent to use their mental syringes to squirt their dirty water at the *Magazine* they must take the consequences.

It is not always practicable to bar the door against a class of writers who cannot distinguish between reason and "rot," who have no more conception of argument than they have of the laws which govern the universe, but who, like the fly on the chariot wheel, exclaim, "See what a dust we kick up."

Elm City Lodge, under seal, tried its resources and scribbled. If its experience is not satisfactory it can come again. We dismissed Elm City Lodge, No. 284, with our benediction.

Now, Charter Oak Lodge, No. 285, objects to our allusions to Connecticut, to "long necked clams" and "wooden nutmegs," etc., playful remarks and of no special consequence, but serving to break the monotony of seriousness, when called upon to *spank* correct ideas of things into incorrigible children, such as sometimes get into our lodges and scribble about the "policy" of the *Magazine*. Generally, they know nothing about "policy," couldn't define the term to save them from going pellmell to the everlasting bow-wows. True, a man is not to be scourged because he is ignorant—he is an object of commiseration—but when ignorance plumes itself as erudition, when it vaults into the arena as a lecturer, and with stupidity, impudence, arrogance and malice demands a hearing, it must expect such punishment as the law proclaims its due.

Bro. Porter, in his communication, "signed, sealed and delivered," is of the opinion that our "editorial (criticism) on Lodge 284 was entirely uncalled for and unnecessary," which reminds us of an old Connecticut woman, who, when her minister was quoting St. Paul, on woman's rights, exclaimed, "That's where me and St. Paul differ." The fact is, neither Bro. Porter nor the members of Charter Oak Lodge know anything about editing a *Magazine*. The evidence is overwhelming. They are the victims of egotism. They regard it their duty, though the *Magazine* never attacked Charter Oak Lodge, nor any of its members—never treated any one of them except with Brotherhood courtesy, affability and kindness—never laid so much as a straw in their way, to attack the *Magazine* and its editor. For this procedure they feel no compunction, and when a prudent rebuke follows, exclaim, "It does not show up the policy of the *Magazine* in any better light than has previously shone upon it for the past two years."

Certainly, the "policy of the *Magazine* for the past two years," ten years, for that matter, has been to advance every Brotherhood principle and interest. Charter Oak Lodge, No. 285, conclusively demonstrates that we have not strictly obeyed the scriptural injunction, "Neither cast your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." If the pearls were trampled into Hartford mud, let them go; we shall continue to scatter good seed. We know old Connecticut is not renowned for good soil—it is famed for "stony ground" where there is "not much earth," where crows and blackbirds and thorns interfere with anything like a decent crop; but occasionally, with a shot gun, the determined agriculturist can shoot a few seeds in between the rocks, and get a return which prolongs existence. We shall not

abandon old Connecticut, famed in story for "Blue Laws," the sad effects of which are visible even to this day and generation.

Bro. Porter quotes us as saying, "The *Magazine*, under our management, has steadily increased in circulation." That's a fact. It may go for what it is worth. There is no spreadeagleism about the declaration. There it stands—look at it, analyze it. There is nothing in the declaration to bring a blush to the cheek of the editor or any member of the order who is in sympathy with the splendid advance the order has made during the past ten years. Only small souled men will find fault with the declaration.

But we claim still more for the *Magazine*, under our management, and the claim is maintained by witnesses of the highest character for thought and scholarship, mental grasp and comprehension of what is excellent. As for instance, this from an economic writer from Jersey City, not far distant from Hartford:

"Your *Magazine* is the best labor publication that comes to my hand. I read it with pleasure and profit. It is so far in advance of other labor organs as to admit of no comparison. It must be a great boon to the men of brains of your order."

These words triumphantly vindicate the "policy" of the *Magazine*, which has been to make the *Magazine* worthy, not only of the great order it represents, but of the commendations of men of brains beyond the boundaries of the order. Such splendid testimony hushes to silence the carping criticisms of here and there an individual or a lodge.

Bro. Porter and his lodge want to know if the "increased circulation of the *Magazine* has been entirely due to the present policy of the *Magazine*?" And he wants to know "if some part of the credit" is not due to the ever-increasing membership of the order? etc. Such queries indicate the level where they were born. It will be ample time to question us, as does Charter Oak Lodge, when we have said that the *Magazine*, under our management, was the only cause of the growth of our order. Any feeble minded adult person should have been able to make that sort of a discovery.

Bro. Porter asks: "If the *Magazine*, under the present management, has shown such a large increase in circulation, why is it that our Grand Dues were raised at the last convention to help pay the running expenses of the *Magazine*, which it was claimed were running behind?"

In asking this question Bro. Porter exposes his ignorance of the affairs of the order. No wonder that a member who would ask such a stupid question, in view of the well established facts, is at war with the *Magazine*. Would

it not be well for Bro. Porter, before he arrogates to himself the duty to discuss "policies" to learn what every member of the order knows, that there has been no increase in the cost of the *Magazine*, but, on the contrary, that there has been a steady decrease in its cost? In 1880, when the present management began, the price of the *Magazine*, which contained 32 pages, was \$1.00 per year, and the annual grand dues were \$1.00 per year. Has there been any increase in these figures? Let the figures speak for themselves: The *Magazine* and Grand dues (both) are now \$2.00 (same as in 1880) and the *Magazine* has been increased to 96 pages.

In order that Bro. Porter, who has shown that he is not a student of the affairs of the order, may comprehend the foregoing statements, we refer him to the printed proceedings of the late convention, held at San Francisco, in which among other things in the report of the Editor and Manager of the *Magazine* (page 309) he will find the following:

Prior to the first day of February, 1887, members of the Order paid \$1.00 a year for Grand Dues and \$1.00 a year for the *Magazine*, and the \$1.00 for the *Magazine* enabled the publication to make a profit, as follows:

Volume IX, 1889, net profit. \$3,411 91
(See report of Editor and Manager, page 171, of proceedings Thirteenth Annual Convention.)

Under this arrangement the General Fund was not only self-sustaining but could be drawn on in case of emergency to meet obligations as the Order might create, as for example:

At the Denver convention in 1883, donations were made to widows and orphans of deceased members, upon claims which had been legally disallowed, but which excited the sympathies of the delegates, amounting to a sum in excess of \$13,000: all of which was paid from the General Fund, as is shown on page 74 of proceedings of the Denver convention.

In this connection, it should be said that but for the earnings of the *Magazine* the donations could not have been made, or, if made, would have required the levying of assessments upon the membership.

At the Minneapolis convention, September, 1886, the law relating to the *Magazine* was changed and the new law took effect January 1st, 1887.

Under the provisions of the new law, which is still in force, the Grand Dues were increased to \$1.50, and of this amount 50 cents was for subscription to the *Magazine*, and as will be seen by the foregoing statement, reduced such subscription to the *Magazine* one-half, that is, from \$1.00 a year to 50 cents a year.

Tabulated, the showing is as follows:

Under the former policy—Grand dues	\$1 00
Subscription to <i>Magazine</i>	1 00
	\$2 00

Under present law—Grand dues	\$1 00
Subscription to <i>Magazine</i>	50
	1 50
Reduction	50

What the convention did was simply to restore the price of the *Magazine* to \$1.00 per year by increasing the grand dues to \$2.00 per year. Under the old rule (when the *Magazine* had 32 pages) members, as stated, paid \$1.00 per year for the *Magazine* and \$1.00 per year for grand dues, total \$2.00. At the Minneapolis convention the rule

was changed and members were charged \$1.50 per year grand dues, no charge being made for the *Magazine*. At the late convention held at San Francisco the grand dues were increased to \$2.00 per year, simply to restore the price of the *Magazine* to \$1.00 per year, it having been reduced to 50 cents per year, as above shown, by the Minneapolis convention, so that now members are charged \$2.00 per year for grand dues without additional charge for the *Magazine*. We trust Brother Porter will have no difficulty in finding an answer to his question in this statement; and if he will give us the names of the 96 page monthlies that are sold at less than \$1.00 per year, we shall be glad to publish the list for the benefit of our readers.

Brother Porter is to be commended for his industry in bringing to bear upon us the now somewhat ancient history in which we gave "Pop" some notoriety which like Charter Oak Lodge he, she, or it seemed to crave. Those who desire to refresh their minds as to the vileness of our language, may consult the directory which Brother Porter supplies. "Pop," "S. W." and the rest no longer interest us. We take no pleasure in counting the dead and wounded. We had thought our Pottersfield was full, but a survey shows us we have room for Brother Porter—and in honor of his distinguished services we'll see that he is buried by the side of his collaborator of Elm City Lodge. We will plant a wild huckleberry bush where they rest, and buy a suitable monument, and we think the epitaph should be "Here lie two clever fellows, who died of scribbling itch and went the way of "Pop."

Now comes a plea for Corbin, the former Czar of the P. & R. What there was in Corbin's "policy" that so much delights Elm City Lodge and Charter Oak Lodge is something of a mystery. Corbin struck down labor organizations. He degraded railroad employes. He treated them as serfs. Two Connecticut Lodges endorse Corbin and fly off the handle because the *Magazine* excoriated him as if he had been a galley slave. We whipped him at long range, because the *Magazine* was published a thousand miles from him, but we would have done the work more thoroughly if the *Magazine* had been published in Philadelphia. For doing this, the *Magazine* earned the puerile hostility of Elm City and Charter Oak lodges.

Then comes a wail for Chauncey M. Dapew, President of the N. Y. C., who permitted Pinkerton thugs to be hired and armed to shoot down workingmen as if they were wild beasts.

As for our open letter to P. M. Arthur bearing "well enough" or bad enough, it required no endorsement from Charter Oak Lodge.

Brother Porter says, his letter "was written by order of this lodge." We do not doubt it. Manifestly, Brother Porter did his best. He intended it for a pronouncement. It was the mountain in labor—and the poor mouse that resulted is on our table, a real Connecticut mouse—and being the same mouse that Elm City Lodge expelled, it has the appearance of being over-worked.

Certainly, as we understand it, we accept Brother Porter's official communication "in the spirit in which it is given," and we want Brother Porter and his lodge to accept this comment "in the spirit in which it is given." The spirit in which we write is that of compassion. We know, where "little is given little is required," and with these reflections we proceed with the regular order of business.

LABOR LEADERS.

The *Railway Service Gazette*, in its issue of March 5th, contains a somewhat extended editorial article, captioned, "What Shall be Done?"

It appears that a correspondent of the *Gazette* appeals to it to at once engage in some very aggressive work in the interest of the laborers of America, "because chains are being forged for their enslavement." The writer wants the *Gazette* to send forth "clarion notes" to "rouse them from their fatal slumber." The correspondent says, "the laborers of America must federate as one man, and our thunders must shake the halls of legislation so long reeking with the corruption of party dishonesty."

To this stirring appeal, the *Gazette* responds in a way indicative of an up-grade pull, with a machine sadly out of fix, poor fuel, and a scarcity of water. But, nevertheless, the *Gazette* sends forth a "warning cry" keyed up to "clarion notes," and well calculated to "rouse labor leaders" wherever they are practicing their "golden calf" idolatry.

The *Gazette* has no faith in "labor leaders" as they exist in this A. D. 1891. It does not refer to one, within the entire range of its observation, worthy of the name of a leader. It says:

While there are hundreds of quacks, who, from the street corners and the cross roads are proclaiming that the way to salvation is perfectly familiar to them, and that they are the leaders appointed by God, we honestly believe the Moses has not yet arisen who will lead the people to the promised land, and that until the people have been far more greatly tried than they are at present, he would indeed have a rocky road to travel, did he attempt to lead them in the true direction of a betterment of their conditions.

Any reference to Moses as illustrative of the condition of workingmen in America may serve to gracefully round up a period, to embellish a sentence and, generally, beautify rhetoric, but it is hardly just. The student of the Bible will naturally refresh

his memory by re-reading the graphic account of the wonderful undertaking of Moses. The bondage, the slavery, the degradation of the Jews, we conceive, was something worse than anything yet experienced by "the laborers of America," with the exception, possibly, of the coke regions of Pennsylvania.

Again, the enslaved Jews never would have got beyond the Red Sea but for the direct interposition of Jehovah, who had to fight Pharaoh with plagues, the recital of which, even now, horrifies the mind. And after all, of the mighty hosts that crossed the Red Sea dry shod, but two were fit to enter the promised land—all had died in the wilderness, and to make matters worse still, Moses, owing to some indiscretion, never crossed the Jordan, never entered the land of "milk and honey," which, to say the least, was pretty hard on a God-chosen leader.

Such facts lead us to the conclusion that the workmen of the United States need not wait for a Moses to lead them from under an imaginary bondage or from the grasp of an imaginary Pharaoh.

Certainly we are not disposed to controvert the declarations of our esteemed contemporary as to the blue outlook of labor in many directions. Nor are we in a position to deny that there are "hundreds of quacks proclaiming that the way of salvation is perfectly familiar to them." But what we do see, is that workmen are everywhere organizing, and organization, to our mind, is a towering evidence of education, intelligence, self respect and independence. What we do hear, is the "clarion" notes of labor speakers and labor writers, urging men forward in the grand work of organization—and to ears attuned to the sounding notes of organized labor, it will be found that the rank and file of organized workmen are themselves labor leaders, that they too know the way to the "promised land"—that they do not propose, either to die in the wilderness, or be fed on manna. They are not waiting for a Moses—nor do they expect miracles to be wrought in their favor.

What, we ask, is a "labor leader?" If there are "quacks" with their cheap nostrums, how shall we know the "simon pure" article, the orthodox remedies for the ills which afflict us?

We take it, that any journal devoted to the interests of labor, and edited with the boldness that distinguishes the *Railway Service Gazette*, is a labor agitator and a labor leader, both in the highest sense of the term. We do not object to the caustic criticism of the *Gazette*, when referring to *pseudo* leaders and reformers—the fact that there are such, emphasizes the splendid truth that the genuine leader and reformer exists. If the quack finds his dupes, it is equally

true that the true man will have supporters. We read with special satisfaction the *Gazette's* lucid exposition of difficulties which confront workmen. The plutocracy is here. Wealth is massing its forces; legislatures and courts are debauched; the millennium looks far distant. There are clouds along the horizon—a storm is brewing. We would withhold no fact within our knowledge. A good general wants to know as much as possible about his enemy, and the *Gazette* is equal to the occasion, when it says:

Some of the very men who rail the loudest against millionaires, are the first to lick the hand of the millionaire that permits itself to be licked, though that hand is blackened with a thousand frauds, any one of which is morally worse than those which place poor men behind prison bars. Other loud reformers when serving on juries, never fail to tilt the scales of justice in favor of the rich and against the poor. Others still will bow, and sneak, and cringe, before the rich man, lacking both in honor and intelligence, while they turn in scorn from the man in rags, though he is honest, virtuous, and intelligent. How many are there, even among the labor leaders and among the labor reformers, who do not bow in worship to the golden calf, who do not honor dishonest wealth, and turn from honest poverty, who do not prize money above merit, who do not give their influence and patronage to the rich, and withhold it from the poor, who do not overlook in the millionaires the faults and crimes they condemn in the poor, who in a word do not each day do something to add to the volume of that mighty stream which with ever increasing current is bringing all the good things to the rich, and away from the poor? Here in Ohio is a railroad man, who with several associates was guilty of a robbery of four or five millions of dollars. The robbery was in no essential less heinous than those that place poor men behind prison bars. He does not even take the trouble to deny or attempt to palliate the offense. He escapes through a technicality of the law, which subservient juries and subservient judges can always find, with the money of other people in his pocket. This man is one of the first citizens of Ohio. Should he come up for office he would be enthusiastically supported by the employes of his own roads, and perhaps other roads. His offense would probably never be mentioned. With such a condition what can we expect from legislation? Why talk of the reforming influence of political parties? But suppose the hearts of the people, the railroad men, the mechanics, the laborers, were all right, what then? Suppose everywhere this man went he was met with the withering scorn and contempt that is awarded the poor man who is guilty of a similar though smaller offense.

The foregoing is an ebon or a lurid picture as one may fancy. It represents labor leaders, Heaven save the mark, as the most abject and despicable creatures that walk God's green earth, or pollute the air with their pestilential breath. Traitors and apostates, no language can fitly characterize them and hyperbole sits dumb in the presence of the task.

Where are they? who are they? what are their names? where do they flourish and stink? We would like to know them that with whips of flame we might help to scourge the scoundrels through the world.

We see workmen everywhere organizing. We see lodge fires blaze everywhere, in the valleys and on mountain elevations. We see the army of organized labor march-

ing with banners flying. We see women, too, lending their approving smiles and words. We see workmen's publications increasing in numbers, in power and influence. We see men, but yesterday, tongue-tied and silent, who to day, inspired by the genius of emancipation, telling the story of their redemption with startling eloquence. We see one of a building trade unions demanding justice of employers, and then we see other "unions" in the spirit of brotherhood, gather around, and proclaim the conquering battle cry, "We are with you." It is federation. There is in it all no "Golden Calf," no idol worship, but evidence that men's hearts are right; that they have clear perceptions of duty; that they are loyal to obligation and that the work of education with them is far advanced.

The *Gazette* having surveyed the situation and found it anything but lovely—a desert without an oasis—about as dreary as Stanley's description of the Congo forest, proceeds to point out the remedy, by saying, "if there is any material change in present conditions the reform must commence in the hearts of the people"—working people, we suppose.

We surmise the reform has come. We are inclined to the opinion that it is growing in sweep and in power—organization is the shibboleth, and the hearts of the people are not beating like "muffled drums" "funeral marches to the grave" of organization.

We are in a state of industrial war, every appeal to legislation to do aught but *undo* is as futile as sending a flag of truce to the enemy for material to carry on the warfare. While the unions, however unconsciously, have tacitly recognized this fact in their federated action, they are beginning to see that in federated union there is still greater strength.—*Rights of Labor.*

Fortunately the more intelligent workingman quickly discovers that his only hope of success in obtaining and maintaining his rights, lies in federation, and it is a singular fact, that those who oppose labor organizations, and those in labor organizations who oppose their federation, while exhibiting, in many instances, great disparity of skill, occupy about the same intellectual level. It is a case in which the common ditch digger and the skilled artisan act together—co-operate for labor's degradation. The motives may be different, but they pull together to secure results which intelligent, independent, self respecting workingmen abhor. In a word, however vociferously they may deny the charge, they work with "scabs."

AN eight-year-old boy in Lynn, Mass., found a pocket book containing \$15,000, and promptly returned it to its owner. Charley Jackson is the name of the honest boy.

A PIGEON, recently, flew from Perigueux to Paris, France, a distance of 310 miles, in 454 minutes, at a rate of something less than a mile in one minute and a half.

THE largest gold mine in the world is in Alaska, and it is now conceded that the United States made money in the real estate deal with Russia.

THE first sewing machine began its mission about forty-four years ago; and now the "Song of the Shirt" has a sadder strain than ever before.

SIBERIA has the deepest lake in the world. Its superficial area is about equal to that of Lake Erie, and its depth ranges from 4,000 to 4,500 feet.

Literary Notes.

The April *Arena* opens with a paper by Prof. Geo. W. Winterburn, M. D., of New York, dealing with the future of philosophy. Dr. Winterburn, who formerly edited the *American Homoeopath*, in his forcible essay reviews the rise, growth, and fallacies of philosophy during the past, pointing out what he believes will constitute the accepted philosophy of the future. He pays a glowing tribute to Professor Buchanan, whose noble face forms the frontispiece of this number. Thomas G. Shearman, in a paper of great strength, sets forth his views on the evils and injustices of indirect taxation. This contribution will command general attention. Its valuable tables of statistics should be preserved by those interested in the problem of taxation. R. Mason Osgood, A. M., M. D., of New York, contributes an interesting contribution on recent discoveries in "Hypnotism." Dr. Osgood is a member of the London Society for Psychical Research and has given profound attention to the marvelous powers of mind which during the past few years have challenged the closest attention of many of the greatest thinkers of the age. One of the most striking features of this issue of the *Arena* is Prof. Jas. T. Bixby's contribution on "Buddhism in the New Testament." It is a reply to Dr. Felix Oswald's paper on the same subject, and is probably the ablest presentation of the Christian side of this problem which has yet appeared.

It is said that Daniel Webster was the first editor of the first college paper published in this country, the initial number appearing at Dartmouth in 1800. Daniel was a great orator, but he didn't know much about editing a college journal. He'd write a two-column editorial without once dragging in the names of Socrates, Demosthenes, or any other of those old fellows who lived before the war.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What 'farnal liars newspapers be," exclaimed Podsnap. "You can't believe a blamed story they tell nowadays?"

"Why, Mr. Podsnap," said Mrs. P., "what awful story hev they been tellin' naow?"

"This paper, Euphemia, says that a count or something has jest blowed out his brains after blowin' in all he had at Monte Carlo."—*Chicago Times.*

A farm journal said: "There is going to be more money in poultry than heretofore." The next day a farmer's wife found a nickel in a chicken's crop, and told her husband it was the first time she ever saw anything reliable in an agricultural paper published in a big city.—*Exchange.*

The kittens grope and tumble around
Ere they get their eyes asunder;
And where the dickens they are, to them
Must be a nine days' wonder.—*Puck.*

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth day of each month.

A Foolish Move.

Labor cannot afford to accept a division of stolen property, as a bribe for an active participation in a warfare waged against itself. I quote from a Kansas City daily of recent date, as follows:

One of the most significant labor conventions held in this city for years, took place yesterday (Sunday, February 22d) afternoon in the A. O. U. W. hall at the northwest corner of Fifth and Main streets. Almost 350 representatives of organizations composed of railroad employes were present. Beecher B. Ray, of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, presided, with Michael Connelly, recorder of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association as secretary.

For four hours the convention lasted. It had met to discuss the question of bringing into one general federation, with a Supreme Council to guide its actions, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, the old Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Telegraphers. The object of the meeting was to ascertain the sentiment of the memberships of those organizations in the part of the country of which Kansas City is the great railroad center. When a standing vote was taken, after speech making which lasted hours, the entire convention rose to its feet in favor of the movement amidst cheers and great enthusiasm. No wonder the convention was enthusiastic. It was indorsing what any number of labor's prominent men, including Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, declared to be the inception of the greatest single labor movement ever undertaken. It was the beginning of a grand federation of all labor organizations, Mr. Gompers said.

Among other things that were said and done, it is reported that

Resolutions were adopted that the members of the convention protest and use all fair means to defeat any legislation to the detriment and disadvantage of the various organizations represented; that they support whatever party contributes most in legislation toward their general advantage. The convention further indorsed the action of the men at Jefferson City and Topeka, who are fighting all legislation tending to reduce freight or passenger tariffs.

Simply pausing to note the fact that a portion of these resolutions pledge the federation, in advance, to the support of one or the other of the two old parties, I wish more especially to call the attention of all true champions of the people's cause, to that portion of above report which reads thus: "The convention further endorsed the action of the men at Jefferson City and Topeka who are fighting all legislation tending to reduce freight or passenger tariffs."

I respectfully submit to all members of the proposed federation that the above language indicates:

1st. An utter misconception of the scope, aims and purposes of the federation.

2nd. A peculiar schism and division in sentiment, with a dangerous tendency existing in the ranks of organized labor.

3rd. A gross misapprehension of the true status of railroad corporations and their capitalized fraud.

a. In that it is assumed that a reduction of freight and passenger rates must necessarily reduce wages of railroad employes.

b. In that it betrays an ignorance of the teachings of experience and the logic of facts, which assert that a reduction of freight and passenger rates, while proving of inestimable benefit to the people, would not injure the interests or decrease the profits of railroad stockholders.

4th. A lack of familiarity with the well worn adage, "It is a poor rule that will not work both ways."

I will present a few ideas in support of the foregoing propositions:

1st. An utter misconception of the scope, aims and purposes of the federation.

Were the question asked, "For what purpose is the federation formed?" no one would, for one moment, think of answering, "To further the ends and protect the interests of the holders of railroad stocks and bonds." Still less would they be likely to answer: "To form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with organized greed and capitalized fraud, in opposition to the people's demand for equity and justice."

It is commonly supposed that the ends to be attained and the principles to be conserved by the federation were the enforced compliance on the part of the railroad corporations with the demands of their employes, and the practical illustration of the basic axiom, that "an injury to one is the concern of all." It has been predicated and predicted of the federation that its mission would be to defeat any attempt on the part of the R. R. corporations to infringe upon the rights, or reduce the wages of their employes, by united and simultaneous action on the part of the federated army of such employes. Indeed, it has been confidently expected that instead of uniting with corporate monopoly, in its aggressive fight against the liberties and fortunes of the American people, the railroad employes of America were organizing to protect their own interests and maintain the present scale of wages to the end that they might not be crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the people's demands and corporate rapacity. That is to say, that in the impending mighty struggle between the American citizens and the almighty dollar, the federation would see to it that the attack of the people's hosts upon an encroaching plutocracy was not diverted against the guiltless army of toilers upon the people's highways.

2d. A peculiar schism and division of sentiment, with a dangerous trend, existing in the ranks of organized labor.

The foregoing resolution in its closest analysis presents this proposition on the part of the federation: That the people in their struggle for liberty and warfare against oppression and spoliation, must not attempt to reduce the extortionate tribute exacted from them, for fear of reducing the wages of the sons of toil who are unfortunate enough to have to depend upon corporate monopolies' generosity for a "bare subsistence."

For what then is labor organizing and what good purpose can be subserved by the federation of labor? Suppose that from the same standpoint and for the same reason the street railway employes of America should oppose all legislation looking toward the imposition of a charge for street railway franchises, and the regulation of rates of transportation. Or the telegraph operators conclude to oppose to the bitter end Wannamaker's postal telegraph scheme. And what if packing house and stock yard employes should unite in opposition to all efforts on the part of the people to destroy the trust known as the beef combine or the "Big Four," and to establish some semblance to competition in the conduct of live stock commission yards. Then the cashiers, tellers and bank employes generally, might steadily oppose the popular demand for the abolition of banks of issue and the issuance of money direct to the people, at a low rate of interest upon approved security. The result would be that sordid selfishness, acting upon an individualistic plane, would clog the wheels of progress of modern civilization, and preclude all possibility of united, collective action in the direction of reform, on the part of the whole people. In this mighty conflict between humanity and gold, all thought of self, from an individualistic standpoint, must be eliminated from the problem, and man must work for man—not for self, but for humanity in general. The question is this: Can labor afford to accept a division of stolen property as a bribe or reward for its active participation in an aggressive and relentless warfare waged against itself?

Besides this, the proposition seems to be based upon a false premise, to wit: That capital pays for labor in proportion to the profits realized. If it is assumed that wages are reduced because of reduced profits, are we also to declare that with an increase in profits capital will voluntarily offer an increase in wages? On the contrary, is it not true that all increase in wages has been forced from unwilling employers by the united demand of organized wage-workers?

3d. A gross misapprehension of the true status of railroad corporations and their capitalized fraud.

a. In that it is assumed that a reduction of freight and passenger rates must necessarily reduce wages.

To begin with: The projectors and builders of railroads never have any money of their own. The original incorporators of railroad companies are generally impecunious exploiters or promoters. It is a fallacy to speak of railroads as on a par with ordinary investments of capital. Railroads are constructed with borrowed capital, and the people furnish the security upon which such capital is borrowed. Such security consists of a charter or franchise and the permission to acquire a "right of way" by the exercise of the delegated power of "Eminent Domain." Upon this security the money is borrowed with which to build the railroad, and in most instances, the bonded indebtedness exceeds by thousands of dollars per mile the original cost of construction. As a rule, all shares of stock represent dishonest and fraudulent additions to the capitalization of railroads, in the acquisition of which investors were systematically swindled, and in the effort to impart some semblance of value to which, the people are continuously robbed.

A few figures must suffice to show the enormity of this swindle and the extent to which the people are being robbed. At the close of the year 1883, *Poor's Manual* had this to say: "It is not probable that the cost of the mileage constructed in the three years ending Dec. 31st, 1883, exceeded \$30,000 per mile. The whole increase of the share capital, \$800,387,208, and a portion of the funded debt, was in excess of cost of construction (a billion dollar steal). If it be assumed that the cost in money of all the roads in operation in the United States, did not exceed, as it certainly did not, the amount of their funded and floating debt, \$3,787,410,728, the actual investment was a most profitable one. The net earnings for this year (1883) were \$336,911,884, a sum equaling about 9 per cent. on their cost."

Note the fact that the highest standard authority upon railroad statistics in the world says that the railroad system of the United States did not cost more than \$30,000 per mile. Now take a glance at the situation at the close of the year 1889. Upon Dec. 31st, 1889, the railroads reporting aggregated 160,544 miles, which at \$30,000 per mile (much too large an estimate), cost the sum of \$4,816,320,000. The net earnings for the year 1889, including rentals and other receipts, above all cost of operation, were \$408,929,487 or 8.49 per cent. upon a cost of \$30,000 per mile. At the same time the roads were stocked and bonded for the enormous sum of \$58,074 per mile, and yet the swindled stockholders wonder why they do not receive larger dividends.

But the indictment does not stop here.

Even assuming that the roads cost \$30,000 per mile, we have yet to deduct the amounts donated by the people in cash and in township, county and municipal bonds and land subsidies. These items would aggregate, so Secretary of State James G. Blaine affirms, more than one billion dollars. Computed upon this basis, the roads paid more than 10 per cent. upon their actual cost, in the year 1889. Now as to operating expenses aggregating \$680,451,610, labor, below the grade of general officers, got just about one-half of the amount, while included in these expenses is the cost of all building and repairs, except the actual construction of new branch roads, side tracks and new buildings. There is therefore no excuse for the statement that the roads cost any more per mile than they did when reported ten years ago. What are the facts in the case? In 1879 the roads were stocked and bonded for \$55,870 per mile, while unfunded indebtedness swelled the total to \$57,728 per mile. In 1889 the roads were stocked and bonded for \$58,074 per mile, while unfunded debts increased the total to \$60,309 per mile. Putting the cost of the roads at \$30,000 per mile this appears to be a clear steal of \$2,308,060,659 on account of roads built in ten years, even if it were not true, 1st. That the roads did not represent a cost of \$30,000 per mile in 1879; 2d. That the cost of railroad construction had steadily cheapened during the decade.

But there is another and more criminal link in this chain of iniquitous conspiracy. Although it is a fact that the bonded indebtedness of the roads increased during the decade (1879-1889) from \$27,489 to \$30,070 per mile, an increase of \$2,591 per mile, yet it is also true that the proportion of stock shares or share capital decreased from \$28,386 to \$27,999 per mile, a decrease of \$387 per mile. The reader is invited to scan the foregoing statement very closely, as therein is laid bare the cause of the stockholder's discontent as well as the origin and full significance of the term "crippled railroads." Railroad magnates on the "inside" or "ground floor" are credited with holding from one to one and a half billions of railroad bonds, and if they own as many as \$1,498,366,439 of such bonds drawing an average of six per cent. interest, they absorb a sufficient amount of the net earnings of the roads to pay a dividend of two per cent. upon the total share capital of all the roads in the United States. Of course, many of these bonds are held by railroad magnates as individuals, but yet, we all know that they were acquired by them as railroad "promoters," and that they cost them nothing, or next to nothing. So then, it is not poor business or light earnings that are making railroads non-dividend paying, but it is the rascality of men in high places, who issue to them-

selves evidences of indebtedness, wholly fictitious, which being a prior lien upon the earnings of the roads, entirely "cut out" the stockholders and rob them of the dividends stolen in the first place from the people.

That this is a correct statement, is proven by the returns of the roads themselves, such returns setting forth these items:

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$4,485,009 318
Funded debt	4,828,365 771
Unfunded debt	357,477 160
Total capitalization	\$9,680,942 256
ASSETS.	
Cost railroad and equipment	\$8,598,081 477
Real estate, stocks, bonds and other investments	1,177,431 927
Total assets	\$9,775,513 404

So that, to say the least, *Poor's Manual* makes a misleading statement, when it says "The cost per mile of all roads making return, as measured by the amount of their stocks and indebtedness, equalled \$60,309, against \$60,732 for 1888." The roads themselves admitting an over-capitalization of \$1,084,166,619. It may be stated here that the \$2,508,876,599 in bonds issued during the decade was \$1,595,064,599 more than \$12,000 per mile for the 76,151 miles built during the decade; and it is certain that \$12,000 per mile, in addition to the bonds and subsidies voted by the people, is a very liberal estimate for their cost, especially as they were mostly built in that portion of the country where railroad construction is easy and inexpensive.

If the federation is true to itself and its demands, the people's warfare upon capitalized fraud will not have a tendency to reduce the wages of railroad employes. Let the federation prepare itself to become one of the mill stones between which the plutocracy must inevitably, sooner or later, be ground to powder.

b. In that it betrays an ignorance of the teachings of experience and social economy, which assert that a reduction of rates, while proving of inestimable benefit to the people, would not reduce the profits of the railroads.

Under the present system of excessive charges, no one travels for pleasure, and journeys undertaken by rail are either prompted by necessity or made in the regular routine of business. The railroad companies understand this, as witness 1 alf and two-third fare rates given to excursion parties, and to the public generally, upon holidays and happenings of local or national attraction. At present, railway travel is a rich man's luxury. If the fare was reduced from three cents to one cent per mile, the enormous increase in the volume of travel would more than offset the reduction in rates and any increase in expenses caused by the increase in travel. So that while

the railroads would not lose any money, they would come much nearer than at present fulfilling their functions as common carriers. The railroads of a country are the people's highways, and the people would universally travel thereon, if such travel was not such an expensive luxury. A one cent fare, and the total abolition of the pass system (except to employé(s), would increase, rather than diminish the revenue of the roads, and the wages of the employé(s), while it would to a great extent allay the growing animosity of the people toward the railroads. Space will not admit of the presentment of statistics to prove the foregoing general averments. Suffice it to call attention to the fact that at the time the Hungarian Government reduced passenger rates to about one fifth of the former prevailing rates, the increase in travel was so great, that where 225,000 passengers were carried under the old rate, there were 4,357,586 carried under the new rate; an increase of almost 2,000 per cent. against a decrease in rates of 80 per cent. At the same time there was no material increase in the operating expenses, although the gross earnings were almost five times as much as before.

The argument concerning freight rates must be based upon plainly established data in social economy. The farmers and their dependents number at least two-fifths of the population of the United States, and another two-fifths depend upon the prosperity of the farmer for means of subsistence. The farmers, if all enjoyed equal opportunities and privileges, should purchase, use, consume and enjoy two-fifths of the total product of manufactured goods and merchandise produced in the United States and the same proportion of all imported goods. For these commodities the farmer has nothing to offer in exchange, except the produce of his farm (grain and stock). When the farm ceases to produce, all trade and commerce must also cease, as the product of the farm feeds the nation, and pays for all goods, wares, merchandise and commodities consumed, used, worn and enjoyed by the whole people. Whatever portion of the farmers' produce is diverted and absorbed from the direct channel of commodity exchange, while it may tend to enrich a few individuals, has a tendency to impoverish the bulk or masses of the people. Why? Because of one simple fact in political economy, *i. e.* that were all labor profitably employed, there could and would be no surplus. In other words, there is no such factor as "over-production." The trouble is faulty distribution and *under consumption*. The interests of all are reciprocal. The amount of merchandise, commodities, etc. that the farmer can purchase is gauged and limited by the amount of net proceeds he realizes for the product of his farm. The

more he buys however, the more work is furnished the laborer in manufacturing and industrial pursuits. It even takes more clerks to wait upon prosperous than unfortunate farmers. On the other hand the laborer's ability to buy and consume farm products is limited and gauged by the amount of work he procures, and the wages he receives. But the root and basis of this whole reciprocal arrangement is the net price the farmer receives for his products. If transportation and middle men absorb unnatural and unreasonable tolls and fees, then, while a few railroad magnates, and "Bulls and Bears" may become millionaires (as, indeed, many have become), yet the masses of the people will suffer and become impoverished, while legitimate business will languish and die.

The rest of the argument is easy and plain. The farmer's produce, available for exchange, is worth at his market town, its price at the seaboard, *less* freight charges for transportation there. The merchandise is valued at its price at the factory, plus the freight charges from the factory to the farmer's market town. What then will be the effect of a reduction in freight rates? A reduction of freight rates upon farm products will *increase the farmer's purchasing capacity*, because it will increase the *net* amount of money received for his products. A reduction of rates upon merchandise, will *again* increase the purchasing capacity of the farmer, because it will make goods cheaper. These facts necessitate a much greater volume of *western bound freight* shipments; the farmer not only having more money to spend, but being able to obtain a much greater weight of merchandise for each dollar spent. This, in its turn, affords work to thousands of idle artisans and laborers, who at once inaugurate an increased *home* demand for the farmer's grain, which again increases the farmer's purchasing capacity, etc., etc., etc.

Thus the railroads would gain in increased tonnage of western bound freights what they lost by reason of reduced rates.

My bleeding, suffering country! Fellow patriots! Know ye not that it is the vice-like and clinging embrace of the railroad octopus that is paralyzing the energies, benumbing the senses and sapping the resources of the American Republic? The railroads must, they shall reduce their rates and give to the husbandman, the toiling farmer, the fair and remunerative fruits of his toil, to the end that he, too, may buy, freely buy of the product of manufacturing and industrial labor. So shall the whole nation be set at work, and the hum of industry and the whirr of machinery be heard from shore to shore. The transportation question must be solved; it is the key to the whole industrial problem.

4th. A lack of familiarity with the well worn adage, "It is a poor rule that will not work both ways."

In conclusion: Railroad employ  es, least of all men, can afford to forfeit the esteem and lose the sympathy of the general public. During times of railroad strikes the force of public sentiment, if it be friendly to the strikers, is a potent influence in the direction of bringing a railroad corporation to terms. It is very rarely the case that a legislature meets that it is not waited upon by one or more committees from organized bodies of railroad employ  es demanding legislation in their behalf. If there is any one class which more than another, invokes the aid of the law to protect its interests and rights, it is the class known as railroad employ  es. This being the case, what valid reason can they offer for the invocation of legislative protection when they are unwilling to accord such protection to the residue of the people? In the event of a strike is it likely that the people will accord to the strikers the aid of their sympathies if they have reason to believe that the success of the strike means an additional burden of oppression for them to bear? Or is it to be expected that the people will be willing to pass laws for the benefit of railroad employ  es, if it is understood that the benefits conferred by such laws will be used as an excuse by railroad corporations for further extortionate demands upon the people, in which demands the roads will be backed by their employ  es? There should be no schisms or divisions in the peoples' ranks, but they should march in solid phalanx, animated by one spirit, upon the intrenched hosts of corporate monopoly. What will benefit one class which lives by honest industry will benefit all such classes. "United we stand, divided we fall."

KANSAS CITY, MO. *One of the People.*

Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen.

There has been recently organized a Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen, whose purposes are set forth in the following preamble:

To unite the railroad trackmen, to promote their general welfare and advance their interests socially, morally and intellectually; to protect their families by the exercise of a systematic benevolence so much needed by their widows and orphans, this order has been formed.

The officers of the new Brotherhood come to us highly recommended and we believe them to be fully competent for the task they have undertaken. The trackmen of the country are greatly in need of organization and should be encouraged in all prudent ways by the members of other brotherhoods of railway employ  es. The Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Trackmen is George E. Gunn, box 238, Charlotte, Mich., and all communications addressed to him will receive prompt attention.

What Constitutes a Scab?

MR. EDITOR:—If you will grant me a little space in our *Magazine*, I will make my first attempt to write a few lines for the benefit of two lodges in particular, which are located in this section of the country. I will avoid the mention of names, as the parties concerned are all members of our order, and probably impressed with the idea that they are *working for the good of the order*.

My intention is to show them where they are in error, or in other words, laboring under false impressions.

In the first place I would ask all sensible and well-meaning brotherhood men, "Who and what they consider a scab?" A scab in my estimation is as far beneath a "Pinkerton cut-throat" as the earth is beneath the sun, he is worse than some afflicted cur, wallowing in a filthy gully, and gasping his last breath. It matters not how good a man may be before he takes this fatal step, whenever he becomes a "scab" he breathes his last breath, I mean his free and easy breath, his conscience is never at ease, he expects to see the finger of scorn pointed at him wherever he goes, and if he is guilty will be remain in the community where his deed is exposed to his fellow-workmen, and try and bring up excuses for his act? I say no. Why? Because it takes a man of good grit and nerve, who might be accused of scabbing, to stand and defend himself, and this grit and nerve a genuine scab has not got—he is a coward, deprived of manhood and honor. Now then, what does a man have to do to become a "scab?" What terrible deed has he to commit to brand him as a scab? He has got to deprive his fellow-creature of his means of support, thus taking the bread out of the mouths of the wives and children of his associates.

Now the question arises, under what circumstances does a man generally commit this terrible deed? Does a man become a scab simply because he fills a vacancy, which was vacated by another because he thought he was not getting enough money for the work he performed, or because he quit on account of his foreman or some other superior officer failing to extend to him as warm a feeling as they did to some one else? I say when a man fills a vacancy of this description, he is not a scab, and yet, how many good men to-day are branded as scabs for just such acts as I have related. What are these so-called *strikes* good for, only to throw good men out of employment and to create what is usually called scabs? What right has one individual to declare a strike, quit work and persuade others to do likewise? Is he doing a good for the order which he claims to be a member of? Has he got any right to go around and tell others that they have to quit work, or they will be branded as scabs if they

continue in their work? This man is not only an injury to himself and associates, but also to the order he belongs to. Such members ought to be expelled immediately and the strike put to an end at once. Nearly all labor organizations, especially those composed of railway employes, are provided with the proper means of adjusting a wrong, which might be perpetrated on any one individual, or on the employes in general.

Since this is the case, why have so many strikes? Why, for every little provocation, cry out *strike*, quit or you will be branded a *scab*?

I have said in the beginning of this article that I would write this for the benefit of two lodges in particular, because a case of the last described is at present under discussion.

An applicant has recently been admitted, after making his second attempt to become a member of our order. He is highly recommended by his general foreman. Every engineer he has ever fired for has a good word for him. Every fireman on the two divisions he has fired on, speaks of him as a sober, industrious and reliable man. It is alleged, however, by one of our members, that this new member had failed to join hands with the strikers of the 1886 strike on the Gould Southwest system. The strike was generally called the Knights of Labor strike. Was the strike endorsed by the grand officers of that order? Positively no. Was it a premeditated or properly organized strike? Did the men on the whole system turn out in a body after all other means were exhausted, to bring about a mutual understanding between the railway company and the employes? I think the reader can answer this question for himself, or rather it has long since been answered by the public. Did Martin Irons and a few others, whose desire for fame and glory was greater than their intellectual ability, consult their grand officers before declaring a strike, which came so near terminating the career of the order of the Knights of Labor? No, for T. V. Powderly, G. M. W. of the K. of L., positively declared that he did not know anything about the strike until it was so far advanced that it was beyond his reach to check it. The letters also that he wrote, showed that he was opposed to the strike, and advised the men to go back to work again.

On the strength of these letters, and a personal request of the Master Workman of Gate City Assembly, No. 3365, K. of L., this new member remained on the coal bin, where he was employed coaling up engines, at the time of the strike. Now, if this new member did such a great wrong by following the advice of the Grand Master Workman and the Local Master Workman, why

was not T. V. Powderly expelled, at once, from the order, since he was the cause of so many men going back to work before the strike was virtually declared off? T. V. Powderly was not expelled, nor cast out of the order as an unfit subject; his fame was still greater, after peace was finally restored; he was re-elected to the high position of Grand Master Workman. This does not indicate that Mr. Powderly had made himself enemies. Then why bar this new member out from the folds of our Brotherhood, after he has worked himself up to the position of hostler, with not an enemy on the road? Some one will probably say now, "Well, why did you not take him in when he put in his first application?" It was done in the first place to gratify the whim of the one who accused him of being a *scab*, he, the accuser, being a member of our order. In the second place, we concluded that it would teach the applicant a good lesson, whether we found him guilty of *scabbing* or not, and at the same time give us a better chance to watch him more closely in the future. This has been done, and the result has already been stated.

Now, let the man whose career has been so spotless and pure that he can say, "Not a blemish rests upon me," pick up the first stone and cast it at our new member and all the firemen whose lot it is to be associated with him.

In conclusion, I will say that we have at last found the means by which these "one horse strikes" are kept down. A Supreme Lodge of the federated orders has been established. It has been a long felt want, but at last we can say "Eureka."

No doubt there are a few hot heads who do not approve of this Supreme Council, because they cannot jump up and cry at every little provocation, "Strike, strike, throw up your job or you will be branded a *scab*." Those, however, who use better judgment and common sense will join in with me and say "Long life to the Supreme Council of the federated orders."

Yours fraternally.

C. J. N.

GEO. W. HURLBUT, a member of Midland Lodge, No. 147, who, on account of injuries sustained some time ago, has been compelled to abandon railroading, has accepted the agency for Kinne's Improved Railway Employes' Guide, Time and Pocket Book, a book specially useful for engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen, and sold at \$1.00 per copy. Orders addressed to Geo. W. Hurlbut, Lock Box 226, Temple, Tex., will have prompt attention.

Visitor—Do you devote much space in your paper to society intelligence?

Editor—No; society doesn't have more than a stickful of intelligence, at best.—West Shore.

AIR BALLOONING.

WITH REGARDS TO CY WARMAN, EDITOR OF THE WEST-
ERN RAILWAY, DENVER, COL.

Dear Cy, I've got them bad to-night,
The gleeesome imps insist I write
A home-made stave or two,
On sundry things which fill my head,
Before I seek my welcome bed,
Then fire the mass at you.

The various topics which I'll touch
Will hardly interest *you* much,
But they will ease *my* mind;
Too well you know the homely train
Of sprightly fancies in my brain
In doggerel mills I grind.

I'd like to soar the same as you
Above the earth, amid the blue
Of summer's lovely skies;
But when I get on pinions bent,
To pierce the glorious firmament,
My courage quickly dies.

I wish I had a safe balloon
To carry two up toward the moon,
I'd have you come along;
And Cy, within our airy car,
We'd wing our way from star to star,
And fill up space with song.

We'd soar above this sordid earth,
And evermore devote to mirth—
I'd listen while you'd sing—
Suppose I fancy we're afloat
Upon a safe, inflated boat,
And off on joyous wing?

Oh, glory! how the earth recedes,
Its hates and heartaches, strifes and greeds,
Contentions, woes and spleen—
Say, Cy, we've soared aloft too quick,
We should have paused one friend to pick,
And brought along Pauline.

Ah, well! too late! Here, take a smoke,
Don't at the snide I give you joke,
It's not a fragrant brand;
If I'd the means we'd both enjoy
The choicest capaduros, boy,
From Cuba's sunny land.

Oh! isn't this most glorious fun!
We're floating high above each dun
I've hustled from behind;
My heart has bid adieu to care,
And in this pure, delightful air,
I have a happy mind.

See how the smoke we puff is tossed,
And circles like a clean exhaust,
From out an engine's stack!
Bend o'er the car, and Cy, look down
Upon the disappearing town
To which we'll ne'er go back!

Farewell, old earth, to all your ills,
Dead engines, snow drifts, hunger, chills,
Rough joints and stringent rules;
We'll never more return, I hope,
To soil our hands with dirty dope,
Or labor there like mules.

In drudgery I've toiled for bread,
My heart at times weighed down like lead,
But had sufficient cause;
Bereft of hope, avoiding crimes,
Buoyed up again when scribbling rhymes,
Which won me faint applause.

Define me, Cy, the thing called fame,
That's hailed so often with acclaim;
We'll both agree, I think,
It does n't recompense the toil
When sought for by the midnight oil
With weary pen and ink.

Behold that disappearing spot,
Where many years I've vainly wrought
The siren fair to woo:
To-morrow's sunshine will efface
My very name, while off through space
I'm roystering with you.

A sculptured stone is poor reward
To compensate a mouldering bard
When maggots round him crawl.
This flight will both our bodies save,
From all the horrors of the grave,
Which terrorizes all.

Oh, hang such moralizing. We
Are out upon a boundless sea,
Ne'er sailed by man before!
Our air-balloon is swift and strong,
We'll make our hearts exult with song,
And sing for evermore.

The breeze which gently woos us now,
Dispers the wrinkles from my brow,
Cut by the lash of care,
On that forsaken spot I left,
Where night and day I groaned bereft
Of all things but despair.

Now up with speed to airy heights,
Till we behold the grandest sights
E'er seen by human eyes!
My tide of life is bounding free,
And at its flood, for soon I'll see
The glories of the skies!

Behold the brilliant lamps of night
Now beaming on our raptured sight
Adorning Luna's train!
Oh, heavenly joys! How glad I feel!
If up I'd stand I know I'd reel,
As drunk as with champagne!

How often, Cy, in balmy June,
We've gazed in languor on yon moon,
With fair ones at our sides!
We'll soon discover if she's dead,
And if it's true what oft we've read,
That she controls the tides.

Some fellows like to have her dark,
Whene'er they're out upon a lark,
To hide suspicious ways;
But we adore her silvery beams
Reflected in the babbling streams,
Devoid of cloud or haze.

We're heading for the Milky Way,
We'll reach it ere the break of day,
If we maintain this pace!
Throw out some ballast! Let us soar
Up higher still, and evermore
We'll navigate through space!

We'll quaff the sunbright glories deep
When up the Orient he'll leap,
To run another day!
We'll visit realms to man unknown,
And fondly hope Jehovah's Throne
We'll meet with on our way!

See Venus, Cy! We'll steer for her!
You've always been a worshipper
Before her shrine below.
What! not for there? We'll then for Mars—
Here, let us light some fresh cigars,
They'll make our fancies flow.

How swift we cut the atmosphere!
Who'll dare to sing of engineer
And flying steed again?
They're crawling snails compared to us;
Oh! what an advertising fust
Men make about a train.

That star so full of diamond light,
Now bursting on our ravished sight,
Is Saturn, I believe;
We will explore its rings to know,
If what we've studied down below
About them but deceive.

Behold the Dipper over there!
 Out yonder's Cassiopeia's Chair!
 Polaris here you see!
 Now note the Dragon and Giraffe—
 How dare you at such wonders laugh?
 Or is it meant for me?

The Constellations are ablaze!
 And sending forth a song of praise
 Ne'er heard by human ears!
 What melody our hearts entrance!
 It surely fills the whole expanse,
 'Tis "music of the spheres."

What groveling, pigmy, crawling things
 Are earth's great nabobs, princes, kings,
 Compared with you and me!
 Oh, how the life-blood through my veins
 Is coursing in delicious strains!
 Great God be thanked, we're free!

Here comes a comet, Cy, beware!
 'Tis passed, but not before each hair
 Stood straight upon my head!
 The valve-rope pull, old friend, I'm sick:
 With Kitty and the twins, avick,
 I'll soon be in the bed.

Shandy Maguire.

THERE'S A THORN IN EVERY ONE'S BREAST.

DEDICATED TO SHANDY MAGUIRE.

These words I find are filled with great truth,
 For I've observed it closely from my earliest youth
 That those whom we meet who seem to be gay,
 Whose life appears like a morning in May,
 That naught could disturb their moments of rest,
 But, ah! look 'neath the bosom, there's a thorn in the breast.

Yes, their life may appear like the dream of a child
 Who knows not a care; but look at that smile
 That appears on the cheek but lights not the eyes.
 Ah, what is this all but sorrow's disguise!
 Fortune with all of her treasures may bless
 But she can not remove the thorn from the breast.

She may seek to beguile with her glittering gold,
 And take for a little while out of the soul
 Part of its sorrow, its anguish and pain,
 But behold and you'll see it's coming again:
 Fortune is fickle and if she come as thy guest
 Heed not the tale she tells of distress
 For she cannot remove a thorn from the breast.

There's a time when the soul may revel with bliss,
 When the lips are united in affections fond kiss:
 Yes the one that in love when we take to caress
 Will teach us to forget the thorn in the breast.

For behold the young man as he stands by the side
 Of the happy and loved one who shall soon be his
 bride:

Behold the expression on the bride's fair cheek
 With joy so elated she scarcely can speak:
 And behold the fond mother with the babe on her
 knee

How she smiles when she sees it so happy and free,
 Free from the sorrow that manhood oft brings
 And happy as a lark as he soars and he sings:
 When she takes this sweet babe to nurse and caress
 She may forget for a while the thorn in her breast.

But ah! when this babe to manhood has grown -
 And misfortune has claimed it for one of her own,
 When shame and disgrace have tarnished that name
 Which she hoped would be decked with laurels of
 fame.

Then will she not say in her bitter distress
 That there is a thorn in every one's breast?

That bride as she seemed to be reveling in bliss,
 That mother who heals each little bruise with a kiss,
 The rich and the poor, the young and the old,
 And those whose great sorrows have never been told,
 Somewhere in life they'll be forced to confess
 That there is a thorn in every one's breast.

J. G. C.

The B. of L. E. and Federation.

MEMBERS, EDITORS:—In looking over the February number of the *Journal* I see that "X. X." has made another very abortive attempt to defend non-federation. I would suggest to him that he read the letter of T. H. Haines, page 125, in the *Journal* for February, also the letter of C. H. Salmons, page 133, same journal. I intended answering "X. X." but Mr. Haines has answered better than I could and expressed my sentiments exactly.

Judging from his poor, lame arguments, "X. X." is one of those persons whom Mr. Haines mentions as being satisfied with anything the Grand Chief approves and dissatisfied with anything the Grand Chief disapproves; one of "those benighted souls whose intellectual insight seems to be enshrouded in Egyptian darkness," not probably, because they are intellectually weak, but because they would rather have some one else to do their thinking for them and tell them what to do or say. Those were the kind of men who defeated federation at the last convention.

Men who do not think and reason for themselves, but who watch the Grand Chief to see what he approves, or disapproves, and vote accordingly, are a great drawback to any order. Is the Grand Chief infallible? Far from it! That we know by experience.

If the assertion that the strike was "sold out" casts reflections on the Grand Officers or the General Grievance Committee, let the one, or ones, on whom it reflects put the coat on and wear it. Those whom the coat does not fit, do not need to wear it. "A guilty conscience is its own accuser." If the demands of the "Q" men were unjust, why did the Grand Chief sustain the men? Is not "X. X." casting reflections on the Grand Chief?

Federation is not a dead issue and never will be. Before federation becomes a dead issue, there will be a division in the ranks of the B. of L. E. It would not surprise me to see a division at almost any time.

I see by the *Journal* that a charter has been secured in Ohio for another secret order of engine men. Because the men securing the charter choose to start another order of their own, they are called "sore-heads." Are not the ones who term them "sore-heads" really the ones who are "sore-heads?" Even in its infancy this new order seems to have excited the jealousy of an order that boasts of its large membership, and of its ability to take care of itself regardless of any other order, for fear that it may draw into its ranks some of the members of the B. of L. E., (which it undoubtedly will) and become a formidable rival. The men composing the new order I know nothing of, but taking it for granted they are men who do not belong to the B.

of L. E., are there not just as good men out of the order as there are in it? Are they not free men and have they not a right to start an order of their own without being called "scabs" and "sore-heads" simply because they are not members of the B. of L. E.?

Are there not members of the B. of L. E. whom the B. of L. F. expelled from their ranks? Still the B. of L. E. took them in. Why then does the B. of L. E. make a "kick" against some other order taking in expelled members of the B. of L. E.? Let the B. of L. E. scoff at the idea of any order being able to organize and become strong enough to injure them; but they will find they are not the world. So did the O. R. C. scoff and ridicule the B. R. C. Had it not been for the B. R. C., the strike clause would never have been eliminated from the laws of the O. R. C. To-day the B. R. C. is the "thorn in the flesh" to the O. R. C. The new order of engine men may cause even a larger disturbance than did the B. R. C.

The men in the West are more independent and self-reliant than the men in the East, and propose to do their own thinking and reasoning, and not let the Grand Chief or anybody else do it for them. Like the distant mutterings of thunder before a storm, so do the mutterings of dissatisfaction, particularly in the West, portend a storm which may surprise us all by its violence when it breaks over our heads.

Although I do not approve of making in an address of welcome the remarks that D. J. Brown did, still he but expressed the sentiments of the majority of the men in the Western country, sentiments which you may hear expressed on every side of you daily.

As for federation, the men of the West will never let it become a "dead issue."

A. H. McBain.

MONTPELIER, IDAHO.

[The foregoing communication, as we are advised by the writer, who is a member of the B. of L. E., was forwarded to the *Engineers' Journal* for publication, but was declined by the editor, and the writer thereupon forwarded it to the *Magazine*, with the request that it be given space in our columns. As the subject discussed is one in which engineers and firemen are alike interested, and as we believe in a full and free discussion of its merits without reference to whether the views of the writer are in accord with our own or not, the communication, which contains food for thought, to say the least, is given to our readers with pleasure.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

He—And what shall I give you for Christmas?

She—Nothing.

He—What a strange coincidence! That was my idea also.

JAMES McDONOUGH, Esq., for a number of years an engineer on the G. C. & S. F. Ry., has been advanced to the position of traveling engineer, with headquarters at Galveston, Texas. We record the promotion of "Jim" McDonough with special satisfaction, not only because he deserves it as the reward of years of unflinching fidelity to duty, but for the reason that he has been the unwavering friend of the firemen's brotherhood. His name is woven as a garland in its early history. In the "days of small things" he stood by it, watched it, nursed it, and as occasion demanded, fought for it with a courage that knew no variable-ness or shadow of turning. Promotion not only did not dampen, but increased his devotion for the men of the scoop. He did not forget that he had once been a fireman. With him the idea of caste was and is worse than pernicious. Believing that "a man's a man for a' that," he has ever stood for those who needed a cheering word and a helping hand, and to such a man the *Magazine* gladly pays the tribute of its respect. May every ambition of James McDonough be fully realized.

Growth and Work of the Order.

Not long since, while looking through some old papers, I happened to find the first receipt I ever received from the Brotherhood when I joined in September, 1882, which set me to thinking of the great difference in the order then and now. At that time the order was, figuratively speaking, in its infancy, not quite ten years old, a charitable organization. Then the members of the order were paid such wages and worked as suited the master mechanic and round house foreman of the different railway companies. If an individual fireman or a committee of them had the nerve to complain or ask for an increase of wages or a reduction in the hours of labor, or for their rights in regard to runs, seniority in service, what was the result? They were met with a refusal and told that firemen had no rights except to quit if they did not like their job (which is the case on a road I could mention if I chose), or, as was perhaps more often the case, were discharged. What has brought about this great change? The order and the grand officers whom the delegates in the various conventions assembled had the wisdom to select to guide it in its great mission. I have witnessed the growth of the order from infancy to manhood, an order without a rival among the various labor organizations of the land. This order declared itself to be a protective one at the 13th annual convention, when the delegates boldly announced to the world that its members would no longer suffer themselves to be cast under foot by un-

scrupulous officials of the railway companies. They had rights and knowing this dare maintain them by resorting to a strike if necessary to do so. It was perhaps a bold thing for an order so young to do, but it was a wise move and no doubt caused many to enlist under our banner who would not have done so. What benefits have been derived by the change? Wages have been increased so a fireman is enabled to live better, clothe and educate his children better and have a more comfortable home. The great evil of intemperance has been put down amongst members of the order. Runs have been shortened and more time given for rest before being called for duty again. Now the general managers and master mechanics listen to individual firemen or a committee of them, and instead of the old replies, we hear: "Well boys, we will endeavor to adjust these matters satisfactorily to all concerned; we also are glad to listen to any reasonable complaints you may have to make to us." Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Then what follows? The Grand Master is sent for who politely asks such general managers for an interview; should it be denied him what is the next step taken? The Grand Master convenes the Supreme Council. What then has always been the result? The obstinate general manager always gives in to the demands of the order or at least concessions are made and a settlement is reached.

A few words about the Supreme Council: Who first began to talk and write of federation? This order. By whom? The editor of its official organ. What was the result? The federation of the four orders and the organization of the Supreme Council. Has federation helped the orders, either singly or collectively? Their records, so far as I am informed say most emphatically yes. It is with profound sorrow and regret I read Bro. Debs' announcement in the January *Magazine* that he had decided to resign. He has labored long and faithfully for the good of the order. He has been instrumental in making the order what it is to-day through his efforts in the *Magazine* and in his other official capacity. I regret that Bro. Debs has arrived at this decision. No doubt the duties of his office are very exacting and when he makes the change I am of the opinion the order will have some trouble in finding a man to fill his place. I do not think his equal will be found soon. I am sure the best wishes of the brotherhood will follow him in whatever business he may engage. I surmise he will be found battling for the cause of labor in some new field. Under his management the *Magazine* has grown from an insignificant publication to one of the best in the land—may it still continue to grow under whose ever management it is placed in the future. I did not for a mo-

ment think this order had a lodge of the stripe of No. 284. I should like to see some other able pen besides the editor's rebuke them for their want of "sand."

T. P. O'Rourke in the March number criticizes the constitution of the Supreme Council; all laws made by legislative bodies are subject to comment. I wish the members of more lodges would, at the proper time take steps to have more and better laws passed for the benefit of the laboring classes, more especially those who toil on the rail.

LAREDO, TEX.

Fireman.

Sargent at Meadville.

Grand Master Sargent visited Meadville, Pa., on April 2d, and held an interesting meeting which the *Tribune-Republican* reports as follows:

Loyal Lodge, No. 207, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held their first meeting in their new quarters in the Corinthian block last evening. The lodge formerly met in Arcanum hall, Phoenix block, but some time ago determined to eventually own their own lodge room, hence the pleasant quarters which they now call their fraternal home. The rooms are those formerly occupied by the Northwestern band. The house cleaner, painter, paper hanger, upholsterer and furniture man have had a hand in the grand transformation which has taken place. Everything in connection with the quarters is new and strictly first class. The woodwork has been painted a live color, and the entire side walls and ceilings of the main lodge room, ante-room and reading room have been tastefully papered, the ceiling of the large room in a handsome pannel design, with heavy border and cornice decorations. The lodge room carpet is an elegant Brussels, of bright, cheerful pattern, and is appropriately matched by the very handsome lodge room furniture. The chairs are all of antique oak, high backed, and very fine. The officers' chairs are of a somewhat larger pattern, revolving and on rocker springs. The desks, which were made to order, are of red cherry, as is also the presiding officer's desk. On the side walls are handsome pictures, lodge emblems, mottoes, and the splendid banner some time ago presented to the lodge by its lady friends.

A happy feature of the new quarters is the commodious reading room, divided from the main lodge room by the ante-room. This room is very prettily furnished and will be used by the members of the lodge as a reading and writing room, smoking room and a place to spend a social hour within the provisions of the lodge rules.

At their first meeting in their new quarters, Loyal Lodge had the pleasure of the presence of Frank P. Sargent, of Terre Haute, Grand Master of the order. Mr. Sargent was called here by the claim of Otto Winters, a fireman who claims total disability on account of injuries sustained by a fall from his engine, in this city, about two years ago. Fireman Winters is a member of Loyal Lodge, and, in case of total disability, is entitled to an insurance of \$1,500. The visit of the Grand Master to the city was so timed that he could also spend an evening with Loyal Lodge, and the result was of profit to both the Grand Master and the Lodge. Certainly the members of Loyal Lodge have occasion to feel proud of their new quarters, as they have to feel proud of the personnel of their organization.

Young Hopeful—Say, pa, you must be a pretty strong man.

Father—Tolerably so, my son; tolerably so. What makes you think so?

Young Hopeful—'Cause Uncle John said he went out with you the other night, and you could carry the biggest load of any man he ever saw without showing it.

TO MY PARD.

No, thanks to you pard, I'm not drinking now,
And I'm happy to have it to say,
I haven't touched the cursed stuff
For many a long, long day,
And really I feel better, pard,
My wife is happier far,
And devoutly I wish to persuade you, pard,
To keep away from the bar.

Oh, I used to drink the poison once,
The truth I'll not try to deny,
And the awful feelings I used to have,
Often made me wish to die.
But now the habit I've quit for good,
And I tell you I'm mighty glad,
For I've a wife and two little babes at home,
And my new life makes them glad.

Well, some twenty years ago, or more,
When I was a little tad,
While clinging around dear mother's knee,
Neither fear nor care I had.
I can remember the stories she used to tell,
Of men who drank the stuff,
And their miserable souls would sell,
Nor ever cry enough.

And now, my pard, I can plainly see,
And I don't mind telling you,
That the awful stories my mother told,
Alas! were all too true.
For men who take to drinking, pard,
Believe me, when I say,
Will surely know naught but misery
Until their dying day.

Now, pard, come take a friend's advice,
Don't go again astray,
We'll find a wiser and better way
To spend this blessed day.
Come, my pard, come to my home,
And you shall know I'm happy and free,
And if you are thirsty, my dear old pard,
Why, we'll just take a cup of tea.

T. J. Hogan.

AUBURN PARK, ILL.

THEORY vs. PRACTICE.

Theory and Practice took a ride
Down a very long and heavy grade.
Theory sat on the right-hand side,
While the fireman the pick and scoop applied.
To the sober Practice, Theory cried,
As the train approached the woody shade
Where the "tip" for the long decline is made,
"Say, what do you think? To me it is plain,
But where is it best to hold a train?"

Practice replied from the fireman's seat,
And as if perplexed, he scratched his head,
"To make the work all around complete,
The way we do is hard to beat;
It seems to me it is very meet
That some of the brakes be set ahead;
Not many, of course, but a few instead
Of leaving all for the shack behind;
And to this opinion I'm inclined.

"Sunday school!" Theory proudly jeered,
"Then it's out of love for your fellow shack?"
And wisely stroking his sandy beard
"For fifteen years I've engineered
And never knew that shacks revered
The Golden Rule like that?" But back
I claim a train will hold the track,
By laws of Physics well defined,
Much better if only held behind."

But Practice, in Science far behind
The times, asked Theory to explain
"The laws of Physics well defined;"
For he knew nothing of the kind.
Theory said, "You must be blind!
When you set the brakes ahead, the train
Gets slack; and then you see how plain
It is that couplings joggle loose
And the train is cut in two, you goose!"

Just then the engine "tipped" the hill
And Theory, as ever, shut off steam;
The jolly fireman felt the thrill,
And went ahead with the same good will
With his shining can of oil to fill
The valve cups, when he saw a gleam
Of light in the eye of Practice beam,
As if by some revelation brought,
He seemed to grasp a higher thought.

Now Practice thought his learned friend
Had argued to the point, of course;
And fearing lest it should offend
His wisdom, let the thing depend
Upon the man at the other end.
"For argument from such a source
Needs demonstration to enforce
It's truth," thought Practice, "so we will
Apply this doctrine down the hill."

Their speed was now increasing fast,
And the man behind, left all alone,
Full many an anxious glance he cast
For the head assistant; till at last
When trees and houses all flew past
Like phantoms, feeling that his own
Sweet life was threatened, gave a groan
Of wild despair; and then cut loose
For refuge in the old caboose.

But Theory now began to doubt
The virtue of his cherished rule.
He began to jump around and shout,
And above the din he gave a shout:
"I wonder why you don't get out?"
But Practice, still remaining cool—
One thing he had learned in Sunday school—
Replied again, "Why that won't do
For its sure to cut the train in two."

But the way they rattled down that hill!
The "Seventy" rocked from side to side,
And Theory sadly feared a spill,
Each hair stood up like a tiny quill,
And his short red beard grew redder still.
He shook down the sand and vainly tried
To hold the train. Again he cried
To Practice: "You lazy, stubborn shack,
Get out, or I'll break your worthless back!"

They went through Evona like a flash
And Theory drew a mighty sigh
Of relief to note the din and clash
Decreasing; and the fearful crash
Into which he thought they all must dash
Had been avoided. By and by
With a merry twinkle in his eye,
Practice asked Theory to explain
Where it was best to hold a train.

STANBERRY, MO.

Geo. W. Hall.

Union Meeting.

We are requested to give notice, as follows:

A grand Union Meeting will be held at the Opera House, Waverly, N. Y., Sunday, June 14, 1891, under the auspices of Weaver Lodge, No. 379, B. of L. F., Lehigh Valley Lodge, No. 248, B. of R. T., State Line Lodge, No. 117, S. M. A. A. A public reception will be held at 2 p. m., and will be addressed by able speakers, representing the different organizations. There will be a joint secret session in the evening at 7:30 o'clock, of the above three organizations, and will be addressed by the Grand officers of the same. The object of this meeting is to discuss all matters pertaining to the general welfare and advancement of the organizations. It will be necessary, in order to gain admittance to the secret session, for brothers of the B. of R. T. and the S. M. A. A. to have receipts for the current month's dues, and brothers of the B. of L. F. to have receipts for current quarterly dues, so as to avoid confusion and taking up passes at the entrance. As there will be a large attendance, please notify the secretary of the joint committee the number that will be present from your lodge, so as to enable us to make proper arrangements. There will be ample hotel accommodations for all who desire to attend this meeting. Munson Hall, Secretary, 70 Division street, Waverly, N. Y.

The Policy of the Magazine.

PUEBLO, COL., March 20, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—In glancing over the contents of the February number of our *Magazine*, I find an article entitled "The Policy of the *Magazine*," and in perusing it, discover that Elm City Lodge, No. 284, has made an attack upon our able and esteemed Editor and Manager, who from some cause, unknown, has aroused the ire and opposition of the aforesaid lodge.

Now, then, if it affords other members of the order the pleasure which I have derived from reading the reply to Lodge "284," I am persuaded they will all say, "All honor to our editor."

In the first place, I look upon the accusations of Lodge "284" in the same light as does our editor, who shows that the members of Elm City Lodge may be in the same fix as the employés of the Philadelphia & Reading, who were compelled by the tyranny of (Zar Corbin to deny all allegiance to our order, shave off their whiskers and keep their coats buttoned up tight, even in hot weather. Oh, what fun it must be to work under such an autocratic power! Possibly the time will come, when the poor degraded employés will ask for permission to eat and sleep.

I glory in the courage of our editor—a man who dare expose to the public such infamous proceedings as are carried on by some of our railway officials. Yes, they are all honorables in the eyes of some people. When a man becomes so degraded that he will lick the boot that kicks him, he will call the kicker "honorable." The dog can't talk, but when he has been licked he wags his tail in token of approbation and submission.

In the first place, what is required to make a railway official honorable? Is it to employ spotters, scabs, detectives and Pinkertons to watch, disgrace or murder all who dare disobey the rules laid down by some men who think they must be looked upon as a little god?

I admit there are some employers who are large souled, large hearted and large brained, who love to see their employés advance in life, love to see them live like white men, love to see them live like American citizens, but they are not everywhere.

In our editor's reply, he has given proof of the actions of the men to whom he refers, and I ask, why do not the parties to whom he refers reply to his statements regarding them? Simply because they know he has told the truth, and the truth will tell at all times. Where is the man who can say that the action taken by C. M. Depew in the late trouble on the N. Y. C. was honorable? Who can say that Corbin's rule was just? I do not think that "284" can say it and speak

the truth, for they know the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Now, I do not write this as an attack on "284," but I must say that we have a lodge the members of which take upon themselves the responsibility of holding up to universal contempt the action of the parties referred to.

I am very anxious to read the contents of our March *Magazine*, to see if "284" will make a reply to our editor's criticism. I will say that all parties who have read the article, inquire "What is the matter with '284'?" I think the members of "284" would feel rather cheap if they knew the sentiment of the lodges with regard to their strange action.

We have Depew, Corbins, Webbs and such men in our Western country, but they know how far to go, and I wonder what the effect would be on Western organizations, if their members were required to remove their beards, keep their coats buttoned up and give up the companionship of their lodges. No, I do not wonder what the reply would be. I know what it would be. The wage workers of the West would never submit to Corbin's rule, they are not of the material of which serfs are made—as well command the Black Hills to march in single file to the seas, as to command Western railroad men to crawl at the feet of a czar.

Yours fraternally,
"59."

Convention of the National Association of Mechanics.

This order now has about 175 lodges, and the annual convention is to assemble in the city of Pittsburg, May 4.

We see by the *Monthly Journal* of the order that business of special importance came up for action; as, for instance, the proposition of a "plan of insurance," as also a plan "to defray the expenses of delegates whenever lodges could be represented at the convention." In addition, the *Journal* says:

The columns of the *Journal* have contained what will probably prove to be the questions of most import to us at present. Such as the all absorbing question of federation, which has been thoroughly discussed from both sides; the apprenticeship system, shorter hours of work, the regulation of wages, strikes, and many others of equal importance.

Manifestly, such questions are of vital importance, and we are free to express the belief that the delegates will settle them in a way that will redound to the welfare of the Association.

Robinson Monument Fund.

The following subscriptions to the Robinson monument fund have been received:

H. W. Hall, Portland, Oregon	50
H. M. Worthington, Marshall, Tex.	\$1 00
Eugene V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind.	5 00

Total

Remittances should be addressed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

TACOMA, WASH., April 10, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over the March number I noticed the letter signed "Division No. 40." The writer is to be pitied rather than despised. He says he is glad to see the improvement in their *Journal*. Well it wanted improving badly. He says also that the best editorial our worthy editor ever published was the one giving notice of his proposed resignation; well he is quite at liberty to keep on thinking so, that is if he ever has any thoughts, which is extremely doubtful. I know the firemen don't think so. Right here let me tell Depew's fawning clown that when his "Division No. 40" ashes are scattered to the winds of the earth and none knoweth thereof or careth, Eugene V. Debs will have a name that will be loved and honored by every brotherhood fireman in the land. It is with the deepest regret the firemen hear of his proposed resignation and earnestly trust he may yet reconsider his determination and if not, the hearty sympathy and support of the firemen will be with him in whatever he undertakes.

Yours fraternally,
A Brotherhood Fireman.

Ladies' Society of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

For some time past there has been a society known as the Ladies' Society of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the first lodge being instituted in 1881 by Mrs. E. P. Sargent, whose home at that time was at Tucson, Arizona. To Mrs. Sargent is due the credit of having conceived and brought into existence this excellent organization, the purpose being to cultivate social relations between the mothers, wives and sisters of members and also to render such assistance as was in their power to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, an auxiliary in fact, to cheer, encourage and support the brotherhood in its chosen mission.

At the late convention held at San Francisco, the Ladies' Society received the official sanction and approval of the brotherhood and since that time active preparations have been made to carry forward the work of the organization until there shall be a lodge of the Ladies' Society for every lodge in the brotherhood, and it now affords us pleasure to say that the Grand Lodge has been fully organized, charters seals, rituals, constitutions and other work have been adopted and applications for charters are in order and will receive prompt attention.

The Grand President is Mrs. Eugene A. Ball, and the Grand Secretary and Treasurer Mrs. James I. Moore, of Stratford, Ontario. All applications for charter and other correspondence should be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer. The full list of officers and other particulars will be given hereafter.

It is to be hoped that the ladies throughout the jurisdiction of the brotherhood will at once enter into the work and organize subordinate branches. The mission of the Society is a most commendable

one and all the mothers, wives and sisters of our members are cordially invited to enlist in the good work, so that when the next biennial convention of the brotherhood shall meet, the Ladies' Society will also be able to hold a convention which shall represent a great and growing organization.

V. G. M. Hannahan.

We record with great regret the fact that Brother Hannahan has been for weeks confined to his home by a serious illness, which has deprived the order of his important services. Brother Hannahan's severe indisposition was brought on by exposure while pursuing his brotherhood work. As we write Brother Hannahan is still under the care of physicians, and under the most favorable circumstances, some time must elapse before he can resume his labors.

The brotherhood, throughout its entire jurisdiction, will extend to Brother Hannahan its sympathy and join the *Magazine* in the hope that he will soon be restored to health.

Grand Dues Notice.

The attention of Receivers is called to Section 122 of the Constitution, which provides that members admitted after May 1st are not liable for grand dues for the year ending August 31st, 1891. The application fee of \$2.00 collected from members admitted after May 1st should be held by Receivers until the regular returns are made in August for grand dues for the year ending August 31st, 1892, and said application fee should then be applied to the credit of said members for the fiscal year last named.

Acknowledgments.

HARRISBURG, KY., March 9th, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I write to acknowledge and thank you for the draft for \$1,500, due me on the death of my loved son, Allie T. Hooe. In giving up my darling boy, who was always true and faithful, the sun has gone down on the home he left behind, and in my sorrow I can but question if there be a God in heaven that is always merciful. Allie's was the bravest death I ever witnessed; he never expressed a fear, and when told he could not live he called to his side an old friend and, laying his dying hand on his mother's head, said to his friend: "Won't you promise me to help my mother when I am gone?" Then turning to me he said: "Mother, I would like to live to take care of you, but if I must die it is all right. I will go to heaven, soon to meet you there." May God forever bless and prosper the order of the B. of L. F., and may the richest blessings attend each and every member of Falls City Lodge. You can never know how my boy loved your noble order. A broken-hearted mother prays God to protect and prosper each and every one of you.

MRS. EMMA A. HOOE.

HALLSTEAD, PA., Feb., 26, 1891.

To the Members of Lackawanna Lodge, No. 283:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), the insurance due on the policy held by my late husband, Murt Fernan, who was killed in a wreck near Syracuse, N. Y., on the D. & W. R. R., on Nov. 3d, 1890. I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown him at his burial. I have not words to express the gratitude I feel towards your noble order. May the blessings of God rest upon you, one and all, is the fervent wish of yours respectfully,
Katie Fernan.

TEKOA, WASH., March 5, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of Steptoe Butte Lodge, No. 419:

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to thank you for the payment of \$1,500. Insurance due me and my children on the policy held by my late husband, John Wilson, who was killed while at his post of duty on the Meeker hill of the Union Pacific railroad, November 18th, 1890. I also wish to thank the officers and members of Steptoe Butte Lodge, No. 419, for their respect and kind feeling shown to my dear husband after his death and for their kindness to me. If we had better laws for the protection of railroad men while in the discharge of their dangerous duties, there would not be so many empty seats at the fireside and lonely homes. With best wishes for the B. of L. F. everywhere, I remain your friend,

ELIZA WILSON.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., March 22, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—With profound gratitude I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to your noble order for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) insurance due me on the death of my beloved son, Fred S. Brouse, who met his untimely death while in the faithful discharge of his duty on the Colorado Midland R. R. I also wish to thank the members of Pikes Peak Lodge, No. 218, and California Lodge, No. 250, for their heartfelt sympathy to me in my great trouble. May God bless and prosper your noble order and spare you from all bereavement, is the prayer of your sincere friend,

MRS. MINNIE SPENCER.

CLINTON, IOWA., March 19th, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—With heartfelt gratitude I desire to return my sincere thanks to you for the prompt payment of the draft for fifteen hundred (\$1,500.00) dollars, received from Thomas Bulen, Receiver, on the death of my beloved husband, H. W. Stephens; we also extend our sincere thanks to the firemen and engineers for their many tokens of kindness and love bestowed upon us during our great bereavement. Many thanks also for the beautiful floral offerings, and may God bless and prosper your noble order, is the prayer of your bereaved sister,

MRS. H. W. STEPHENS.

EFFINGHAM, ILL., April 10, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I would that I could find words to express my heartfelt gratitude for the kindness and sympathy which the members of Peace Lodge, No. 109, St. Louis, to which my beloved brother John A. Poulton belonged, showed me and my folks in our great affliction. Let me add to my other obligations to the most excellent order my sincere thanks for the draft of \$1,500, the amount of insurance. Hoping that the order may be prosperous and thus aid others who are in distress and affliction, I remain

Sincerely yours,

SIMEON A. POULTON.

KEENE, O., April 2, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,500, the amount of insurance due me on the death of dear brother J. F. Stafford. I desire to return my sincere thanks to the brotherhood for the money, and I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown my beloved brother and the respect shown him after death. Words fail to express the gratitude I feel toward your noble order. I also tender my heartfelt thanks to the members of White Breast Lodge, No. 275, Laredo, Texas.

MISS JENNIE STAFFORD.

QUINCY, ILL., April 1, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of \$1,500 due me on the policy of my dear son, Charles Young, through Mr. W. C. Gallup, Receiver of Success Lodge, No. 31, Trenton, Mo. I also desire to express my thanks to those who accompanied the remains and so kindly assisted at the funeral, also for the beautiful flowers presented by the lodge. May God ever bless and protect your noble Brotherhood is the sincere wish of his deeply afflicted parents.

MRS. S. E. YOUNG,
JOHN YOUNG.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 10th, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of \$1,500, due me on the policy of my dear husband, Fred Kern, and also I desire to express my sincere thanks for the beautiful flowers presented by Lake Erie Lodge, No. 211, and also to those who attended the funeral. May God bless and protect your noble Brotherhood. Yours truly,

MRS. FRED KERN.

OMAHA, NEB., March 17th, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of Overland Lodge, No. 121:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks for the payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), the insurance due on the policy held by my late husband, Wm. M. Morton. I also wish to express my appreciation of the attention shown him at his burial. Hoping that the Brotherhood will always prosper, and with best wishes to all its members, I remain yours respectfully,

IDA M. MORTON.

TOLEDO, O., March 24th, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS:—Please allow me through the *Magazine* to express my heartfelt thanks for the draft of \$1,500 which I received through members of Maple City Lodge, No. 138, B. of L. F., being in full for insurance on the life of my son Peter Lanser, who died Dec. 9th, 1890. Hoping that the brotherhood will have prosperity in the future as in the past, I am

Very Truly Yours,

MRS. BARBARA LANSER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 16th, 1891.

To Lake Erie Lodge, No. 241, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to offer my sincere thanks for a draft for \$1,500, the amount of insurance held by my beloved husband, Henry T. Whitley, and to thank Mr. Crossman for his kindness to me in my trouble. May God's blessing ever rest on the Brotherhood is the sincere wish of

MRS. H. T. WHITLEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 20th, 1891.

To Silver Mountain Lodge, No. 327, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred (\$1,500) dollars, due me on the policy of insurance held by my son, and to express my thanks to the members of Silver Mountain Lodge, No. 327, for their sympathy and kindness. Very truly yours,

MRS. EMILY BROWN.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 13, 1891.

To the Members of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 59, B. of L. F., Pueblo, Colo.:

DEAR SIRS:—Please accept the heartfelt thanks of a mother and family for the kindly interest taken in the death of our beloved Frank. I also desire to thank the members of the Chicago lodges who acted as pall bearers. Sincerely yours,

MRS. MARY O'CONNOR.

Addresses Wanted.

THOS. RATCLIFF—A member of May Flower Lodge, No. 415. When last heard from he was at Cole Hill, Ark. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please correspond with W. M. McKenna, No. 938 East Jefferson street, Louisville, Ky.

JOHN DEAN—A member of Mt. Tacoma Lodge, No. 192, who left Tacoma about a year ago. His mother is very anxious to hear from him. Address Mrs. Sarah Dean, South Prairie, Pierce Co., Wash.

Before Pullman's Days.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN SIGHT OF THE BUFFALO AND THE ELK.

[New York Despatch.]

It seems almost incredible that previous to 1858 and the completion of the first Pacific railroad, Kansas and Nebraska were vast uninhabited plains, except the settlements along the Missouri river. Denver was a town of 5,000 or 6,000 people, supported by the mines that had been found ten years before in a region then designated as Pike's Peak. Six hundred miles further west, Brigham Young had in 1847 established his peculiar sect in the midst of the desert at Great Salt Lake. In 1848 gold had been found in California. Thousands had rushed there in search of wealth. The base of supplies for the mining settlements of Colorado, the Mormons, in Utah, (the latter discovered mines in Montana and Idaho), and the numerous government posts on the plains and in the mountains, were the Missouri river towns, Kansas City, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Nebraska City and Omaha, and from here the stage lines started.

Ben Holliday was more an autocrat of passenger transportation beyond the Missouri than is any railway king of to-day. Holding the Government mail contracts, he was the biggest man on the plains, unless one excepts the men who drove his stages. Holliday made and kept in repair the roads, bridged the streams, built ranches or stations every ten or fifteen miles. Here were kept the relays of horses. The stock tenders or ranchmen, lived at these lonely stations, and where it possible gathered hay for the stock, fought the Indians, supplied emigrants and freighters with food and protection; in fact, "run the country," sometimes for good and oftentimes for bad. Holliday had about 3,000 miles of stage line, had 24,000 horses and mules, and 300 coaches. He had to haul corn a thousand miles to some of his stations; hay many hundreds of miles, and fuel one hundred miles and more. Corn cost at the remote stations 15 to 20 cents per pound, hay \$150 per ton, and in one instance, during a blizzard, 50 cents per pound was paid for wood to cook with.

Though the fares were high and the sums paid by Uncle Sam for carrying his mails were great, the risks of loss by hostile In-

dians, the high prices paid for everything used, made the business very risky, financially. In 1865 and 1866 hardly a horse or mule was left on some divisions. The Indians had captured all they cared to drive away.

The first 500 miles of the journey from the Missouri river to the mountains was over a gently rolling prairie, with good roads except a stretch of sandy road at intervals, especially if the Platte valley route was chosen. This was the favorite route because of water being always at hand in the Platte. Over the firm roads of this region you bowled along evenly. In Western Kansas and Nebraska and Eastern Colorado buffalo used to roam by the thousands. It is no exaggeration to say you could ride three days and nights, 300 miles, and never be out of sight of buffalo—not scattering herds here and there, but in every direction buffalo! buffalo! ten thousand and in sight at one time, until you paid no more attention to them than is paid to the vast herds of cattle that have succeeded them in these high plateaus.

Nor far behind them in numbers was the more shy antelope; they, however, would always keep at a safe distance. Elks were not so plentiful, and kept back from the traveled roads. Still, you were frequently greeted with a sight of this stately beast with his six foot antlers. On the mountain divisions the lordly grizzly bear sometimes showed himself to the overland traveler. At the stations you were regaled with buffalo rump or tongue, antelope or elk steak, not always cooked in the highest style, but what it lacked in cuisine you made up for in appetite. It was essentially an age of canned goods. From cans you were served with corn, tomatoes, beans, pineapples, strawberries, cherries, peaches, oysters, lobsters, condensed milk, and butter brought from the states. These goods cost from 50 cents to \$1 per can of about a quart measure.

When you were out of the Indian regions east of the Rockies, you came to the Bitter Creek Desert. Sand, sage brush and alkali were (and are) on every hand, forming the most desolate, dreary region on this continent. Here all the discomforts, dread of Indians and horrors of the first night's ride sank into insignificance as the stage plodded its slow, weary course, three miles an hour; while the sun parches everything in sight, the alkali dust invades every part of your system, and seems to clog the blood in every vein. You would give your boots for a drink of fresh water. Your thirst drives you to drink the alkali water. In taste, quinine is as French candy compared with Bitter Creek water.

Then you reach a rougher but not so desolate a country, with the snow-capped

mountains to the south and west. The beauties of Great Salt Lake and its valley greet the eye of the traveler fifteen days from the Missouri river. Twenty more days and he has crossed the Humboldt Desert, second in desolation only to the Bitter Creek region; has climbed the Sierra Nevadas, and plunged down into the sun-kissed valleys of California.

A journey in a Holiday palace coach meant six days, Missouri river to Denver, fare \$60; fifteen days to Salt Lake City, fare \$125; to San Francisco thirty-five days, fare \$250; meals, \$1.50 each, and if you complained the man who furnished the meal would call your attention to the fact that he was not out there for his health. A stage coach was drawn by four horses on divisions where the roads were not heavy. A team went ten to fifteen miles and was changed for a fresh one. The coaches would accommodate six inside passengers, two on a seat. The stage people, when travel was heavy, would convince you that three on a seat, or nine inside, was much more pleasant and sociable; also safer in case of attacks from Indians or road agents. Beside the inside capacity, any number up to ten could be made very miserable on top. They could ride safely if they were tied on. The first teams out were always sleek, high-stepping, swift roadsters. They would come charging around the corners in the wild western towns, with a dash that would fairly take your breath, glittering with silver-mounted harness.

They were driven by an Apollo Belvedere, the likes of which are never seen nowadays except in Italian opera. He handled four or six chargers with a mastery of reins that was nothing short of art, with swish and crack of whip that impressed you that you would be wafted "Westward ho" at a rate of speed that would make you feel ashamed that you had only paid 15 cents per mile per waft. But this is dress parade. When you find out what the journey really is, you almost conclude to walk to San Francisco, as you would surely do if you had seen one of these teams that hauled you after the dress parade team is unhitched ten miles out. Your first impression is that the journey will be a grand, glorious panorama of green, billowy landscape, viewed from a luxurious seat in a swift moving carriage.

So it is for about three hours. After that the hog in human nature asserts itself, and every fellow looks out for his own comfort. You have exhausted the comfort of every position your cramped quarters will admit of. Each passenger thinks every other one is trying to get more than he is entitled to of the discomforts, and is mad about it. You go to sleep. The coach drops into a rut that you think must be a bottomless pit, and the remarks of your fellow-passengers

produce an atmosphere that serves to confirm the impression. If you get out to walk you are afraid that you will get so far ahead that the coach will never catch you, and the Indians may butcher you alone in the desert. The old-time stage driver is a character that has disappeared.

No man ever occupied a prouder position. He was the monarch of the road; his word was law. His was the favored seat at the meal station. To him was entrusted the lives of his passengers, and the money and valuables of the United States mail and the express companies. Each driver went fifty or sixty miles, and so beset with danger and responsibility was the life of the stage driver that at times of great danger his salary would be \$250 per month. In an acquaintance of years with the drivers on the great plains, I never yet knew one to betray his trust.

Temperance Among Railroad Men.

[National Car and Locomotive Builder.]

Every few weeks we hear of another railroad company having fallen in line with an order issued to trainmen intimating that the drinking of intoxicating beverages, while on or off duty, will not be tolerated, and that men known to frequent drinking resorts will be discharged from the service. The spirit that prompts the issuing of such orders is highly commendable, for it is a melancholy fact that numerous train accidents have been caused by the men in charge being made reckless or careless with liquor. No man of observant habits can mix much with railroad men, who are in the habit of indulging in the use of spirituous liquors, without being struck with the terrible dangers of the practice. For a railroad manager to say that a trainman shall not enjoy himself in his own way and dispose of his time as he thinks proper when he is off duty seems to be an infringement of the man's natural rights; but those who are familiar with the protracted influence of intoxicants, and with the necessity for a trainman having a clear head and unclouded judgment when on duty, will admit that his condition when off duty is a matter of legitimate supervision. The writer has repeatedly, when little more than a boy, done the whole work of operating a locomotive hauling a fast passenger train while the engineer was lying in the tender, unconscious with drink. He has been appalled with the reckless practices of the same man on other days when he came to duty after having enjoyed what he called a night of fun. Under other circumstances the writer has pulled heavy trains at irregular times over a single track when there was not a sober man behind the tender. He has good reason to understand the dangers of drinking habits among trainmen and to

rejoice in the change of sentiment that demands sobriety.

While we zealously favor the railroad temperance crusade, we should like to see it carried on with a little more consistency. Railroad managers who issue orders against drinking ought to show an example in their own habits, and they should require the officers who are in charge of the men to practice the doctrine that is so publicly preached. Trainmen are like other human beings, and they are not likely to be impressed with the necessity for temperance and abstinence on their part when they know that the whisky or wine bottle is an important article in every officers' car, and that other officers charged to enforce the rules of the company, visit the drinking bars and indulge to their heart's content in the beverages forbidden to the lower ranks of the service. Why should a trainman be forbidden to look upon the wine when it is red or the beer that is amber, when train dispatchers and others responsible for the correct manipulation of train orders are considered capable of drinking with judgment? A rule that is good for trainmen is good for all railroad men above that degree, and there will be no successful enforcement of temperance orders until this fact is generally recognized and acted up to.

A correspondent recently sent us a communication in which he commented on the illogical condition of the temperance question on a Northwestern railroad system. The trainmen are supposed to refrain from the use of intoxicating beverages at all times, yet it is a regular practice for dealers in liquors to visit the engine houses with sample cases to canvass for customers. They are said to be pretty successful in their work, and never fail to be on hand on pay day to receive payment for past deliveries and orders for a fresh supply of liquors. The head of a department who lets this kind of work go on, be it by ignorance or by connivance, is not fit to hold a position in charge of men. General managers keep bemoaning the difficulty of restraining the drinking habits among their trainmen, but they generally neglect the first duty as a means of reform, which is personal example. When the heads become examples to all under them and when they take care that their lieutenants are performing a similar duty, they may hope to find the leaven of sobriety working through the whole mass of railroad employés.

Old Lady (from the country)—I'd like to git a pair o' shoes, young man.

Polite Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Something pretty nice, Ma'am?

Old Lady—I want 'em good 'n' stout.

Polite Clerk—Well, ma'am here's a strong shoe, an excellent strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this winter—

Old Lady—Man alive, I don't want no shoe that's been worn this winter nor any other winter; I want a bran' new pair!—Puck

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Menny people spend their time trieling tew find the hole where sin got into this world. If two men brake through the ice into a mill pond, they had better hunt for sum good hole tew git out, rather than git into a long argyument about the hole they cum tew fall in.

If you must chaw terbacker, young man, for Heaven's sake chaw old plug, it iz the nastiest.

Truth iz like the burdocks a cow gits into the end ov her tail; the more she shakes them oph the less she gits rid ov them.

There iz 2 kinds ov men in the world, that i don't kare about meeting when i am in a grate hurry—men whom i owe, and men who want to owe me.

There iz always one chance agin the best laid plans ov man, and the Lord holds that chance.

Mi private opinyun about "absence ov mind" iz that 9 times out of every 10, it iz absence ov branes.

The flattery that men offer tew themselves iz the most dangerous, bekause it iz the least suspected.

Take a kitten that kan hardly walk on land, and chuck him into a mill pond, and he will swim ashore. Enny boddy kan apply the moral in this.

The best philosophers and moralists i have ever met have been those who had plenty to eat, and drink, and had money at interest.

It takes a wise man to suffer prosperity, but most enny phool kan suffer adversity.

Pride, after all, iz one ov our best friends—it makes us beleave we are better and happier than our nobors.

How strange it iz that most men would rather be flattered for possessing what they hav not than to be justly praised for having what they possess.

Dog-Gone Keerless.—Neighbor—Mr. Skrimp, I have sad news for you—terribly sad news.

Farmer Skrimp—"Hev' ye? What mout it be?"

"Your wife, in attempting to ford the river this morning, was drowned."

"Humph, that is sorter bad; kinder ouexpected, too."

"Yes, it's bad. She missed the road some way and got into deep water, and she and the horse were both drowned."

"Great geewhillikens, man! you don't mean ter sey the hoss wuz drowned, too?"

"Yes."

"Wal, by jingoes, that is er heavy loss. That air boss wuz wurth er hundred dollars clean cash, an' ther ole 'ooman knowed hit. 'Peers like woman folks is most dog-goned keerless. Dog-gone, neighbor, but the loss o' that air boss is powerful hard ter b'ar up ag'in shore."—*Drake's Magazine.*

City Editor of The Whirled to Managing Editor—I have just had a conversation with a young man who seeks a position as reporter on this paper.

Managing Editor—Does he appear honest and truthful?

City Editor—I am afraid not, sir.

Managing Editor—Does he look sensitive?

City Editor—No, sir.

Managing Editor—Does he seem intelligent and respectable?

City Editor—No, sir.

Managing Editor—Do you think he would have any regard for other people's feelings?

City Editor—No, sir.

Managing Editor—Very well. Ascertain whether he has any conscience, and if not, assign him to work on the society columns.

Sweets to the Sweet—Miss Gotham—You'll join our theatre party to night, of course, Miss Wabash?

Miss Wabash (of Chicago).—What is the play?

"Pygmalion."

"Yes, indeed; with pleasure! You know papa is in the pork business."—*Epoch.*

Miss Parkwood—Do you know, sir, I could sue you for breach of promise?

Mr. Finley P.—Oh, I think not.

Miss P.—Why, did you not ask me to marry you?

Mr. F.—Yes.

Miss P.—And I consented?

Mr. F.—Yes.

Miss P.—Well, sir?

Mr. F.—Well, I didn't promise, did I? You were the one who did that. I presume I had the right to ask you a civil question, have I not, without running the risk of being dragged into court?

Humorist—I have a funny little thing here about Ben Butler, and—

Editor—O, yes; I know exactly what it is. You say that in having his eyes straightened he lost his chance for salvation, upon the principle of "No cross, no crown." We have been offered four hundred and two gems of that kind already.

Humorist—You mistake. Mine has nothing to do with the General's eyes. It—

Editor falls dead.—*Spirit*.

At a Fifth Avenue Sanctuary.—The contralto had contraltoed, the soprano had shrieked for Providence to have mercy upon the choir for its miserable singing, the basso profundo had come up from "out of the depths," and Christian quiet pervaded the stillness.

"And now," said the simple-minded provincial minister who had "exchanged" for the day, "now we will begin the religious services."—*Life*.

Visitor (to magazine editor)—Do you care for any more war articles, sir?

Editor—No, I think not. The late rebellion has been pretty thoroughly written up.

Visitor—My articles would relate to a more recent conflict.

Editor—Indeed? What?

Visitor—I married a widow a year ago.—*West Shore*.

A Sure Sign.—Wife—I am afraid that our daughter is in love.

Husband—I guess not. What makes you think so?

Wife—She sighs dreadfully when reading the marriage notices in the paper, and she is in a deep study for some time afterward. I wonder if it is that young Spec?—*Drake's Magazine*.

Mr. Waffle—Aw, Miss West, kindly allow me to escort you into the banquetting salon.

Miss West—Pardon me, Mr. Waffle, but did you expect to walk, or ride?

Mr. Waffle (standing on her dress)—Why, walk, of course.

Miss West—Then, please, get off the train.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly*.

On the Qui Vive.—Lady Bucket (to new neighbor)—Ah! I suppose your dear little ones are quite expecting Master Algernon home now?

Visitor—Excited! Why they've been on the quinine all day.

And it didn't dawn upon her ladyship for hours afterward that her new friend meant *qui vive*.—*Topical Times*.

"My wife has a saving disposition," said Hicks. "When we got our upright piano she made a red plush cover for it, so that the rosewood wouldn't get scratched. Then she covered that with a sort of linen duster arrangement so as to save the plush. I tell you, women have great big minds."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A Teacher—What became of the devils after they were cast out?

Mission Pupil—Give it up, Boss.

A Teacher—They entered into a herd of swine.

Mission Pupil—Say, Boss, don't guy a cove; isn't it?

A Barnum's name signed to that?—*Puck*.

Walter (looking in on a noisy card party in hotel bedroom)—I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read.

Host of the Party—Tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was five years old.—*Pick Me Up*.

A Foolish Idea.—Caller—What do you think of the Berlin idea of uniforming reporters?

American Editor—Put reporters in uniform? Nonsense! Uniformed reporters would be of no more use in detecting crime than so many policemen.—*New York Weekly*.

Robbins—What makes old Bullion, the millionaire, dress so shabbily?

Robbins—Pride of station.

Robbins—How's that?

Robbins—He's afraid of being mistaken for a clerk.—*New York Weekly*.

"You are discontented with the wages I pay you, and yet at Mrs. Brown's you didn't have any more."

"That's so; and I did all the work there, too. But you see you want me to love all your children, and I must have extra pay for that."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The reporters were supposed to have lied, the lawyers acknowledged that they lied, and it was proved that the witnesses lied—but the account of the divorce suit was the most interesting thing the public had read in many a day.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Mrs. Inquisitive—Your husband must be earning more than he used to. I see you have a new seal-skin jacket.

Mrs. Straightface—No, indeed; he's learned how to fix the gas meter.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"I believe Gilets is going to write a farce-comedy," said one actor to another.

"What makes you think so?"

"He has subscribed to all the humorous papers."—*Washington Post*.

Wool—Why did Bagley fail in his country paper enterprise?

Van Belt—He struck a town where the people were all first and second cousins; they knew all the news a week before he could get hold of it.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A Snow Squall.—A man named Snow, living in the suburbs, was made a father a few days ago, and he sent this announcement to the local paper: "A little Snow drifted into my house last night."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Mrs. Small, this coffee won't settle," complained McWatty to his boarding-house keeper.

"Then it is in good company, Mr. McWatty," replied Mrs. Small, frigidly.—*New York Sun*.

The Proper Thing to Do.—"Did you see that article in the paper the other day on how to treat a corn?"

"Yes; I cut it out."—*Town Topics*.

Overlooked in the Printing Room.—Foreman—You didn't put any head on this Jude article.

Head line Editor—No. I didn't think it would be appropriate.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

A barking dog can not bite, but the trouble is that he is likely at any time to stop barking and take a piece out of your leg.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Did the fish man have frogs' legs, Bridget?"

"Sure, I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."—*Life*.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

MAY, 1891.



Assessment Notice for May.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., May, 1, 1891.
ASSESSMENT No. 20, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 398. Jno. F. Mitchell, of New State Lodge, No. 343, was killed in a Collision, October 25, 1890.

CLAIM No. 399. Fred. W. Snow, of Clark Kimball Lodge, No. 413, died of Pneumonia, December 16, 1890.

CLAIM No. 400. Chas. McGlinsey, of Red Mountain Lodge, No. 339, was killed by Railroad Accident, January 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 401. Myron S. Russell, of New State Lodge, No. 343, was killed in a Collision, February 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 402. Albert Englehart, of Lake Erie Lodge, No. 241, died from Injuries received by Railroad Accident, February 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 403. J. C. Smith, of Progress Lodge, No. 103, died of Pneumonia, February 16, 1891.

CLAIM No. 404. Amos Reed, of Golden Link Lodge, No. 250, died of Pneumonia, February 10, 1891.

CLAIM No. 405. Wm. H. Westfall, of Gilbert Lodge, No. 240, died of Ulceration of the Bowels, February 22, 1891.

CLAIM No. 406. Frank O'Connor, of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 39, was Run over and killed, February 26, 1891.

CLAIM No. 407. Jno. Poulton, of Peace Lodge, No. 109, died of Cerebral Apoplexy, February 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 408. Jno. J. Manning, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, died from Injuries received in a Collision, March 8, 1891.

CLAIM No. 409. Jno. Colwell, of Omega Lodge, No. 316, died of Degeneration of Liver, March 9, 1891.

CLAIM No. 410. Thos. Hensley, of Little Giant Lodge, No. 187, was declared totally Disabled by Organic Disease of the Heart, March 10, 1891.

CLAIM No. 411. Robt. F. Murphy, Jr., of Just in Time Lodge, No. 149, died of Dropsy of the Heart, March 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 412. Edward C. Berl, of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, was killed by Railway Accident, March 24, 1891.

CLAIM No. 413. Jno. C. Maloney, of Blooming Lodge, No. 40, was declared totally Disabled by Spinal Disease, January 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 414. Jno. C. Branham, of Evening Star Lodge, No. 112, was declared totally Disabled by Locomotor Ataxia, March 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 415. Fred W. Morrison, of F. G. Lawrence Lodge, No. 172, died of Perforation of Bowels, February 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 416. Patrick McCabe, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, died of Pneumonia, March 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 417. Jno. M. Grobben, of Phil Sheridan Lodge, No. 388, died of Injuries received by Railroad Accident, March 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 418. Thomas Flynn, of Apache Canon Lodge, No. 439, was killed in a Collision, March 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 419. Wm. H. Grant, of Arbitration Lodge, No. 320, died of Pneumonia, March 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 420. Edward F. Albrecht, of Lake Erie Lodge, No. 241, died of Peritonitis, March 30, 1891.

CLAIM No. 421. Jno. Wandell, of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, was declared totally Disabled by Phthisis, April 6, 1891.

CLAIM No. 422. Michael H. Brown, of Columbia Lodge, No. 252, was declared totally disabled with a Catarrhal condition of the Stomach.

CLAIM No. 423. James H. O'Leary, of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, was declared totally disabled by bullet wound in right elbow, February 2, 1891.

CLAIM No. 424. Otto Winter, of Loyal Lodge, No. 207, was declared totally disabled by Chronic Intimation of the Right Knee, March 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 425. Frank S. Staser, of Lehigh Lodge, No. 251, was Run Over and killed by Train, April 10, 1891.

An assessment of Two Dollars (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership May 1st, 1891, said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than May 20th, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all the benefits of the order, as per Section 52 of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Notice to Receivers.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 1st, 1891.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Your attention is called to Section 122 of the Constitution, which provides as follows:

"All application fees, upon the admission of applicants, shall be applied to their grand dues, provided that a member admitted after May 1st and prior to August 1st, shall be exempt from grand dues until the following fiscal year. Pursuant to the provisions of the foregoing section, you will not remit grand dues to the Grand Lodge for members admitted after May 1st. All grand dues coming into your hands for members admitted after May 1st (which are collected from applicants as application fees) you will hold until you make your annual returns for grand dues (in August) for the year ending July 31st, 1892, when you will credit such members on your statements for said year and remit their grand dues with the rest.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., April 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIES AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of March, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$170	78	\$80	145	\$232	217	\$60	289	\$66	361	\$130				
2	18	79	92	146	142	218	54	290	12	362					
3	474	75	200	147		219	94	291	64	363	130				
4	94	76	64	148	108	220	84	292	48	364					
5	204	77	290	149	382	221	88	293	42	365	42				
6	112	78	152	150	162	222	70	294	78	366	58				
7	92	79	74	151	94	223	50	295	44	367	62				
8	302	80	54	152	98	224	296	76	368	68					
9	146	81	180	153	58	225	30	297	369	92					
10	166	82	142	154	226	116	298	70	370	32					
11	88	83	148	155	76	227	70	299	90	371	36				
12	258	84	148	156	86	228	266	300	66	372	78				
13	85	85	157	157	42	229	60	301	62	373	34				
14	330	86	156	158	154	230	184	302	36	374	74				
15	98	87	159	159	142	231	118	303	36	375	44				
16	198	88	130	160	138	232	62	304	36	376	74				
17	89	89	28	161	34	233	38	305	46	377	104				
18	106	90	102	162	240	234	84	306	126	378	136				
19	91	91	96	163	81	235	154	307	94	379	74				
20	78	92	88	164	106	236	68	308	60	380	46				
21	166	93	122	165	118	237	138	309	94	381	68				
22	20	94	126	166	106	238	108	310	70	382	92				
23	30	95	167	167	116	239	84	311	44	383	54				
24	120	96	92	168	92	240	158	312	44	384	50				
25	148	97	188	169	241	244	813	58	385	24					
26	140	98	76	170	242	228	314	130	386	40					
27	154	99	202	171	52	243	40	315	132	387	44				
28	140	100	92	172	244	104	316	114	388	88					
29	58	101	178	173	98	245	128	317	48	389	72				
30	66	102	98	174	146	246	118	318	58	390	60				
31	108	103	246	175	156	247	319	56	391	90					
32	56	104	82	176	68	248	118	320	142	392	36				
33	110	105	177	177	74	249	110	321	40	393					
34	70	106	38	178	162	250	214	322	82	394	10				
35	50	107	107	179	42	251	216	323	38	395					
36	104	108	58	180	38	252	160	324	38	396	102				
37	110	109	110	181	34	253	68	325	42	397	56				
38	58	110	70	182	254	326	82	398	50						
39	130	111	170	183	255	64	327	399	40						
40	110	112	80	184	50	256	62	328	400	58					
41	70	113	142	185	56	257	329	22	401	76					
42	34	114	38	186	118	258	52	330	70	402	52				
43	136	115	64	187	66	259	106	331	403						
44	166	116	140	188	260	78	332	404	54						
45	148	117	100	189	261	70	333	180	405	100					
46	98	118	50	190	98	262	102	334	54	406	32				
47	174	119	48	191	263	106	335	68	407	64					
48	114	120	192	192	264	106	336	30	408	44					
49	94	121	110	193	66	265	120	337	140	409	34				
50	234	122	60	194	266	134	338	74	410	56					
51	128	186	195	76	267	88	339	144	411	42					
52	151	124	100	196	138	268	48	340	70	412	60				
53	86	125	54	197	104	269	198	341	58	413					
54	214	126	80	198	68	270	208	342	254	414	52				
55	68	127	107	199	92	271	66	343	40	415	152				
56	68	128	62	200	32	272	38	344	76	416	80				
57	372	129	188	201	92	273	120	345	38	417	32				
58	78	130	128	202	274	50	346	30	418	28					
59	190	131	112	203	150	275	80	347	44	419	68				
60	22	132	104	204	40	276	56	348	120	420	58				
61	170	133	136	205	126	277	26	349	84	421	38				
62	112	134	102	206	110	278	350	64	422	66					
63	68	135	207	164	279	40	351	32	423	80					
64	86	136	40	208	58	280	40	352	78	424	78				
65	90	137	54	209	88	281	66	353	66	425	80				
66	96	138	94	210	48	282	62	354	106	426	38				
67	162	139	50	211	120	283	80	355	66	427	32				
68	90	140	160	212	76	284	216	356	428	38					
69	80	141	244	213	36	285	138	357	429	36					
70	70	142	212	214	74	286	358	52	430	26					
71	134	143	215	118	287	116	359	84	431	48					
72	182	144	216	288	40	360	432								

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	\$34	436	\$22	439	\$50	442	445	448			
434	64	437	40	440	48	443	446	449			
435	32	438	26	441	444	447	450				

Balance on hand March 1, 1891 \$37,515 75
Received during month 38,130 00

Total \$75,645 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405,
406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413 and 414, \$24,500 00

Balance on hand April 1, 1891 \$51,145 75

* NOTE.—\$1,000.00 allowed by Second Biennial Convention.

Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

Magazine Agents ATTENTION!

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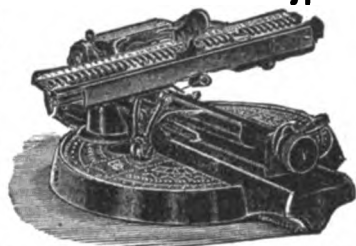
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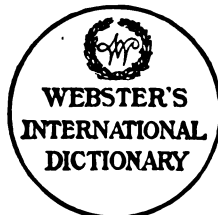


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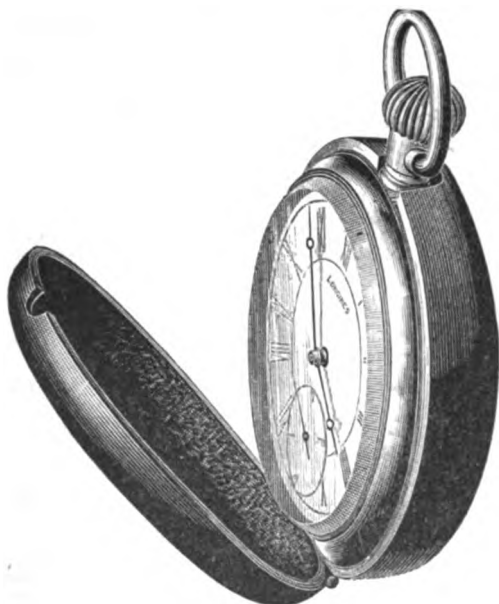
At 6 per cent. on policies by this first class fraternal Order. Anybody can act as an agent. Active farmers do well. Ladies also. \$200 to \$4,900 in from 3 to 7 years during life, and \$7 to \$43 weekly in sickness. Mention this paper and write at once to (Big Pay.)

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do well also. Address MRS. K. F. General Agent Ladies Dept., 8 Union Square, New York, for particulars. or list of 500 claims paid in '91.

AJAX INSULATORS

Will Protect all Watches
Against Magnetism.

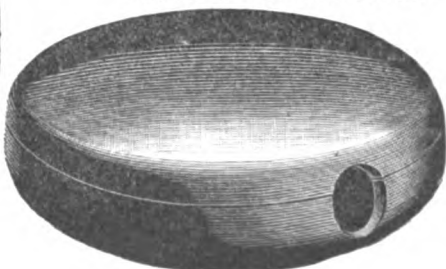


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They are Cheap. Protect from all ordinary Magnetic Influences. Reduce wear and tear of the case.

Convenient in Use.
Perfect in Action.
Made in Various Sizes.



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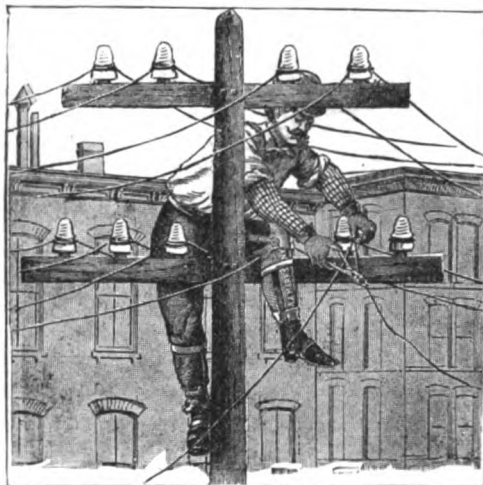
NEWARK WATCH CASE MATERIAL COMPANY,

A. MILNE, PRESIDENT.

NEWARK, N. J.

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN LEGS AND ARMS, (MARKS' PATENTS.)

WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
DURABLE IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION,
NATURAL IN THEIR ACTION,



NOISELESS IN THEIR MOVEMENTS,
and the MOST COMFORTABLE for the wearer. It is not unusual to see a farmer working in the fields with an artificial leg, or a brakeman plying his brake on a fast running train, or an engineer with hand on the throttle, or a fireman, carpenter, mason, miner, in fact, men of every vocation at labor in the full capacity of their employment, wearing one or two artificial legs with rubber feet, performing as much as men in possession of all their natural members, earning the same wages, in fact, experiencing little or no inconvenience in the use of their rubber extremities.

ALVAH YOUNG is a living example of the remarkable degree to which rubber feet restore lost members. He is a lineman employed by an electric light company. He lost one of his legs some years ago in a railroad accident. He had a Marks' rubber foot artificial leg applied and since then has engaged in active manual labor earning his livelihood. He will climb a pole as dexterously as any of his associates, hold himself on the cross bar with his artificial limb and place the wires in a thoroughly workmanlike way.

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THE PHOSPHOR BRONZE SMELTING CO. LIMITED

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ORIGINAL MANUFACTURERS OF PHOSPHOR-BRONZE IN THE UNITED STATES AND OWNERS OF THE U.S. PATENTS.

CHRISTIAN BAUMANN,

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FOSTER'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

Chopart's Apparatus, Trusses, Supporters and Apparatus for all kinds of Deformities; Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensory Bandages, Shoulder Braces, and Metallic Furnishings for Artificial Limbs.

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—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

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Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.

Apply into the Nostrils. — It is Quickly Absorbed.
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PRICES REDUCED.



**BAKER'S
TRIPOLINE**

THE BEST METAL POLISH IN THE WORLD.

For this year prices to firemen (as agents) will be: One pound boxes, per dozen, \$2.25; one-half gross lots, \$12; gross lots, \$22.50. Three pound pails, \$5.50 per dozen. Five pound pails, \$8.75 per dozen.

Cash must always come with orders to avoid delay. Bed rock prices are here given to firemen as agents and they cannot and must not expect to buy from dealers at these prices. Samples sent free on application. Address

**THE MATCHLESS METAL POLISH CO.,
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\$1,000 FOR AN OLD COIN

**IF YOU HAVE
ANY COINS**

dated before 1871, with plain date, send us a list. We pay high prices for hundreds of dates and kinds. Among coins that we want are: silver dollars dated between 1794 and 1868; dates of half dollars before 1864; quarters of all dates before 1868; all dates twenty-cent pieces; all dates dimes before 1868; silver five-cent pieces before 1867; five-cent nickels of 1877 and 1883; all dates of silver three-cent pieces; nickel three-cent pieces before 1870; two-cent pieces between 1864 and 1873; all large copper cents, also small cents with eagles on, also cents of 1873 and 1877; all half cents; foreign coins, fractional and Confederate currency, etc. For above we pay big amounts over face value, if in required condition. This is a comparatively new business, and by merely keeping your eyes open when handling money, you may find many coins that we want. A short time since (Jan. 23), a Scotchman in an Illinois town found one coin worth \$700. Others have done even better. The New York World says: "Many people have become rich by looking after coins wanted by collectors." The Home Journal says: "Collecting coins is a very profitable business nowadays, as there are but few in it. One Boston broker, Mr. W. E. Skinner, buys from agents all over the country, and pays them big sums for rare coins." Coins that are very hard to find in one section of the country are often easily found in others. Largest business, highest prices, prompt payments, best references. Write at once for further particulars, enclosing stamp for reply, which may be worth hundreds of dollars, perhaps a fortune, to you.

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WHEEL**

Of progress too often becomes the Wheel of Destruction, and at such times the possession of a staunch, true friend to whom the

RAILROADER'S FAMILY

Can appeal in their sorrow is the greatest boon on earth. Such a friend is the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**, of Indianapolis, whose unparalleled growth during the past year, showing an increase of

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Over the previous season, unanswerably demonstrates its overwhelming popularity with the Rail-
roaders of America.

THINK OF IT!

If you should get caught in that fatal accident which visits so many noble men, and leave nothing to your dear ones, what would become of them? A Certificate of Membership in the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION** is as safe and certain as a landed estate, and the relief it secures to the bereaved family is flashed over the wires the very moment the news of a stroke of misfortune reaches the Home Office. No sensible Railroader longer doubts it his duty to carry first-class Accident Insurance. Do not postpone until it is too late, but take a membership with us

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—FOR—

Brotherhoods of Firemen,

ENGINEERS, CONDUCTORS,

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—CURES—

**Malaria, Dyspepsia,
Nervous and Sick Headaches,**

All Liver, Kidney, Stomach Troubles

It is a sure protection against
Diphtheria, Scarlet, Typhoid, Billi-
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ers; will also cure Chronic Diarrhoea,
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For further information send for pamphlet or
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READILY ATTACHED OR REMOVED BY ANY ONE.**

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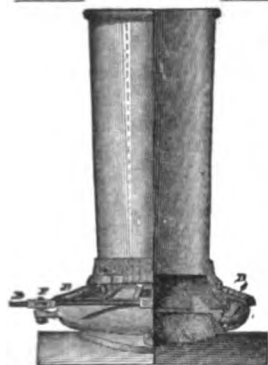
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VARIABLE EXHAUST DAMPER, FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

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The use of the Damper, placed under control of the Fireman, assists him in the performance of his duties, so that, according to his testimony, the difference is as day and night, as compared with an engine without the Stack Damper.

RESULTS:

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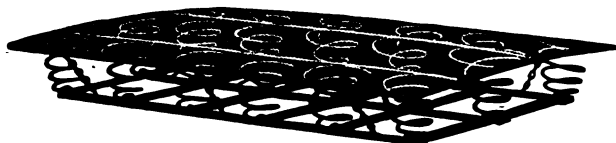
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Why not make your seat in the cab easy by having one of the BUCKEYE CAB SEATS, like above cut? Have been tested and not found wanting. They are cheap and durable, having steel tempered springs and band steel bottom. Save unnecessary jarring. Over 400 in use. Price \$2.00 per seat not over 24 inches long.

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226 pages, with 150 diagrams and illustrations,
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VALVE OIL**

More perfect lubrication insured, and guarantee entire freedom from corrosion, honey-combing of cylinders and destruction of joints of steam chest by fatty acids.

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Will clean thoroughly, preserve, and extend the life of Paint and Varnish.

Will make a Locomotive look new.

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BEST PAIL MADE.

We have many testimonials like the following:

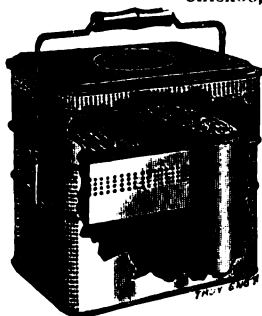
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Gentlemen:

I promised to let you know how I liked your Dinner Pail and would say I have been using lunch pails more or less for the past 7 or 8 years and I like yours the best of all. Lunch keeps fresh and sweet and the coffee can is just the thing. Take it all through it is the boss pail.

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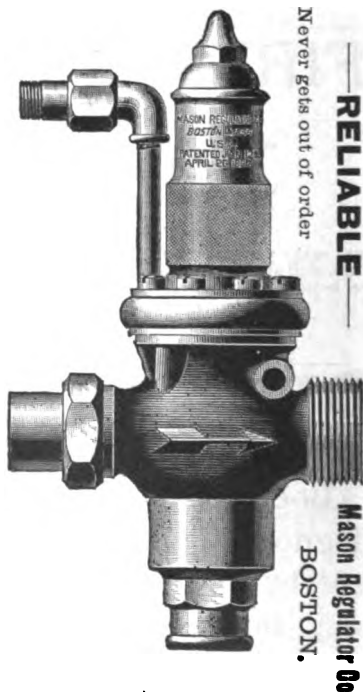


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Never Gets out of order

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CELEBRATED

Pocahontas Semi-Bituminous Coal.

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The Pocahontas Coal is acknowledged by all railroads that have used it to be the best American coal for Locomotive use. It generates steam with great rapidity, and at the same time holds the fire an unusually long time. The merits of the coal are shown by the unprecedented growth of the mines, which were not opened until 1883. Since that time the outputs have increased over 1,200 per cent., amounting in 1887 to 1,300,000 tons. During the present year it will be at least 2,000,000 tons. We are therefore prepared to fill all orders with prompt dispatch.

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Represented by THOMAS PROSSER & SON,
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After a test of over twenty-five years the "KRUPP TIRE" has proved itself the best in the market.

If a reliable article is wanted which will give satisfaction, get KRUPP'S.

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12 BROADWAY,
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—The Leading Manufacturers of—

RAILROAD LUBRICANTS

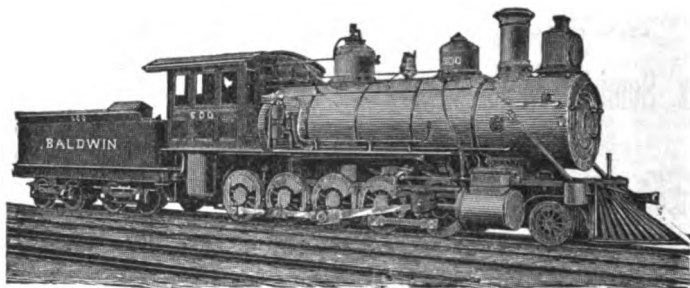
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Are in constant use on many
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ESTABLISHED 1831.
ANNUAL CAPACITY, 1000.



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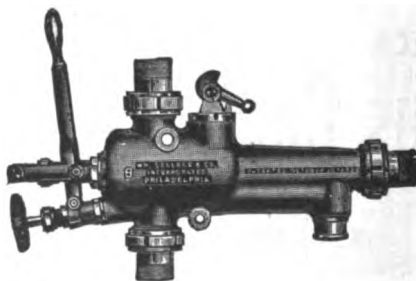
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Range of Capacity over 60 per cent., and can be regulated, therefore, to work continuously for light or heavy trains. Never fails to promptly lift hot or cold water.

No service on a locomotive sufficiently severe to permanently stop its working.

IT WILL RE-START ITSELF

should the Jet break from interruption of the stream or water supply, as soon as the supply is resumed.

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Very easily operated—Started by pulling out the lever, and stopped by pushing the lever in. Descriptive Circular and Price List sent on application to Office and Works.

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Can there be any reason assigned why a man whose Business brings him in contact with Oil and Dust should not return to his home at the close of his day's labor With Face and Hands as Clean as Those of His Neighbor, the Merchant! No! is the answer to this question, if he uses

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

One cake of this Efficacious and Harmless Remedy for removing Dirt and Every Species of Discoloration, will perform its work, leaving Hands and Face the perfection of

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Before the healing influences of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, Abrasions of the Skin, Pimples, Sores, and all Unsightly Eruptions vanish, and in their stead appears a skin as

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For Sale By Druggists Everywhere.

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN LEGS AND ARMS,

(MARKS' PATENTS.)

WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.

DURABLE IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION,

NATURAL IN THEIR ACTION,

NOISELESS IN THEIR MOVEMENTS,

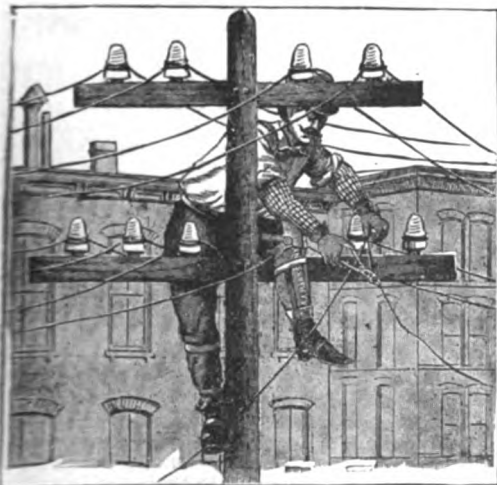
and the MOST COMFORTABLE for the wearer. It is not unusual to see a farmer working in the fields with an artificial leg, or a brakeman plying his brake on a fast running train, or an engineer with hand on the throttle, or a fireman, carpenter, mason, miner, in fact, men of every vocation at labor in the full capacity of their employment, wearing one or two artificial legs with rubber feet, performing as much as men in possession of all their natural members, earning the same wages, in fact, experiencing little or no inconvenience in the use of their rubber extremities.

ALVAH YOUNG is a living example of the remarkable degree to which rubber feet restore lost members. He is a lineman employed by an electric light company. He lost one of his legs some years ago in a railroad accident. He had a Marks' rubber foot artificial leg applied and since then has engaged in active manual labor earning his livelihood. He will climb a pole as dexterously as any of his associates, hold himself on the cross bar with his artificial limb and place the wires in a thoroughly workmanlike way.

Artificial legs and arms with rubber feet and hands can be constructed from measurements and sent to the wearer in any part of the world. A Treatise of 400 pages with a thousand testimonials and full instructions for home measurements will be sent without charge. Established over 37 years. Over 11,000 artificial limbs with rubber hands and feet in use. U. S. Government manufacturers.

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Good morning

Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

"I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely Realises my ideal of perfection;

Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN BABE."

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Insist on having Pears' Soap. Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and storekeepers for the sole purpose of making more profit out of you.

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Beecham's Pills

are the most wonderful antidote yet discovered for ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.



A Box of these pills, costing only twenty-five cents, constitutes a family medicine chest. Wind and Pain in and Weakness of the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blistches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep,

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If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, **SCOTT'S EMULSION**

**OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
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OF LIME AND SODA**

IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil*. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis,*

CONSUMPTION,

Scrofula, and as a *Flesh Producer* there is nothing like **SCOTT'S EMULSION.**

It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST"



*"Samuel, my boy,
They've a quarrelled.
Her mother-in-law says
There 'is nothin' like
VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.
An' the shepherd sticks
To his rum and water.
'There 's no need to
Drop him in the Water-
But after all Samuel!"*

TONY WELER.

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EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

THE MACHINE AND THE MAN.

Mechanical invention is not only the wonder of the age, but it is the supreme wonder—the over-mastering marvel.

Man's inventive genius attacks the impossible of to-day—is laughed to scorn for his temerity—to-morrow the world is amazed at accounts of success, the next day the feat is accomplished. The invention takes its place in the "labor-saving" machines, and men grapple some other impossibility, and the work goes on forever.

Inventions multiply, progress is accelerated, wealth increases, fortunes grow to colossal proportions and ten thousand witnesses stand ready to testify to the marvellous advancement, and the gigantic strides of progress are credited largely to the invention of labor-saving machinery. This progress defies prosaic description, it tasks fanciful expression and challenges arithmetical numbers. Writers never weary of telling the conquests of the machine, of its elevating power and civilizing influences. The inventor of labor-

saving machines begins to tower loftily above warriors of renown. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, are dwarfed when compared with the man who invented the reaper, the mow-er, the sewing machine, and the thousand other machines that have come to *bless* the workingman.

It would be utter folly to complain; to murmur, to lament, to grumble or *kick*, it is believed in many quarters, is to "fly in the face of Providence," that divine over-sight that takes notice of the fall of a sparrow. We do not know why sparrows are specially referred to in the Scriptures. In one case it is said, "The sparrow hath found a nest," which the "Sweet Singer of Israel" seemed to think was worthy of special mention. Again it is written, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" * * "Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Some one asks, doubtless, what has all this to do with the subject—"The Machine and the Man?" Well, more or less, as men may believe that

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

Hence, the conclusion, that the machine is the order of Providence, and that under all circumstances, man is in the special care of that "Divinity that shapes our ends."

We are told that man is of "more value than many sparrows," and that a sparrow that is sold for *half a farthing* cannot "fall on the ground without your (our) Father"—and the question, can the great boon of the labor-saving machine relieve a man of work and wages, let him "fall on the ground,"

force him into idleness and starvation, without the notice of our Heavenly Father, and if such notice is had, how is it manifested? According to the Scriptures, sparrows were once wonderfully cheap, "five for two farthings," or two-fifths of a farthing each. Now, a farthing is the fourth of a penny, two farthings are half of a penny, or five-tenths of a penny, hence a sparrow was worth one-tenth of a penny, and we are told that a man is "of more value than many sparrows." How many sparrows at one-tenth of a penny each is equal to one man? When the machine is introduced, the labor-saving machine, that takes work from the hand, wages from the pocket, and bread from the mouth, that evicts the man and his family from shelter, drives him out in the highway, how many sparrows, dead or alive, is he worth? What value does the owner of the machine place upon him? How does society estimate him? Is the question hard to answer? Not specially difficult. The labor-saving machine has dismissed him. His occupation is gone. He must live. Somebody must support him. He becomes, to put it mildly, a pauper; he becomes a loafer; and yet, the world shouts "*vive la machine!*" and why not? It is in the line of evolution, the "survival of the fittest," the strongest. The machine is the strongest, and man, made "in the image of God," and but a "little lower than God," is required to give place to the machine, to "horse-power." He has to surrender his place at the banqueting table of nature. The machine has broken his plate, removed the food. "The sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest," but the machine has taken the "house" from the workingman. He is less fortunate than the birds, less fortunate than a prairie dog or the fox; in fact, in earth nor air, is there anything animate so unfortunate as the man who must work for bread, from whom work has been taken by the machine. The machine is always in alliance with capital. The capitalist always owns the machine, or, to put it milder, the employés.

As we write we have in view a shop; we see twenty women at work at \$1.00 a day; say they work 300 days in a year, the cost to the employer is \$6,000.

A machine is invented which can do the

work of the twenty women; its cost is \$1,000. It is guaranteed to last ten years. The interest on \$1,000 at 6 per cent. is \$60 a year; the wear of the machine is \$100. It requires one woman to manage it at \$1.00 a day—\$300—we will now say that costs \$50 a year to keep the machine in order.

Now, how stands the account for one year? How much has the machine netted the employer?

20 women at \$1.00 a day 300 days	\$6,000
Machine, \$1,000 at 6 per cent.	\$60
Wear one year	100
1 woman manager at \$1.00 a day, 300 days	300
Cost of repair 1 year	50—510

Net profit to employer	\$5,490
And net loss to the women of	5,700

It will be observed that the net gain to the employer a year was \$5,490, or, in ten years, the life of the machine, \$54,900, a comfortable fortune, and a loss to the women for the same period of \$57,000.

Says a writer in the *Mechanical News* in discussing the "effect of machinery on labor":

The use of machinery is affecting labor in various ways. It affects wages, both in regard to that paid for the amount of the product produced and the amount received per day. It also affects the grade of labor—in some cases elevating and in others depressing it. It also affects the distribution of labor—in some cases throwing men out of their life-long employment, in many cases bringing multitudes of men under the direction of one man, or of a few men. Where there were many small industries in former times, employing a few men in each of many centers, the use of machinery has dried them up, and the same industries are now carried on with massed capital at a few centers. It also results in a new division of labor, and in building up specialties.

In this, whatever may be said of "national progress," there is not one syllable that goes to show that labor as a body is benefited. On the contrary, it does show that labor as a whole suffers. The writer from whom we have quoted says:

In former days a shoemaker made shoes, but now scarcely any one goes to the shoe shop to get them made; he goes to the store and buys them already made, and finds that the "fits" are improved upon from year to year. When one man with a boot-machine can put on 1,200 soles in ten hours, as has been done, or can average half that number day after day, the country shoemaker cannot afford to buy pegs and drive them with a hammer. Capital takes possession of the machines, added capital lays in immense stocks of leather and other supplies, and employs a few men to turn out sufficient boots and shoes to supply the whole community.

The question arises, the old question, the

chestnut question with the bur on, "What are you going to do about it?"

Possibly something of an ameliorating character might be done, were it not for the fact that the moment anything is suggested in the line of the improvement of conditions, the man who suggests any plan of betterment is assailed with foul epithets, often worse than decayed eggs. He is dubbed a crank, dreamer, an enthusiast, a lunatic, a labor agitator, an enemy of order and the foe of capital, and remedies are kicked aside as chimerical and unworthy of consideration.

The inauguration of the eight-hour work-day is profoundly philosophical, whether viewed from a moral or an economic standpoint—and yet, the great body of employers resist it with unabated desperation.

Other remedies, rational in their bearings upon the well-being of society, could be introduced, but the present is the age of the machine, and in its march logic and life go down together. Pleadings for men are of no more consequence than was Noah's preaching to the antediluvians, who took no stock in the flood theory, and who, on the tops of the highest mountains, with the water up to their chins, still believed there was not going to be much of a storm.

THE GREAT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

All the vexatious preliminaries relating to the National and International Columbian Exposition at Chicago have been settled and *work* has begun.

As a means of celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, the Exposition may be, and doubtless is, the best that human wisdom could devise.

As an epoch it stands out in peculiar grandeur. It was the finding of a new world. It was an event which has challenged genius in vain to write of it in a style worthy of Columbus, and the splendor of the achievement has yet to be told by some unborn Homer.

The purpose now is to do the subject some sort of justice in the way of an exposition—and here we ask, an exposition of what?

Is the demand made that the kings of the

old world shall send their crowns and scepters and royal robes to be hung up in rooms set apart for their exhibition?

Is the demand made that any of the royal breeds of the old world shall come to the new, with their titles and decorations, and parade in Chicago with their gorgeous equipages, out-riders and footmen for the delectation of the populace?

Are American plutocrats invited to exhibit their watered stocks and bonds to the admiring gaze of men and angels, while their owners, clothed in purple and fine linen, strut about the buildings, and like old Nebuchadnezzar, boastingly inquire: "Are not these great buildings and this great exposition things which we have built by the power of our money and for our honor, and to impress upon all observers the fact that we are on top?"

It does'nt make a particle of difference whether such demands are made or not, the plutocrats have secured control of the great Columbian Exposition, and it will be managed in their interest. The nabob class grappled it from the first, and up to this day no other class has been recognized, or if recognized, the recognition has been that which the servant receives when his master nods his head.

The question arises, What are to be the attractions at the great Columbian Exposition?

The answer is, such things, and only such things, as labor makes it possible for the plutocrats to exhibit.

The very buildings are eloquent epics in honor of labor. Work and skill, from the breaking of the sod to the last touch on the domes of the buildings—all, everything, everywhere, thrills the air with the sounding praises of work.

Neither in Congress nor out of Congress, when the question of appropriations was up for debate, was one word ever said of the one class, and the only class that by any possibility could make the Exposition possible.

In the selection of officers, by whatever name designated, workingmen were tabooed, as if they were a pestilence, and selections were made from a list of speculators, third-class lawyers, broken down politicians, not one of whom by any possibility outside of a

miracle could make any one thing or design any one thing that would sell for five cents to a junk dealer. There are scores of them, and their mercenary proclivities were so conspicuously exhibited as to call for a halt and a rebuke from Congress.

So far the entire business has been aristocratic and plutocratic, and just how low the price of labor could be depressed has been the only one thing indicative of what the commissioners call economy; in all else boundless extravagance has distinguished every move on the Exposition chess board, and the indications are the same policy will be pursued to the end.

Why should it be otherwise? It was so when Egypt's slaves built the pyramids. The same when the Persian slaves built the hanging gardens of Babylon; the same when all of the seven wonders and the seven thousand wonders of the world were built, and now is to be repeated at Chicago, where workmen must be content to earn \$2 a day and receive on an average \$1 a day upon which to rear families and lay the foundations of such colossal fortunes as will keep their remains, when dead, out of Potter's fields.

We may not know as much of Columbus as could be desired, but he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. From a boy before the mast he became an expert sailor and navigator, and may have had an idea that the brains of the world were not monopolized by plutocrats, the prevailing sentiment in the United States, and one which finds loud expression in all matters connected with the Columbian Exposition.

There have been several international exhibitions in the United States and elsewhere. If all that was said of them could be printed in books, it would require a search warrant and a Pinkerton detective to find in them all, so much as a hundred lines eulogistic of labor—all the credit goes to kings, aristocrats, plutocrats, and numberless smaller fry—the fawning sycophants of wealth, the buzzing, blue-tailed flies, who are so delighted with being permitted to be in the presence of the rich that they flaunt their degradation as fools do their caps and bells.

Europe is to come to America to see how great we are, how effectually we emanci-

pated one class of slaves, and how adequate is our power to compel white men as well as negroes to wear fetters. They will see thousands of working men, answering to numbers, known by figures, as Texas steers are known by their brands.

The Exposition, to inquisitive Europeans, will enable them to learn that in the way of plutocrats, America is abreast of Europe and going ahead at a thundering gait. They will see the American Congress in session and American Legislatures in session, and hear repeated the old *chestnut* that the members of these bodies are the "servants of the people," but will readily see that they are masters rather than servants, and that between the laws they make and others not made, the plutocrats manage to rob the "dear people," as owners of sheep ranches shear their sheep, and though they will hear much about the sovereignty of the people, they will readily appreciate the hugeness of the joke and the thinness of the sham. They will see that what we call American is eminently European, and that all power is vested in money, whatever may be said to the contrary.

The climax of proprieties would have been reached, since the Exposition exposes nothing but the triumphs of labor, to have designated representative men in the ranks of labor to have shared in its glory. The task would have been an easy one—men thoroughly equipped for the work could have been named, and in the act, justice to labor would have been recognized and appreciated.

But such selections would have displeased plutocrats and snobs, and the great Columbian Exposition will be run in their interests. Sic transit—Yankee Doodle.

HELP us in the good work of erecting a monument where grand old Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep. Every fireman in the land should be proud to contribute to such a purpose.

HAVE you contributed to the Robinson Monument Fund? The fund *will* be raised and the monument *will* be erected. Don't you want to help mark the spot where the old hero sleeps?

THE TRAMP.

We clip the following pen picture of the "tramp" from the *Chicago Herald* :

The time of the year for violets, and also for tramps, is drawing near. Did you ever stop and think just what it means to be a tramp? It means no work, no money, no home, no shelter, no friends. Nobody in all the world to care whether you live, or die like a dog by the roadside. It means no heaven for such rags to crawl into, no grave to hide them out of sight and no hand stretched out in all the world to give the greeting and the good-bye of love. It means nobody in all the world to feel any interest in you and no spot in all the world to call your own, not even the mud wherein your vagrant footprint falls; no prospect ahead, and no link unbroken to bind you to the past. I tell you, when we sit down and figure out just what the term means, it will not be quite so easy next time the wretched tramp calls at our door to set the dog upon him or turn him empty-handed away. Let them work, you say. Look here, my good friend, do you know how absolutely impossible a thing it is getting to be in this overcrowded country for even a willing man to find work? It used to be that "every dog had his day," but the dogs far outnumber the days in free America. I know well-educated, competent men who have been out of employment for months and years. I know brave and earnest women, with little children to support, who have worn beaten paths from place to place seeking, not charity, but honest employment, and failed to find it. What chance is there for a ragged tramp when such as these fail? Remember, once in a while, if you can, that the most grizzled and wretched tramp that ever plodded his way to a pauper's grave was once a child and cradled in arms perhaps as fond as those that enfolded you and me. Remember that your mother and his were made sisters by the pangs of maternal pain, and perhaps in the heaven from which the saintly eyes of your mother are watching for you his mother is looking out for him. Perhaps—who knows?—the footfall of the ragged and despised tramp shall gain upon yours and find the gate of deliverance first, in spite of your money and your pride. Stranger things have happened.

In the foregoing there is abundant food for reflection. From the center to the circumference of the country, on all the highways and byways, the tramp may be seen. He is always ragged, always hungry—often filthy, often vicious—always the victim of misfortune.

The advent of the tramp is of recent date. He is the product of the war of the rebellion. He came, strange to say, when peace was declared. When the armies were disbanded and the soldiers came marching home, with waving banners, shouts of victory and bands playing national anthems in

honor of a Union "one and indivisible," the tramp made his appearance. Families were broken up, children scattered, and employment almost impossible. Men started out to find work. Then the tramp was an honest, courageous man. His purpose was to find work; but all over this broad land the same conditions prevailed.

The war created intense activity in every department of industry. When peace came, the reaction was universal. The demand for army supplies ceased; shops were closed, and the army of idlers increased at a fearful rate. To add to the grimness of the situation, there came a financial, mercantile and industrial panic, brought about by bankers, gold speculators—the men who had grown rich upon the misfortunes of others. Before the fierceness of the storm the strong and the weak went down together. Failures were piled upon failures; bankruptcy was universal. Factory, forge and shop were silent. Gloom enshrouded the land. The cry was gold! gold! gold! Confidence was wrecked and the workingmen of the nation were the victims of untold calamities, and tramps multiplied.

The haggard truth, that "idleness is the prolific parent of crime," was brought into fearful prominence. The cry was "work!" but there was not work for all. Multiplied thousands were idle, and were steadily drifting into criminal habits. The result was inevitable—a crime committed by one tramp was charged to all the unfortunate class. Suspicion was everywhere aroused. The tramp, without home, friends, money or work, became an outcast—a vagabond. The hand of society was against him, and his hand was against society, and now the country is confronted with the fact that it has an established vagabond class known as the "tramp." These outcasts are everywhere, and their number is steadily increasing. They are found by the wayside, in barns, under haystacks; they beg, they steal, and are incendiaries or murderers, as suits their necessities to live. They are on all the railway trains, stealing transportation at the risk of their lives. During the inclement season they herd together in cities, and when summer comes they tramp throughout all the rural districts, and every-

where are regarded as the enemies of society.

The picture is not overdrawn. It is needless to say there are honest tramps seeking for employment, ready and willing to do an honest day's work for such wages as they can obtain, but they seldom, if ever, get credit for their good intentions, and are classed with the vicious.

It is well, just here, to inquire if the industrial system now in vogue in the United States is favorable for the increase of the tramp army?

It will not be denied, that now, as never before, industries are being controlled by the few. Necessarily so, because the few have secured vastly the largest per cent. of the wealth of the country. The few, so to speak, are the generals of industry, and hence the commanders of workingmen. Their authority is supreme—absolute. There is no appeal from their decision. Courts cannot interfere, as for instance, when the papers announce that certain corporations have dismissed from employment *certain* hundreds of employes, or have, for their convenience, "locked" them out. There is no appeal. Work and wages cease. Wages down to a point that barely sufficed to keep soul and body together, have all been expended. Henceforth what? What of the future? Does the corporation care? Does the general commanding inquire? Does society interest itself in the matter? Do Christians contemplate the grim situation of the unfortunates with prayerful solicitude? Not a bit of it. The discharged employes are required to face the storm as best they can. There are always some heroes in such calamities who survive, strong men who can battle against adversity and live, but there are a far greater number who go down; who, disheartened and despairing, give up the struggle and join the army of tramps.

Here we ask, what force or forces are employed to counteract such disasters? We know of but one—ORGANIZATION. It is the one force that antagonizes the tramp policy of the Generals of Industry—the commanders of workingmen. It is the one thing needful in times like the present, when industries are consolidating into great trusts, and one man, by the exercise of the

power born of consolidated wealth, remands men, at his will, to idleness and to all the woes which idleness inflicts.

We do not contend that organization, as it now exists, is equal to the emergency, for, stately as it may appear to some, it still lacks the essentials of invincibility. But the movement is in the right direction. Hopes brighten as we contemplate the trend of workingmen's thought and aspiration. The one thing wanting is the unification of workingmen's organizations; not "amalgamation"—the term conveys no proper idea of requirements. To illustrate our idea: Take the carpenters' movement. Their demand is an eight-hour day, certain stipulated wages, etc. Carpenters form one class of the "building trades." There are others, the stone masons, the brick masons, the plasterers, the plumbers, the hod carriers. These all belong to the building trades. If there is a lock-out of the one, let it be, by the commanding power of unification, the lock-out of all. Let the hush of Pompeii come upon the city when the Generals of Industry pursue a policy that remands any one of these trades into idleness, relying upon *scabs* to do their work. This would prove availing; this would make organization invincible; this is federation—it is organized victory.

Take a textile factory, where there are pickers, carders, spinners and weavers, and other distinct departments. If each is organized, and all are federated, the General of Industry—the arrogant commander of wage workers—will consider long and well before he attacks the united body—before he issues his commands to replenish and multiply the army of tramps.

It is not required to proceed further with the illustration. To use a phrase, the reader will readily "catch on."

We do not hesitate to admit that the outlook sometimes is gloomy. The resources of the Generals of Industry are so vast and so quickly applied that resistance seems, sometimes, almost vain. But the fact remains, hopes center in organization and unification—in federation. Without it, tramps will multiply as the sands of the desert. Workingmen, if they hope for security from the corporation, will not emulate the confid-

ing lamb in the presence of the wolf, the fool fly, when listening to the flattering siren song of the spider. When too late, they will say farewell to independence and join the ranks of idlers and fall into line with the army of tramps.

THE PLUTOCRATIC PROGRAM.

Coming events do cast their shadows before. The man is blind who fails to see along and athwart the pathway of labor shadows of fearful portent.

The mariner, in mid ocean, does not, as he scans the skies, treat with indifference a dark cloud, however small, that lifts its head above the horizon. He does not become frightened and demoralized, but he does think of his ship, of mast, sails and ropes, and life boats. He will know that his ship is in the best possible trim to outride the storm, if it comes.

No friend of labor, who is in any sense capable of estimating the outlook, will deny that along the horizon, and steadily mounting upward are evidences of a coming storm. The almost universal verdict is, that there is for labor in the United States an impending crisis.

We are no alarmist. We are not of the family of soothsayers, astrologers, and seers. We are not learned in mystical lore, but we sometimes, like thousands of others, see the shadows of coming events. Claiming no exceptional acuteness of hearing, we know that even now, there is fighting going forward on the skirmish line which divides the laboring and the capitalistic classes. The rattle of the musketry is heard from Pennsylvania, and in a hundred other localities, attitudes demonstrate that plutocrats, having sown to the wind, the harvest of whirlwinds may come.

In this connection the following, from the *Lumber Trade Journal*, is reproduced, that our readers may have some idea of the program of the plutocrats:

We think it is now a well established fact that all great reforms must come by education. If we would instill temperance principles into a country, we must commence at the cradle. If we would save our currency from being debased, we must teach the people the value of an honest dollar, and so we opine if we want to rid ourselves of labor troubles, we must educate the workingman.

What is the cause of all this discontent of the laboring classes all over the country? We answer, it is the education they are receiving at the meetings which every union man is compelled to attend, from the walking delegate and other agitators who are making their living, and good living, too, at the expense of the laboring classes. If the laborer always worked whenever he had employment at the current rate of wages, and at the ruling number of hours per day, there would be no use for the walking delegate and for hall hire and monthly dues, etc., and so to create this demand for his services the leader must invent grievances and stir up strife, and so he is ever trying to educate the workingman that he is not getting his due, and that the way to get it is to strike and boycott.

Now, if this is ever stopped it must be stopped by education. The evil can undoubtedly be mitigated by the union of employers, but it cannot be cured until you show the laboring classes that it is more money in their pockets to work contentedly and do the best they can than by strikes and other evil behavior.

We are of the opinion that it can be clearly demonstrated that the conduct of the workingmen in following the advice of their leaders has cost them thousands of dollars, days and weeks of hunger and privation and other discomforts; and so we think the employers should at once commence, and by literature and lectures and other means demonstrate to the wage-earners the utter uselessness of strikes. A few thousand dollars judiciously expended would work wonders. Fight fire with fire; don't let your employes hear the walking delegate's side of the story without hearing your side also.

We think the solution of the whole question lies in this. If you have got a good case, you can make it clear even to the most ignorant, but you cannot expect to do it except by a thorough systematic campaign. Such a system once started would starve the walking delegate into honest work inside of a year. The same bureau, however, that takes up this side of the question must also take cognizance of the fact that many employers are abusing their employes, and these must be disciplined. All this is not an impossibility. The employer, as a rule, is the workingman's best friend and best qualified to guard his interests. Once make this known and the question is solved, and the way to do it is by education.

It is an old saying that "straws show which way the wind is blowing," and here comes a *Lumber Journal*, which shows us which way saw-logs are going; or, which way they will go when the plutocratic dam breaks, which way they will go when the storm cloud, now rising, bursts, with Vesuvian fury, upon the country.

The plutocratic policy is to annihilate labor unions, labor organizations; and when their halls are silent, and their watch-fires are extinguished, when eviction succeeds and the members of labor unions are disorganized, then degradation begins, and the

distance to the bottom will be speedily reached.

The *Lumber Trade Journal* says the discontent of the laboring classes results from the teachings of union meetings, where "walking delegates and other agitators" are instructors. This education, the writer in the *Journal*, who is simply a flea in the hair of the plutocratic dog, would overcome by a different education, the instruction being given at another school and by a different class of educators—and here the scheme is given away. While denouncing workingmen's unions, and the education of the members in union schools, the stupid ass proposes "Unions of Employers" as the counteracting force.

There are already, everywhere, unions of employers, unions of corporations, trusts and syndicates—all engaged in denouncing "labor agitators," all proclaiming the calm and contentment which distinguishes slavery, where men wear their fetters uncomplainingly, content with such privileges as their masters see proper to grant.

The writer in the *Lumber Trade Journal* forshadowed what is in store for workingmen. Employers are to form unions, and these unions will federate—form an alliance—and then will begin a "thorough systematic campaign." The "walking delegate," the labor "agitator" is to be starved into silence. Union education is to be suspended. Unions and Brotherhoods of every name are to be overthrown by the power of plutocratic education, which, if success attends it, will reduce workingmen to a condition, compared with which the negro, in "old plantation times," was an autocrat.

When the plutocrats—the Carnegies, Goulds, Depews, *et al.*, succeed in their educational schemes, workingmen will be content with "the current rate of wages and the ruling number of hours per day;" they will then have their *numbers* and brands, as so many Texas steers, and do the bidding of their masters.

Well, the announcement is made, the program is published—workingmen may contemplate it at their leisure.

What will be their response? We conjecture it will be in all regards worthy of them, especially those who are enrolled in

unions, brotherhoods and associations. We conjecture an immense army of workingmen will stand by their organizations, stand by their flags, stand by their principles; stand by their schools and their education; stand, however fierce the storm, and if fate decrees their overthrow, it will be like that of Samson's when, in the might of his superhuman power, he wrested the pillars of the temple from their foundations and overwhelmed his enemies in a common death.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S COURT.

Germany, under its young Emperor, has a court, which is said to be essentially changed in many respects as compared with the reign of previous monarchs. There is more style, more splendor, gold lace, gold buttons, swallow-tails, knee-breeches, plumes, etc., and it is said that the American minister, William Walter Phelps, and his wife, do not permit any European huckleberry to be arrayed more gorgeously on court occasions than our own American persimmons; as a result, when Mr. Phelps joins the procession of high-cockalorums—ladies and gentlemen who pass in review before the throne, he is decked out in satin knee-breeches, silk stockings and pumps with gold buckles, in a black claw-hammer coat, with claws as attenuated as those of the Prussian eagle, and carrying under his arm a hat with a most enticing plume gracefully reclining among the silk plush and gold buttons, and Mrs. Phelps, on one occasion, led the lovely ladies of the American legation dressed in a petticoat of white crepe, trimmed with real ostrich feathers around the hem, and her train and low-cut corsage were of silver and brocade satin. The American ladies, led by Mrs. Minister Phelps, wore trains each eight yards (24 feet) long, and the Empress is said to have exclaimed, in the best English she could command: "Madame Velphs, dem gosdumes hav my royal approval; dem drains ish vat I calls Shim dandies, dere ish no—vat you calls 'em—muskeeders on dem gourt gosdumes."

THE Robinson Monument Fund is growing.

FINANCIERING.

A writer in the *Farmers' Voice* asserts that the government has been loaning money to one class of citizens at one per cent. and that now these citizens want the Government's money without paying any interest at all. The writer illustrates as follows:

Take two men at the close of the war. One buys a farm for \$10,000; the other buys Government bonds for \$10,000. Both are investments; the farm and the bond. Both represent value, and have a buying and selling price. The money in the bonds, without any labor of the holder, has paid a much larger interest. It is true than has the money in the average farm, with all the hard work of the farmer and his family. Those favored few, the special class "of the people" who own the bonds, can take them to Washington, deposit them in the treasury (say \$100,000.) They are safer there than at home. Those who bought them still own them. The interest on them never stops. It is regularly and promptly paid. And, on those bonds as security, Uncle Sam—the Government—loans this special class "of the people" \$90,000 in money, which they take home and, as middlemen, loan this Government money to the farmers and others "of the people" at 6, 8, 10 12 or more per cent. interest.

These favored citizens are the national bankers, and the writer asks, "why not let the farmer have the same chance with his property? There are many reasons—cogent reasons—which the writer does not seem to have thought of. In the case of the banker, he first *plants* down the cash, \$100,000 for the bonds. He then takes out \$90,000 in bills—and goes into the banking business and frequently fails—but in so far as the \$90,000 in bank bills is concerned it makes no difference whether the bank fails or not. A national bank bill of a broken bank, is just as current as the bills of a solvent bank. The \$100,000 in bonds are behind the bills. The Government sells the bonds and redeems the bills. It is this one feature that maintains the national banking system.

Now, suppose the Government should loan the farmers \$350,000,000 and take mortgages on their farms for security? Suppose the farmers should fail to keep up the interest? What then? Foreclose, take the farms, evict the farmer and his family—set them adrift *a la* Ireland. Well, God help the farmer, when that evil day comes.

We are not the advocates of the national bank system. If the Government must issue the "fiat money," let it be "Green-

backs" and do away entirely with national banks. They are no longer a necessity.

LABOR IN ENGLAND.

On April 10th Mr. William Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, announced that the Queen of England and Empress of India, had been pleased to appoint a Royal Labor Commission, to inquire into the relations existing between capital and labor, the cause of strikes, and to ascertain if there is any better method of quieting workmen than starvation, imprisonment, exile, and shooting them. The Queen named the commission, as follows:

The Marquis of Hartington (Liberal Unionist); the Earl of Derby (Liberal Unionist); the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach (Conservative), member for Andover and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the Right Hon. Sir John E. Gorst (Conservative), member for Chatham and Political Secretary of the India Office; the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella (Liberal), member for Brightside, Sheffield; Sir Robert N. Fowler (Conservative), one of the members for the city of London; the Right Hon. Leonard H. Courtney (Liberal Unionist), member for Bodmin, Cornwall; Sir Edward J. Harlan (Conservative), member for North Belfast; Joseph Cheney Bolton, member for Shropshire, Scotland, and Chairman of the Caledonian Railroad Company; Mr. William Gerald Balfour (Conservative), member for Central Leeds; Mr. Jesse Collings (Liberal Unionist), member for Bordesley, Birmingham; Mr. Thomas Burt (Liberal), member for Morpeth, England; Mr. William Abraham (Liberal), member for Rhondda, Wales; Prof. Marshall; Sir W. Lewis, manager of the Butte Docks at Cardiff, Wales; Mr. Ismay, one of the Directors of the White Star Steamship Company; Mr. David Dale; Mr. George Livesey Tunstall, a prominent cotton manufacturer; Mr. Samuel Plimsoll; Mr. Madsley, an operative cotton spinner; Mr. Thomas Mann, the labor agitator; Mr. E. Drew, Secretary of the Board of Conciliation of the Iron and Steel Trades; Mr. Hewlett, Manager of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company; Mr. Tait, Chairman of the Glasgow Trade Council; Mr. Austin, Secretary of the Irish Democratic Labor Federation, and Sir Frederick Pollock, editor of the *Law Quarterly Review* and the author of a number of legal works.

It is probable that workmen, employees, millionaires and politicians will note with some care what this Royal Commission will have to say about capital and labor and the cause of strikes. Already the American press has commenced commenting upon the subject.

The *New York Times* of April 11th, remarks that labor in England, as well as in the

United States, is equally a political trouble, because of trades unions and the organization of unskilled labor, and because the right of suffrage has been greatly extended, and adds:

There is no more reason why they should refrain from this than why the people should refrain from it who follow the trade of owning land in Great Britain, and who have for a good many centuries been framing the laws of the country with a single eye to their own interests. But every member of Parliament has now a distinct interest in knowing what "Labor" thinks and what it means to do, and would be very glad of any information upon the subject of which a Royal Commission could put him in possession. There is really, however, nothing that the most learned and industrious Royal Commission can do in the way of suggesting legislation for labor. It can inculcate upon employers and employed the desirableness of treating each other with justice and kindness, but these admonitions are not likely to be any more effectual from a Royal Commission than from the pulpits of Great Britain, from which they are presumably uttered every Sunday. The belief that a man is entitled to benefit himself by every means in his power, provided that in doing so he annoys nobody else, is as firmly held in Great Britain as anywhere else in the world, and there is really nothing else to be said in furtherance of the claims of organized labor.

It is not for us to say what laws England requires to counteract in any degree the legislation that has been going forward "for centuries" in the interest of the landed aristocracy—but from the fact that the labor agitation in England has brought about the appointment of a Royal Commission, it is reasonable to infer that some legislation is desirable and that it will be had, or more strikes will result.

It will be noticed that the New York *Times* is confident that the Royal Commission can do nothing except to recommend mutual kindness and justice on the part of "employers and the employed"—and that, according to the *Times*, this is all that can be said "in furtherance of the claims of organized labor."

Just what a Royal Commission may or can do in England we have no means of knowing, and at best we care little for commissions, little for the professions of mere politicians, but, should the time ever come in the United States when workingmen are united upon propositions of justice to themselves, what they ask for will be granted.

At present, though organization is going

forward, capitalists are exerting their power to destroy unification of purpose in matters of supreme moment. Till this is changed, there is little hope for workingmen. Wages will remain as near starvation point as possible and the work of degradation will proceed.

A PLUTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

Is it premature to suggest that a plutocratic government in the United States in the not remote future is not only possible, but is well up toward the head in the list of probabilities?

Does some one inquire what is meant by a plutocratic government, or a plutocracy? We will permit Mr. Webster to explain. He says a plutocracy "is a form of government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the wealthy classes; government by the rich."

At present, numerous writers, orators and statesmen, legislators and others of less note, aver that ours is a government by the people, that it is not a plutocratic nor an aristocratic government, but a democratic government. The averment, if we consult constitutions, is true; but if laws and decisions of courts are investigated it will be found that much is going on in the way of government strictly in accord with Mr. Webster's definition of plutocracy, "a government by the wealthy classes; the rich," and if the question is asked, what are the facts upon which such assertions are based, the reply may be prudently made that Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, in the January *Forum*, prints a table showing how the wealth of the country is distributed at present, as follows:

CLASS.	Number of families.	Total Wealth to families.	Average Wealth to families.	No. individuals to family.	Average to individual.
Rich . .	182,000	\$43,300,000,000	\$237,912	5	\$47,582
Middle	1,200,000	7,600,000,000	6,250	5	1,250
Working	11,620,000	11,200,000,000	964	5	193
Total .	13,002,000	\$62,000,000,000			

Referring to Mr. Webster's definition of Plutocracy, a government by the rich, the

foregoing figures must impress every candid mind that the United States is approaching plutocratic conditions with fearful rapidity; indeed, Mr. Shearman says that "the evils" of "such an unequal distribution of wealth are even more serious than any here suggested, and might possibly include the destruction of republican government, which is even now little better than a form among us."

It is now seen that of the estimated wealth of the country, \$62,000,000,000, 182,000 families, out of 13,002,000 families have possession of \$43,300,000,000—equal to \$237,912 to a family, or \$47,582 to each member of the plutocratic family, allowing five individuals to a family. While this is true of the plutocratic class, the 11,620,000 families of workers have only \$11,200,000,000 of the wealth of the country, equal to \$964 to the family, and \$193 to the individual.

It will be borne in mind that the exhibit we supply is not furnished by an anarchist, a socialist, a "labor agitator," but by one of the clearest headed thinkers of the times, himself a man of ample fortune—a lawyer who does not consider cases of small fees—nor is he particularly opposed to millionaires. He sees the drift of affairs, and points out inevitable results, unless some means can be devised for a more equitable distribution of the wealth that labor creates, nor does he hesitate to say that the plutocrats have now such an influence upon political affairs that our republican government is "little better than a form among us."

In this connection it should be said that labor organizations have one supreme purpose in view, and that is to inaugurate a system of distribution of wealth whereby an individual worker may have more than \$193 and the individual plutocrat less than \$47,582, or that a family of five workers shall have more than \$964 of the country's wealth, while a plutocratic family of five has \$237,912 of the country's wealth.

To accomplish their patriotic purpose labor organizations would have wise laws and honest courts, and these things which must be had if a republican government is to be a fact rather than a form they would secure by argument, reason and the ballot. If a change of programme can not be brought about by such means then a plutocracy will

be, if not already established, a "government by the rich," and when such a government is in full operation in this "land of the free and home of the brave," what will follow need not here be conjectured. History repeats itself, and those who study history need not err in their conclusions. There is a time to apply remedies, the time is now—the present, and it will be well if legislatures and courts give the subject special consideration.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Chicago *Times*, some weeks since, published a communication "designed to prove that a sad harvest of ruin is to follow such scenes of splendor and misery as are constantly recorded in the daily papers." The *Times*, commenting upon what it is pleased to characterize the "earnestness and sophistry" of its correspondent, says:

Because a Vanderbilt wedding occurs at one end of a street and a mother dies of starvation at the other, it is argued that there is a direct connection between these events. Because the cost of a single one of 295 diamonds in a gift to the Vanderbilt bride would have saved the life of a starving woman, therefore the many who are poor must rise against the few who are rich and overthrow the law which protects all. There has been surfeit of such sophistries. They have been the stock in trade of visionary would-be reformers who lack the capacity of logical thought and readily assume that because two events have been coincident they have also stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

Well, what argument within the entire range of logic, has been or can be formulated to prove that the circumstances related by the *Times* did not "stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect?" The *Times* seeks to dismiss the statements of its correspondent as "senseless prattle" rather than bestow upon them the consideration their gravity merits. The communication refers to a diamond wedding gift and on the same day the death of a starving woman, and thereupon constructs an argument of cause and effect. The *Times* admits that the money squandered by the over-rich in New York would temporarily relieve the distress of the poor in that city; but, says the *Times*, "it is also true that if every dollar spent by the Vanderbilts and other wealthy residents of New York were thrown into the lap of poverty, there would still be those in the slums

probation of Mr. Macon in the House of Representatives, ran its blue pencil through "11¼ pounds of cheese at 25 cents—\$2.81." They drew a line at mourning which exhibited itself in the shape of an excessive consumption of cheese.

Take the average congressman or ex-congressman, and measure him by any prudent standard, and his funeral is of no more consequence to the people than that of any other man in the community, and the fuss that is made over his remains is altogether superfluous; at any rate, if the funeral is to be a gaudy, jim-dandy affair, let his estate pay the bills. It is bad enough to print at public expense the ridiculous harangues which congressmen inflict upon the country when one of their number hands in his checks. Five thousand dollars a year is ample pay for a congressman, and not one in forty of them, to save his soul from perdition, could earn that sum in any legitimate undertaking.

THE COKE REGIONS.

Those of our readers who keep abreast of the rapidly moving procession of events, will not ask why we use for a caption, "The Coke Regions," nor will they require us to give a graphical location of "the coke regions." Nevertheless, we will state that the coke regions to which we refer are located in the great state of Pennsylvania—a state which derives its name from William Penn, whose motto was, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." It is the state which once had for its most distinguished citizen, Benjamin Franklin—the printer, the philosopher, the statesman and diplomat, the illustrious man whose name and fame is imperishable.

Pennsylvania is the state where the Continental Congress convened when Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, declaring that "all men are created equal and are endowed by their creator, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Pennsylvania is the custodian of old Independence Hall, and the old Independence bell, which in the darkness of the struggle for freedom pealed forth the glad tidings that a new nation was born. Pennsylvania, popularly known as the "Keystone State,"

with a past record which placed it by universal consent as the brightest star in the constellation of states symbolized by stars on the blue field of the National ensign, is fallen from her sublime elevation, and is now so degenerate that to attempt any just characterization of the degradation that has befallen her would be futile.

A state of boundless mineral wealth, designed, we may assume, by Providence, to bless those who should fall heirs to it, is made by men, and by statutes, by the practices of bribed legislators and debauched courts to bring about conditions of unparalleled atrocity.

The coke regions, and the anthracite coal regions, stand together in all the indescribable horror of plutonic blackness. They are twin hells, each with its supervising satan and retinue of imps, the supreme purpose being to impoverish, rob, degrade and starve workmen to death.

The records of these regions have been written, and men and angels, we opine, have stood aghast at the horrors, vivid as lightning, were made to pass in review.

Things have for years steadily gone on from bad to worse. Degradation has taken on more and more repulsive aspects. Squalor and filth, in hut and hovel; men reduced to beasts, half starved, with a hunger pang in every breath; women and children, burdened with every woe that tyranny, enforced by insatiate greed could devise, have made the coke regions the infernal regions of the earth, the likeness of which never sent a thrill of joy throughout the regions of the damned; scenes of woe and distress, of cruelty and death, such as Dante, in his wildest fancy, never pictured.

Naturally Americans could not endure such infernal sway, and foreigners, accustomed to privations—human cattle, beasts of burden in their native lands—have flocked to America to better their conditions, because, they said, nowhere can it be worse than to remain where we are.

They came by the thousands to the land of Penn, of Franklin, to the land of the free, were offered work and accepted it. They delved, they wrought, they lived in huts and habitations inferior to the lairs of wild beasts. They said: "This is worse

than the lands from which we emigrated." They became restless under the sway of such human monsters as Corbin and Frick, and as a last resort struck for their lives. Human, they bore their degradation to the last extreme, and then revolted.

Then came eviction from their miserable huts. Men, women and children, with their pots and ketties, ragged blankets and filthy bunks, were all tumbled into the high-ways together to endure, unsheltered, half clothed and unfed, the pitiless blasts, to die unwept and unsung, that Frick and his associate tyrants might add altitude to their fortunes.

And is this all? No. The guns of Pinkertons, "deputies" and citizen soldiery have been brought to bear upon the "mob" of starvation victims; blood has flowed like water, and amidst scenes of carnage where death gurgles and moans, and the agonizing cry of women and children blended in a protest to heaven, Frick triumphs. More foreigners, starving, degenerate people are railroaded by thousands to delve in the bowels of the mountains and light the fires in the coke ovens, and once more set the wheels of industry and death a going.

An armed peace will in due time be proclaimed. Silence will once more brood over the coke regions, and Frick will be on top, but like Vesuvius, there will be mutterings and smoke and premonitions of an eruption, and at no distant day there will come another volcanic vomiting of fire and blood, disorder, distress and death.

We have painted no fancy picture; no wealth of words could exaggerate the scenes enacted in the coke regions of Pennsylvania; in fact, take the every day reports, toned down to suit the oppressors of the workingmen, and the picture requires no extra touches to horrify beholders.

There is a class of drivelling writers, subsidized by the plutocrats, who seek to account for the infernalism in the coke regions by denouncing the emigration laws of the country. But it won't work. Such men as Frick and Corbin care nothing for nationality. If they did not have Huns, Slavs, Poles and dagoes to degrade they would, as they have done, reduce Americans born to the same level.

The problem is presented for solution, and workingmen need not be told that the purpose of the plutocrats is, if they can, to reduce all to the same wretched level.

The hope of toilers lies in organization and federation. If these fail, then a Johnstown dam of plutocratic power will overwhelm them in irretrievable disaster.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN CRIMINAL PROCEEDINGS.

Coroner Levy, of New York, must be a remarkable man, the one man in the great city of millionaires who dares do his whole duty, regardless of the financial or social standing of those who are required to answer for "manslaughter," or any other crime with which he is required to deal.

Some time ago there was a frightful wreck on the New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railway, in the New York City Fourth avenue tunnel. A number of persons were killed and wounded. The N. Y., N. H. & H. is one of the most prosperous railroads in the country. It pays large dividends on all its investments of cash and water. It is a fabulously rich corporation, but it was too poor to properly guard the lives of passengers in the Fourth avenue tunnel. Its policy was so astoundingly parsimonious that it declined to properly illuminate the tunnel through which trains were constantly passing, crowded with human beings. The directors of the road, though rich as cream, studiously and determinedly refused to obey the law of New York relating to heating their cars with steam, and persistently used coal stoves. Of the six persons who lost their lives in the tunnel February 20, 1891, it was shown that at least two of them were burned to death, a result traceable to the coal heating stoves. Said ex-Mayor William H. Wickman in an interview with a New York World reporter:

Whatever may have been the cause of the accident, whether it was the fault of Fowler, the engineer, or whether the trouble lay with the signals, it was proven beyond all peradventure that the immediate cause of the death of at least two of the victims was fire, and while the remaining four received injuries in the collision it was also proven that they were badly burned. It was also shown that when the coaches, which were in the accident, reached the

Grand Central depot, fifteen minutes before leaving on that fatal trip, the fires in each stove were replenished. Sweeny, who was rescued from the burning car, swore that when he escaped from the car it was ablaze and the floor was covered with live coals from the overturned stove, and so intense was the heat he was unable to give heed to the cries for aid from the poor woman who was roasting to death at his side.

But Mr. Depew says, urged the reporter, "there is no shadow of law under which the directors of a railroad can be held for the consequences of accidents."

Who should be then? replied Mr. Wickham. The poor man called "Slope," who only carried out his instructions when he replenished the fires? Every director of the road knew that the laws of this state expressly prohibited the use of coal stoves in passenger coaches, and ever since the passage of the law in 1887 they have been trying to evade the change, made necessary then, by legal technicalities. On the system of which Mr. Depew is the head, steam heat is used, and it cannot be, however many roads he may be director of, that Mr. Depew can claim the same exemption from familiarity with a road running over the system under his control, with its cars coming into the Grand Central depot, with offices in the same building as his own, as from a road in Duluth and its bridges and girders.

The jury believed, as they say in their finding, that death was caused by burning and that the New Haven Railroad Company was responsible therefor, and as the officers and directors of the road are responsible for its management, they are surely accountable for the results of that management.

I believe that this verdict has the approval of the entire community. And these gentlemen may have an opportunity of establishing before a jury their alleged irresponsibility for the management of their own road and for the evasion of the laws for the protection of the traveling public made by the legislature.

The foregoing enables the reader to have a very clear conception of the case; it enables him to estimate the courage of the coroner and his jury. Hitherto railroad magnates, directors, *et. al.*, have escaped all responsibility for disasters. Trains are wrecked, men and women have been killed and maimed by thousands, and the verdict has been, so far as officials were concerned, "nobody to blame." Sometimes an employé has been made to carry the burden of responsibility, but the directors, never. The New York verdict changes the drift. The coroner's jury had the courage to put the responsibility where it rightfully belongs, and a number of very distinguished gentlemen, among them Chauncey M. Depew, have been arraigned for "manslaughter," and have had to give bail, each one of them, in the sum of \$25,000 to appear and

answer for the crime. Coroner Levy said, in reply to Depew's attempt to escape responsibility:

In answer to Mr. Depew's query as to how it could be possible for a man who, like himself, is a director in over thirty railroads, to be personally cognizant of the details and conditions of each of these roads, I have only to say, that in my opinion, no honest man should attempt to "direct" more affairs than he is able to. There is no reason why any man should be a director in thirty railroads, and the fact that he chooses to be so does not, in my opinion, relieve him from the responsibility of mishaps on any one of those roads. My advice to President Depew and his friend President Roberts is not to attempt to direct more than they can control.

We do not presume that any of the directors who are responsible for the horror in the tunnel will be properly punished. They have millions of money at their back and at their beck, still, there stands the verdict, rendered by honest, intelligent men, that they are guilty of "manslaughter." That will stick to them, and it may lead, as it ought to lead, to numerous reforms in railroad management.

ONE BILLION.

Referring to the fact that the late Congress appropriated \$1,000,000,000, the New York *World* has made some calculations that will attract attention. It says it is more money than all the workers in the protected industries of the country can earn in three years. The entire wheat crop of the country for three years would not more than equal the amount. "If the money were in \$1 bills, and the bills placed end to end, they would reach almost half way from the earth to the moon. They would encircle the globe four times at the equator. If an expert cashier could count 100 of these bills a minute, and work ten hours a day without a pause and 365 days a year, it would take him nearly fifty years to count the whole. If the whole sum were in gold and loaded in freight cars, filling each car to its full capacity of 40,000 pounds, it would require a train of 100 cars to transport the gold from place to place. In silver, about 1,500 freight cars would be required." By such estimates the people are able to understand how the money goes, and workingmen can obtain an idea of the task there is before them, and in addition, can estimate the power of the "coming billionaire."

CONDITIONS.

Our attention is called to an article in the *Christian Union*, by Rev. George Thomas Dowling, D. D., in which the learned divine(?) brings his love to bear upon the rich and the poor his purpose being to persuade the poor, that after all they are as happy as the rich and should therefore be contented with their lot. Those who read the meditations of the pious D. D., will readily see that his anxieties circle around the rich—and his solicitude is so pronounced that it is more than probable his salary will be raised. The rich man, this ambassador of the "King of Kings," assumes may "step up or down at will, while the poor must be content with what chance offers for bettering their condition." What the *chances* are for the poor to better their condition the Rev. Dowling, D. D., fails to point out, but he tells his readers that "nothing but his own inclination prevents the rich man from making himself a pauper," while "inclination does not solve the problem for the poor man." The poor man, manifestly, has no inclination to make himself poorer—and God knows, in thousands of instances he could not, if he had the inclination—and if he has an inclination to rise he must wait for a chance—inclination is of little consequence to him, and in a vast majority of cases where a *chance* arises, some one gets in ahead and the poor still languish waiting for another chance to rise.

The theory of the Rev. Dowling, D. D., suggests a scrap of *divine* history, which we deem it worth while to reproduce in this connection as it illustrates that some centuries ago, another *force* than "chance" made its appearance as follows:

Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep *market* a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: Whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatever disease he had.

And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

The Impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no

man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming another steppeth down before me.

Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk.

The incident discloses a new departure in human affairs—a new force—things that the Rev. Dowling, D. D., fails to see. It no longer requires that an angel should come down and trouble the waters that men may be cured of their infirmities. Everywhere the waters are troubled—and a voice says to every poor man, every workingman, "Rise," and in obedience to the command they are rising. They are not waiting for chances and opportunities, but are creating them. Every lodge room is a Bethesda—and even an infirm *scab* may be cured of his diseases, and be redeemed from corporation slavery.

The rich, for whom the titled fat-salaried clergy are so exceedingly solicitous, may not like the command to "rise," which workingmen are heeding and obeying, but their antagonism is losing its potency. The inclination of workingmen is finding practical means for assertion. They are no longer waiting for some one to put them into the pool; by the mighty force of organization, they go in—and confident of the righteousness of their cause, they are prepared to fight a good fight for the emancipation of labor; they are prepared to "withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."

The platitudes of the pulpit, the degeneracy of the church, the debauchery of legislatures, the corruptions in high life, the arrogance of the rich will not swerve them from their course—animated by the declaration of the "carpenter's son," who said, "My father worketh hitherto and I work," they will work on and work ever, work if required, as do the corals who lay the foundations of continents in the depths of the sea, and build until their superstructure rises above the waves and is clothed in eternal verdure.

In Russia the press censor permitted a Moscow editor to say: "It is our opinion that Russia needs new railroads and will have them," for which the censor was fined \$300. The czar don't permit editors to say what Russia needs.

LAW.

It is said that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." What of law? What of the administration of law? What of legislators, law-makers, lawyers and judges? Are they not all "fearfully and wonderfully made?" Does not the contemplation of the mass often excite universal disgust, contempt if not abhorrence?

A writer in the *Farmers' Voice* remarks that "the poor are annually defrauded out of millions simply because they know it is useless to take their matter of a few dollars to court, that even should they be awarded their claim, that the court charges and lawyer fees would bring them out loser." He says "cold cash outweighs justice in our courts generally," and that "it is a fact apparent to every intelligent person who has given the subject candid thought, that no department of government is so well fortified and equipped to abridge the liberties of the citizen as the judicial department, and that they have manifested a tendency in that direction cannot be questioned." The writer refers to the practice of judges to construct their opinions, which are simply the opinion of others handed down for generations. He says: "Go into the court room when court is in session and you will invariably find the court and his legal coadjutors rummaging through musty digests of superior tribunals for parallels, and when found, the matter is settled notwithstanding the court when induced, subscribed to an oath to render verdicts according to law and evidence to the best of his ability, he generally uses the ready made article, and saves himself the trouble and inconvenience of counseling the statute." As a result, says the writer:

The Dred Scott Decision is in full force to-day. It now distinguishes between poverty and wealth. Just the same as it was originally, only differently applied, that's all. Sharp, the millionaire boddler of New York stole enough to have imprisoned fifty thousand poor men for ten years each, an aggregate of five hundred thousand years imprisonment. He didn't go to prison.

The Star Route thieves, did they go to prison? No, no. But if they had been of the poor class they would have whiled away the after portion of their lives within prison walls. Put the question where you may, to honest intelligent men and they will

tell you that cold cash has nine chances to poverty's one in our courts.

The bloody soul of Jeffreys can congratulate himself that his advanced system of jurisprudence, so long dormant is at last revived and dominates modern Christian civilization of America.

Is there no way by which we can get rid of this dead body (the dead past). Our jury system is a relic of the dead past, with scarcely any modification. Barbarous in the extreme.

Where an honest difference of opinion exists in the jury box, which is a very common thing, the law, or stuff we term law, demands unanimity, in so doing asks men to sacrifice their honor and violate the oath they subscribed to, to render verdicts according to law and evidence to the best of their ability, and I have known juries locked up for days and nights to compel the sacrifice.

But there is not anything strange about that, the living of the present are governed by the dead of past ages. No two classes of men so obstruct progression as the lawyer and clergyman. The law of progression, naturally, if not obstructed retires ideas and customs of past decades and adopts in lieu thereof, ideas and customs befitting the present. But this the lawyers and ministers have never learned. The lawyer believes the dead should rule the living, the minister is bound and handcuffed by creeds and dogmas constructed out of the superstition that reigned in mediæval times, by men he would not acknowledge his peers, intelligently.

If there happens to come before our modern courts, a case for which a European precedent can't be found, the judge trembles and the lawyers turn pale. Lord, Lord, what's to be done, the dead past has furnished us no precedent.

Such are the views of law and of courts that are finding wide publication and are permeating the minds of the people.

APPROPRIATIONS.

When it is remembered that labor produces all the revenues, the appropriations made by the last seven Congresses supply abundant food for reflection.

The 45th Congress appropriated	\$ 703,695,953
" 46th " "	727,696,603
" 47th " "	777,685,948
" 48th " "	655,239,402
" 49th " "	746,243,511
" 50th " "	817,878,075
" 51st " "	1,006,270,471
Grand total	\$ 4,417,338,956

This is an average of \$388,197,040 a year for the general government. State and municipal appropriations will about duplicate the amount. Now, then, not a dollar would be raised but for labor. Why not have a Department of Labor, as well as a Department of War?

The New Orleans Mafia.

FOR a number of years the citizens of New Orleans have known of the existence in their midst of an organized band of murderers known as the Mafia—murderers every one. Organized for assassination, and bound under oath to commit the crime whenever ordered to do so, necessarily everything connected with the order, even its existence, was shrouded in darkness. As occasion required, for vengeance or money, the assassinations were committed, the victims were found, inquests held, verdicts rendered; beyond this, darkness—impenetrable mystery.

The Mafia, organized for murder, was also organized to protect the murderers. To such human tigers truth had no sacredness. The required perjury was always ready. If money was needed it was forthcoming; if not on hand a levy was made, and the victim, in mortal fear of the stiletto, paid.

There came at last an opportunity to bring the thugs to justice, to penetrate the mysteries of the oath-bound assassins, and a courageous officer availed himself of it, and while pursuing his purpose with high expectations of success, was shot down by members of the gang, and again mystery enshrouded the affair.

After months of searching, seconded by every law-abiding man in the city, proof accumulated against certain persons satisfying every fair minded citizen that the right men had been found. Arrests were made, proof adduced and indictments followed. Then came the trial, with the astounding result that justice had been defeated; that the law, administered in the usual way, could not reach the criminals; that perjury and bribery would continue to triumph, and that the murderous gang, made bolder by victory, would continue to terrorize the city, and that no official was safe if he dared oppose the Mafia.

The people of New Orleans—the sovereign people—the people, who make constitutions and laws, at this supreme juncture decided to take the law into their own hands and administer it. The people said, "We who make laws, judges and juries, we who are supreme, we will rid New Orleans of the Mafia." They not only said it, but they did it.

The killing of the eleven members of the Mafia gang of murderers created for a few days widespread comment and not a little excitement among Italians, in which the Italian minister at Washington took a hand, forcing Secretary Blaine to send a dispatch to Governor Nichols, of Louisiana, in which established forms of official communication were not punctiliously observed; but when all the facts were known the general verdict followed, "Served them right." That is to say, every man killed ought to have been

killed, but the killing should have been done according to legal forms.

Manifestly, Americans, as a general proposition, are law-abiding. We speak of communities. They are not anarchists; but there are exceptions, and these exceptions are found under all administrations and under all laws, human and divine.

The people of New Orleans had lived for years knowing that in their midst there existed an oath-bound gang of murderers. Multiplied murders had been perpetrated, and finally a peace officer of high repute had been shot down like a dog because in the interest of life he sought to bring the secret murderers to justice. This was the horrid culmination. Perjury and bribery in alliance with the Mafia had defeated the law, defeated justice; and the people of New Orleans, confronted with a condition of things that froze their blood, determined, in the name of self-preservation—the highest law, the supreme law, the law written in the hearts of men—to rid the city and the world of men incomparably more dangerous than mad dogs.

Men may moralize as they choose. Stilted encomiums may be paraded about "higher civilization," "Christian civilization," "savagery," "mob rule," and a' that, but the eternal truth remains that man's vengeance, like God's, cannot always be restrained.

Laws at their best are but the expression of certain powers, under certain conditions, but there are conditions wherein law fails to meet requirements; hence, revolutions in which fundamental laws are swept away—laws under which abuses defied laws, defied conservatism—when good men, men devoted to peace, builders of civilization, and persons worthy of confidence, determined, for the public good, to resort to reserved powers. Under such circumstances to apply denunciatory epithets is in effect to applaud the crimes that menace society and embolden the criminal class. To so much as intimate that the citizens of New Orleans were law-breakers in any odious sense is to do violence to the law of self-preservation. To chatter about savagery is to uphold the worst forms of savagery known to America—a studied, trained, organized savagery, which places every man in peril who dare uphold law, and makes cowards of entire communities. For such a state of things there is but one remedy—a popular uprising, a cyclone of vengeance, a storm of retribution if need be such as overwhelmed the cities of the plains, since it were better that cities should be as dead as Sodom or Pompeii than exist under the control of organized assassins.

It were useless to moralize. No diplomatic correspondence, no threats, no intimidation will change the estimate all civilized men will have of organized murderers

or change methods of riddance when patience has been exhausted. Then the murderers will be removed, then the storm will break forth and will rage in proportion as resistance is offered.

There need be no question about results nor croaking about methods. There need be no graphic descriptions, no harrowing recitals. It is simply fighting the devil with fire. No community disgraces itself when it resolves to break up organized bands of home-made or imported thugs. To lament their death is as foreign to decency as to deplore the killing of hooded cobras or man-eating tigers in India.

When men become so beastly, so inhuman as to plot murder in secret and execute their hellish policy in secret, there is but one remedy and that is to kill them. They have ceased to be human, and must be recognized simply as the most deadly enemies of society.

John M. Danforth.

The Single Tax.

IT IS an axiom with single taxers that active opposition is preferable to a passive acceptance of their doctrines. My thanks are therefore due to Mr. Charles Marshall for his able and incisive criticism of my April article. Mr. Marshall is a keen critic and an able writer, but (with all deference to the gentleman's judgment) he is looking at the "single tax" question wrong end foremost. I have not the least doubt but our cause has been injured in the minds of some by persons who have assumed to speak on matters of detail with a show of authority which they did not possess. For that reason I expressly stated that I did not wish any statement of mine to be considered as emanating from an authoritative source. I try to apply the test of reason to all questions which I take it upon myself to investigate, and make it a rule to be very cautious about accepting any doctrine upon second-hand evidence. I do not mean to say that my reasoning is always correct; far from it. No person can be absolutely sure on this point until their conclusions are put to a practical test. What I mean is that instead of accepting second-hand conclusions and explanations as a correct representation of a doctrine in which I have become interested, I go to the fountain head, and to the best of my ability try the conclusions which I there find by the canons of logic. After I have once accepted a doctrine I will maintain it as against all the "authority" in Christendom, until it be shown that the reasoning upon which it is founded is in some important particular defective. With this preface I will state the basic principle of the "single tax," and will then proceed to examine the validity of Mr. Marshall's

arguments. All wealth belongs exclusively to its creator. Nature returns wealth to labor, and to labor only. Therefore the right of the individual to the exclusive possession of the fruits of his own labor rests on the warrant of nature. The value of land is not in any case the creation of the individual who owns the land—it is created solely by the growth of the community. With every increase in population the value of land rises; with every decrease it falls. Therefore this value which is created by the community should be returned to the community for the support of the community.

Now I submit that Mr. Marshall's argument nowhere touches this principle. He has occupied himself principally with a hair-splitting examination of the value of words. That the value of land is the creation of the community, and that it can be ascertained with ease and almost absolute correctness, is not a matter of opinion at all, it is a *matter of fact*, admitted by all who have the least knowledge of the subject, whether they profess "single tax" principles or not. Now, this question admitted, what matters it that there may be a difference of opinion as to what forces operate to create that value? Does the fact that it appears to me that the value is created by competition, based upon expected profits, and that it appears to some one else that some other force operates to create that value, affect the basic principle in the least? Certainly not. In reality it is a mere matter of speculation, and not worth arguing over. I am not dogmatic; I do not say that my theory is correct, I can only give it and state my reasons. There is on the shores of Saginaw Bay a nitro-glycerine factory. It is situated far from any habitation and in the midst of a vast extent of practically worthless land, a marshy prairie, covered with water for a large portion of the year. Nobody wants this land; it has no value. Yet this nitro-glycerine manufacturer uses a portion of it and must derive a profit from its use, else he could not carry on his business, and if fifty more persons wished to engage in the manufacture of the same article there is plenty more of the same kind of land that can be had for the taking. Now, is it not clear that in this case profits have nothing whatever to do with the value of this land? Suppose this man makes \$100,000 a year, is his land any more valuable because of it? Certainly not. But now suppose the site where this factory is was the only site in the neighborhood where it was possible to erect a factory of that kind, and there were a number of persons who desired to manufacture nitro-glycerine, is it not clear that competition for the use of that site would give it a value? and that competition would be based upon the profits that were ex-

pected to arise from the use of the land in that business? It seems so to me. Now if Mr. Marshall will take up "Progress and Poverty" and turn to the chapter on rent, page 122, he can read as follows: "Until its ownership will confer some advantage, land has no value. * * * Land value does not arise from the productiveness or utility of land. It in no wise represents any help or advantage given to production. No matter what are its capabilities, land can yield no rent and have no value until some one is willing to give labor or the results of labor for the privilege of using it; and what anyone will thus give, depends not upon the capacity of the land, but upon its capacity as compared with land that can be had for nothing. *

* * Rent, in short, is the price of monopoly, arising from the reduction to individual ownership of natural elements which human exertion can neither produce nor increase. *

* * * For it is clear that the effect of competition is to make the lowest reward for which labor and capital will engage in production the highest they can claim, and hence to enable the owner of more productive land to appropriate in rent all the return above that required to recompense labor and capital at the ordinary rate—that is to say, what they can obtain upon the least productive land in use (or at the least productive point), where, of course, no rent is paid. * * * The cultivation or other use of land will always be carried to as low a point of remuneration, all things considered, as is freely accepted in any other pursuit."

Now turn to book IX., chapter I, page 313, and read as follows: "*For this simple device of placing all taxes on the value of land would be in effect putting up the land at auction to whoever would pay the highest rent to the state. The demand for land fixes its value, and hence, if taxes were placed so as to very nearly consume that value, the man who wished to hold land without using it would have to pay very nearly what it would be worth to any one who wanted to use it.*"

Now, this may be accepted as authoritative "single tax" doctrine. I have italicized some portions to which I wish to particularly call Mr. Marshall's attention, and I submit it to him without comment; he can form his own conclusions.

Mr. Marshall demands of "single tax" men that they "cease quibbling and state boldly and concisely what plan they have adopted," etc. Now I can assure Mr. Marshall that "single tax" men have formulated a plan, one upon which we will all agree, and we propose to stick to it.

On page 20 of every issue of the *Standard* may be found the platform adopted by the National "Single Tax" Convention, held in New York city in September, 1890. For Mr. Marshall's benefit I quote as follows: "Since in all our states we now levy some tax on the

value of land, the single tax can be instituted by the simple and easy way of abolishing, one after another, all other taxes now levied, and commensurately increasing the tax on land values, until we draw upon that one source for all expenses of government, the revenue being divided between local governments, state governments and the general government, as the revenue from direct taxes is now divided between the local and state governments, or, a direct assessment being made by the general government upon the states and paid by them from revenues collected in this manner. *

* * In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded, and the only value taken into consideration would be the value attaching to the bare land by reason of neighborhood, etc., to be determined by impartial periodical assessments."

Is there any quibbling about this language? Anything ambiguous? I submit that there is not. If Mr. Marshall is in doubt as to the meaning of this language, it is not the fault of the single tax men.

Mr. Marshall next proceeds to an entirely unwarranted assumption. How does he know that I am not ready to prepare a single tax bill to go before Congress? Single tax men are circulating a petition in all parts of the country, for the express purpose of bringing the question before Congress—the petition at this writing contains 104,000 names, and it is expected that it will go before the 52d Congress with at least 175,000 names. Mr. Marshall may rest assured that this petition will be backed by a bill, if there is the least show in the world of its getting a hearing.

Now for Mr. Marshall's "spectacular theory." All revenues are certainly derived from labor, but it by no means follows that because the single tax would create larger revenues the effect would be to increase the burdens of labor. Labor now pays all the revenue demanded by the government, and in addition to this, a vast sum in economic land rent, which goes into the pockets of a comparatively few persons, and for which labor gets no return. The single tax would divert this economic rent to its proper use, viz: The support of the government; and in lieu of this, labor would be released from the payment of all other taxes. Who can say, with truth, that labor would not be the gainer?

Now for Mr. Marshall's "clean cut statement." I can assure him that single tax men will recognize no dilemma in determining the value of these lots. B's lot would be taxed precisely the same as A's. The fact of A's improvements, or the profits he was deriving from them, would not have the slightest effect in determining the value of his lot. If his improvements were worth

\$100,000 instead of \$5,000 it would still be the same. The value of his improvements are wholly the result of his labor, he has either made them himself or paid someone else for making them. Therefore, they belong exclusively to A; the profit that arises from the use of these improvements is wages and interest—the natural returns to labor and capital, and being wholly the result of A's exertions, not one penny of such profits can in justice be exacted from A in any form. Now, it would not be sought to determine the value of B's lot from A's, but reversely, the value of A's lot would be determined from B's. B's lot has the same site value as A's, and presumably B or any other person could put B's lot to the same use as A's lot was put, and derive the same profit. The expectation of this profit would cause competition for the use of B's lot, which competition would give the lot a value neither greater nor less than the value of A's lot, and this value is what the single tax would take. Now, the fact of B being poor and A being rich does not affect the ethics of this case in the slightest. The illustration is an unfortunate one upon which to attempt to sustain an ethical argument. B pays \$1,000 for a lot for which he knows he has no present use. He knows that in the natural course of things it will take him ten years before he can put the lot to its intended use. Now, what induces him to sink that thousand dollars in the lot? Why, he knows that it is a good investment, he knows that if he waits until he wants to use the lot, that the chances are 1,000 to 1 that he will have to pay vastly more than \$1,000, and he knows that by acquiring title to the lot he can hold it out of use as long as he pleases, and that all the increment of value will accrue to his benefit, and that, without the slightest effort on his part. Thus, it is speculation, pure and simple. Now, if it is wrong for the rich man to speculate in land, is it not also wrong for the poor man? Mr. Marshall is mistaken if he imagines that I desire to put this question in any other than its true light. There is too much of this talk about "the rights of the poor," as if there was one code of right for the rich and another for the poor. There is no code of right but the natural right, and with that poverty or riches has nought to do. Statesmen and demagogues shout themselves hoarse over the rights of the poor, and with all their shouting poverty is increasing and becoming more hopeless with every passing day. Let us talk more of justice, and less of rights. Give the poor justice and their rights may be safely left to take care of themselves. Now, there is not the least doubt, but (supposing the single tax inaugurated) the selling value of B's lot would disappear, and if he could neither use it nor pay the rent, he would be compelled

to give it up to some one who could use it. Thus, B would seem to be an absolute loser. but, in reality, as all other lots would stand on the same footing, B would be none the loser, as he could get a lot that would answer his purpose by simply paying its rent. For a logical presentation of the effects of the single tax upon individuals and classes, I refer Mr. Marshall to Chapter III, Book IX, "Progress and Poverty." I have not space to elucidate here.

I want to reproduce Mr. Marshall's next argument. He says: "Suppose one farm in Dakota produces fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, why not expect the same from all the arable lands in the state, and tax them accordingly?" I am persuaded that this play upon words was offered as a bit of comedy; it surely was not intended as an example of logical reasoning. The fallacy involved in this proposition, is the very obvious one, that the fifty bushels of wheat is the only element of profit that may be expected from the land under consideration, whereas, it is a well-known fact that land that will produce twenty bushels of wheat in some parts of Dakota, is more profitable to cultivate than land that will produce double that amount in some other parts of the state. Is it not a source of profit to a person to enjoy good transportation facilities, the use of good schools for his children, churches, the society of his fellow man, and the numberless other advantages that can be found in well-organized societies? Suppose Mr. Marshall should receive positive assurance that there was land in the interior of Patagonia that would produce 500 bushels of wheat to the acre, and that he was offered all of that land on the sole condition that he go and cultivate it. Would he go? I fancy not.

As to the abandoned New England farms, of which Mr. Marshall speaks, I know nothing about them, and cannot undertake to express an opinion, but I imagine we have cases here in Michigan which are analogous to the ones he mentions. There are in this state tracts of land known as "pine barrens," that is, land from which the timber has been cut. This land is beyond the margin of cultivation; it will grow no crops and is practically worthless; there is no competition for it; nobody wants it, and I doubt if any one who is familiar with the character of the land would accept 1,000 acres of it as a gift. Yet assessors continue to place a value on this land and levy taxes on it. Why? At one time this land was covered with pine timber, and was immensely valuable. A tax was then levied upon the land, and was paid by the owners without protest. But as soon as the land was denuded of its timber, the land, from the nature of the soil, became worthless for any purpose, but the assessors continued

to tax the land upon an arbitrary value of their own creation. The owners naturally evaded the tax as far as possible. Some of them abandoned the land entirely, others, in the faint hope that the land may develop latent possibilities of some kind, purchase their own land at the delinquent tax sales through agents, and for a few cents per acre—always a sum much less than would suffice to pay the taxes, if paid in the regular manner. Now, I imagine that it is some such condition as this which prevails in New England. If Mr. Marshall can demonstrate that the lands he speaks of yield no rent, and still have a value, I shall be much pleased to see the demonstration.

W. P. Borland.

Give.

THE term "give," has a variety of meanings, but primarily it means "to bestow without receiving a return, to confer without compensation." So says Webster.

The man who accepts a gift knowing his inability to make return—to offer compensation, is then and there a mendicant. He then and there takes the first step in the downward career of degradation. He then and there parts with his independence, his self-respect, his manhood, or so much of these redeeming qualities, as to beget feelings of dependence.

I must not be understood as referring to family relations—parent and child—brother and sister, but rather man to man in all the relations of life, where self reliance is recognized as a crowning virtue.

It is not to be presumed that Jehovah, being "no respecter of persons," created rich and poor. The distinction has nothing God-like to recommend it. It is human, and even a severer term could be used, when reference is made to the classification.

If we were to go back to the beginning, and could explore affairs at the dawn, we should see just what is going on before our eyes to-day—the strong enslaving the weak—the rich growing richer by robberies, and the poor becoming poorer because they were victims of pirates. The rich gave, the poor accepted the gifts, among which was the privilege to live.

The centuries have come and gone. There have been wonderful changes in the physical condition of our planet, but human nature remains unchanged. It was said eighteen hundred years ago, "Ye have the poor always with you," and it could have been said, "Ye have the rich always with you" with equal propriety. Then the rich "devoured widows' houses;" then they imposed grievous burdens upon the poor. They are doing it now. Then they robbed and gave alms. They are playing the same

game now, and will continue doing business at the old stand until Gabriel blows his horn, unless some way is found to arrest the piracy—and it must be said in all candor, that the outlook is not hopeful. Indeed, it is to be doubted if before or since the flood—if before, or since the dawn of the "Christian era," the exhibition of the baser characteristics of human nature were ever more conspicuous and repulsive than at present, and this thing called "giving," adds to rather than detracts from the hateful aspects of the subject.

There will be those, doubtless, who having read thus far will conclude that the writer hereof is not only a vagarist but an enemy of the poor; that he would at once put an end to all forms of benevolence, advise the rich to hoard and hold on to their ill-gotten gains, though thereby the poor all perished. Such readers misapprehend the thought and the purpose of the writer. On the contrary, since the poor are always here, and since it seemed to be practically impossible to arrest the robberies going forward, any amount extracted from their stolen treasures and bestowed upon the most helpless of the poor should meet with approval. It is at best but little, as compared with the sum total of the stealings, but may be regarded as better than nothing at all. Lazarus, at the rich man's gate, would doubtless have felt thankful for a scanty supply of food, however disgusting, from the slop bucket in the rich man's kitchen, as would have been the dogs that licked his sores. And Dives, had his soul been as big as the little end of nothing, had he given the beggar something, could have written a book, like Carnegie on the importance of giving as a means of inheriting the kingdom of heaven.

I do not suppose that there is an economic nor an ethical question better settled than that conditions expressed by the terms rich and poor are totally and eternally at war with the Creator's plan. They exist because God's laws have been violated; violated to such an extent that on one occasion, "it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth." So criminally had man violated every law, that his Creator said, "I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth." In this, we have God's estimate of man. To formulate one less complimentary is totally out of the question. Just what were the exhibitions of man's depravity in those far away days it is not necessary to inquire, but if they were more infamous than robbing the poor they deserved a baptism of fire instead of water. But however severe the punishment, human greed very soon obscured it and the infernalism began again and is as rampant to-day as at any period in man's history.

Those who are at all observant of things transpiring every day on every hand have not failed to make a note of the fact that the greed of gain is now more aggressive, more unscrupulous, and callous-hearted than ever before within the realm of authentic history. To grab, to hold, to crush, to impoverish and degrade the poor and the weak, are the supreme characteristics of the times in which we live.

But there is a deal of giving and the fact is played for all it is worth, to condone the crime of stealing.

Take for instance Mr. Rockefeller, President, and chief owner of the Standard Oil Trust, an organization the wealth of which almost defies computation—an enterprise which has collateral enterprises spreading out like the legs of a tarantula—schemes within schemes, every one of which is as certain death to rivals and to competition as the fang of an asp is to its victim. Is it surprising that its president has the means of giving? Not at all, nor is it strange that in the name of John the Baptist, whose home was the wilderness, whose costume was a leathern girdle, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey, he should give \$2,000,000 to found a religious university in Chicago, the city of saints.

I have read in the *Firemen's Magazine* that of the 12,000,000 families in the United States, 250,000 of them have secured three-fourths of all the wealth of the country, \$46,500,000,000, leaving \$15,500,000,000 for 12,000,000 families, that is to say that each one of the 250,000 families have \$17,200 while the 12,000,000 families have \$251 each: a more revolting picture it would be difficult for the *Magazine* to paint.

The few in this high noon of our Christian civilization, have secured about all the wealth of the country. The masses are down to \$251 each, not enough to build a millionaire's pig pen or a dog cote; practically the 250,000 plutocratic families have got all the wealth and if the remark of the Master that "Ye have the poor always with you" was true in Judea, it is a thousand times as true in the United States of America, where for four hundred years the emancipating, redeeming and soul-saving machinery of the church has been in constant operation, always urging the rich to give, because the assertion is made, that "God loves the cheerful giver."

I notice in a recent issue of the *Philadelphia Ledger* an article on "true giving." The writer remarks that "getting and giving seems at first sight to be so entirely opposite in their nature that we hardly suppose it possible for the same person to excel in both," and adds, "nothing is clearer than that we cannot give that which we do not possess. If we have no money, we cannot bestow alms, or found institutions, or endow

hospitals, or provide for any of the thousand needs that only money can supply." The question that just here arises, relates to "getting," the processes by which men get, that they may give.

The plutocrat Carnegie's conscience is exercised over the question of giving. He wants to be, in the language of the Sunday school song:

"———An angel
And with the angels stand
With a crown upon his forehead
And a harp within his hand."

He talks incessantly about giving and is so concerned about his soul that he rushes into print with his theories to make it appear that he is a modern Abou Ben Adhem, who loves his fellow men, and by giving taffy to the recording angel, can get his name in the list of those who love the Lord. But he fights shy of his methods of getting.

Carnegie employs 5,000 men and pays them on an average 50 cents a day less than they earn. This is putting it low. By this operation he pockets in stealings \$2,500 a day, or, \$782,500 a year, and in 25 years has piled up a surplus by his methods of \$19,562,500. At 6 per cent. this colossal sum total of robbery yields Carnegie \$1,173,750 a year, and while he blubbers about how he can give, he continues the business of getting.

Mr. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, pursues precisely the same game, has a much larger piracy fund than his fellow-philanthropist, Carnegie, is a devout Christian and bombards the "throne of Grace" with prayers of classic elegance, which will do to print in the *New Jerusalem Banner* without change of punctuation, or the remodeling of a sentence.

As for Jay Gould, the lamb-shearer par excellence, he has not bloomed out as a philanthropist, as yet. Jay has an idea that if he wants a legislature or a court or a congress, the way to do is to buy them, just as he does stocks—and as for Heaven, should it ever occur to him that he needs an interest in it, he will consult George and offer what he thinks is a fair price. At any rate, he is not writing *Magazine* articles, like Carnegie, showing how to give of his boundless stores of swag secured by his shears, or squeezed out of his half-paid telegraphers.

The Vanderbilts are in the giving business, but their idea is to give their employes *baths*. To keep their employes well washed seems to be the controlling purpose of their gifts, and to see that the Pinkerton fund is sufficient to equip an army of thugs upon the shortest possible notice to quiet workingmen who believe, if they were honestly paid, the ceaseless howlings about giving to the poor would be greatly modified.

Who doubts that there are 10,000,000 wage-workers in the United States?

Who doubts that these wage-workers are robbed of fifty cents a day, or that they earn fifty cents a day more than they are paid?

Rob these men of fifty cents a day for twenty-five years and you have a sum total of robberies of \$38,125,000,000. And, having robbed labor of this amount, one sees without difficulty the cause of universal poverty and the necessity for giving.

But is it giving? Are such men entitled to be known as philanthropists?

Was the world ever confronted with such brazen impudence?

Does not the contemplation of the subject create a greater confusion of ideas than there was confusion of tongues at the building of Babel?

How long, O Lord! how long will the sham prevail? When will workingmen demand and receive what they earn? Echo answers, when.

George Norman.

The Railroad Problem.

FROM the *General Manager* (an illustrated journal which seems to stand in about the same relationship to the railroad interests of the United States as do *Puck* and *Judge* to the Democratic and Republican parties), I clip the following extracts:

Between the upper and nether millstones of the president, who, according to Mr. Stickney, is not fit to be trusted "with a cent out of sight," on the one hand, and the wreckers and scaplers on the other, both the employees and the stockholders of many of our railroads bid fair to be squeezed flatter than the much talked of pancake.

Speaking of the Chicago & Alton Railroad the *General Manager* goes on to say: "Something fearfully wrong there must be, when the only road in all our Western country that pays an 8 per cent. per annum dividend preferred to let its cars stand idle for a whole six months rather than carry freight at the rate which its competitors were offering. Either the theory of the men who run the one road that pays 8 per cent. to its stockholders is entirely wrong, or else the reckless policy of the men who manage the competing lines must be surely and swiftly pushing those lines to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin."

Notice the cunning assumption with which this journalistic apologist for fraud classifies the railroad employees with the grist of fraudulent and fictitious stock shares, which are to be squeezed (ground?) in a metaphorical mill, instead of assigning such employees their true position as one of the mill-stones of that mill which one of these days will grind the blood-sucking leeches to a fine powder.

As to the alternative assertion that "the theory of the men who run the one road that pays 8 per cent. to its stockholders is

entirely wrong," I should say that if the term "wrong" is used in the sense of unjust, inequitable, dishonest, then, most decidedly, is the policy of those men radically, flagrantly, eternally wrong. In the first place no investment or industry can by any means realize 8 per cent. upon capital invested without robbing some other interests or industries. The legitimate earnings of capital or money do not amount to 8 per cent. per annum. Railroad bonds should be, and generally are, as good securities as government bonds; and we all know that United States bonds could be readily negotiated at two and one-half per cent. Not only is this the case, but the wrongfulness of this theory or policy is intensified in degree by the fact that the stock upon which the Chicago & Alton pays 8 per cent. per annum represents *not* the cost but is in addition to the cost of the road, said cost being represented by mortgage bonds, upon which the road is paying an average of almost 7 per cent. Turning to Poor's Manual for 1890, I find (in round numbers) that the Chicago & Alton owns 549 miles of road and leases 300 miles. The 549 miles owned are bonded and stocked for \$50,250 per mile, being preferred stock, \$3,479,500; common stock, \$14,115,000; funded debt, \$9,921,850. The road owned could very easily be duplicated for the amount of the bonded indebtedness, or \$18,072 per mile. The net earnings of the road from traffic alone were \$2,944,880, besides which it received \$273,874 as interest and dividends upon stocks and bonds (mostly its own or those of its leased lines) owned by it, but not included in its statement of funded indebtedness. It paid \$823,494 interest upon its outstanding bonds, or nearly seven per cent. upon the cost of the road. Besides this it paid \$1,407,712 in dividends, spent \$197,869 in the purchase of sinking fund bonds and "other property," and passed \$120,201 to the credit of its surplus fund. Its net earnings from traffic paid the princely income of slightly more than TWENTY-TWO PER CENT. upon the cost of the road at \$25,000 per mile. Yes, indeed! there is something radically, intensely, fearfully wrong about "the theory of the men who run the one road that pays 8 per cent. to its stockholders." *En passant*, it may be remarked that the C. & A. has a surplus fund of \$2,715,800, and has paid off nearly two million dollars of interest-bearing securities.

Why is it that the editor of *General Manager* and other journalists of that ilk cannot see that what is called the "railroad problem" is simply an effort upon the part of the people—farmers, manufacturers, merchants and mill men—to confine the railroads within the same limits of commercial law and usage which they themselves have to conform to and abide by. When we buy a

suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, or a locomotive, we pay such a price as pays interest upon the capital invested *only*. By what right or rule of commerce, then, do the railroads assume that they are being badly treated and crowded to the wall, because the public is unwilling to be taxed in transportation rates to pay interest upon two or three times the cost of the agencies of transportation.

The truth is that the railroads were almost universally built with borrowed money, and the bondholders represent the cost of the roads, and in many instances much more than their cost. The stockholders are simply and purely parasites, living upon the body corporate, who have no more connection with the legitimate capitalization of the railroads than has the Shah of Persia. It must be remembered that all interest upon bonds and dividends upon stock is paid out of the net earnings—i. e., out of what remains after all operating expenses are paid, including the enormous salaries of high-priced officials, the necessary repairs upon the road and all taxes. Now take the very conservative statement of *Poor's Manual*, that the bonded indebtedness of the roads fully covers their cost, and we have, to start with, the sum of \$79,532,883 paid in 1890 as dividends upon stock that was literally stolen from the people.

Now deduct from the bonded indebtedness of \$4,828,365,711 the sum of one billion dollars as the portion of the cost of the railroads paid by the people in cash, municipal, township, county and state bonds, land subsidies, etc., etc., and at 5 per cent. interest you have another sum of \$50,000,000 unjustly taken from the people. In short, a proper condition of affairs would be the capitalization of the roads at \$3,750,000,000 at 3 per cent. interest, when railroad bonds would be equally as good securities as government bonds, and the total net earnings required would be the sum of \$112,500,000, which, added to the cost of operating for 1890 would make a total of \$787,231,517, or \$205,625,339 less than was extorted from the public during that year.

Now as to the cost of building a railroad, I will offer a few suggestive items.

The Railroad Commissioners of the State of Kansas, in their 1890 report, while making a labored effort to make the cost of railroad construction appear as large as possible, say:

It is quite common, however, for inflated orators to assert that from \$100 to \$100,000 per mile is all that a railroad legitimately costs, and that all capitalization above that is "water." We have in the reports from which the foregoing figures have been taken, an itemized account of the actual cash cost of 1,885 miles, 1,000 miles being in Kansas. We refer to the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Railroad. All of this road has been built within the last four years, under most favorable conditions as to cost of labor and material, and built by or under the auspices of a company whose financial credit was high, enabling

it to place securities upon the market upon very favorable terms, yet the actual cost and outlay for road and equipment up to June 30, 1889, was \$29,264,197.33, or \$21,083.93 per mile. There is no water in this.

It is true that all the railroad mileage in the state has not cost so much per mile as the C., K. & N. lines, but some has cost a good deal more (I do not believe it). It would, in our judgment, be a moderate estimate to put the actual average cash cost of the total railroad mileage of Kansas, including equipments, at the cost of the C., K. & N. lines, or \$21,083.93 per mile.

In their zeal to make a case for the railroads, these servants (?) of the people forgot to state that there were shares of stock amounting to \$2,540,800, or \$2,408.31 per mile, issued to "counties, cities, townships and individuals, in exchange for aid, bonds, etc.," so that these exploiters have only the sum of \$18,675.62 per mile invested in the road. They also forgot to mention the fact that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company, under whose benevolent (?) "auspices" this C., K. & N. road was built, has since foreclosed upon the road and rendered the stock spoken of worthless in the hands of the confiding "counties, cities, townships and individuals" who generously afforded their aid.

But how do business men and associations of business men figure on the cost of such roads? From the *Railway Review* of March 14 I clip the following:

Texas—The Business Men's Club, of Dallas has determined to build a railroad from Dallas to Alexandria, La., on the Red River, a distance of 275 miles, and from Dallas to a point in Youngs county, a distance of 125 miles, making an aggregate of 400 miles. The cost of construction has been estimated at \$5,000,000. Three hundred and seventy thousand dollars has been subscribed by fifteen members of the club, and the managers of the club say they will have no difficulty in securing funds. The projectors of the enterprise are: John N. Simpson, Alex. Sanger, B. Blackenship, Henry Exalls, J. S. Armstrong, E. P. Cox, Chas. W. Guilde, T. J. Oliver, W. W. Leake, W. H. Lemmon, Jas. Moroney, Jas. Simpson, J. C. O'Connor, C. E. Wellesley, Byron T. Barry, T. L. Marsallis, J. L. Boyd, O. P. Bowser, C. W. Gano and W. C. Connor.

This estimate, it will be observed, is only \$12,500 per mile.

Now, see the charming simplicity with which railroad corporations, used to the game, lay bare their schemes for gigantic jobs against a confiding and admiring public. From the same issue of the *Railway Review* I clip as follows:

Chicago & West Michigan.—Treasurer Charles Merriam has issued a circular, giving particulars concerning the proposed extension from Traverse City to Bay View, and the financial methods for the prosecution of the enterprise. The circular, in part, is as follows: "The extension to Traverse City last year was profitable to this company, and to add still more to its income producing power, it is desirable to control a line extending further north from our terminus at Traverse City to Bay View, two miles beyond Petoskey, in all a line of about ninety three miles. To this end, parties acting in our interest have organized a corporation under the laws of Michigan, called the Chicago & North Michigan Railroad Company, and have taken the preliminary steps towards locating and constructing the new line. This proposed new road will run through an admirable timber country, and a thorough examina-

tion of the section has fully confirmed the directors in their belief that it will prove both a wise and profitable undertaking and that it should be constructed at once. Charlevoix and Petoskey, two of the objective points, are already quite noted summer resorts, and travel to and from those points is rapidly increasing. In view of the great advantage to our road from controlling the business of this new line, your directors have agreed to find the means of constructing and equipping it and to permanently operate it as a part of our line, upon terms which will result in the Chicago & West Michigan Railway Company becoming the owner of substantially the whole stock and of the entire bond issue of the new road. The shares and bonds to be thus acquired, your directors now offer to the stockholders of the Chicago & West Michigan Railway Company. The bonds will be delivered with the guaranty of the Chicago & West Michigan Railway Company of principal and interest, and the stock will be entitled to the same dividends that may, after its issue, be paid upon the stock of the Chicago & West Michigan Railway Company. The issue of first mortgage bonds will be limited to \$18,000 per mile. This company reserves the right to issue its own shares to subscribers, instead of or in exchange for the shares of the new company, if it shall be found practicable and desirable to do so."

Note the fact that the railroad building this extension to its own line proposes to issue the stocks and bonds of such extension to *itself*, and the further fact that the extension is to be bonded for \$18,000 per mile, and we may be sure that the capital stock will be in no less amount. The road will probably *cost* about \$12,000 a mile.

KANSAS CITY, Mo. *One of the People.*

Single Tax Platform.

SO much has lately appeared in these columns on the subject of single tax that it is probably well to take the platform as it was given by its father, Mr. Henry George, to the *World Almanac* for 1890, and consider it in detail and see if it has all the merits claimed for it. Mr. George says:

The single tax contemplates the abolition of all taxes on labor or the products of labor—that is to say, the abolition of all taxes save one tax levied on the value of land irrespective of improvements.

Will not the levying of the single tax on land be a tax on labor and its products? It has been repeatedly stated that labor creates wealth, and that without it there could be no wealth. The foundations of the immense fortunes of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, of Gould, Mackey, Fair, and hundreds of others have all been the product of very hard labor, carefully saved and invested. Let us suppose that six young mechanics of different trades, having saved a sum of money, conclude to buy some lots in a small town. They do so, and although they are not a bit richer than they were before, the Single Taxer says that since they have put their money in land it must now pay taxes. Is not this very money that was used in the purchase of this land a product of labor, and should it not be exempt from tax according to single tax theory?

Since in all our states we now levy some tax on the value of land, the single tax can be instituted by the simple and easy way of abolishing one after another all other taxes now levied, and commensurately increasing the tax on land values, until we draw upon that one source for all expenses of government; the revenue being divided between local governments, state governments and the general government, as the revenue from direct taxes is now divided between the local and state governments, or a direct assessment being made by the general government upon the states and paid by them from revenues collected in this manner.

Why should all taxes be taken from everything else and the whole burden of taxation be thrown on land? Ought not the owner of a thousand dollars' worth of personal property, which can be stolen, carried away or destroyed very easily, to pay as much or more for the protection of his property by the government, as the owner of a thousand dollars' worth of land, which cannot very easily be stolen from him, and therefore does not need as much protection? The estimated wealth of the United States for 1890 is about \$36,465,000,000, of which \$15,050,000,000 is in lands and forests and \$18,460,000,000 in houses, but as the houses are not to be taxed by the single tax, it would probably leave only \$5,000,000,000 as the value of the land on which these houses stand, and this, added to the other land, would make about \$20,000,000,000 to be taxed for the benefit of the whole wealth of the country in land, animals, railroads, public works, houses, furniture, merchandise, bullion, shipping and sundries, and if 2 per cent. on the whole valuation were needed for taxes it would require more than 6½ per cent. on the land value, or practically put the farmer and landholder to paying taxes equal to the average interest on their land values. Is this the fair thing?

The single tax is not a tax on land, and therefore would not fall on the use of land and become a tax on labor.

It is a tax, not on land, but on the value of land. Thus it would not fall on all land, but only on valuable land, and on that not in proportion to the use made of it, but in proportion to its value—the premium which the user of land must now pay to the owner, either in purchase money or in rent, for permission to use valuable land. It would thus be a tax, not on the use or improvement of land, but on the ownership of land, taking what would otherwise go to the owner as owner and not as user.

If it is to be a tax on the value of land, why should there be exceptions made, because some may not be as valuable as other, and who is to fix the limit between valuable land and land of no value? If it is worth little, let it pay in proportion, but do not try to exempt some and shift the burden on others, or there will be more inducement for fraud than before.

In assessments under the single tax all values created by individual use or improvement would be excluded, and the only value taken into consideration would be the value attaching to the bare land, by reason of neighborhood, etc. Thus the farmer would have no more taxes to pay than the speculator who held a similar piece of land idle, and the man who on a city lot erected a valuable building

would be taxed no more than the man who held a similar lot vacant.

As the value created by improvements is not to be taxed, how are we to arrive at a value? Manhattan island 400 years ago was bought for about forty dollars' worth of goods. Is that the true value of the island now, that is, leaving out of the calculation the improvements made on it or in the country? Would not the building of Philadelphia, nearly 100 miles away in one direction, or of New Haven or Albany in the other direction enhance the value of Manhattan Island? How then can we get rid of the value caused by improvement, and is it not labor which, at the behest of capital, has made a square foot of land in New York worth as much now as the whole island was originally bought for? If it is to be taxed at its present value are you not taxing the product of labor?

The single tax, in short, would call upon men to contribute to the public revenues, not in proportion to what they produce or accumulate, but in proportion to the value of the natural opportunities they hold. It would compel them to pay just as much for holding land idle as for putting it to its fullest use.

To illustrate this point let us suppose that our six young landholders go to use their lots, each according to his taste and ability. Mr. A. puts up a saloon and dwelling worth \$3,000, Mr. B. a store and dwelling costing the same; Mr. C. puts up a house costing him \$2,000, Mr. D. is content with a \$1,000 home, while Mr. E. is not able to build, but plants trees, flowers and vines to beautify it, while Mr. F., being of a practical turn, plants potatoes and vegetables. As improvements are not to be considered, must each of these six pay an equal amount of tax? A. may be piling up money rapidly with his saloon; B. may make a fine living out of his store; C. has a fine home for his family; D. has a good shelter from the storms; E. can in due time feast on his fruits or inhale the perfume of his flowers, while F. can eat his potatoes and cabbage, and still all pay the same.

The single tax, therefore, would:

1st. Take the weight of taxation off of the agricultural districts where land has little or no value, irrespective of improvements, and put it on towns and cities where bare land rises to great value.

It would be an utter impossibility to take the tax from agricultural lands and throw it on the land in cities and towns, because for every acre located in a city or town there would be about a thousand acres outside of their limits, and to make one acre pay the taxes on a thousand would amount to a confiscation of the land, and would be a greater evil than all the evictions that ever took place in Ireland.

2d. Dispense with a multiplicity of taxes and a horde of tax-gatherers, simplify government and greatly reduce its cost.

As far as common people are able to see there does not seem to be any very large

horde of tax gatherers, for they only see or hear of the assessor once a year, and the collector sends his bill that often. Of course we know that there are special taxes on whisky (if that was taxed out of existence altogether it would be the greatest blessing to the country and to labor that could be bestowed) and tobacco, and on some imports also; but as it is claimed that the tariff acts as a protection to our labor against the competition of cheap labor of foreign countries, it would hardly be supposed that advocates of American labor would favor its abrogation under any circumstances.

3d. Do away with the fraud, corruption, and gross inequality inseparable from our present methods of taxation, which allow the rich to escape while they grind the poor. Land cannot be hid or carried off, and its value can be ascertained with greater ease and certainty than any other value.

By the present system of taxation a thousand dollars worth of property, no matter what kind, is supposed to pay its share of the burden in equal proportion with each other thousand dollars' worth, but that it is not done is owing, not to any fault of the system, but to a sad laxity of morals on the question of taxation, which permeates all classes of society, and to the easy going disposition of the officials entrusted with the duty of assessing and collecting, and until these matters are improved no system of taxation will be a success. Having had the privilege and pleasure (?) of serving as assessor, I have become somewhat posted on the laws, and find them equitable and fair, but in the execution of my duty I soon became aware of the fact that I was expected to be a little easier on those who had voted for me than on those of the other party, but I am glad to say that party considerations were not allowed to influence my judgment in making out my assessments. As long as the tax officers are elected by the people and are eligible to reelection, the temptation to reward party friends for past, or for future votes, will be strong, and ever be a menace to securing just and equitable assessments. This evil is augmented by the prevailing laxity of morals on the subject of taxes, which is so great that persons otherwise honest in their dealings with their fellow-man, think it no harm to conceal the true state of their affairs, and thus cheat the government and the rest of the community, for when the government does not get its just dues from them, some one else has to pay an extra share. Nor is this evasion of taxes confined to the rich, for, to their shame be it said, many poor men are just as guilty, and instances are not rare where men have not been assessed for any property, and have failed to pay even the single dollar poll tax levied in some states.

4th. Give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our

union, thus enabling our people to share through free exchanges in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies, and corruptions which are the outgrowths of the tariff. It would do away with the fines and penalties now levied upon any one who improves a farm, builds a house, erects a machine, or in any way adds to the general stock of wealth. It would leave every one free to apply labor or expend capital in production or exchange without fine or restriction, and would leave to each the full product of his exertion.

Free trade is not the remedy for all the ills which afflict people, or some nations would be on the pinnacle of prosperity. The workmen of America, as a rule, favor protection in some form; it is among the farmers we find the most free trade advocates. The six men above alluded to are not taxed because they have lots with a saloon, a store, a fine house, a common house, fruit trees or vegetables on them, but they are taxed for their value, and ought to have paid taxes for the same amount, even before it was paid out for the land and its improvement. These men were not any richer by their investment in land, nor were they made any poorer by it, so as their wealth remains the same their share for the support of the government should be the same.

5th. It would, on the other hand, by taking for public uses that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, make the holding of land unprofitable to the mere owner and profitable only to the user. It would thus make it impossible for speculators and monopolists to hold natural opportunities unused or only half used, and would throw open to labor the illimitable field of employment which the earth offers to man. It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make over production impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions a blessing to all, and cause such an enormous production and such an equitable distribution of wealth as would give to all comfort, leisure, and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.

In the case of the six men is F. to be driven to give up his lot by the heavy taxes on it, because after having made a start in saving and buying the lot, he has been hindered from accumulating more to build with, and thus be put back by the action of the single tax which was to prove such a boon to labor? Or shall he be forced to put up another store thus halving the business of the first one and making poor investment for both? Or, suppose a line of railroad is built and operated through a section of country; are the adjoining owners "to put their land to its fullest use" by building a railroad on their land? This idea of forcing men to use their land may do to talk about, but certain laws of demand and supply will have to settle the point.

The ethical principles on which the single tax is based are:

1st. Each man is entitled to all that his labor produces. Therefore no tax should be levied on the products of labor.

Being based on abnormally selfish principles, it would ignore all duty of man to his God, his country and his family, for it is evident that he wants "all" he can earn, and intends to use it on himself.

All men are equally entitled to what God has created and to what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are a part. Therefore, no one should be permitted to hold natural opportunities without a fair return to all for any special privilege thus accorded to him, and that value which the growth and improvement of the community attaches to land should be taken for the use of the community.

This sounds very much like the dead-beat's motto: "The world owes me a living, and I am going to have it." The world does not owe a living to any one, nor is any man entitled to an equal share in "the gain by the growth and improvement of the community where they live," *unless he has done his share to earn it.* The indications, as judged by the platform, are that the share for the common good contributed by Single Taxers would be very small, for after having driven the landholders to sell out, they would not be able to buy the land, for they are not able to pay taxes at the rate of 1 per cent.; therefore it is not to be presumed that they would ever buy, or be able to pay 5, 6 or 7 per cent., as the single tax would require. Instead of all the good predicated upon the introduction of this system, it would seem that it would ruin more men than it would enrich, and instead of peace and plenty, it would bring ruin and disaster, and still leave the question of equal taxation unsolved. A great deal of patriotic talk is now being indulged in on account of the squabble with Italy, but the best way of showing patriotism is to put your hand in your pocket and cheerfully contribute your share to the support of the government in times of peace as well as to fight for it in time of war.

Wm. Weiler.

Labor and the Single Tax.

IN saying that capital is not necessary to the production of wealth, we state an absolute fact. But while it is true that man might live, and supply all his simply animal wants without the aid of capital, it is also true that without the aid of capital progress would be impossible; and if this factor were eliminated from production, man would be worse off than the veriest savage. I cannot, at present, think of a people who do not employ some capital in ministering to their wants. In short, to use the words of Henry George, "Progress and Poverty," chapter III, book III, "When we come to analyze production we find it to fall into three modes, viz.:

"Adapting or changing natural products, either in form or in place, so as to fit them for the satisfaction of human desires.

"Growing, or utilizing the vital forces of nature, as by raising vegetables or animals.

"Exchanging, or utilizing so as to add to the general sum of wealth, the higher powers of those natural forces which vary with locality, or of those human forces which vary with situation, occupation, or character.

In each of these three modes of production capital may aid labor; or, to speak more precisely, in the first mode capital may aid labor, but is not absolutely necessary; in the others capital must aid labor, or is necessary."

There are many who assert that interest is the robbery of labor, and that before labor can be free, interest must be abolished. Those who make this assertion are evidently thinking of interest only as that which is paid by the user of capital, to the owner of capital. But this is not all interest, it is only some interest. When we place animals on a stock farm, or put away wine to improve with age, we receive an increase from the use of capital which is just as truly interest as though we had lent our capital to another and received payment for its use. So also when capital is used in exchange, there is a benefit from the increase, or greater value of the things exchanged for, which accrues wholly to capital, and is thus interest. Now it is clear that capital will not assist labor in the first mode of production, unless it receives a benefit equal to what it could get if employed in the second or third modes. It is also clear that labor will not assist capital in the second or third modes unless it can get a return equal to what it would get if expended in the first mode. In other words, neither labor or capital will be devoted to any mode of production while any other mode which is open to them will yield a greater return. Now it is evident that where natural opportunities are free, labor and capital may engage in any mode of production, and claim the entire product; capital taking as its share the natural power of increase which attaches to capital generally, and labor taking the balance. Where natural opportunities are all appropriated, labor and capital can only claim as their reward that part of the product which is left after the payment of rent. Thus wages and interest depend not upon the produce of labor and capital, but upon what is left after rent is taken out, or upon the produce which they could obtain from the poorest land in use.

To recur again to the words of Mr. George, "The wealth produced in every community is divided into two parts by what may be called the rent line, which is fixed by the margin of cultivation, or the return which labor and capital could obtain from such natural opportunities as are free to them

without the payment of rent. From the part of the produce below this line wages and interest must be paid; all that is above goes to the owners of land. Thus, where the value of land is low, there may be a small production of wealth, and yet a high rate of wages and interest, as we see in new countries. And where the value of land is high there may be a very large production of wealth, and yet a low rate of wages and interest, as we see in old countries. And where productive power increases, as it is increasing in all progressive countries, wages and interest will be affected, not by the increase, but by the manner in which rent is affected. If the value of land increases proportionately, all the increased production will be swallowed up by rent, and wages and interest will remain as before. If the value of land increases in greater ratio than productive power, rent will swallow up even more than the increase; and while the produce of labor and capital will be much larger, wages and interest will fall. It is only when the value of land fails to increase as rapidly as productive power, that wages and interest can increase with the increase of productive power. All this is exemplified in actual fact."

Now, I fancy some person will say, "If all this is true the 'labor problem' can be settled by simply abolishing rent." It is the vital principle of the economics of "anarchy," that rent, interest, and taxes are robbery, and should be abolished. Now, if rent were an arbitrary thing it might be abolished. But rent is not arbitrary, it is natural, and cannot be abolished. For just as certain as there is some land that will yield a greater return to labor and capital than can be secured from an equal exertion of labor and capital upon other land, just so certain will the exclusive right to the use of that land yielding the higher product be a privilege for which labor and capital will be willing to pay. The only question is shall this payment be made to some individual who did nothing to create the rent, or shall it be made to the community as a whole which did create it? In common speech we apply the term rent to payments for the use of machinery, buildings, etc., as well as to payments for the use of land. But in the economic meaning of rent, only that part of the payment is rent which constitutes a consideration for the use of the land; payments for the use of buildings, machinery, or other improvements being properly interest, as it is a consideration for the use of capital. We also think of rent only when owner and user are distinct persons. But there is also rent where the same person is both owner and user.

Where owner and user is the same person,

whatever part of his income he might obtain by letting his land to another is rent, and the return for his labor and capital is that part of his income which they would yield him did he hire instead of owning the land. Now if I buy land for a small price, and hold it out of use until I can sell it for a large price, I have become rich, not by wages for my labor or interest for my capital, but simply by the increase in rent. Now in a rapidly progressing country, like the United States, where there is a swift and steady increase of population, it is just as certain that rent is bound to increase as that night will follow day. This certainty of increased prices through the increase of rent, produces what might be called a combination among land holders and tends to the withholding of land from use in expectation of higher prices, thus forcing the margin of cultivation farther away than is required by the necessities of production. Let a man start out from the east in search of the margin of cultivation; he will travel over thousands upon thousands of acres of virgin soil before reaching the point where land can be had free of rent. He is forced so much farther than he otherwise need to have gone, by the speculation which is holding these lands out of use in expectation of increased value in the future. And when he settles, he will from the same cause take up (if he can) more land than he can use, thus in turn forcing those who follow him farther on than is necessary, and carrying the margin of cultivation to still less productive, because more remote points. The same cause operates in rapidly growing cities, to force the margin of the city farther away from its centre than is necessary. If the land of superior quality as to location was always fully used, before land of an inferior quality was resorted to, we would see no vacant lots left as the city extended; neither would we see miserable shanties in the midst of costly buildings. These vacant lots, some of them extremely valuable, are withheld from use because their owners, not being able or willing to improve, prefer to hold them out of use in expectation of an increase in value, rather than part with them to those who are willing to improve them. This speculative increase of rent is a direct injury to labor; it must not only relatively but absolutely decrease wages. For the cause which limits speculation in commodities, viz.: the tendency of increased price to draw forth increased supplies, cannot operate to limit the speculative advance in land values. For land is fixed in quantity. Human agency can neither increase nor diminish it. The only limit to the price of land is the minimum required by labor and capital as a condition of engaging in production. And as wages cannot be reduced below the point

at which laborers will consent to live and reproduce, nor interest below the point at which capital will engage in production, this point is the only limit which restrains the speculative increase of rent. We will next consider the effect of taxation upon commodities and land values, and I think it will then be clear how the "single tax" will benefit labor.

W. P. Borland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Codification of the Single Tax.

HAVING been for years a constant writer on economic subjects, I have noticed that certain minds will never grasp the principles of the single tax, unless they are shown that, when the time comes, man shall have no trouble in codifying that single tax of ours. Men have never had any trouble in codifying iniquities. Why should they be unable to codify righteousness? and the single tax is but righteousness applied to taxation. After a great deal of thought on the subject I finished a few months ago, a crude, business-like draft of such a codification, as follows:

Taxation being the most basic and transcendent function of human societies it underlies all the other conditions in the social compact. Hence, taxation should rest on fixed scientific principles, far above all political intrigues, far above all partisan ambition. Until that is done civilization must be a failure as it has so far been. Therefore, be it enacted:

First. Lots and plots of land left unimproved, or with not over one-third in useful, fixed improvements of most of the ten nearest similar lots and plots around, shall, on demand of two local citizens, be advertised for sale at auction, for at least two weeks in November of each year, to be sold during the third week of January next, to the highest bidder for annual land rent (single tax), and willing to pay the actual commercial value of fixed improvements, if any, annually estimated and revised before the sale by two or more local experts, chosen in annual elections; the old holder to retain his property if outbidding at least five dollars the highest land rent bid, when land contains improvements.

Second. All land assessments to rest on such above mentioned transactions in their approximate relations to respective localities, according to the best judgment of the above said experts, and to stand for three years, except in cases where some palpably unjust discrimination has taken place, when sale at auction can be forced next year, on the dates and rules above specified, so as to check all favoritism in land assessments. (No one will have any interest to force sales of land paying the full rental value.)

Third. On demand of two local citizens all improvements visibly estimated at overvaluations, this endorsed in writing by ten local property holders, shall be advertised and sold at auction on dates mentioned for land transactions, to the highest bidder, without reference to the land assessment, if that is correct, thus to check all attempts to avoid land sales at auction for under assessments because of over-estimated improvements.

Fourth. The tax and valuation books to be opened every Saturday evening to the inspection of any citizen.

Fifth. The annual sales to be enforced and presided over by the local citizens demanding them in case of neglect by the local officials so to do, in all cases subject to revision by all bidders.

Sixth. Only the actual market value of what is conducive to human comfort or to efficiency in production shall be included in the annual estimates of improvements by the local officials, so as to discourage all recklessness or useless expenditures tending to complicate the enforcement of correct land assessments.

Seventh. The people in annual elections shall fix the proportion of the tax fund to be applied to national and state expenses, balance to be left for local needs, each political organization to propose its own proportions for the majority of voters to decide upon.

The annual land values of our railroads, \$250,000,000 (5 per cent. on \$5,000,000,000) would to day suffice for our national expenses, if we should decide to stop recklessness in pensions, and let local appropriations be faced by the local land values of each municipality, as in ethics it should be.

Now, let me say a few words about Mr. Marshall. In his last criticism he says that he has not studied the single tax. Why has he not? If he had he would catch the spirit of what different writers say on the subject, even if they do not always happen to use the most precise language. Mr. Marshall has a bright mind, and a little study would enable him to see what he cannot see to-day, and he would be a great help to the good cause of social improvement.

Referring to those two men, A. and B., of Mr. Marshall, with similar lots, A. with capital enough to improve his lot, B. having to wait ten years to accumulate sufficient capital to improve his. Under the single tax B. would never be foolish enough to hold that vacant lot for ten years because he would be sure of having any similar convenient lot as soon as he had capital with which to improve it. The single tax would be a supreme negation if it enabled any one to hold valuable land for ten years totally unimproved, and to ask, as Mr. Marshall does, if revenues can be derived from any

other source than labor, is to ask if our planetary system can derive heat from any other source than the sun, or if we, on earth can derive moisture from any other source than our surrounding oceans.

When labor is free from the Satanic grasp of monopoly labor shall have no trouble in paying the revenues that labor owes to the social organization and are created by organized society, THE ANNUAL LAND VALUES.

Of course some farming belts are unproductive. Can there be any industry really productive when we transfer all profits to the gambler and monopolist through the most ridiculous methods of taxation under the sun?

José Gros.

The Results of the Revolutions.

THE revolutions of the South and Central American States are so frequent as to be a matter of jest to the more civilized and settled countries of the world. They are, however, but the natural features of the great transition that is slowly taking place, the conversion of the Spanish-American oligarchies into English-speaking republics. Two prophecies may be safely made, each intimately connected with the other, one that, in the future of the world, English will be the universal language; the other that, in the years to come, all nations will dwell under a republican form of government. The close student of current events will see many indications which point to the ultimate fulfillment of these predictions, which will come through many trials and tribulations, through financial upheavals and moral earthquakes. Serene and triumphant, the Republic of the United States floats upon the high waves of success as a magnificent inspiration toward which the despot-ridden people of the world look with longing eyes. Naturally the oldest and strongest of the monarchies offer fewest opportunities for revolution, and while from Russia come the despairing cries of the oppressed and from Germany and England the loud murmurs of the discontented, the toiling masses realize how utterly useless would be any attempt to change the long-existing and strongly-intrenched forms of government.

It is under the weaker powers that hope holds out the flattering allurements of the overthrow of tyranny, and the efforts toward this end are usually successful in proportion to the intelligence and self-control of the people. Switzerland is a bright example of the triumph of republican principles. France owes her present enviable position to a series of seemingly fortuitous events, which while apparent calamities, led to the formation of what promises to be a stable and prosperous republic. The foundation of the Portuguese kingdom is tremb-

ling, but the people are not quite ready for the transformation. Coming then into the new world, with the greatest republic on earth as its centre and balance, we find the commotion running to the north and to the south like a succession of earthquake shocks which threaten at any point a terrific upheaval. In the British American provinces, where the people are cool and patient and slow to act, the leaven works slowly although none the less surely. In the Central and South American provinces the ferment seethes and boils. The people are restless, dissatisfied, unstable and wholly wanting in self-control. Broken up into many divisions, warring with each other, the prey of the speculation and the ambition of other countries and the victim of the same evils among the powerful leaders within their own boundaries, their history is but a series of revolutions.

Brazil and Chili have made most claim to political and financial respectability, but the latter country is in a fair way to lose entirely her former prestige. Her President, Balmaceda, has quarrelled with the powerful families who have constituted a ruling aristocracy, wielding a virtual control of governmental affairs. As a consequence, a tremendous insurrection has been organized which has seized upon the Chilean fleet and is using it to bombard the President's troops in the seaport cities. As Chili is really nothing but a strip of sea coast, the troops have little opportunity to cope with the enemy and the prospects are that Balmaceda will be forced to resign and his successor will but repeat the programme. Brazil has gotten rid of her Emperor, who was virtually a figure-head, and has declared a republic which is more in the nature of a military dictatorship. The first ministry resigned and her President, Marshal de Fonseca, rules by his troops. The Argentine Republic is immersed in financial ruin, Peru is practically bankrupt, which adds to the general dissatisfaction of the people. Uruguay is in the same state, and only awaits the foreclosures to precipitate disaster. Similar conditions exist in the Central American States, where the upheavals among the people keep pace with those of the volcanoes, and the rotation in office is so frequent as to make one dizzy in the contemplation.

Through the throes of insurrection and revolution shall be born eventually republics that shall endure. It is not the province of the great mother-republic to take the government out of the hands of these peoples, even though they be poorly fitted to administer unto themselves. But it is our duty, and one which we will jealously perform, to see that they are permitted to work out their own salvation and that no foreign power comes in to deprive them of

this privilege. While they will profit largely by education and by experience, they will receive their greatest aid through contact, acquaintance and admixture with the English-speaking race. It is pervading the world and carrying progressive civilization to all the earth. These people to the south of us, struggling with their governmental problems, need something more than the example afforded by our republic, something more than a reciprocity of commerce, they need an interchange of people, and with the prospective railroads and steamship lines, this want will be supplied. Eventually, and this is no Utopian dream, the new world will present, from north to south, an unbroken series of peaceful, prosperous and permanent republics.

Ida A. Harper.

MEDITATIONS.

I stood in the potter's field thinking one day,
Over the mounds where unfortunates lay;
Noting the graves of the luckless and poor,
Thinking of all they were called to endure,
Ere they were stricken by want and disease,
Which ended their lives and brought to them peace;
There they were huddled together like stones,
With barely a handful of earth on their bones.

Soggy and wet was the soil on each mound,
Rank were the weeds which encumbered the ground,
Rude were the marks on the boards at their heads,
Telling who slept in the mud streaming beds:
Here it was, "Father, for whom we do mourn,"
There it was, "Mother, who'll never return."
Over beyond 'twas, "A sister we love,"
Or a brother now happy in heaven above.

I up on the hill 'neath the evergreen trees,
Where the foliage rustles and ways in the breeze,
Up where the grasses are nurtured with care,
And flowers spread perfume abroad in the air,
Monuments rise of the grandest designs,
Richest of marble from Italy's mines,
Telling of loved ones inurned below,
And wept for in couplets of classical woe.

There I stood thinking, my brain ever rife,
Trying to solve the great problem of life;
Asking myself why should these in the tomb
Sleep their last sleep mid the verdure in bloom,
While the poor lorn ones over the way
Slept in wet mud holes, scarce hid in the clay,
Where the rank thistles and burdocks just hid
Hemlock and pine of the cheap coffin lid?

Answer me, clerics, whose Scriptural lore
Aids you earth's mystical things to explore?
Tell me why here on this earth must the poor
Suffer and sink when they cannot endure
All of the tortures which poverty brings,
Cruel and crushing in deadliest stings,
Then, when at last it deprives them of breath,
Why must their bones be afflicted in death?

Come solve me the problem, where is the reward
Held in store for the poor? Is the fault with the
Lord?

Are you sure that a man linked to sorrow and strife
After death is assured of eternity's life?
Is religion dealt out in our churches to-day
With regard for hereafter, regardless of pay?
Is the Gospel alike for the Christians and Jews?
And impartially preached to your flocks in the pews?
Do you favor the rich man and scoff at the poor?
Are the mendicants driven away from the door?
Are you careless of bodies and seek but the souls?
Do you mete out salvation according to tolls?
Can a poor man have services read o'er his bier
Just the same as the rich man, with hearts as sincere?
Now, awaiting your answers, I'll pause with my pen,
Then, perhaps, reverend friends, I will write you
again.

Shandy Maguire.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month.

Automatic Couplers.

Mr. W. Hodgson has seen proper to attack the position I took in commenting on the existing diversity of opinion among railroad officials on the coupler question and thinks I am indebted to some officials for my information on the subject. In regard to the first point, I wrote to show that after years of agitation and discussion there appeared to be many defects in the one adopted. On the second point it may suffice to say that I first served as a brakeman, 27 years ago, that I got up an automatic coupling, or rather two of them, 23 years ago, and have since served as fireman and engineer some thirteen years, so that I may have found out something by experience without asking officials for information on these points, or taking their opinions as facts. For instance, when the superintendent of a road told me that none of their men were ever hurt in making couplings I did not accept it as a fact, and when I told this to a group of employes of his road I had still greater reason to doubt his statement, for in that group of about ten or twelve, four held up mangled arms and hands as proof of the Superintendent's lack of truth or memory. Having experienced the danger of a brakeman's occupation, I hope that, while I have had my say about the vertical coupler, no one understood me as decrying the necessity of a reliable automatic coupling, for there certainly are dangers enough in railroading without incurring any needless ones.

In considering the question of an automatic coupler, the very first question to arise will be the cost of construction; less than a dollar for both ends of a car ought to be cheap for the extra cost of an automatic coupler. Simplicity is required as bringing down the cost, but if the work of balancing the link and dropping the pin is all done by one piece of iron hung by one pair of bolts, it is hardly possible to simplify it much more without having the ability of producing results from nothing.

Next as to cost of maintenance, there being few parts with no springs and so placed as to be out of the way of all impacts by other drawheads, there can be no breaking of the parts except by the utter destruction of the whole drawhead. Another point is that the

coupler should be so applied as to not be liable to be frozen up in wet and cold weather, as those are the worst times of the year for the men. It should also have the capacity of being readily coupled to other cars without incurring extra danger. On this point a vertical coupling fails woefully, for in hundreds of cases in my personal experience I have found that numerous attempts have been made at greatly augmented risks to secure a coupling between a link and pin and a vertical drawhead. Hundreds of couplings, which would work all right if they were to be used only in conjunction with their own kind, fail utterly in mixed trains and many are not even tried because the whole of the cars would have to be changed at once and even if they were the cars of no other road could be coupled to them.

Having weighed these points in getting up my coupling I may be pardoned for thinking that I know something about the subject and, possibly I might be able to give some pointers to those who may not have given it much attention.

Reply to "Eccentric" has a special article in the May *Magazine* "Eccentric." for my benefit, in which he proposes to get Mr. Lockwood after me, claiming that I did not treat "the quotation correctly or in my usual fair manner." Thanks, "Eccentric," for giving me credit for fair play in general, and I hope you will also give me the same credit on this subject. I do not propose to be led into any discussion of the subject in any form with Mr. Lockwood, but for the sake of courtesy to "Eccentric," I will say that I cannot see what he wants me to argue on in the quotation taken from the corrected answer as given by him in the May *Magazine*, page 416, which I again produce:

The bottom of the wheel is at rest, that a point above this point of rest, which you can neither see, conceive or measure, has commenced a movement as compared with the top, the top is moving at four times the speed.

This is the paragraph on which "Eccentric" wishes to hinge an argument, but it does seem to me that this is even worse than the making and setting up of a straw man for the privilege of knocking him over, for in the straw man there is some material, at least, even if it is not very strong or substantial. In the above we have the bottom of the wheel at rest (that is without any motion), next a point above this point of rest, which you can neither see, conceive or measure, which has commenced or is making a movement compared with which the top moves four times as fast. Now I have repeatedly called attention to the fact that four times nothing is nothing, nor can any process of multiplication be devised by

which any number can be produced by multiplying nothing. This being incontrovertible, there is no use whatever in prolonging an argument which starts out on such premises, for as the foundations are laid in error, the whole structure erected on it is also wrong. Mr. Lockwood has been asked time and again to explain himself on this point, but has each time evaded the question and thought proper to assert it over and over and over again without giving reasons for his belief.

Vulcan.

Locomotive Building in Arkansas.

The first locomotive built in the state of Arkansas was recently turned out of the St. L., I. Mt. & S. shops at Baring Cross by Master Mechanic, Mr. H. C. McKelvey. It was built according to the specifications of the above named gentleman and fitted with all the latest improvements of our late Master Mechanic, Mr. Frank Reardon, now Gen. Supt. of Mechanical and Car Building Departments of the Missouri Pacific System. Mr. Barnes, Back Shop Foreman, who superintended the building, is entitled to great credit for the carefulness taken during the construction and the skill shown in every particular. This engine is somewhat of the Baldwin type in appearance but the machinery is similar to the Grant, and far excels both in appearance and work any locomotive ever sent to this state from the East. It was built purposely for the fast passenger service between Little Rock and Texarkana, where it is now running, hauling an average of nine coaches, including chair cars and three and four Pullman sleepers, over grades from fifty to eighty feet per mile, time forty to forty-five miles per hour, average coal consumption fifty-six miles per ton. I think this will meet the record made by the Webb Compound on the P. & R. or any other engine under similar circumstances. The dimensions are as follows: Cylinders 17x24 with four driving wheels of 63 in. diameter, boiler 277 in. long and 73½ in. diameter, fire box 77½ in. long by 35½ in. wide with 198 two-inch flues and weighs 76 tons in working order. I shall be pleased at any time to hear or read in these columns of some engine doing its work so economically, that is on so small an amount of fuel. I think in the above case we have got the required amount of heating surface that has so long been discussed in these pages, also a boiler extremely large in proportion, so what more can we desire. Three years ago, at this point, we burned wood in our locomotives but since that time have been burning what is commonly known as Arkansaw coal. It is a kind of hard coal and produces no smoke whatever. The success that has been achieved with this coal during the last three

years is astonishing and if our progress is as rapid in the next three years as in the past I am inclined to think we will be burning the matter used at present to produce combustion.

A. Wade.

Free Steaming Locomotives.

Mr. Mitchell's paper on the Free Steamer interested me a good deal, and I think his suggestions for designing a free steaming boiler very good. But some of his rules for firing and statements about the adjustment of appliances I cannot indorse. That the diaphragm plate does not increase the draft seems perfectly plain, as anything interposed between the flues and exhaust nozzles will evidently have a tendency to check the draft. So that raising the movable part of the plate would *increase* the suction through the flues, because there would be less obstruction between the flues and the stack opening. I was disappointed in not finding anything about the adjustment of the draft pipe in connection with the diaphragm plate in extension front boilers. Mr. Mitchell claims that the distribution of the draft through the grates depends on the position of the movable part of the diaphragm plate. Others claim that the distribution depends on the position of the draft pipe. I have seen free steamers with the deflector down to the third row of flues and the draft pipe up in the stack and down over the nozzles. I have also seen cases of free steaming with the pipe an inch above the nozzles and three or four inches below the opening from arch to stack and the plate raised up to the fourth row of flues or higher. I have also known of cases where an engine steamed well with the draft pipe on the back end of tender. Some men claim that it is all in the position of the plate and others that it all depends on the position of the pipe. I have always thought that there was a certain position of the pipe relative to the position of the plate and *vice versa*, that should always be observed. I wish the inventor of the extension front would tell us just what he expected the action or effect of these two parts of the device to be. Mr. Mitchell also neglects to mention anything about the brick arch or whether there should be any difference in the adjustment of the front end in connection with it. To Mr. Mitchell's first rule for firing I must object. The cases are so frequent where nothing but a heavy fire will do, that I think the use of the word "never" is putting it too strong. Never is a big word and covers a good many life times. I do not lose sight of the fact that Mr. Mitchell states a rule, to which, like all rules, there may be exceptions. But there are so many exceptions in practice to this rule as to seriously impair its force as a

rule of general application. Grate shaking is another thing about which Mr. Mitchell and myself do not agree.

I never saw a lazy man who liked to shake the grates. If the coal used burns up clean like "Indiana block," or "Hocking Valley," very little shaking will do, but with much of our Western coal a little shaking at a time and often will give better results in handling the grates.

* *

Pulling the Fire. We all know that fire will not burn without air. Take a lighted candle and put it in an air tight vessel and it will soon be extinguished. Take the same candle and expose it to a strong wind and it will also be extinguished. Thus we see that a flame can have too much or too little air. But before we can have fire at all we must have heat enough so that the oxygen of the air can combine with the carbon of the fuel. Now in the case of the fire in the fire-box of a locomotive we have the air and the carbon and the necessary heat for the combination of the two elements. But if from any cause the temperature falls below that at which the oxygen and carbon combine, the fire will be extinguished. And that is just what takes place when an engine "pulls her fire."

If from any cause the draft is unusually strong and the fire thin over the grates there will be so much cold air forced through the grates, and hence through the fire, that the temperature will fall below the igniting point, or degree of heat at which the elements, oxygen and carbon, of combustion will unite, and the fire is completely or partially extinguished. Pulling the fire indicates too strong a draft, unless it should occur when the engine slips badly or is worked very hard when the fire is light.

A. H. Tucker.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.

CLEBURNE, TEX., May 5, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—I am pleased, as I sit here with the advance copy before me, to note how readily my question has been answered by "Vacuum" and "Vulcan," and let me say that the reasoning of "Eccentric Strap" in settling the little controversy before mentioned was in that same line, with this one exception to "Vulcan," he says "except the throttle be opened to get the help of steam." Now I am of the opinion, and from what "Vacuum" says I believe he concurs in the opinion, that the admission of steam under the circumstances will be of little avail; at any rate I so convinced the contestant and in a very few minutes, too. The point is this, the great velocity of steam will cause it to seek a place of exit; this is readily found through the open port and broken cylinder

head, and there being nothing to impede the travel of the steam in that direction I fail to see why it should attempt to confine itself to such a small cavity as is contained in the other steam chest and cylinder, and as you might say, renouncing its individuality, be content with the amount of expansion it could have in an ever decreasing space when by acting naturally it could have the entire space of surrounding atmosphere to expand in until expansion ceased to exist and condensation took place. The amount of good you could accomplish would be about as much as the little end of nothing whittled down to a fine point, with or without opening the throttle.

The way I was called into the matter was this: Some months previously an engineer in taking an engine over the road on one side had a similar experience and although he had ample distance and time to stop if he could have had any pressure in the right cylinder, he did not stop nor even materially check his speed and went into the rear end of a train with very near as great speed as when he discovered the train almost a quarter of a mile away.

I am greatly pleased that so deep a thinker as "Vacuum" has passed me such compliments as are herein shown and I sincerely hope that while I am enjoying the fruits and rewards of study and investigation, Bro. "Vacuum" is no less favored as it is evident that his mental capacity renders him eminently capable of holding down the right hand side.

"Uncle Silas," after being in the shop for repairs for some months, comes out again and, like all new engines should be, he is a snorter; he has limbered up his machinery and went after those "newspaper dudes," in a way calculated to make their heads swim and if they have any brains they will probably decide quite different when they manage to spell out "U. S.'s" little "kik," and I am inclined to the opinion that the misspelling used by "U. S." is most appropriate on the theory of diamond cut diamond, and if you deal with a fool do not argue rationally for his mental calibre is not great enough to comprehend your sayings.

I presume all the old readers remember my illustrations of lame engines and how to remedy the same, also my late explanation of how I made it backwards saying ahead where I should have said back and vice versa; it was all theory with me then, but very recently it has proved out in practice. I departed on a very lame engine—when cut back in the second notch she only had three exhausts; it took me a little time to locate it for certain and then, when at a tank, (the first one out), I moved the blade; it improved the engine but left her still lame, but before I got through I had her square and without much trouble either.

Now a little question: Supposing the arch bars of one of your tank trucks break entirely in two, can blocking be successfully used to bring engine in, and if so, how?

Eccentric Strap.

Current Notes and Comments.

The Railroad of the Future. One may be pardoned for believing that the electric railway system, of which the road now in operation between Gravesend and Coney Island is the model, will be a thing of universal adoption. The overhead electric car has begun a revolution which may solve all the problems of rapid transit and fulfill all prophecies concerning the mission and uses of electricity as a motive power. The triumphs of electric power are so quick and marvelous in their succession as to exceed the most exacting demands of present industrial advancement, surpassing even the most extravagant conception of inventive genius. The possibilities of its power have ceased to be so much a study of the scientist as are the growing needs of devices for its modified use and control. It is only within the brief period which has elapsed since the introduction of the overhead electric street railway car that we have conceived the idea of a general adoption of electric power on the present steam railway systems. The successful operation of the street car is accepted as a first step in its general adaptation to great railway systems. Within this brief period the idea has become wonderfully popular. That this should be so is marvelous. Never before in the history of the world has an innovation upon established usages and methods affecting the interests of all the people been met without resistance. It has not had so much as the opposition of prejudice. It is not only received upon the faith of the people, but welcomed as something to be desired. But, however readily the people have comprehended the new order growing out of scientific advancement in this and other movements, they have not been quick enough for the spirit of the times.

While we have graciously acknowledged the possibilities demonstrated by the present stages of development we have reserved the greater triumphs of genius for some remote period or generation of the future. And while we have been thus dreaming of that slow and gradual process by which all great movements have hitherto worked a change, the genius of the present has solved the problem; and, lo! we are now in the midst of the revolution. The elevated electric railway is pronounced a success. Doubling the speed of the steam locomotive the electric motor has come to take its place for traffic and travel. And its speed is almost unlimited, the possibility of carrying all the freight of the nation in rapid transit is claimed for it. Among other superior claims is that of absolute safety. This, of course, as well as all other questions concerning the new system, is to be a matter of investigation and experiment, having all the advantages of the many great improvements to which the application of electric power may be susceptible.—*Mining Industry.*

The above is a fair sample of the "gush" published in praise of the electric railway, and would be enough to make a steam engineer and fireman hide their heads in shame at having been so long an aider and abettor in locomotion by steam, were it not that the system still has some unsolved problems which it will take some time and considerable thinking, and it may be a change in natural laws, to yet work out. As for instance, the following from the *Railway Age*:

A well known electrician, being requested to state within what distance an electrical train could be brought to a standstill without blocking the wheels when running at a speed of 125 miles an hour, esti-

mated the distance at 7,000 feet, or a little more than a mile and a quarter. Assuming these figures as correct it would demonstrate the utter futility of using such high rates of speed, even when their possibility has been accomplished, for any other purpose than very long distances. It is estimated that to make this stop for a weight of forty tons would require a brake pressure of 3,000 pounds. In order to attain this speed a locomotive of 530 horse-power would be required.

Just think of it! Going at such a rate of speed that it would take a mile and a quarter of braking to come to a stop. Distance signals several miles from the point of danger and home signals to be safe, at least one-half mile away. It is true that we are a fast nation, but it is an open question whether we are yet ready to be loaded into vehicles shaped like cartridges and shot from station to station like cannon balls, at the risk of meeting some impediment to our rapid progress with dire results to all concerned. As the electric model has a bad habit of leaving the track before it has reached its greatest speed, it is to be presumed that the public, before committing itself to its care, would require the electric roads to have the rock-cuts and curves cushioned, so as to make sudden stops as easy as possible. But it is probable that on roads designed to run with such speed, the curve will become a thing of the past and tracks will be laid in straight lines from point to point, thus eliminating the danger from tipping over around the curves. As trains run more than twice as fast in getting over the road, single track roads would equal a double track road as now run, but as trains would be liable to meet on the road sometimes, and as switches form curves which are objectionable, some different mode of passing trains could be provided. Some time ago announcement was made of a plan for passing trains by running one over the top of the other on a track carried for that purpose on the roofs of the trains, but our electric road would have the advantage over any scheme of that kind, for as before stated, its cars are built with conical ends so as to overcome the air resistance, and would thus form a well shaped projectile to fly through the air, the trucks acting as ballast and keeping them from turning over. Now, as a speed of say 130 miles would send our trains at the rate of nearly 200 feet per second, and as it is a well known fact that a falling body falls only sixteen feet per second, it is evident that if a train be run up an incline so graded as to point sixteen feet higher than the rail at a point 200 feet away it would clear the intervening space at a jump. If the trains were so timed, the one having the right of way would be coming over the 200 feet of track while the other was jumping over it, thus avoiding the need of switches or the carrying of track on the roofs. It may be pleaded that this would require a nice adjustment of time, but the electric conductor

of the future will always have his train on time as he will not be at the mercy of the poor engineer who cannot make his time, or the still worse fireman who cannot "keep her hot."

As it would take an ordinary team about six seconds to cross a single track during which our electric train would run nearly 1,200 feet, it is evident that grade crossings would be too dangerous, but this could be obviated by the same method as was proposed for meeting trains, by getting the proper elevation and taking a fly over the road or street without in any manner stopping or interfering with its traffic. The same course might also be adopted with most of the smaller draw-bridges which form so great an impediment to rapid transportation in many parts of the country. As variations in the force and direction of the wind might cause some deflection it might be necessary to erect funnel shaped guides at the different alighting points, but having suggested the main features, we will leave the working out of the details to those especially interested in the roads.

Ambulance. Some police and fire departments of our larger cities have for some time, been instructing their members in a few rules of "First Aid to the Injured," and no doubt much good has resulted from these efforts. Railroad men are liable to severe injury perhaps to a greater extent than any other class of workmen and no doubt many whose injuries are not necessarily fatal, are allowed to die for want of knowledge of what to do for them. Mr. Forney has a valuable chapter in the "Catechism of the Locomotive," treating on the various injuries of the body to which railroad men are most liable, but as the book is not yet in the hands of all the men, and as many even of those who have it, do not pay any special attention to this part of the book, much suffering which might be alleviated, and some deaths which might be prevented, still occur. Below will be found an account of the examination of a class of English railroad men, who, it appears, have taken hold of the matter and have been able to pass a satisfactory examination. While it is not good to ape everything simply because "it is English, you know," there certainly can be, no objection to our following an English pattern if it is to be for the good of suffering humanity. So let us hope that we shall have a systematic study of this neglected part of our education:

On the 22nd ult., Dr. Prier, appointed by the St. John Ambulance Association, held an examination of the class at Wolverhampton Station, when eighteen presented themselves for the first, and eight for the second examination.

W. R. Dock street, Newport, Loco. St. John Ambulance Class. Thirteen members of the above class including the Instructor, Mr. C. H. Parry, night loco foreman, and Mr. Wm. Hughes, secretary, presented

themselves for their final examination, before Surgeon-Major Wm. Taylor, M. D., of Cardiff, on the 22nd ult., at the loco. offices, Dock street. After putting the members of the class through a very searching examination, Surgeon-Major Taylor briefly addressed them, expressing his entire satisfaction with the members of the class, and that it would afford him much pleasure in recommending the whole of the members then present for their medallions. The class, in the first instance, consisted of twenty-five members, of whom twenty-three received their first certificate. Since then one has died, and thirteen have been removed for promotion, to other stations, there being only nine at Dock street of the original class. One man came from Chester, one from Bristol, one from Cardiff, and one from Pontypool Town, to pass their final examinations.—*Great Western Railway Magazine.*

Railroads in Politics. As might be expected, the hostile legislation in which some of the Western states have engaged is likely to bring about the combination of railroad men to fight for their interests, for to our shame be it said that politics and statesmanship have so degenerated as to mean nothing more than bread and butter. The farmer thinks he has a hard life of it with interest on his debts, and taxes to pay, and with the cut-worm, the weevil, the drought or the storm to destroy his crops. He looks this way and that to discover the reason he does not get along easier and better, and seeing that the railroads earn a good deal of money, he concludes that they are the cause of his getting so little, without stopping to think that what may look like a large sum, is but a very small return for the money invested, and that if it had not been for this investment he would be worse off than he is now. So to better his condition he attempts to make that of railroads worse, ignoring the fact, just as true in the body politic as it is in the physical body, that one sick or disabled member will have a deleterious effect on the whole, and hinder a healthy development of all the other organs. The capitalist, finding that he is denied the right of earning a fair percentage on the money invested, refuses to go on with the work of internal improvement, and tries to economize on the lines already in use, by running a less number of trains, and getting their work done cheaper by paying lower wages. This arouses the railroad employé, who finds that he is either out of work and has no money to spend, or else that his income has been greatly curtailed. He finds that this is owing to the combination of the granger element, and he says that "if they can hurt me by their combination, I will combine and fight against them," and thus the internecine war is waged to the injury of both parties. An Eastern paper thus happily defines the situation in Iowa, the most aggressive of the Granger States:

Iowa boasts that its percentage of illiteracy is the lowest in the Union. Her claim to rank as the most intelligent of the states is seriously impaired, however, by the fact that the idiot who hit a railway

torpedo with an axe, "just to hear it crack," was an Iowa man previous to the explosion.

If the railroads of Iowa were earning a fair percentage on their investment, they no doubt paid fair wages to their employes, and these in turn created or helped to create a home market for the farmer in which he could obtain a fair price for his farm products. Destroy the earning capacity of the roads and you also destroy their paying capacity and that of their employes, and this will destroy the home market so far as they are concerned, and thus one acts on the other for good or for evil.

If the railroads of Iowa were making too much out of their investment, what was there to prevent the farmers from participating in the rich returns? There is no law that would prohibit them from buying any number of shares in the railroad, as the market is free to all. The answer might be that the farmers were too poor to buy railroad shares, but if a very high income is to be had from shares it would pay to borrow money at legal interest to make the exorbitant profits credited to the railroads. Or, as competition is said to be the life of trade, the farmers might build a competing road of their own and thus be able to carry their own goods and those of the whole community and let the "bloated stockholders" of the opposition lines look elsewhere for their profits. The farmers will have to use business methods in dealing with the problem or they will have to be prepared for a coming struggle at the polls, in which all other interests of the State will be massed against their restrictive legislation, and it will be easy to see that the tide will flow the other way and perhaps to the opposite extreme. The press is full of articles showing a great revulsion of sentiment on this point, and a marshaling of forces for the coming fray has commenced and will no doubt continue until the next election, which will decide the future policy of the State.

* *

Temperance. We want the name of every baseballplayer who will pledge himself to work hard and earnestly for the rehabilitation of the national game in 1891, and will pledge himself to not drink a drop of intoxicating liquor from April 1 to October 15, next year. We want to publish the roll of honor. Come, boys! Who of you are in earnest? You who do not drink at all need not be ashamed to proclaim it. Let us unite in making drunkenness in baseball odious. Send in your names.—*Sporting Times*.

The above extract from a paper devoted to sports is certainly a surprise to most people, for as a general thing we find more or less drinking connected with these sports, and to have a paper emanating from such a source and published in the interest of the "sporting fraternity" come out and deliver so strong a plea for temperance and even for total abstinence was certainly a surprise to

me, and ought to impress the motto of our order on sobriety, very strongly on our membership. If in the best interests of baseball it is necessary to have sober men, and total abstainers, how much more is it essential in the great game of railroad life, where the chances for a "close run" do not involve a simple "put out," with the privilege of another trial in the course of the game, but where it may mean the crippling for life or even the death of the player. Let us, therefore, having taken sobriety as our watchword, add total abstinence to it, for then only can we be safe from overstepping the line, as too many so-called temperate men can testify to their shame and sorrow, and let us not be made to blush by being outdone in this matter by an association of "sports."

Wm. Weiler.

Thos. Pray, Jr.

The *Electrical Age*, of New York, in its issue of May 2d speaks of Thos. Pray, Jr., an occasional contributor to the Mechanical Department, in terms most complimentary, as will be seen by the following extract:

Mr. Thomas Pray, Jr., the Consulting Engineer, has recently located at room 133, *Times* building, this city, and his services are now available for the measurements of steam or electrical power, in any part of the country, as may be required. Mr. Pray has an experience of many years in his line, has been engaged in the construction and operation of electric dynamos, incandescent and series lamps, plants and power stations, and now devotes himself to the indicating engines, for economy, or power as desired. He also makes all the tests of any electrical plant, both in the steam and electrical departments, and reports on the condition and results. He was employed by the Cramps on the second official trial of the U. S. cruiser, "Baltimore," and in the readjustment of her steam machinery, on the horsepower trial, made a handsome bonus of \$120,000 for his clients. He was also employed by the Quintard Iron Works of this city, on the second trial of the U. S. gunboat "Concord," in January last, and is now engaged on some large ships on the steam power. Mr. Pray is busy with steam tests and changes in steam machinery of ships and on shore, to increase their efficiency. He has also had an experience in the making of high potential incandescent lamps up to 180 volts, and is the inventor of a peculiar filament for series lamps which has attained a very high efficiency and a maximum life, of which some figures are given below. He will give his assistance in this department if desired. Tests have been made of some of his lamps on series circuits, and some remarkable results have been attained.

The filaments used in these lamps are the invention of Mr. Pray, and when taken out for the purpose of noting the effect upon them of the intense and prolonged current, were found to be as dense as steel needles. Mr. Pray has produced lamps ranging from 15 volts, giving eight candle power, to 180 volts at 16 candle power, some of which are now in successful operation, having run over 10,000 hours.

Mr. Pray is the author of the well-known work, "Twenty Years with the Indicator," which has had a very extensive sale among steam users, and he now has two more works on steam in press.

Mr. Pray, who, by the way, has a brief article in the Mechanical Department of this issue, is one of the most prominent consulting engineers in the city of New York, and

his published works are regarded as high authority on the subjects treated. He is a man thoroughly wedded to his profession, thinks deeply, writes clearly and forcibly and is making his mark in the world of thought.

Funny Locomotive Practice.

I have just been handed a bound copy of your *Magazine* for 1890, and my attention called to the statements made on page 789 regarding the diagrams that were sent you at your request, by me, and shown on page 499 of the same volume. The writer goes on to make his own statements, certainly not from any data in the article upon which he is writing—nor from any authority to use such absurdities by remotest inference from the original. In the table on page 789 he gives the "rate of travel for steam through ports per minute in miles" as "4,885" or 25,790.8 feet per minute exactly. To the man of ordinary common sense this statement is ridiculous, and if the rest of his absurdities are as reliable as this one, there is little need of further or particular data. As a matter of fact the speed of steam in that engine at that time and under the conditions stated in the May number was between 6,500 and 6,800 feet per minute, with the link in full throw, and the engine pulling her whole capacity. The firing of steam at 26,000 feet per minute is not to my knowledge, very often attempted by men who know a little something about steam, and in their experiments in that line they do not show any such steam lines as those on page 499 Vol. 14, to which your readers are referred. Long absence and not seeing your *Magazine* with any regularity is my excuse for not sooner calling attention to the matter.

Thos. Procy, Jr.

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, room 26 Atlantic building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of May, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone, viz:

Dumping Car, J. E. Bemis.
Safety device for car trucks, M. M. Barry.
Brake, C. E. Coombs.
Railway Gate, J. Keister.
Apparatus for recording speed of cars, Speed & Poage.
Device for registering the slipping of wheels, J. W. Boyle.
Car Coupling, R. B. Tait.
Rail Joint, W. N. Hutchinson.
Car Axle Box, L. Schulze.
Stock Car, S. W. Remer.
Car Coupling, W. D. Rinehart.
Electro Magnetic Brake, F. F. Achard.
Condenser for Steam Cars, A. G. Buzby.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

The Longest Systems in the Country.

The tendency of the age is toward consolidation, and nowhere is this more strongly emphasized than in the railway service. From time to time we read of combinations and consolidations, but the actual results of this movement are not appreciated. The total railway mileage of the country is estimated at 160,000 miles, and of this aggregate no less than 100,000 miles are controlled by fourteen companies, an average of over 7,000 each. That is, two-thirds of the total mileage of the country is in the hands of fourteen corporations. The order of the interest:

	Miles.
Vanderbilt lines, including Chicago & North-western	15,663
Gould lines, including Wabash, but not Central Branch U. P.	11,879
Huntington lines, east and west of Mississippi	9,038
Atchison and St. Louis & San Francisco	8,965
Union Pacific	8,648
Pennsylvania	7,664
Richmond Terminal	8,169
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	6,883
Canadian Pacific	6,766
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	5,678
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	4,587
Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central	4,129
Grand Trunk	4,101
Louisville & Nashville	3,827
Great Northern	3,278
Illinois Central	2,875

Rivalry of Death.

A writer says: We spent some hours in Peoria, Ill., the whisky metropolis of the world. We had a good opportunity to study the bloody business in its hideous aspects. Here human beings vie one with another breeding plagues and torments, and rival each other in multiplying the misfortunes of humanity. One of the leading citizens of this rum-sodden city said to us that his only or highest ambition was to erect the biggest distillery on earth and make more whisky than any other man in the world. He said his greatest anxiety was to get men enough to drink his whisky; that he would have his own way in spite of God and humanity, and outstrip every rival in the rum business if he could, and then in a dying hour jump the fence into eternity. That is the class of fiends this infernal traffic produces, who flood the earth with ruin and blood. They have no conscience. This man has built two of the largest distilleries on earth. One of these vast breathing holes of hell here is capable of rotting 10,000 bushels of grain a day. The foreman of the distillery said he got 20 quarts of whisky from a bushel of grain. This would figure over 1,587 barrels of whisky in a day if the concern was run at full capacity. Some idea of the extent to which these distilleries deal out destruction may be found in the fact that the revenue tax from this precinct upon whisky this year is \$18,400,000.—*Domestic Journal*.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

THE FINANCIAL VALUE OF HOUSEWORK.

Dr. Lyman Abbott tells this story on himself. One day he was in his library, deep in the study of the industrial question, to which he had given much time and thought, when his wife came to consult him in regard to some trouble with a servant. "My dear," he said, "you should not disturb me. I am endeavoring to solve the industrial problem of the universe." "Well," she replied, "if you will solve the industrial problem of this household I'll solve the industrial problem of the universe." No doubt every housekeeper has felt at times as if she would rather undertake the latter task than the former. Her perplexities are just as trying and just as hard to overcome as those which harass the business man or the student, and from one standpoint, just as important. But this is the very hardest thing the housewife has to contend with, that her work is not appreciated at its financial or its industrial value. It is not a bit more necessary for the comfort and well-being of humanity that homes should be provided than that they should be well managed; in fact, the man furnishes the house, the woman makes the home. It requires quite as much knowledge and energy to form an accomplished housekeeper as it does a successful business man. But this truth is not generally recognized. Housekeeping is supposed to come naturally to women and they do not receive any particular credit for it, and yet in all its various details it demands a skill, judgment, discretion and experience, which if applied in any other direction would produce remunerative results.

The writer recalls a family of three sisters and a brother, dependent upon their exertions. The brother and two sisters have occupations that take them away from home. The third sister does all the housework, has the meals ready on time, keeps everything in order, goes to market, does the mending, and yet not one of the three regards her as earning any money. She has no fixed salary and receives from all of them less than any one of them earns although she works more hours and harder than they do. There is no

intention of being unjust, it is simply the common view that is taken of domestic service. The same thing may be seen in many families. The boys work outside, the girls inside of the home. The former have their wages to spend as they please, the latter have whatever father and brothers choose to give them and it is not usually as much as they could earn by working away from home. Then they become dissatisfied with the situation and go into the stores and factories and offices, and immediately the cry is raised, "What is going to become of the homes, the girls are all forsaking housework and taking up other occupations?" We see husband and wife working together, he at his trade or profession, she at her business, which is housekeeping. She works as hard as he does and more hours out of every day, and yet all of the joint earnings of the two belong to the husband, and the wife gets just what he chooses to allow her, and has no authority over the expenditures that he wishes to make out of these joint earnings. After they have worked together and accumulated property, should she die first, she cannot dispose of any part of it by will. Should he die first, he can will all of it away from her except one-third.

All of these inequalities come from the old and deeply rooted idea that household labor has no financial value, and for this very reason women get discouraged and discontented over their daily tasks. It is perfectly natural that people should want to be compensated for their work. Men would not do very much of it if they did not receive a certain amount of money for it. This disposition is growing among women, and if they are not remunerated in dollars and cents they want to feel that at least their work is appreciated as being important and as requiring some ability. Now we submit this proposition: If husband and wife start out together, he doing his part and she doing hers to make a home, if she does her duty as a wife and mother as well as he does his as a husband and father, should not the money that comes into the partnership be shared equally? It is true that the wages are paid to him for his labor, but her time and strength have been required for her family so that she could not go out into the world and work for a salary. Should not his earnings form a common fund and, after all the necessary expenses of the household have been paid, should not one-half of what is left belong to the wife? One more question: If men continue to refuse to recognize this principle, and women continue to take advantage of the constantly increasing opportunities for making money, will not the time come when they will hesitate to sacrifice a life of independence for the dependent position of a wife?

A PLEA FOR MISS WILLARD.

The *Magazine* for April contains a severe criticism of Miss Frances E. Willard for her defense of banker Kean, of Chicago, the notorious embezzler. While Miss Willard has given some cause for censure by her letter, it must be permitted the Woman's Department to defend women where it is possible to do so. When Mr. Kean's failure was first announced, the newspapers were especially severe upon him because he was a pillar in the church and a leader in the temperance movement. Miss Willard's life is devoted to these two institutions and she is very sensitive to attacks upon them; just as the B. of L. F. would be to attacks upon railroad men or the cause of labor. Without waiting for developments, she wrote her spirited protest against the censure of Mr. Kean because he was a prominent church and temperance worker. The letter appeared before the trial was held. Investigations showed that the banker was not entitled to any sympathy or excuse, and that the causes of religion and temperance were among the chief sufferers from his dishonest methods. Miss Willard's mistake was in writing the letter upon the impulse of the moment, without waiting for the evidence, a very common failing among women. She has the highest sense of integrity and of justice and would be the last one to condone rascality.

THEO. A. OGDEN, of Chicago, sends an excellently written sketch of the fifth annual ball of S. S. Merrill Lodge, No. 188, but we cannot depart from the rule adopted at the last convention of the B. of L. F., which prohibits the publication of social events in the *Magazine*. This ball occurred in April and the description sent could not reach our readers until June. As there are 447 lodges, exclusive of the Ladies' Auxiliaries, and as all must be treated alike, we would have to publish over 500 descriptions of entertainments, etc., if only one notice were given to each lodge. Our friends will recognize the impossibility.

We have been lenient with those writers who have failed to sign their name, wishing to give all an opportunity to become acquainted with the requirement, which they now have had time to do.

OVER forty of our contributors have remembered the Woman's Department this month. Most of the communications are very acceptable and will appear in due time.

If our correspondents will pay full postage on their letters, the editor will have more money for ice cream.

"A FIREMAN'S Loving Sister," of Downing, Mo., writes in praise of Reno Lodge, No. 258, to which her brothers belong, and also compliments the *Magazine*.

THE "waste basket" is waiting for all future letters upon the management of husbands. No further information is needed. Give the poor men a period of repose.

VIRTUE'S PATH IS NARROW.

Each and every one is beset with an unforeseen danger of some kind. We know not when it will come upon us; we are in no wise capable of giving the exact longevity of our future. We count on the morrow so much to be accomplished, which is certainly right; for we are not destined in this world to work out our salvation? We resolve to fill this coming day, this hopeful morrow, with good deeds and good work. But it comes and we no longer count it the time coming, but are engaged in the work of today, and at its close the resolutions that were to bring satisfaction and comfort are not carried out. We do not fulfill them. Something has occurred that marred the beauty of acts intended to bring fruit. Why is it? Alas! human nature of to-day is weak, as it is surrounded by pitfalls, the gaieties of the world. We by our own conscience are prompted to confess that this life gives not satisfaction, but, as it were, we are merely here to spend our earthly existence at the expense of the soul, and the forfeit being a terrible price. At times the soul is overtaxed. It may be a credit or a debt, but how often is the voice of a sad refrain coming home to us that the scales are weighted down with high-priced follies. Is there a remedy? There is, but we in our weakness are afraid to purchase it, and our thoughts dwell on the empty nothingness of the world until time is becoming short and we wake from the stupor that has held us in bondage only to realize that we abandoned the yoke of sin alas! too late. With hope at times sunk to a low level we feel that indeed our life is full of disappointments. Only for a time is it so, for the delusions of the world rise before us and hope again becomes strong within us and aids us in attempting to grasp at the glimmering phantom that causes us to again forget our God and Heaven above. True, it sometimes happens that these golden delusions sought after become our captives, and for a time we are possessed with the spirit of satisfaction, but they fade away and become things unreal, and once again we find ourselves pursuers of the world's delusions. Thus on and on we fly through time until the gate of our life is almost closed, and at this crisis the question of When shall we die? is upon us. We must leave it unanswered and contemplate the question of How shall we die? It startles us, and we realize that the pleasures we thirsted after were but fleeting, and in our fear we endeavor to retrace our steps to the narrow path of virtue, but the vast accumulations of our vain follies are so impenetrable that it is almost impossible for us to gain this narrow path, and thus it seems clear to our distracted mind that this great universe which so often causes us to sacrifice virtue and throw a dark shadow over the garment of purity, is in reality the tempter of our fruitless actions.

Now, let us consider the question of How shall we die? It has been represented in various phases. We see some, as it were, depart this life enfolded by angels' wings, with that peaceful smile of resignation, after having bravely fought through the ranks stationed between this life and life eternal. And again, we see others who stopped in the very midst of their fight, and with their earthly object nearly gained suddenly cut off. Then it is that the departure is not wished for, but on the contrary, strong defiance to master that terrible end, Death. Let us then be prepared so that when our life is over we may meet our Divine Master with a joyful and eternal welcome.

We can not answer these two difficult questions of when and how shall we die? Nevertheless they fre-

quently come home to us. Leaving these we will briefly reflect upon Where shall we die? Who can tell this? Will we die at home, surrounded by loving friends, those near and dear to us, or will we give up our life far from them in a land destitute of friend or relation, with no soothing prayer or sympathy to alleviate our last awful moments? But let this consoling thought remain with us, that after having spent our life in accordance with the best we know how, though so often gone astray, yet so often repented, we shall one day arrive safely at the gate of the Mansion afar, and entering will rejoice with all the loved ones who have gone before.

Rev. D. L. Spookendike, D. D. L.

STIOUX CITY, IA., March 9, 1891.

HOW BEN PURTEL GOT HIS WIFE.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtel. His face was as freckled as the most bespotted turkey egg; his nose supported at the bridge a huge bump, while the end turned to one side; he was red-haired and every hair stood as if it cherished the most supreme contempt for its next neighbor; his form was as uncouth as his face was ugly. But what was very strange, he had a most handsome, bouncing, blooming wife, such as can only be grown upon a country farm.

"How in the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, mishapened, quint-essence of monstrosity." Ben was not at all offended at my impudent question, but proceeded to solve the mystery thus:

"You know Kate was always called one of the very prettiest 'gals' in all these parts and all the young 'fellers' tried to 'catch' her. Well, I used to go over to old 'Uncle Sammy's' just to look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate; but 'Lord sakes,' I had no more idea that I'd get Kate, than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair of old Sammy's bald head. One day when Kate 'sort o' made' fun o' me, and it always killed me, sure, I went home with something like a rock jostling 'round in my breast, and swore I'd hang myself with the first plow-line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?" I asked, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow. "No, daddy blazed off at me so, for not taking old Billy to pasture and 'skeered' me so bad I forgot all 'bout it. Well, I reckon 'bout a year after the hanging scrape, I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor, and put on my new linsy coat and copperas breeches, that mammy had dyed with sassafras bark, and other fixens, and went over to old 'Uncle Sammy's'. When I got there I found that Joe Sharp and his two sisters were there, and that the order of the day was to go 'muscadine hunting.' Joe Sharp was flying 'round 'Miss Kate this,' and 'Miss Kate 'tother,' when we came to a nasty, black, muddy slough that we had to cross on a log, and nothing would do but that Joe Sharp must lead Miss Kate across. They'd got 'bout half way 'crossed' when in went a 'tarnation' big bull-frog and in went Miss Kate to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy slough. Joe was running backward and forward on the log 'hollering' for a pole to help her out, but I was in there and had her out in less'n no time. By and by Joe comes up and says 'Miss Kate, are you hurt?' My dauber was up and I couldn't stand it; I just caught him by the seat of his white trousers and the back of his coat collar and gave him a toss. Maybe he didn't go clear under when he struck the water but I didn't wait to see him out. Me and Kate struck right for the house. By and by Kate says 'Ben, just let me hold on your arm a little, my knees feel 'sort o' weak.' I made a tremendous effort to say something nice but 'cuss the luck' I couldn't 'git' my mouth off no how. By and by Kate says, 'I think that Joe Sharp is a good-for-nothing, cowardly, sneaking, nobody, and if he puts his head in our house again I'll sue him with dishwater, sure.' I made another tremendous effort to say something nice but 'cuss the luck,' nothing could I say. By and by Kate says, 'Ben, I feel that you're my protector and I think dad is 'bout right when he says you're worth all the boys in the neighborhood. I made another tremendous effort to say something nice and out it popped sure

enough. Says I, "Kate, if you're going to have me, just say so right up and down." Kate hung down her head and kind o' sighed but didn't say anything and says I, 'Kate, if you're going to have me just squeeze my hand,' and she 'squeezed' it right straight. 'Great jimmineys,' how I did feel! I felt as if a stream of warm sassafras tea, sweetened with molasses was running through my bones. I caught her 'round the neck and kissed her square in the mouth and she never tried the first time to 'git' loose. Old Sammy was mighty well pleased about the thing, and so was the old woman, and we got married the next fall after the muscadine scrape.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

A Fireman's Friend.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, March 24, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In reading the March Magazine this evening, which was the first chance I have had, I took in the Woman's Department, and noticed where our noble friend Jim Dooley was giving his idea on how to manage a husband. I must say that our worthy friend has got some very good ideas about how a wife should manage her husband, but I think he is after something else. I think he is hunting for a wife and has taken this method to obtain one, but he has taken the wrong way to catch one. This sweet way he has to tell how he feels when on an engine with a married man, especially when he says it makes him feel queer when he sees a married man take a nice lunch out of his seat-box and clean it up, and he either has to take a hand-out on the fly or run around a meal, or come to his room of a cold night and find everything all thrown around. I must say he tells a very sympathetic story about how he feels, and all of that, but I don't think he will gain much sympathy from our lady friends that way, for they are all onto his little tale of woe. He would better take some other method to gain the love and affection of our young lady friends, but I can't say anything, for I have been in his same fix. J. D., old boy, cheer up, and get yourself a little wife, and surprise all the I. & G. N. boys, and have that little lunch basket yourself, and then you won't have to catch hand-outs or run around meals, for you bet. I am in the same fix you are about meals. There is many a meal I have run around and many a hand-out I have caught on the fly, but I think I will change that little tune myself and get a wife to fix a lunch basket up for me. Now, one thing more I will say before closing, I would advise our young lady friends to keep their eye on J. D., for he means business. I will say one thing more for myself, and that is this: I used to roam over the same grounds as J. D., but I think I am about to stop and settle down.

I will close with my kindest regards to our editor and all our lady readers, and hope I will hear about J. D.'s wedding soon.

Yours truly,

Narrow Gauge.

[The writer of this is evidently a little jealous of Mr. Dooley's success with the ladies, but the right kind of a man need not go begging, for there are plenty of nice girls who will make first-class wives.—ED.]

WATERVILLE, ME., March, 1892.

Editor Woman's Department:

Sisters and friends of the Woman's Department, not far from the sea coast, in the Kennebec valley in the old Pine Tree State, there is a small city noted for its first-class schools and Colby University, and also the fast horse, Nelson.

This has been my home for seventeen years. I am an engineer's wife and would like to correspond with some of the lady writers of the West through the Magazine. I am

Annie L.

[Write to Mr. E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., for all missing numbers of the Magazine.—ED.]

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., March 20, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I believe I have not written a letter for the *Magazine* for three months, but work has been my excuse and I think I need no other. I have read every letter in the last number; some of them I have read. (Thanks to "Engineer's Wife" for her appreciation of my letter; to like it is more than some people do.) But this morning the spirit has moved me to write and I have dropped everything. Now, I will shock some of the ladies, but really I have left my dishes unwashed while I idle my time in writing, but if by so doing I may be so fortunate as to help some lady out with a troublesome spring suit for herself or daughter I shall not think the time wasted, for I am going to write about dresses this morning. We all wear them, and some of us make them, so we have a common interest. As the styles this spring are plain front skirts, or principally so, no doubt some of the ladies will be pleased to know how nicely they can make over some of last spring's dresses, so I will tell you how I made one last week. The dress in question was a gray serge and had been worn two seasons. It had been made with a kilted front and sides and a shirred back drapery, and of course there was a quantity of goods in it. The lady had it all ripped and dusted nicely, and the threads all picked out, but there were a few soiled spots on the front skirt, and the basque was much the worse for wear. The spots had a suggestion of grease with dust settled in. I placed the goods smoothly on the table with a piece of old cloth beneath it, then with gasoline and a sponge removed every particle. (Let me say here that there is nothing like gasoline for taking out grease, and it does not injure the color, not even the most delicate shade.) I have washed whole dresses in gasoline without ripping a stitch. I put the gasoline in the tub and after dusting the garment to be washed, I put it in and use the board, and when I have rubbed it sufficiently I wring or press it out as well as I can, and hang it on the line in the air for it to evaporate. In a short time, except for the smell, it is like new. It should be aired a day or two till the scent leaves it, and after pressing you will be surprised to see how nice it looks. Garments cleaned in this way do not shrink nor streak in drying as they do when water and soap are used. I have washed my husband's pants and vests with splendid success. Even his hats I have cleaned beautifully by using a sponge or brush.) But my goods, I believe, is still in process of cleaning, or at least I have left it lying on the table a good while. Now, I will proceed to make the dress. After it was all cleaned I planned the dress. The goods was 12 inches wide, and by cutting the skirt lining to make the front width 21 inches at the bottom and 16 at the top, the side gores 14 inches at the bottom and 9 at the top, I had to put a small gore on each side at the bottom of the goods to make it the width of the bottom of the skirt lining, and as the color was plain it did not show after sewing and pressing carefully. Then after sewing up the linings and pressing seams and putting a facing of the lining on the under side of the bottom 6 inches deep, I placed the goods smoothly on the table with the lining on top, with both lower edges perfectly even, the middle of the front width of lining exactly on the fold of the goods, then basted the lining smoothly to the goods all the way round, up each seam and down the middle of the front, then cut around the lining, folded and laid aside until the basque and back drapery were arranged. Then came the back of the skirt, the lining for which I made 30 inches wide from top to bottom, faced it up on right side with a piece of goods four inches wide, and on the under side with a piece of lining 6 inches; cut a placket and hemmed it, and then my lining was finished and I began my back drapery. There had been originally two full breadths in the back drapery which, after cutting off the old hem and basting it, I laid in fan plaits (which is done by laying a deep plait at the top and letting it flare gradually to the bottom to one-third the width of the top), basting them all down and staying them twice across with tape, the first about one-third the distance from the bottom and the second about 8 inches from the top. Then I put a facing about 8 inches long on the left

side of the top for a placket, as this drapery is fastened at the side where the back is joined to the side gore. I then put a band 8 inches long on the top, and a button-hole, and, behold! my back drapery. Next came the basque, and had I not had any amount of experience I should have thought it impossible to get anything like a respectable-looking basque out of it. The elbows were worn through and the waist quite too short. I cut a new lining (which is always best, as one gets a more satisfactory fit), and as I had previously cleaned and pressed and picked threads, I placed the lining on the goods and basted all around the edges and across waist line. I then cut the edges smooth and cut it longer in the waist, as I had, in cutting the lining, cut it sufficiently long in the waist. Now, if those who have the *Delineator* for April will turn to page 272 and diagram 385, they will understand just how the basque was made. To those who have not got the *Delineator* I will say I cut a piece of goods 4 inches wide and on the bias, and fitted it (after lining it with crinoline) to the lower edge of the basque, letting it extend around to the side-form seam. I then took goods lengthwise and laid the plait and pleced it carefully to the back to make the coat back, and over the seam I put lapels like pockets, with a button on each upper corner, and six down each side on the plaits. I finished the neck with a bias standing collar, then from some pieces of goods left from the skirt I cut the uppers for the half leg of mutton sleeves; from the uppers of the old sleeves I cut the under portion for the new. I faced them, leaving a small opening at the wrist at the back seam and finished with three buttons. I then pieced the odds and ends together and pressed and hemmed till I had sufficient for a 4 inch rose plaiting for the foot of the front of the skirt which extended to the back drapery; then after basting the back lining to the drapery the skirt was sewn together, the under facings were carefully caught down over the seams to hide edges, and pressed, then the braid put on and pressed. Then the skirt was put on the lady who was to wear it and the fullness at the waist was laid in plaits to fit the figure, 8 inches being calculated for the back breadth, then the band put on and buttons and button-holes, and hangers, and two pieces of rubber fastened to the seams where the back is joined to the side gores, for pull-back, and then the skirt was finished, and it really was pretty. Of course the seams of the basque were finished and whalebones attached, and no one would have recognized the dress. It might have been made with the plaiting of another color, as well as the lapels and collar and cuffs, and it would have had a brightening effect and been very pretty.

It is surprising how one can economize if one only has a little patience, a little ingenuity and a will. There are so many ways of making a little go a great way, or making something out of nothing, so to speak. I really feel grieved to see how some ladies go through life with little or no thought of saving, or economy, or of helping their husbands. One lady acquaintance once told me she would not keep a dress as long as I do; she did not see the sense of it. Well, I make my clothes last years, yet they are never out of style, and I have a sense of being decently and well dressed, and when I tire of them or see that I can make them over to better advantage for the children I do so, and get a new one for myself. Now, I know this is a long letter, and it will be a tiresome one for the firemen, but I hope it will not be for their wives, but if any should find it so I will put her down as one of those who have no thought of economy or her husband's purse. I will write soon again and tell those who do not know how to cut, baste and fit a basque that will feel comfortable and not twist to one side, that is, if the editor will allow.

It is with pride I sign myself

Beile, a Fireman's Wife.

[This is a very useful and helpful letter and we hope the writer will keep her promise and write another. This department is not published to interest the firemen; it is for the benefit of women. The former have nearly ninety pages a month and they do not need any especial attention from the few

remaining columns, except in the indirect way in which both sexes have a mutual interest.—Ed.]

LAREDO, TEX., March 22, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As to-day is Sunday and I have nothing to do, I will try and write a few lines to our welcome *Magazine*. I wish some one from White Breast Lodge, No. 278, Laredo, Texas, would write and let people know that it is not like McGinty, for McGinty went down and No. 278 is going up grade just as fast as she can, and the boys seem to be glad that they are living. And why don't some of our firemen's wives and sweethearts write, and don't be ashamed to say "I am a fireman's wife," or "I am a fireman's sweetheart," for they are good, noble men. If any one wants to get me fighting just let them say anything against a railroad man, for I am a railroader's daughter, and I am proud of it.

There is much to live for after all. There is much more good than bad in life, and if we only know how to gather the good and let the bad go by, all of us can be happier than we think for, if we only stop borrowing trouble long enough to think. The seasons come and go—come and go, the years go by and drop off as time's huge pendulum swings into the realm of God with its freightings of life, death, love, hate, labor, gossip, scandal, enterprises, successes and failures. To-day as I look out of the window the rain beats fast and furious upon the forms and into the faces of those who speed along, anxious to reach shelter. The passenger train is just passing by and the rain is falling so fast and the wind blowing so strong that I could not see the number of the engine. One day we were in the round house where these great, wonderful, powerful locomotives are housed, petted, caressed and cared for while resting from the running they are forced to. How carefully the men in blouse and gaiters examined every portion of the ironwork and saw that all was right. The engineer came into the round house; he noted how well the cleaner and inspector had done their work. The fire was crackling in the fire box. The engineer mounted the steps and stood in his cab, and he rode out of the building along a switch to the place on the main track where stood the long train of cars to be drawn to their destination. When the fireman sounded the signal bell the engineer pulled a lever and a bar and something else with a handle to it, and slowly the train crept and wound its way out from the depot, over switches and onto the stretch of track that led away to the south. How they sped along the heavily ballasted track at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, hard jostling and easy riding, sudden transitions, as on they sped to the end of their run. What a pleasure it was to have the poor fireman and engineer home once again. We thought and thought as we gazed out from our room window; the twilight shadows fell softly all about us; the sun went down in its bed of roses and pinks and carnations and forget-me-nots in the West. The evening song birds came out to say and sing their "good night, and sweet dreams" to each other. The angels of the air came to us in troops; they entered our heart and under the influence of home lined it with velvet and hung upon the walls out of common reach the ugly weapons brave men must use at times. They fill our soul with thoughts, and here are some of them: Offerings from the gods to one who prayed to know the way and have strength to run it properly. Those hands and ridging muscles, they are the engine on and in which the spirit rides to its school, its college, its work, its reward. Look at the perfect physique, the engine; thought is the engineer. There is a race to run, a sea to sail over, a sunset before you, a race for life, a rest, a reward, if you can only keep on the track and out of the ditch.

I will not say any more, as my letter is too long already. Buenos noches, *Señorita*.

Happy Tot.

[Come again, and sign your own name.—Ed.]

CLINTON, ILL., April 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

It must be that the approach of spring has a tendency to brighten us up mentally. I know from Mrs. Harper's assertion that she had over thirty letters intended for the last *Magazine*, that a letter from me is not needed, but if I get one written I will send it and she can use it should there be a slack, sometime. We will soon be deep in housecleaning again. I am sure we will be glad when it is all over and we are nicely settled for the summer, but please don't be too smart and try to get ahead of some of the neighbors and have all the family sick with cold. La grippe has done sufficient damage this season. I love a clean house, but not a clean cold house. Indeed, I think there are few places so disagreeable. Every one feels cold and unhappy and miserable from the time the stoves are taken out till the sun has thoroughly warmed the atmosphere. The only way to avoid this state of things is to leave the stoves where they are till the sun has done his part, then we can do ours without endangering our health or that of our family. If prophecies fulfilled will make croakers happy they certainly deserve to be happy now. During the past beautiful winter they lost a great deal of the benefit of it while they were worrying over the "cold, late spring we were sure to have in consequence." It does seem so silly when we stop to consider how much present enjoyment we willingly deprive ourselves of while trying to borrow trouble from the future. I like to borrow and lend in a neighborly way but I must say I would rather *lend* trouble than *borrow* it. The most of us have a present supply equal to our courage to bear it. Too many of us are like the old lady who, when asked how she felt, said with a sigh, "I feel better, but I always know when I feel better I am going to feel worse."

"Friar Tuck." I enjoyed your letter immensely, principally because you are so honest. I had a good laugh when you told how you would have your intended treat you, but I have a bone to pick with you, nevertheless. Supposing you and your gushing intended had been engaged for some time, when, for some reason or without reason, you became estranged and never married, do you think the next man she fell in love with and who thought her all he wished, would enjoy knowing she had gushed over one or more men before meeting him? I think it would hurt you a little to know that you were not the first man your sweetheart had lavished her kisses and caresses on. How humiliating for her to meet those men after having married you, and how exasperating the thought would be to you that some man or men could say of your wife, "She was one of the gushing kind and we had lots of fun before she married him." This is just what you men must be prepared for if you select a girl who has no more dignified modesty than to allow herself to gush.

All the arguing in the world will not change my opinion of the girl or the habit, so we will agree to disagree. I will not quarrel with "one of the best boys in the world." *Mrs. L. H.*

[Mrs. H's ideas are sound. Her hints on housecleaning should have been written in February to reach the readers in April. Thanks for appreciative words.—Ed.]

VANCEBORO, MAINE, April 12, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

To-day, as I have just finished reading the *Magazine*, I thought I would write a few lines. I only wish the *Magazine* came oftener, for I take great pleasure in reading it, especially the Woman's Department. There are some dear, good sisters and I like to hear from them often. I cannot advise as to managing a husband, for I have had no experience, but, like most others of my sex, I live in hopes, and perhaps in some future day I can write on that subject. The B. of L. F. is in a flourishing condition here and the boys are all true to the good old cause. Wishing them God speed,

A fireman's friend, Naa.

NIGHT.

Darkness once more enshrouds the earth,

And silence reigns supreme;

Hushed is the tuneful song bird's mirth,

While in the firmament there faintly gleam

The twinkling stars, whose soft, pale light,

Dark shadows cast amid the gloom of night.

The murmuring breeze is borne with solemn sound

'Unto the listening ear from far away,

While nature rests in silence, deep, profound,

Unbroken by the turmoil of the day;

And God, the ruler of the light,

Keeps watch o'er all throughout the lonely night.

Night with its sombre shadows bringeth fear,

And fills the heart with sorrowful unrest;

The storm-tossed mariner sees not the danger near,

As rides the ship upon the wave's bright crest;

He doth not see the iceberg towering high—

When, lo! the ship has struck in passing by.

But when for us the storms of life are o'er,

And weary, aching hearts are laid to rest—

When we shall reach that bright celestial shore,

Where dwell the good, the pure, the blest,

We'll hail with rapture Heaven's transcendent light—

For us there'll be no darksome night.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Circumstances have compelled me to refrain for some time from taking advantage of the editor's cordial invitation to make use of the lath string, and hence my letter may be somewhat late. I never fail to read the contributions to this department, but I might have remained a silent but amused and instructed reader had it not been for "Pebble's" letter in the February issue relative to "sparking." I think, in fact I am certain, that I am an ardent admirer of the gentler sex, and feel rather mean when I consider that I am about to willfully disagree with a lady, and one, too, whose experience in the art of sparking is evidently far ahead of my own. I feel obliged to commend her, however, before I presume to constitute myself a critic, inasmuch as any remarks and "pointers" on the art of courting must, of necessity, be extremely acceptable to such of us as are still numbered among the old and crusty sojourners in bachelordom. Yet, underneath her seemingly well-meant remarks there seems to lurk a sneer, and this sneer is directed at the callow youth who essays to "spark." Alas and alack! boys, we are undone. How vain are all our attempts to do or be anything.

"Sparking is a science," says "Pebble." Well, we will all admit that, I think, without argument. Still, if my own experience in that line may be taken as a criterion by which to judge, the assault upon the loved one's affections need not be so intensely scientific as to be distressing, as there is very rarely any energetic attempt at self-defense. (Excuse my impertinence, girls. "Pebble" gave "us" worse than that, although not so openly. Men can not be expected to be so subtle in their mode of attack as the ladies are.) Who ought to study the science of "sparking." "Pebble"? Do you think a small, a very small amount of instruction would prove hurtful to the fair damsels themselves? Some are quite awkward about courting. They seem to want to do first class love-making but fail, plainly through ignorance. What success could the most accomplished lover expect if he tried to spark a log of wood?

My conceit is singing its death song. I feel most uncomfortably humble when I reflect that possibly my terrestrial angel used to call my would-be graceful actions "antics," and liken my devotion to the abject submission of a canine. "Grandma" was right; it is plain she understood the value of a young man's affections. They should not be laughed at. Even though my own head is bald I sympathize with the young man and would see him have fair play.

Of course, "Pebble," your "untaught beau," should not have followed you about so persistently, but if it annoyed you, why did you not sit down?

This might not have proved so highly entertaining as the exercise of "walking and walking till you were all tired out, just to see him follow," but it would hardly have been so fatiguing as so much pedestrianism. If it was such a delight to see him "follow" why did you not tie him behind a wagon and then you could have reclined upon the green sward or sat on the fence and watched him follow to your heart's content, and when the "following" was over you would have been tolerably fresh instead of being all tired out. Your information as to what your method of courting would be, were you the beau, I accept meekly and gratefully, as I think all "untaught beaux" will do, but permit me to remark that I fear your armor is rather weak in some places. Of course you wouldn't forget that you were a gentleman because the constant pulling out of your pocket-book to pay for livery rigs, concert tickets, ice cream and oysters would cause that fact to loom up glaringly before your mind's eye. As regards "retracting our steps immediately," why, "Pebble," some of us do, or rather we used to until the girl jilted us because she said we were afraid to stay out after 4 A. M.

So you would tell her you loved her right away, would you? No, "Pebble," perhaps you think you would, but you wouldn't, really. Archimedes, you will remember, bragged that with a fulcrum on which to rest his lever he could move the world, but I'll wager my subscription to the *Magazine* that he didn't tell Mrs. Archimedes he loved her the first time he tried. It may not seem hard to a disinterested spectator, but most men would rather face a loaded cannon than run the risk of hearing that fatal "I'm sorry, but—"

In conclusion, in behalf of my sex, I would entreat the ladies not to cause us unnecessary anguish by criticising our style, or rather styles, of courting. We submit tamely to be torn in fragments as husbands, but don't attack such an ancient institution as "sparking." Let us court in our own way. We, perhaps, have our own ideas about how our advances should be received, but of course—we'll we can't post the girls because, somehow, they seem to do it better than we could, even when they are quite unsophisticated.

Without a "spark" of malice I am yours,

W. J. F.

[There are as many ways of courting as there are boys and girls to court and be courted. But as it was once said, "All roads lead to Rome," so all genuine "sparking" should lead to marriage. And yet the ways are devious; there are long lanes and short cuts and crooked roads and thorny paths and flowery walks. If our young folks can agree upon any method that will apply in all cases they will do something that their elders never were able to accomplish. The discussion is open.—ED.]

SHERMAN, TEXAS, March 20, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am not a constant reader of the *Firemen's Magazine*; but, having seen a few numbers, I thought I would add my mite.

I see much is being said and written about managing husbands. I do not know whether the discussion is open yet or not, but I think the time to begin managing them is while they are at home with mother. If mothers would teach their boys to love and obey them in all things they would not have to be managed by a wife. Think of this, mothers, while your boys are under your care. Train them to be good and noble men and in a few years you will not hear anything about managing husbands.

I have a brother who is a fireman on the N. P. R. R. in Washington. He came home on a two weeks' visit the first of this month, after an absence of nearly two years. You may guess how much pleasure it gave us to have him with us again, if we were only for a short time.

Mrs. M. B. M.

A WOMAN AND HER LITTLE GIRL.

As I waited at the station,
 Something less than half awake,
 On my ears, grown tired of listening
 For the train I meant to take,
 Fell a sound of childish laughter,
 And immediately after
 Came a vision would have charmed me,
 Were I—what I'm not—a churl.
 'Twas a pretty little woman
 With a pretty little girl.

Her lips—I mean the woman's—
 There was mischief in their smile.
 Her cunning feet—the baby's—
 They were dancing all the while.
 And no form was ever neater
 Than mamma's, and nothing sweeter
 Than her plump, white neck—the wee one's—
 And the wayward little curl
 On the forehead of the woman
 With the pretty little girl.

When the locomotive whistled,
 I was prompt as you may guess,
 To protect the winsome couple
 From the jostling and the press.
 Happy chance—to safely guide them,
 Happier still—to sit beside them
 And watch their winsome ways, until
 I found my heart in peril.
 And stole a sudden kiss from her—
 I mean the little girl!

Then I wondered if I quizzed the
 Little girl about her pa,
 And should get a pensive answer
 From her blithe and bonny ma.
 Would it make me broken hearted
 Should she softly sigh "departed."
 But the locomotive whistled,
 And I helped them through the whirl
 To the arms of—"John," said mamma,
 "Papa," screamed the little girl.

M. G.

LAREDO, TEXAS, April 26, 1891.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., March 31, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Ever since I married "my Jack" (then a fireman), four years ago, I've been a reader of the *Magazine*; I read all but the "Mechanical." You certainly have a great deal to put up with. Time and again you've requested your correspondents to comply with certain rules of the *Magazine*: from their failing to do so one would think they had very little regard for your time and patience, which must be all the virtues in one, or you couldn't stand them. A large majority mention the waste-basket, but will do nothing to avoid it. If I were in your place, I'm afraid I'd be tempted to make that (the W. B.) the future home of quite a lot of the letters. I'm glad our "husband managing sisters" have decided to quit managing and give us something new. Although I have read every method of "how to manage a husband," not one would suit my case, for it seems to me "that husband of mine" needs different management every day in the week and twice on Sunday. Still, I dare say, he's no worse than the general run of well managed ones. To kiss and hug, grin and dance attendance on a man, is not by any means my idea of "managing" him. I think

"Those managed best of all
 Are those managed not at all."

I agree with our friend Shandy: "I never can get the right kind of a pull on the check-rein to manage my Jack." The January number brought the sad announcement of Mr. Debs' retirement. Now, that's what I call "hard luck;" we (the B. of L. E.) may, somewhere in this vast army of toilers, find another Eugene V. Debs, but I doubt it. I can forgive him for leaving us on one condition—that he *does* (as rumor has it) found a labor paper; then, though he has left us in one sense of the word, we can still feel he is with us (the working people).

Although the B. of L. E.'s *Journal* made "a miserable effort" at attacking the speech made by Mr. D. J. Brown, at the convention of the B. of L. E., I think (as does the *Journal*, if the truth were known) it was "simply immense," and a carload of "Chauncey's speeches" couldn't come up to it, in my estimation. I felt like hugging Brother Brown when I read it. If I represented the B. of L. E., I'd put Brother Brown (where he belongs) in Grand Chief Arthur's place. Just about now Arthur seems to have "Chauncey Mephistopheles" in his eye and can't see what's good for him. If he called on Chauncey as "a friend in need," I'm afraid he'd be answered in his own words, "Mind your own business." Chauncey has the "price," but over and above that, "he ain't in it."

With best wishes for all in favor of woman's rights and federation, I remain
 Annie Rooney.

LEADVILLE, COLO., March 15, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having been a constant reader of the *Firemen's Magazine* for some time and not seeing anything about Cloud City Lodge, No. 196, I thought perhaps I might say some words of the esteemed members of that lodge.

They are a set of jolly, gallant boys, eager to lend a helping hand to any brother or friend in trouble or distress.

And as for the *Magazine* I think it one of the most interesting books I have ever read. I must say I am partial to the Woman's Department, and think it is a grand thing to have the privilege of praising the noble railroad boys for their brave deeds done while at the post of duty. And the sisters write such lovely letters. It does one good to read them.

As this is my first attempt at writing for the public, I sincerely hope you will make all allowances.

If this escapes the waste basket and finds a corner in your valuable *Magazine*, with your permission I will come again. Wishing the noble Brotherhood success in all undertakings, I will close.

M. I. P., a fireman's daughter.

[We publish this letter entire in order to call attention to several points. The writer says she is "a constant reader" of the *Magazine* and then in every paragraph ignores requests that have been made till our readers are tired of seeing them. The first paragraph is taken up with saying that she will tell us something about Cloud City Lodge. She then tells us they are "a set of jolly, gallant boys," which information it is hardly worth taking up space to impart. Next she says "it is such a grand thing to have a Woman's Department in which we can have the privilege of praising the noble railroad boys," although our correspondents have been asked repeatedly not to do this very thing. Another paragraph is then devoted to a reference to the "waste basket," after one hundred requests that our contributors will not use this hackneyed and worn out phrase. Take out these objectionable points, which have been referred to again and again, and what is there in the letter that should entitle it to a place in our overcrowded columns? And yet we get at least a half dozen letters each month that are a fac-simile of this, and always from persons who state that they have been "constant readers of the *Magazine* for years." Now will not this correspondent try once more and tell us something about Leadville, which is said to be a most unique and interesting spot?—Ed.]

CARLETON, ST. JOHN, N. B., March 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Perhaps you would like to hear from this part of the world, so I have concluded to write a letter to the many sisters, whose names seem so familiar to me. I have been a reader of the *Magazine* for a number of years, ever since Justice Lodge was organized, and I don't remember seeing anything from St. John in the Woman's Department. There are plenty of ladies who could write much better letters than mine if they only would.

Many of you have never seen St. John. It is one of the largest cities of the Dominion and has upwards of 60,000 inhabitants. About fourteen years ago it was nearly destroyed by fire, but it is now a beautiful city, with many handsome buildings; and with its beautiful harbor and scenery is very attractive to visitors, of whom we generally have a good many.

Our city is growing in popularity as a summer resort, and is well worthy a visit from pleasure seekers. The beaches afford splendid chances for boating and bathing, and the climate is very healthful.

Well, "Shandy" has some very comical ideas of how husbands and wives should be managed, but as I am not married I am not going to say anything about it, only this. If I had a husband like he makes people believe he is, I should think I had my hands full. But "Shandy" has been down this way and we know he is not so bad as he makes believe he is.

What a treasure some one is missing while Jim Dooley remains single. Poor fellow, I hope he will soon have a nice, little wife to take care of him and his lunch box.

Why don't every one choose her own topic and then it would make a variety and be more entertaining to us all. I am afraid I am imposing by making my letter so long.

Hoping that the firemen may never be able to abolish the Woman's Department, for if they do they lose the best part of the *Magazine*, and with good wishes for all the Brotherhood, I sign myself

A fireman's daughter, S. L.

[We would much prefer that our correspondents should choose their own subjects, and only suggest one occasionally to keep up an interest.—Ed.]

GOODLAND, KAN., March 11th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Well, I am glad that piece of work is so nearly done.

What was it? Why it was cutting up and salting down two pigs. Now, did any of you ever know a man to be at home when needed? And I only had an old case knife and a hand-saw to "dissect" those pigs with. Oh! the graceful (?) curves and lines I did cut with that old knife. I know if the butcher could have seen me he would have liked to hire me at a good salary, but I wilted when it came to the heads, and if some one else does not come to the rescue, they will have to remain intact or—in the soap grease.

Our lodge (for the women are as much interested as the men), is reported as gaining in attendance, but must need some financial improvement as I had a receipt for an extra assessment handed me to care for.

If advice will not be out of place, I would like to say to the members of this, and all other lodges, don't ask the lodge to carry you unless strictly necessary. It is sure to create a you-needn't-to-have-done-it feeling when they see you buying things for yourself that their families have to do without in order to keep a good standing.

If all sons were sure to follow in their fathers' footsteps, the C. K. & N. need not fear getting out of employes. Such a crop of little railroaders, from engineers to car repairers.

It is a stormy night, so I sit up waiting for "12" and my old sweetheart to come in, and expect to be rewarded with, "Why didn't you put a big chunk of coal on the fire and go to bed?" You are so foolish to sit up waiting for me." So good night and pleasant dreams to all.

Phillipa,

MONTPELIER, IDAHO, May 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The *Magazine* at hand. I will begin by saying something of women's dress in general, a subject on which all women should have something to say. Think of the heavy skirts, of the numerous and unnecessary petticoats, of corsets, pads, cushions, steels, of low necks and short sleeves, of long hair pinned up in brain-stupefying coils, with diamonds that drag and tortoise shells that break, of bodices that button in all manner of odd places, where fastening them becomes a difficulty—at the side, under the arm, on the back and shoulder; of trains, their length, their weight, their costliness and absurdity (they give splendor to society, to be sure, and are good encouragement to the silk trade); of other useless adornments: of fans, and the effect the use of them implies; of all of these mystic things and more than these, all for the want of intelligence in woman's mind to discountenance such follies in the way of clothing. Comfort is the main thing to be considered in the clothing of human beings.

From the earliest age of history down to the present time the race has shown a barbaric tendency toward a superabundance of adornment, which is most fatal to intellectual progress. From the fig leaf man came to the wearing of coats and skins; then followed the absurd trinkets, such as beads, belts and head ornaments, which would make a savage look ridiculous. Women should not wear such useless things as these. Look at the superior comfort and physical strength enjoyed by men. How long would their physical strength endure if they were weighted down with the heavy skirts worn by women? Could they walk forty miles a day in women's shoes? Could they fire an engine in women's corsets? No. It is plain to see men enjoy superior physical strength, largely because they are properly clothed. There is no reason, either in law or nature, why they should possess these advantages. Women, by adopting their style of dress, will secure a great deal of their muscular physique. Men and women are viewed as being merely equals, but there is a distinct division between them, and the question of clothing is the most important thing to be considered. Certain objections may be raised against my views in behalf of trade, the question of what would become of a large portion of trade if women quit wearing such foolery. But I say the freedom, health and comfort are more to be considered than any trade. The liberty, the perfect liberty of woman is what we have to strive for through the physical condition boasted of by her, would-be oppressor—man.

W. B. Richmond.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., March 21, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

For the past few months I have been a constant reader of your valuable *Magazine* and I like it very much, especially the Woman's Department. My husband is a member of the B. of L. F. He is out on the road now and I thought I would write a few lines for the *Magazine*. I think the article signed "F. M. S." and published in the March *Magazine* in regard to managing a husband, is very good. In regard to having their meals ready when they come home, we can't always do that for we don't know when they are coming. My husband always tells me when he goes out on freight, not to depend on him being back at a certain time for he might not come. But he is on the passenger now and I know when to expect him; but sometimes they are late and I get fooled then; but I always do my washing and ironing when he is away and try to have everything in order so that I can visit with him when he gets home.

I have tried some of the recipes in the *Magazine*, for plain cake, and like them very well. I never leave anything for my husband to do, when he gets home, for he is always tired enough, so when he gets home he can sit down and read the paper and rest, for he is very fond of reading. I always think how hard he has to work while I sleep, and so I think we can afford to do the housework without asking them to help. As this is my first attempt into your circle, I will not make my letter too lengthy. Wishing the *Magazine* and the B. of L. F. success in the future, I remain, a fireman's wife.

S. L.

TO THE MAGAZINE.

O beloved, beautiful *Magazine*,
I write these verses so true,
Because my boy is a fireman,
And is so devoted to you.

For over a year he has held you
In fond embrace in his hands,
As he eagerly devoured your contents,
While you spoke of other lands.

And while seeking for information,
Which he always found you contain,
He still turned to the Woman's Department.
From so doing he could not refrain.

And as he treasures you safely,
With many more at your side,
With the coming hope that his many friends
Will read you with a fireman's pride.

While you go among your readers,
May they handle you with much care,
For the information you give them
Cannot be found elsewhere.

A Loving Mother.

GLADSTONE, MICH., April 10, 1891.

FAITH.

Have ye faith in one another,
When you meet in friendship's name?
For the friend should be a brother,
And his heart should feel the same.
What tho' your paths in life may differ,
Since the hour when first you met,
Still have faith in one another—
You may need that friendship yet.

Have ye faith in one another,
Nor to a doubting heart incline;
Doubts will make this world a desert
Where the sun will never shine.
Tho' you have some transient sorrow
That overshadows you to-day,
If you have faith in one another,
Sorrow with you will not stay.

Have ye faith in one another?
Then let honor be your guide.
Let no angry words be spoken,
What else others may betide.
Grief and troubles may assail us—
Yes, I have no doubt they will;
But have faith in one another,
For faith will conquer every ill.

Pansy.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., April 4, 1891.

HAYDON, ONT., March 22, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

To pass away the time (as I am absent from school to-day) I will talk to you for a little while.

But you will have to excuse the mistakes, as I will probably improve later, seeing I am only fourteen years old. Oh! such a horrid day as it has been. Raining all the time. I have just been reading some of the letters in the February *Magazine* and have found them very interesting. My brother has been two thousand miles away for over two years and is now a fireman and a pretty good one, I guess, although I have never recognized any of his letters. Wouldn't I like to step into his home some day unexpectedly? I guess he will be not a little surprised when he sees this. I think firemen ought to write as well as their "female relations." What do you think about it, Kattie? I can see the water rushing busily along (as the mill-pond is very close), and it reminds me of the danger a fireman is in, as the train rushes over high bridges which might at any moment give way. May you all be kept safe and be kept cheerful by your jolly little wives, and those that are minus a wife by some one else. If this is accepted I will call again. I remain a fireman's loving sister.

Ethel.

[Ethel's letter might serve as a model for some of her older sisters.—ED.]

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS., April 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I see some mention in the *Magazine* of changing the subject of the letters in this department, and giving the question, is "Marriage a failure?" a rest. Now before this is actually done I would like to have my little say about this interesting problem. "Yes" must certainly be the answer to it if the husband be shiftless, a drunkard, or possessed of any other of those divorce court evils, or if the wife be wasteful, dirty, or a scold. But in too many cases none of these ills exist, or only slightly, and yet home is not always a place of peace and a comfort. Why this is so may be a conundrum to unmarried people, but married ones know there are always little annoyances, small themselves, but which, coming in twos and threes, wear and tear the nerves and temper to pieces. In order that home may be what it should be, father, mother and children must do all in their power to make each other and themselves comfortable. If the husband comes in tired, teach the older children to amuse the baby while the wife gets the meal ready, or does anything else he wishes. I believe in waiting on my husband sometimes, but think he should not allow himself to get so used to it that he would expect it every time, as very often I am more tired than he; then he should at least make as little work as possible for me to do if he does nothing to help me.

I think where none of the great evils exist that more depends on the wife than on the husband in making home happy. In regard to meeting your husband with a smile, I don't believe it means you are to have a grin on your face, but that you are not to greet him with all the ill-humored remarks you may have heard, or tell him how cross baby has been, and how big your grocery bill is, but are to be as pleasant as possible, and if you have nothing particularly agreeable to relate, ask him about his trip and let him do the talking. On the other hand, should not the husband be a little bit agreeable, too? I lived neighbor to a man once who was a splendid, good husband, only he was cranky and so unpleasant around the house when he had his spells you would wish to be fifty miles away. He liked to see the house in order, and when he lost his temper over some of the little things mentioned before, he used to remark, not very gently or gracefully, either, to his wife, that her house was always upside down. Yet she was a good housekeeper, and kept things in their places better than the majority do with children. This same man would sail right past half a dozen empty nails, and hang his coat, vest and hat on the machine, throw his neck-tie and pipe on the table, when the cupboard was standing nearer to him, with one drawer assigned him for his handkerchiefs, ties, sleeve-holders, etc., and a box in said drawer for pipe and tobacco. Some men look on their homes as mere boarding houses, and think if they provide board and clothes for a woman she should have no other thought in the world but her husband's comfort and enjoyment. Now to such men I would like to give a pointer. Didn't your wife have a living before you married her, and in some cases a better one than she did afterwards, and worked not half so hard? Is this, then, what women get married for, to be less than hired girls? for you would never talk to a hired girl as you do to your wife, sometimes, or you would have a new one every week. You would also have to hand over at least ten dollars every month, and very few women of my acquaintance put that amount in clothes for themselves every month. No, Mr. Men, please remember women like their own comfort as well as men do, and employ their time making home and all in it as comfortable and happy as possible. Let the men do their part, too. Every good woman will have her husband's clothes clean and mended when he wishes to change, will keep her children, house and herself as clean and neat as she can. And now, gentlemen, you all like your wife to look young and pretty, so do all you can to help her keep so as long as possible. If you go for a drink of water and find the pail full (of emptiness), forbear the remark that there is never any water in the house when you want a drink. Rather, think how many weeks it is since you brought in a pailful, and make

APRIL 1, 1891.

tracks; and if you come in sometimes and find things not as straight as they might be, don't growl, but help just a little, and you will be surprised how soon things will get to rights, and you will feel so proud of yourself. This is all, provided you have a wife who, you know, tries to have the house in order when you are home, and does her washing and such things, when she can, while you are out. To women who do not do the right thing I have nothing to say.

To their husbands I would remark: Gentlemen, do your part and make them do theirs, by fair means or foul. Now, sometimes instead of taking a couple of the boys in for a treat, take that money and treat yourself and family to a dozen bananas or something else. Occasionally, also, take your wife out somewhere, if only to a free concert. Such things brighten life. Let each do as he or she would be done by, then everything will be serene. But if one follow this rule and the other do not, then I say to this one: Hold your own, regardless of a little discord, as man and wife are equal, and all should remember it and act accordingly.

Margretta.

[A very good letter. Come again.—Ed.]

PUERLO, COLO., April 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In perusing the contents of the *Fireman's Magazine*, there is always one part which is devoted to the interest of our fair sex. The part referred to is very interesting, owing to the fact that all concerned have a different method of managing affairs. One fireman's wife says why not have the men write and inform them the way in which they would like to have the ladies act. Well, now, each may have his own way in the managing of an unruly husband or wife, but they can all rest assured that there is only one way in which they can arrange matters satisfactorily, and that is kindness. It takes all kinds of people to make the world, and there are some very queer people in it, so queer at times that kindness is at a loss how to proceed. For instance, how many of our young ladies and gentlemen ever think how they should act? One wife says she is entirely at a loss what to do so that she can secure a kind word and look from her better half. Why not try contentment for a while, with a little patience thrown in for balance for the afflicted parts. And how many men are there who never give a single thought to the comforts of home: all some care for is that everything is in proper shape upon their arrival. Little do they think how long the poor wife has drudged and toiled to make things look attractive. And then to have a husband come and not say a kind word to her for the trouble she has taken in making his home beautiful, is pretty hard. If men were only a little more sensible to the duties involved there would be less trouble. What does a home-coming mean to us all? Does not your wife look for your return with joy? Is she not anxious until you return, and does she not regret your departure, fully knowing that she may never see you alive again? Think for a moment how the news of your death strikes on your home. It may be you are on your first trip after marriage, and it may be years later, but depend upon it, the blow is severe at any time I speak of. Loving wives and husbands who are all the world to each other, why not try to come home in this way? Surely there is enough music in your cranium to whistle or sing your favorite air, or come in the house with a little life in you. You may be tired out, but you are not so tired but that you could say a kind word, which at once throws all doubts and fears aside. As to your being out of sorts, execute a step or two like you used to in the ball room or at a party, and you will see the effect. Also let the wife do the same and then see how things proceed. Of course you want some amusement, but what were your earlier days for? You must remember that you now have a home to care for, and that should be amusement for you. Let your wife and little ones join in. Don't be crank; show your manhood as it should be shown. Also let the wife do the same, and love and affection will do the rest. Wishing all success, I remain

A Fireman.

Editor Woman's Department:

I like the little *Magazine* very much, and am especially interested in the *Woman's Department*. I enjoy reading the advice given as to how to "manage" a husband. As I am not the happy possessor of a husband, am unable to state how I would or would not do. But when I do get one I hope he will not have to be "managed." And should it become necessary, I think I shall try to do it with pleasant words, smiles, and good dinners, and will expect him to return the compliment with an unlimited amount of pie and cake, and a nice, fat pocketbook.

I think it is a wife's duty to make the little home as cheerful and pleasant as possible and give some attention to her personal appearance; strive to be just as cute, pretty and attractive in the presence of that dear, good husband, as she was when he was her lover and they spent so many happy evenings together.

I am very much in favor of "Buckeye's" style, in your last issue, of "managing" a wife. Would like to hear from him again. Wish there were more like him. I suppose I ought to tell you that I have a sweetheart. Well, I have. Of course, all girls have, but they do not all have one like mine. He is a fireman. He is also Secretary and Magazine Agent of one of the lodges. And in conclusion I will say that if I am not Mrs.—oh, well, I mean that fireman's wife—before the year ends, I'll know the reason why.

If this, my first attempt at writing for your *Magazine*, is considered worthy of publication I would be pleased to see it in print, and you will perhaps hear again from

Jewel.

[Put the name of your town or city at the head of your letter next time and send your true name or we will have to leave you out.—Ed.]

BALTIMORE, MD., March 31, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

My pen has been idle so long it has become rusty, nevertheless I will make one attempt to write a letter to the journal. I have been a constant and devoted reader of your worthy *Magazine*, and I am always interested in its columns, and as I have not known any one yet to send a few lines from Palapaco Lodge, 432, I thought perhaps I might say a few words in favor of their esteemed members. I hope that all my sister friends may join in and wish them great success, for it is a noble organization of brave and true-hearted men, and I hope that our dear brothers of 432, who but a few months ago joined their hands together, may every Sunday bring forth new members. Work on, dear brothers, work on in faith. Let doubt ne'er turn their steps aside, for though thy love may seem in vain, a rich reward awaits for service wrought, that seems to you so worthless now.

With best wishes and earnest prayers for all the brave boys who shovel coal, and the noble Brotherhood. May God bless the B. of L. F. and especially No. 432.

With best regards and kindest wishes,

A Fireman's Friend.

[You should not be so selfish as to ask God to bless No. 432 more especially than any other lodge. Come again and tell us something about Baltimore, your magnificent Johns Hopkins University, your Peabody libraries, your monuments, Druid Hill Park and your many great attractions.—Ed.]

NOTICE.

Will all secretaries of the Ladies' Societies of B. of L. F. send their addresses at once to Mrs. James L. Moore, Important business, Box 380, Stratford, Ontario.

"A TRIP ON THE WINDY."

You will leave Nashville on No. fifty-nine,
And back on 56, I'll put it into rhyme.

On a dark, dreary night,
And drizzling rain,
With five hours rest
And a heavy pulling train.

You will leave Nashville yard
Tolling the bell,
As to whether you get back
No one can tell.

We never think of that
But look at the bright side,
Attend to business strictly
With eyes open wide.

The first meeting point
Is at Kingston Springs,
A very nice place
For a great many things.

You will go there on time
And water you will take,
And the next meeting point
It is impossible to make.

Then you strike a hill five miles long,
The hill they call "twenty-nine,"
To stay with the engine you must be very strong,
Especially when rawhided to make the time.

It is up to Ridley's tank,
And oh! what a sin,
You are compelled to stop
And pull the pin.

You will hit the hump
With a terrible vim,
Put the cars in siding
And back again.

Then up to White Bluff,
And an order you will find,
To go over to Burns
And get two cars of lime.

Then down to Dickson,
And two hour's switching to do,
And it's pull up and back in, Billie,
Whenever you get through.

We have missed the meeting point,
Just as I expected,
I would have run faster
But I am afraid the boss would have objected.

Is the indicator at work?
The conductor says "no,"
And when No. 60 comes
We are going to let her go.

Then it's one eye out the front window,
The other one in the fire-box,
And when she strikes a curve
Great Scott, how she rocks!

You will roll 'em, and roll 'em
The rest of the night,
And you'll catch time at McKenzie
Just about daylight.

The engineer will oil around
While you take coal,
Then put out the headlight
And you are ready to roll.

You leave McKenzie
Just a little bit late,
That is a meeting point
For fifty-nine and fifty-eight.

You will sail over to Martin
As you can,
On nine different tracks,
Down and take sand.

You will go to the terminus of the line
Right on time,
The time we are due
Is ten minutes after nine.

You will go to bed
And sleep very fine,
This is the best I can do
For a rhyme this time.

N. S. B.

[That is a very hard trip, and we'll all
take a rest.—ED.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 25, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Men! men!! men!!! I am so sick of reading about men and unmanageable husbands that I am threatened with a spell of hysteria. They are all going to have their own way whether or no, so just leave them alone, and, dear sisters and fellow creatures, look up and ahead to that dear Adamless Eden beyond, for methinks we will have it all to ourselves bye and bye.

I think it would be a good idea for a personal correspondence to commence. I would like to correspond with some of the ladies.

"Kittie B." have you any babies? If you have, why did you not take care and aft that mother that was disappointed about her baby boy? I have a boy five months old and I think how nice it is to have him to go to and cry when I am vexed or disappointed—and smart,—he is as wise as his parents now.

Oh, how I do wish I was a real fine housekeeper, so I could brag a little in here to you all; but if I did my neighbors would send in a petition to have me excluded. I am just wild to write more, even if my dinner dishes are not washed, but I'm afraid of those [—E.D.s.] at the bottom of several letters I've seen.

J. W.

[Wash the dishes and call again.—ED.]

TUPELO, MISS., April 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been reading several of the *L. F. Magazines* and have enjoyed reading them very much.

I have just finished reading a letter from a young lady who says she is not married but will be soon. I think she would better wait till she gets him (before she says soon), for boys are liable to forget some of their most faithful promises.

I have a particular friend on the K. C., M. & B. R. R., who has asked me several times to write to the *Magazine*, and I fear when he sees this in print, he will become somewhat disgusted with school girls. I am nothing but a careless school girl, but not so careless as some would think for. You will find most girls more ignorant than boys, especially railroad boys. They have so many more advantages than we girls. They go everywhere and see all the pretty young ladies, so much prettier than the old ones. But the old saying is never to desert an old friend for a new one. It is very seldom that I see any of my railroad friends, and I don't have a conversation with them often enough to know what they would like to have published in their *Magazine*.

I have written too much now, for it is my first. Best wishes to No. 29 and her Master. May God ever let his richest blessings be with the B. of L. F. is the earnest wish of

Electa Lynn.

[If the writer of this letter is a "school girl," as she says, she will, we trust, permit a criticism. Judging from her letter, it would be impossible for her to be any more "careless" than it indicates. It could scarcely be prepared for publication and part of it had to be omitted. It was no worse than many others we receive; but where the writer is a woman of years, who has, perhaps, had no early advantages, or where she has a house and a family to look

after, mistakes are excusable. But in such cases as the above, where the writer is in school but is old enough to talk about getting married, as she does, there is little excuse. Her "particular friend" will certainly be "disgusted" if ever he gets a letter from her. To her, and to all young girls who write for the Woman's Department, permit us to suggest that they read carefully the directions that have been published from time to time. If they cannot avoid poor penmanship and faulty spelling, they can at least write neatly and plainly and follow the formula that has been so frequently given.—Ed.]

KYLE, TEXAS, April 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I am a constant reader of the *Firemen's Magazine* and take great interest in the Woman's Department, I will endeavor to write a few lines for that department. There seem to be very many different ideas as how to manage a wife. I have no wife to manage but may have some day. Had I a wife I don't think I would try to manage her at all, for a wife (as I understand it) should be capable of managing herself. I want to ask you men who have wives, how many of you told your wife before you married her that you intended to manage her? Methinks if you had told her that, you would not have got her. I am sure I could not get a wife were I to use that expression. The average marriageable man of to-day thinks, "Well, now, if I can just keep my bad habits and weak points from her until I get her it will be all right. I can take my mask off then and she cannot discard me as she would before she married me, had she known me as she will know me." But I think different. Young man, appear what you are, but do not try to appear what you are not. Just say, take me as I am or not at all. I would like to hear from some good writer through the columns of our *Magazine* who can tell me how to judge a good wife. I have not seen anything of that kind in the *Magazine* since I have been reading it. It seems to be a married folks' paper. Why not give the single folks a chance? I am sure they can keep up as interesting and lively correspondence as the married people. As this is my first entrance in your circle, I will close. I remain a friend to the *Magazine* and its readers. Charlie.

[If the married folks have a monopoly of the Woman's Department, the young folks have no one to blame but themselves. Their letters are welcome.—Ed.]

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of your valuable *Magazine* for some time past, and I assure you it is very highly appreciated by me. Having just finished reading the March number, and being much pleased with it, the thought came to me, "Why can't I contribute something to the Woman's Department?" It is my first attempt, but I will risk it.

I have several friends among the firemen, and therefore I am interested in their welfare. They are, as a class, straightforward and whole-souled boys, and this I can truly say of the members of "Gate City Lodge, No. 93," some of whom I have had the pleasure of meeting.

The question that is agitating the minds of the curious people, especially the ladies, is, "Which of those two brave firemen of the lodge will succeed in winning the affections of a certain young lady?" as they both seem deeply concerned in her future happiness. There are a number of the boys leaving the ranks of "single blessedness," and I agree with a letter written some time ago signed the "Farmer's Daughter," that there should be some imported; and we would not object to the importation of such men as "Jim Dooley." I think if he would make a

trip to Iowa he wouldn't have any cause for regret, as the girls are noted for their good cooking, and he seems to be of the same sentiments as Owen Meredith, when he says.

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, we may live without heart;

We may live without friends, we may live without books,

But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

So he would be compensated for his trip. However, I appreciate his letter ever so much, as it presents a great deal of common sense, and shows that if a woman tried to please "Jim" it wouldn't be in vain. Wish there were more such men.

The letters of the "Fireman's Mother" and the productions of "Shandy Maguire," etc., are also read with much pleasure by the ladies.

It was suggested some time ago that we exchange receipts, crochet patterns, and ideas of fancy work. If such would be permitted, I would gladly give my meager knowledge on such matters.

As it is getting late I will close for this time. Wishing that God's choicest blessings may ever attend this noble order, I am a sincere friend and well-wisher,
Hazel.

[Yes; receipts and practical suggestions of all kinds are in order.—Ed.]

OUR FIREMEN.

Gentle, loving, kind and true,

Are our locomotive firemen;

Steady, willing all the time,

Seems to me you cannot tire them.

Always ready when they're called on,

To bestow a willing hand,

On some poor and helpless loved one,

Trying to drag o'er this land.

When their duty calls upon them,

Oh, how quick they are to go,

But they know not when they're brought back.

It may be on a stretcher low,

Not one moment is he idle.

Always working, never stops

When he sees his place of resting

Till he makes his engine pop.

From the early dawn of morning

Till the set of sun at night,

Tolling steady with his engine,

Fighting out the awful fight;

Always striving for the better,

Always striving to do good,

Never idle, always working,

See, he's joined the Brotherhood.

Now, I will conclude by saying

To our firemen, brave and true,

Oh, may Heaven's choicest blessings

Ever hover over you.

And when the toil of life is ended,

And the noble fireman's done,

May he have a place in heaven,

Which he has so justly won.

A Fireman's Friend, R. H. L.

SAN JOSE, April 3, 1891.

In loving memory of my dear friend,

BERT RIDDLE.

Loving friends, weep not for me,

I long to be at rest,

How happy, happy I shall be,

Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

'Twas sad to see thee breathe thy last,

But Jesus said lovingly, "Come;"

Now thy sufferings all are past,

And thy sweet spirit rests at home.

Oh, the hope, the hope is sweet.

That we soon in Heaven shall meet,

There we all shall happy be,

Rest from pain and sorrow free.

From a Fireman's Wife of Willow Grove Lodge, No. 434.

BENNETT, PA., April 14, 1891.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

TO THE FEDERATED ORDERS OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

Every consideration of fealty to right and justice demands that the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* should now, as it has done in the past, advise its readers, especially the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of such facts as may come to its knowledge, derived from unquestionable sources, calculated in any wise to promote the interests of the federated orders of railway employes, and, as certainly, and if possible, with more distinctness, lay bare such other facts as the editor believes have a tendency to detract from the prosperity and power of such organizations and eventually disrupt federation.

Profoundly impressed with the fact that a crisis has come in the affairs of the federated orders imperatively demanding plain speech, and with unqualified friendship for each of the federated orders, I shall write of recent incidents, which, under the most favorable presentation are well calculated to arouse feelings of despondency in the ranks of the most hopeful.

No one, I assume, has entertained the idea that any organization of men, however guarded by declarations of principles and the enactment of wise laws, could fully overcome man's fallibilities. No such claim by any sane man was ever advanced, but it has been assumed, based upon self-evident truths, that in "unity there is strength," and, therefore, that organizations of workingmen, having interests in common—mutual interests—could promote the welfare of their members by federation; that in federation the largest possible power of human effort could be exerted; that by federation the wrong could be cloven down, and the right enthroned; that by federation, principles of justice could be established and maintained; and that not only the welfare of workingmen would thereby be promoted but the prosperity and happiness of society as well.

Such propositions have never been denied. The opponents of federation have

simply made objections, but have offered no arguments, because there were none at their command. The principles upon which federation is based are as eternal as any axiom in mathematics. In every arraignment they can stand any test that enmity or ignorance can devise. If, in a contest, victory comes—as come it has in the past, and is destined to come in the future to men who are capable of comprehending the power of federation—its advocates and defenders may of right be jubilant; and when defeat comes—as come it has in the past when the right has been overpowered and crushed, the eternal truth that "in unity there is strength," and that in federation that strength can be secured in the largest measure, has never lost a fraction of its claim to recognition. On the contrary, it stands as the rallying point of workingmen, and will remain as immovable as the eternal hills as long as heartless plutocrats devise methods of cruelty and injustice to labor.

Notwithstanding such things, there is serious trouble existing in the Supreme Council of the federated orders of railway employes; troubles which had their origin in matters as foreign to federation as it is possible to conceive, but the parties involved, being related to the Supreme Council by virtue of the membership of the orders, a few of whose members disagreeing upon a comparatively trivial matter were permitted to generate irritations and animosities until the Supreme Council was, by call, convened for the purpose of restoring amicable relations.

In laying such matters before the members of the Brotherhood, I am compelled to indulge in details to enable the reader to comprehend the situation.

In the yards of the C. & N. W. Ry. at Chicago there was a yardmaster by the name of McInerney, and a switchman by the name of Crow.

McInerney was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and Crow was a member of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

Between these two men feelings quite the opposite of amicable existed, and as a result, McInerney discharged Crow.

It is not surprising that the switchmen in the yard, at once rallied to the aid of their fellow member and championed his cause. They appointed a committee to visit the railroad official who had authority to reinstate Crow, and an hour was set by that official to meet the committee and hear the grievance. When the hour arrived Superintendent Miller, the official in question, failed to show up, notwithstanding it was his own appointment.

This treatment of the switchmen on the part of Superintendent Miller, had the effect to temporarily demoralize them, and

the result was a strike of short duration, continuing only a few hours, and causing little embarrassment to the road, and though brought about by the neglect and improper treatment of Superintendent Miller, was not justifiable under the laws of the switchmen's organization nor the laws of the Supreme Council.

The switchmen, though Crow had been reinstated, smarting under the action of McInerney towards Crow, demanded and secured his discharge as yardmaster.

These incidents, naturally involved the two orders—the B. of R. T. and the S. M. A. A., both members of the Supreme Council of the federated orders—and as a consequence, a call was made for convening that body to investigate the situation, and it convened for that purpose in the city of Chicago on April 13.

When the Supreme Council had convened, it was found that there was really no business to be brought before it of a character demanding anything more than the friendly advice of its members, to heal any wounds that a mere personal conflict between two members of the body had inflicted.

The good offices of the members of the Supreme Council were promptly tendered and amicable relations it was believed had been established. At any rate the surface indications were satisfactory and the outlook promised harmony.

On May 16th another demand was made for convening the Supreme Council, and on that date it did convene again in the city of Chicago, the call growing out of the following order issued by the authorities of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway:

The switching service of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, as at present performed, is not satisfactory to the public nor to the management of the company; therefore, all yardmasters and switchmen now in the employ of this company are discharged from its service on and after 7 A. M., May 14, 1891.

In reorganizing the switching service of this company's lines preference will be given to such men previously in its employ as are, in the judgment of the company, capable and worthy.

S. SANBORN, General Superintendent.

Approved: J. M. WHITMAN, General Manager.

The foregoing is probably the most extraordinary order ever issued by a railroad corporation in the world. It should be understood that on the part of the switchmen there was neither a strike nor a contemplated strike; that the men were at their posts performing all of their duties. No note of warning had been given, and yet like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the order which in an instant remanded about four hundred workmen into idleness and shrouding hundreds of homes in gloom.

I confess that I cannot contemplate such an exhibition of corporation power for an instant without a shudder. It is an exhibition of autocratic power that ought to ex-

cite universal alarm, an exhibition of vengeance that startles like a midnight alarm bell. I do not believe that workingmen can contemplate it without realizing that it portends calamities for them in the near future of a character that defies exaggeration.

It is said that the three highest prerogatives of law are to take a man's life, to deprive him of his liberty and confiscate his property. In view of such powers what must be the sensations of a workingman, or the friend of a workingman, when he reads the order I have introduced, driving four hundred or more men into idleness? An order, which in depriving a man of work and wages, invites penury followed by hunger and rags, and all too often deprives the wretched victim of shelter. Nor is this all—nor the worst. Such orders recruit the ranks of criminals, people jails and penitentiaries, and provoke suicide. Nor is that all, or the worst of all. Such orders break up homes, scatter families, degrade women, make them the prey of lustful scoundrels, and cover the body social with cancerous blotches that cry ceaselessly for redress.

My readers have read the order and the order was the immediate cause of convening the Supreme Council of the Federated Orders of Railway Employés in Chicago May 16th, 1891.

What could the Supreme Council do to mitigate the woes of the crushed switchmen? There was no strike. What then? This:

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, one of the members of the Supreme Council, arraigned the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, another member of the Supreme Council, for having entered into a conspiracy with the officers of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company to deprive the members of the S. M. A. A. of employment, and that the order of the officers of the C. & N. W. Ry. was the direct outgrowth of that conspiracy.

The officers of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association boldly made the charge of conspiracy, and it was the *grievance* which they presented to the Supreme Council for its action.

The officers of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen *did not deny* the charge. They virtually confessed that they had formed such an alliance, and that but for such a league the switchmen would not have been dismissed.

The reader has the case as succinctly as it is in my power to state it.

From the first day that I heard of a purpose to organize a Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen I have been the earnest friend of the order, now the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. I have sought on all occasions

in its youth and in its maturer years to aid its progress. This is said without any attempt at self-laudation, and could be said by me only under such extraordinary circumstances as make it necessary for me to recite a record which that order has made, and which I deplore.

Here let me say that the charge of conspiracy made against the B. of R. T. by the grand officers of the S. M. A. A. was fully sustained, in fact, was not denied.

It requires an effort to comprehend the depth and sweep of the enmity that could have prompted such a betrayal of trust, of confidence and of obligation. It is probably without a parallel. I know of nothing approximating it in the affairs of brotherhoods of workingmen. To illustrate it, darker records than labor organizations furnish must be sought, and how and where to find them will readily be suggested.

I write of these transactions, because I heard the testimony as it came on the heated breath of the officers of the S. M. A. A., because I heard the admissions, the equivocations, explanations and extenuations of the defense—each one of which made the case more wretched and added to the enormity of the wrong complained of.

I desire to have my readers fully aware of the explanations of the officers of the B. of R. T. This is due them. With these explanations they must go before the great Brotherhood of Trainmen. With these explanations and extenuations they must stand before all organized railway employes, before organized workingmen in every department of labor, and with these explanations and extenuations they must stand at the bar of public opinion.

I have, as I write, before me the utterances of the Chicago press pro and con, but I prefer to place matters on record as I saw and heard them myself.

In the first place, the officials of the B. of R. T. charged the switchmen generally, and particularly on the C. & N. W. Ry., as being insubordinate, fomenters of trouble, and as disregarding of the laws of their own organization and of the laws of the Supreme Council.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, I admit the truth of such allegations; in what

It is well known, that in all organizations, there have been restless men, chafing under restraint, and ready to take the law into their own hands for the purpose of redressing grievances, and would it not be the height of presumption on the part of the officers of the B. of R. T. so much as to intimate exemption for their order?

But such explanations, in the case under consideration, serve only to aggravate the charge the officers of the S. M. A. A. brought against the officers of the B. of R. T., since, though it might be true that certain members of the S. M. A. A. had been premature in seeking to right certain grievances in the past, at the time the conspiracy was formed between the officers of the C. & N. W. Ry. and the officers of the B. of R. T., the switchmen on the system were attending to their duties with as much loyalty to the interests of the road as were the members of the B. of R. T., and these switchmen would now be at work instead of being idle except for a conspiracy to strike them down unwarned entered into by the B. of R. T.

What is offered by the officers of the B. of R. T. as extenuating the character of the plot to down the switchmen on the C. & N. W. Ry.?

In this connection, I refer to the order of the railway officials. It will be noticed that every switchman and yardmaster in the employ of the company was at once and at the same time discharged. Look at it, probe it, analyze it, and then hunt through all the tomes of fact and fiction, and nothing like it can be found in human edicts against workmen. Union men and non-union men alike felt the crushing blow, not one escaped. When the Creator in His wrath decreed to send a storm of fire and brimstone upon Sodom, the old patriarch, Abraham, interceded for the doomed city. He pleaded with God, and put the question, "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?" and Jehovah said he would spare the city if there were "fifty righteous" in it. Abraham then proposed "forty-five." Then "forty" was proposed, then "thirty," then "twenty" was named as the number, and finally God said He would not destroy the city, as decreed, if "ten" righteous could be found in it. Sodom was the wickedest city at that time in the world, and yet, ten good men could have saved it from the storm of Jehovah's wrath.

Who pleaded for the switchmen on the C. & N. W. Ry. system? What Abraham went before President Hughitt and asked if there are fifty, forty-five, forty, thirty, or even ten good switchmen on your roads will you withhold your cruel decree? or "will you so modify it as to retain the good men, whether union or non-union men?" In all the wide world no such sympathetic man could be found. President Hughitt kept his plans

secret, except to his own officials, and the officials and committee of B. of R. T. Did the Grand officers of the B. of R. T. interpose in behalf of the doomed switchmen? Was there among them an Abraham whose heart could be touched by a knowledge of the impending disaster that was soon to overwhelm them? The testimony in the case supplies no fact glowing with such fraternal light. On the contrary, it was desired to have the official decree, like a Kansas cyclone in a village of hay stacks, strike down all, because it could then be pleaded that the officials of the corporation and the B. of R. T. had not discriminated against members of the S. M. A. A., that the decree, like the heavenly rain, had fallen upon the just and the unjust alike.

In all the long history of duplicity, was there ever anything quite so thin as such a deception?

But the conspiracy disclosed another feature, which was designed—*heaven save the mark*—to enable the Trainmen to remain true to the laws of their order and to the laws of the Supreme Council.

I have said that the conspiracy, like all such schemes, was concocted in secret. Had the switchmen been apprised of it, they would have struck, and would have been justifiable in so doing. If they had struck, no trainmen could have taken their places except as *scabs*, but it was held by the officials of the B. of R. T. if the switchmen's places were vacated by a discharge, then they, the trainmen, could take their places without violating any law.

I ask the reader to ponder this phase of the conspiracy. I ask every large-hearted member of the B. of R. T. to give it his unprejudiced consideration. I invite every member of the B. of L. F. and of B. of R. C. to bestow upon this phase of the conspiracy special attention.

The testimony is, that the grand officers of an order, a member of the Supreme Council, deliberately enters into a plot to drive certain members of another organization, a member of the Supreme Council, out of employment.

The plotting officials keep the doom of hundreds of switchmen a profound secret, because, upon this secrecy depends the success of the conspiracy. If known, the switchmen would strike; if they struck, though their positions would be vacated, the trainmen could not take them without violating laws, but if they were all discharged, in accordance with the terms of the plot, then, in that case, the trainmen could take their places with impunity. In that case, they would be *law-proof scabs*—*legul scabs*, recognized by the laws of their own organization and the laws of the Supreme Council, and any grievance growing out of such acts of perfidy, could not be dealt with by the Supreme Council.

I assert that every member of all of the organizations of railway employes should give this technical excuse for treason careful consideration.

Regardless of the objections to repetition, I desire to present to the reader the theory of the conspiracy entered into between the officials of the C. & N. W. Ry. and the B. of R. T.

Independent of any federated compact, each labor organization, standing by itself, it has been held, by all honorable workingmen, that for one organization to plot and scheme to down another organization was an act, in all regards flagitious, and deserving of condemnation, the accepted theory being that one labor organization should seek to promote the welfare of others, for, although marching under different banners, the purpose of all is the same—all seeking to lighten the burdens of labor and increase the happiness and prosperity of toilers.

Just here comes into full view the still higher obligations imposed by federation. The theory of friendship and good will supposed to animate all labor organizations in their intercourse with each other, becomes, in federation, a matter of plighted faith and of obligation, under the sanction of law—a solemn compact, a union of hearts and a union of hands—a compact having for its supreme purpose, help in time of need; a compact glowing with a double share of the fraternal spirit, and pledged to every reasonable sacrifice to maintain the right when any party to the compact was attacked by the common enemy.

In this federation of organizations of railway employes the S. M. A. A. and the B. of R. T. held honorable membership. If either of them was in trouble it behooved the other to lend every possible assistance to secure relief—to remove embarrassments and make its way smooth.

Now, then, the S. M. A. A. had had some trouble with the officials of the C. & N. W. Ry. These troubles, so far as the switchmen were concerned, had been adjusted. But the railroad officials were anxious to discharge them. Although a great and powerful corporation, in view of the power believed to exist in federation, it hesitated. It dared not strike down its switchmen. Here and there one or more could be removed, but to remove them all, when they were peacefully at work doing their duty faithfully was a contract the C. & N. W. Ry. did not care to take.

In this dire dilemma the B. of R. T., a member of the federation, came to the rescue of the railroad officials, and a conspiracy was hatched. Then Benedict Arnoldism crept in, but, unfortunately for the switchmen and for federation, no Major Andre, with the documents in his boots, was captured, and on May 14th the conspiracy tri-

umphed—the switchmen felt its crushing power—the trainmen took the places of their *federated brothers*, and the grand officers of B. of R. T. shook hands with the officials of the C. & N. W. Ry., while the overpowered switchmen, powerless and moneyless, are permitted to stare the future in the face and accept with such stoicism as they can command, whatever fate, conspiracy and treason have in store for them.

The Supreme Council, convened May 16, found itself powerless either to approve or rebuke the B. of R. T. But a vote was taken on the merits of the grievance submitted by the S. M. A. A. against the B. of R. T., upon which *nine votes were cast—six sustaining the grievance and three in the negative.* The B. of L. F. was deprived of its vote on account of the inability of the Vice Grand Master, who was in Georgia, to reach Chicago in time for the meeting, the laws of the Council requiring a full representation. How the B. of L. F. would have voted, is not known, but how I would have voted is sufficiently indicated in the foregoing.

I do not hesitate to believe that the enemies of federation will greatly rejoice over what they will designate a collapse of federation. They will meet each other with smiles, and as they clasp hands, say, "I told you so." Corporations will chuckle over the victory. But I surmise that their greatest satisfaction will be derived from the belief that they have succeeded in arraying two great orders of railway employes in open hostility to each other, and in practically wrecking the Supreme Council of the federated orders.

As was to have been expected, the *Railway Age*, the acknowledged friend of the corporation and the implacable foe of labor organizations, heartily approves the course pursued by the B. of R. T., and in a leading editorial glorifies the *loyalty* to the corporation displayed by that organization.

Just here the questions arise, are the two great organizations, the S. M. A. A. and the B. of R. T. opposed to each other? Is it to be believed that the Brotherhood of Trainmen is committed to the relentless policy of exterminating the S. M. A. A.? Has the unfortunate episode I have related, wrecked the Supreme Council? I do not hesitate to answer in the negative.

I do not underestimate the gravity of the situation—nor do I underestimate the broad common sense of the rank and file of the men who constitute the membership of the federated orders. They are men who comprehend right, justice and fair play. There is in their ranks an abiding faith in fraternity, fellowship, good will, in the blessings of organization and in the strength of federation.

That our good ship, federation, is in a storm, I have shown; that it is beating

fiercely upon her, is readily inferred; that there have been hidden reefs and treacherous currents in her pathway is now known, but she is not wrecked. Above the howlings of the storm is heard the clear voice of Frank Sweeney, pledging that the order of which he is Grand Master will *never* scab.

In this supreme hour the requirement is to find the wrong and extirpate it, crush it.

I believe that passion will subside, that those who have thirsted for revenge are satiated. I believe that wrong has accomplished the largest measure of damage in its power and that now the champions of the right in the federated orders will demand, in no uncertain tones, that the fullest reparation shall be made by those who have been or may be adjudged in the wrong and that the mandate will be obeyed.

The Supreme Council meets in annual session June 15th, 1891. It will be a full meeting, and its action will doubtless be decisive.

In the meantime the friends of federation, of justice, of right, of fair play, and the enemies of conspiracy, treason and duplicity, should manfully discuss the questions growing out of the record I herewith submit.

It was a dark day for federation, for liberty and independence, when Washington, with his ragged, half starved and half frozen veterans suffered at Valley Forge. It was a gloomy time, when Gen. Greene, in the Carolinas, was required to uphold the flag of independence with soldiers, many of whom were as naked as when they were born, and wore upon their shoulders tufts of moss, upon which to carry their muskets, but the cause these immortal men fought and suffered for, supported by federation, finally won.

The federated orders of railway employes are pledged to principles which grow in importance as the months go by. To read the order of the railroad officials, issued May 14, by which four hundred or more honest men were banished from work tells in letters as vivid as the lightning's flash, what there is in store for organized labor. If the bolts of corporation vengeance can be stayed, federation alone is equal to the requirement. I believe federation has come to stay, and believing that means will be devised to strengthen and perpetuate this bulwark of workingmen's rights, I close this communication.

EUGENE V. DEBN.

AS WE go to press Grand Master Sargent is confined to his room with a severe attack of "La Grippe" which, it is feared by his physician, will deprive the order of his services for a couple of weeks at least. The many friends of Brother Sargent, in and out of the order, will earnestly hope for his speedy recovery.

FACTS VS. OPINIONS.

In the B. of L. E. *Journal*, for April, we find an article, page 360, captioned "Our Opinion."

It should be said, and here and now it is eminently proper to make the avowal, that opinions are not facts, nor is it essential that there should be an element of fact in an opinion—as for instance, the B. of L. E. *Journal* may entertain the opinion that the moon is a big green cheese, or express the opinion that to call a dog's tail a leg constitutes it a leg, and then assert that the dog has five legs, and if it were to declare such opinions it would be quite as near stating facts as it has done in the article referred to, captioned "Our Opinion."

The burden of the article to which reference is made is to make it appear that the *Journal* has always been animated by the spirit of brotherly love in its dealings with "sister associations," and having established a continental reputation for such sublimated charity and good will, it has a right to exhort other publications, their editors and managers, to be guided by its luminous example. It intimates, that in its relations with "sister associations," it has followed the Scripture admonition, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

There are in all communities men who are "opinionated," full of self conceit and vanity, who, regardless of what men or angels think or know, entertain the opinion that they are as near perfection as was the old prophet Elijah; that they are prepared for translation, and should always be watching for a chariot in which to make the journey to realms of supernal delight. These unfortunates are oblivious of the fact that they are of the earth, earthy; that upon them no miracle has been wrought which extracted the devils from their nature and sent them forth to afflict swine; that they were never "called" to exhort "sister associations" or brother editors in matters relating to duty or obligation, and that their "opinions," in the shuffle and deal, are of no more importance than the opinions of any member of any "sister association."

Throughout the *Journal's* article, captioned "Our Opinion," there are two distinguishing features, one of which is cowardly innuendo, and the other self-landation, both characteristic of mental infirmity.

That our readers may fully appreciate the fact that the *Journal* is lacking in everything indicative of courage in its attacks upon others, that it resorts to innuendoes, the weapon of guerrillas, that it dare not name those it assails, we quote a few of its expressions which are conclusive. It says:

It must be apparent to the readers of the several official publications of railway orders—and we could with propriety include publications whose editors are obligated to the several associations—that during the past two or three years there has existed a de-

sire, either by those in authority or by the members, to create a diversity of opinion calculated to impair the usefulness of the several brotherhoods. There may be those who are undecided in their opinions as to whether the authors were actuated by personal motives or not, yet to the casual observer it is apparent that the good old Scripture admonition ("Love thy neighbor as thyself.") was not observed; nor was that fraternal feeling evinced in their articles and editorials which is essential to success in dealing with mankind. Occasions might be mentioned where the pages of these publications contained not only discourteous articles condemning a sister association but direct attacks upon the officers.

In the foregoing, reference is made to "editors" who "are obligated to several associations," who have labored "to create a diversity of opinion calculated to impair the usefulness of the several brotherhoods." Who are these editors? Why are they not named? Why seek to stab them by innuendoes? Such questions are pertinent, but the *Journal* has cogent reasons for not naming them. Again says the *Journal*:

It is a source of pride, not only to the Grand Officers of the B. of L. E., but to a large majority of the members, that we have remained impassive throughout the whole controversy, and no scurrilous attacks, bitter taunts or despicable methods were indulged in through the columns of the *Journal*. Such jargon and insensate arguments as we have perused in some of their publications, filling columns with what is known as "rot" and mud-slinging from men who are supposed to be honor bound to the cause of labor, can be considered in no other light than that of originating from a diseased brain, whose pin-head is overburdened with insipidity.

Now then, who are the editors who write "jargon and insensate arguments?" who are the editors of "diseased brain?" "pin-headed" editors who write "rot?" Why not name them—why emulate the Chinese and throw "stinkpots?" Why play skunk or cuttle fish? Why play the role of prairie dog, bark, and hunt a hole? Is such a programme manly? Does it indicate courage? Is it the proper thing to denounce "editors" of the organs of "sister associations," as being "pin-headed"—with "diseased brain?" Is that an exhibition of loving thy neighbor as thyself? Is not that sort of journalism scurrilous? Does such literature breathe a fraternal spirit? Are opinions, couched in such filth, of any value whatever to the members of "sister associations?" Do they promote harmony? The answer to such interrogatories will always be in the negative, when honest men give their "opinion."

What is the record of the B. of L. E. *Journal*? What is the record of its chief editor? We deal in no innuendoes. Honor, manliness, courage, all things decent, recognized among gentlemen, ignore the weapon.

The B. of L. E. *Journal*, under the control of its chief editor, could have been of incalculable service to "sister associations." It could have exhibited a fraternal spirit. It could have said generous words. It could have extended a helping hand. It could have earned the right to advise and to exhort. It could have shown that it heeded

the "scriptural admonition, love thy neighbor as thyself." It could have stood forth as the champion of labor, and won universal gratitude and applause. It occupied a favorable position. It was the organ of a great order of workmen, thousands of whom profoundly sympathize with the members of "sister associations" when struggling for existence against the power of the enemies of labor.

Just here it may be prudent to inquire, who is the author of the following Christian, "love thy neighbor or thyself" declarations: "I want no entangling alliances;" "I never have and never will cooperate with any other labor organization;" "I say to other organizations in plain English to mind their own business;" "a four dollar a day man has nothing in common with a one dollar a day man;" "to make an eight hour work day will give workmen just that much more time to loaf around saloons," etc. Surely such sentiments of "brotherly love" from the lips of a professed follower of Jesus should animate the kindest feeling and profoundest appreciation of "sister organizations." Isn't it strange that such gems of generosity, such pearls of wisdom should be treated with impious, imperial and "impassive" contempt?

Did the B. of L. E. *Journal*, under the control of its present chief editor, ever voice a sentiment of fraternity towards any of the "sister associations?" We answer NEVER. No word of friendship, no word of fellowship—no word, animated by the "scriptural admonition, 'love thy neighbor as thyself,'" ever glowed upon its pages.

The members of "sister associations" wondered at this tomb-stone silence. Members of the B. of L. E. were equally amazed. They did not hesitate to declare, thousands of them, that the policy of the *Journal* was heartless and in flagrant defiance of the welfare of workmen. They ridiculed it, and denounced its editor with merited severity—a cold, selfish, heartless editor, incapable of sympathy with "sister associations."

In all these years of struggle when "sister associations" needed a friend, the editor says: "We have remained impassive throughout the whole controversy." Does the *Journal's* editor know the meaning of the term *impassive*? He evidently intended to say "passive," but he stumbled upon the right word to express his character and his policy; as immovable as marble, as cold as ice, utterly regardless of the injustices inflicted upon workmen; willing to see them defeated, their rights cloven down and their aspirations to better their condition come to naught, so long as he himself could ride on the wave of prosperity.

Take for instance the B. of L. E.; from the date of its organization, through all its

years of struggle for existence, it never had so much as *one word* of recognition or encouragement from the B. of L. E. *Journal*. We challenge the pages of the *Journal* from the day the present editor was placed in charge of its columns. He was dumb, silent, cold, and treated the Firemen's order as if it had no existence, or was too contemptible to have recognition.

When and where did the Engineers' *Journal* say a kind word for the Firemen's *Magazine*, the Trainmen's *Journal*, the Switchmen's *Journal*, or any of the long list of official organs of "sister organizations" when they first saw light and were struggling for recognition—for a place to stand? Will the Editor refer to the page and volume where the evidence of the "Love thy neighbor as thyself" doctrine can be found in relation to the journals of "sister organizations?"

But the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen grew; became strong and influential without the aid of the B. of L. E. *Journal*, and now the *Journal* sets up a whine that there is not that friendly feeling which should characterize "sister associations"—intimating that all these years it has been practicing the scriptural admonition to "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" that it has always been preaching "brotherly love;" that it has been animated by a fraternal spirit, etc., to the tail end of the list of the most shameless hypocrisies that were ever concocted.

Take the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, and the same callous-hearted policy has distinguished the B. of L. E. *Journal*. When these orders of railway employes were in their infancy, when kind and encouraging words, had they weighed a pound each, would have been worth their weight in gold, the B. of L. E. *Journal* NEVER mentioned them. It stood aloof from them. It was "impassive," insensitive to every demand for kindness and encouragement. They might live or die, sink or swim, it was all the same to the B. of L. E. *Journal*. It was for itself first, last, and all the time, and was willing, if it survived, the rest might perish.

This self-sufficiency which, with disgusting frequency, breaks forth in the columns of the *Journal*, taking the shape of bravado, that "unaided and alone, the B. of L. E. has become great and powerful," is an "opinion" without a fact for a basis. What is the fact? Firemen, brakemen, conductors and switchmen, organized and unorganized, have EVERYWHERE and ALWAYS stood by the B. of L. E. in every struggle, and it never achieved a victory that it did not have the support of all these men in the train service, and but for this aid the B. of L. E. would not to-day have the record of which the *Journal* boasts.

There is not an instance on record where

the B. of L. E. has not had the support of all other employes and all other protective organizations in the train service. Notwithstanding these facts, the *Journal* has always taken to itself, and for the order and its grand chief the entire credit of all that has been accomplished.

Doubtless the editor of the *Journal* was animated by "brotherly love" when he had the great strike on the C., B. & Q., which cost the Firemen half a million dollars, declared off without so much as consulting them. Or, it may be, to take a more generous view of the matter, that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was so insignificant that he entirely "overlooked it."

To expose mendacity, to unmask hypocrisy, may not be an agreeable task, but when duty demands it there should be no shirking. We do not hesitate to declare that the B. of L. E. *Journal* never helped any sister organization. Its pages declare the fact. We have all the volumes of the *Journal* since 1870, and have scanned them. They tell a continuous story of heartless neglect of all "sister associations." They arraign, indict, and convict the editor-in-chief of unfeeling neutrality, indifference, "impassiveness" towards all "sister associations." The northpole is not more barren of violets than are its pages of kind and generous words for struggling organizations of railway employes. If, therefore, there is any want of "friendly feeling," if the B. of L. E. *Journal* is despised rather than loved, it has itself, and only itself, to blame.

Its assertion that it has been dumb and "impassive" in no wise rescues it from its dilemma. If it had no "opinion" when "sister organizations were in trouble and in need," its flaunting "our opinion" now, when they are powerful and prosperous and abundantly able to take care of themselves, is nothing less than steel-clad impudence, that makes its policy still more notoriously obnoxious.

We give it as "our opinion" for the benefit of the *Journal*, and the opinion is susceptible of incontrovertible proof, that it is a fact, that as a rule, brakemen, switchmen, firemen, conductors (and a large number of Brotherhood engineers) hold the *Journal* and its "impassive" policy in supreme contempt. To state this fact may be "scurrilous," it may be "mud slinging," it may be considered "jargon," "insensate," "pin-headed," and if so, the *Journal* and its apologists can make the most of it.

The *Firemen's Magazine* has pursued a different policy. While laboring for the good of the order of which it is the organ—it has with such ability as it could command, helped all other protective organizations. What is the result? Kind words from all quarters, and from all labor publications are showered upon it. There is not an excep-

On the other hand, what is the fact relating to the B. of L. E. *Journal*? There is not one labor publication in the land that has a friendly word for it.

Here we place the *Magazine* and the *Journal* side by side. Let a vote be taken. We stand ready for the count—for the verdict.

We feel assured that the labor publications of the land would vote unanimously for the *Magazine* as being their friend and supporter, and against the *Journal* as being cold and selfish, and guilty of pursuing a policy antagonistic to the welfare of workmen.

The *Journal* may set up the claim that recently, in its "links," it has shown some consideration for "sister associations." This may be due to its assistant editor, but it is too late to redeem its past record from deserved obloquy. The "sister associations" no longer stand in need of the *Journal's* "opinions," good, bad or indifferent. They have struggled to assured positions and can take care of themselves.

The *Journal's* whinings are not unexpected. It is reaping a legitimate harvest of contempt. If it thought it could plant thorns and gather grapes, or pluck figs from thistles, it is just now finding out its mistake. To find the reason why, it can consult its own pages at its leisure for all needed information, and, in the words of D. J. Brown, of the B. of L. E., the editor of the *Journal* need not go "beyond his own threshold."

If any one would take the full measure of the *Journal's* heartlessness, let him seek through its pages for generous words of the founder of the B. of L. E., W. D. Robinson. During all his sad and self-denying life, the *Journal* treated him with disdain, and the grand old man entertained for the *Journal* an intelligent and lofty contempt, as just as it was withering. When, we enquire, did the *Journal* ever say a generous word of the humble old philanthropist, whose lofty monument is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which the chief editor has so shrewdly utilized to butter his bread on both sides, to increase his bank account, to stuff his bed and pillows with down, give him dainty food, and enable him with the pomp and circumstance of a millionaire to stick his pedal extremities under Chauncey M. Depew's mahogany and bask in the smiles of that oily-tongued representative of "horny-handed" labor? And the answer is, when?

When did the *Journal* deign to mention the name of W. D. Robinson in any terms of praise? Why should the grand old man, for such he was, be eternally ignored, ostracised, tabooed by a publication the existence of which he had made possible? The reasons are easily suggested and ought to be printed with a black border. They would tell

a tale of envy, selfishness and hard-heartedness that would make a heathen blush. Oh, yes, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

But W. D. Robinson did get a notice, we learn, from the chief editor of the *Journal* in the Pittsburg convention, over which, for sweet charity's sake, a veil as impenetrable to light as sheet iron, should be drawn. And in the *Journal* for December another notice, written as if the *Journal's* space was worth \$1,000 a square inch, appears at the tail end of that publication. It has a black border, and if W. D. Robinson were alive, if he could move his lips and his eloquent tongue as when his heart throbbed with love for the great order he founded, when his eyes flashed with the fires of indignation at the mention of the *Journal* and its chief editor, he would exclaim: "If you have any regard whatever for any of the proprieties recognized among gentlemen, for God's sake spare me your praise and continue as dumb when I am dead, as you have been ignoble and envious when I was living."

Take another instance of the *Journal's* "impassiveness." John A. Hill, a member of the B. of L. E., was called from the foot-board of his engine to take editorial charge of a paper in the city of New York, published in the interest of locomotive engineers. It was a time when the young editor would have set a high value upon kind words and encouragement. Did he receive them from the B. L. E. *Journal*? Not a word. Why? Can the editor explain? Doubtless. Will he explain? Never. Why? Because if he were to explain honestly, he would be supplying matter for an epitaph which would make granite blush. He doubtless imagined his silence would prove a barrier to Hill's success, and must realize how mistaken he was in the "opinion," and how effectually Hill's success renders his silence or expressed opinions valueless.

It might be well to ask the great orders of Trainmen and Switchmen how much they are indebted to the *Journal* for their phenomenal success. Put the same question to any labor organization in the land, and the answer will be, "Nothing at all."

The brakemen, switchmen and firemen in a hundred contests have stood by the engineers when their assistance was needed, and when these gallant men formed their organization the *Journal* could have given them words of cheer, but it was not built that way; it had not one word to say, it studiously, persistently and perpetually ignored them, treated them with silent contempt; and now the *Journal* presents the shabby spectacle of whining for their friendly recognition.

"Sister organizations" have become strong and influential in spite of the *Journal's* "opinions," selfishness, bigotry and big-

headedness, and now it realizes the necessity of their "good opinions," which it might have had from the first, if its policy had been generous instead of selfish.

The attitude of the *Journal* towards federation has been in keeping with its policy towards "sister associations." Wanting in power to defeat it, it barks at it, and yet, federation is an established fact, and is accomplishing anticipated good.

We dismiss the *Journal* and its opinions. We have stated a few facts which arraign and convict the *Journal* of having pursued a policy dimetrically opposed to its present professions—facts recognized by thousands of members of the B. of L. E. and the members of all "sister associations."

We could wish that the B. of L. E. *Journal* had experienced a change of heart, and that its professions were not like Dead sea fruit—but we do not believe it has changed at all, and if there is a semblance of a changed policy on the part of the *Journal*, it results from a pressure within the B. of L. E. it can no longer withstand, a change which, in "our opinion," is due to some extent to the policy pursued by the FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

The time is coming, as we believe, when the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will be in friendly alliance with other organizations of railway employes, when "brotherly love" will prevail, when words of kindness will be spoken, when there will be fraternization and equality of rights, born of mutual respect, but never while the *Journal* remains under its present control and management. And this is not only "our opinion" but a fact, as unyielding as a stone wall.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

The name of the gentleman which heads this notice is the editor of the Labor Department of the American Press Association, with headquarters in the city of New York. He has had control of several labor papers, and is one of the most thoroughly posted men in the country upon all matters relating to labor.

Mr. Buchanan wields a vigorous pen, thinks deeply and reasons cogently, and we are glad to know that in the wide field he now occupies he is doing a noble work for the wage-earners of the country.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

The Supreme Council of the Federated Orders of Railway Employes, will meet in annual session in Chicago on the third Monday in June (June 15), for the transaction of such business as may be required.

If any of the members of the B. of L. E. have propositions to make, or any suggestions to offer, if they are forwarded to the Grand Lodge in time, they will be properly presented to the Supreme Council for action.

THE O. OF R. C.

Twentieth Annual Convention of the Order of Railway Conductors, Held in the City of St. Louis, Mo., Commencing Tuesday, May 12, 1891.—The Order Maintains Its Attitude as Voiced at Rochester, 1890, and Declares for Federation by a Vote of 393 to 7.—Wm. P. Daniels, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Succeeds Himself by a Majority of 38.

The twentieth annual convention of the Order of Railway Conductors met in the city of St. Louis, on Tuesday, May 12th, 1891.

The Order was given a public reception on the morning of the 12th, in the entertainment hall of the exposition building, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

The attendance, in point of numbers, was all that the most exacting could have desired, and in the audience were a large number of ladies whose presence lent a charm to the occasion.

Many prominent Missourians were present, and a large number of representative men of railroads and of organizations of railroad employes were in attendance, giving assurances of their friendship and good will.

The Rev. Wm. B. Messick, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, opened the exercises with prayer. Governor Francis, who was expected to address the Conductors, being unavoidably detained, Hon. J. J. O'Neill delivered the welcoming address, which was received with demonstrations of approval.

To the address of welcome, Grand Chief E. E. Clark responded in a felicitous and appropriate manner, fully maintaining the dignity of his position and evoking the hearty and enthusiastic applause of the audience.

Hon. J. C. Tarsney, of Kansas City, Mo., was next introduced and made a telling speech, in which he referred to the duties and responsibilities which are inseparable from the position of a railway conductor.

At the conclusion of Mr. Tarsney's remarks, Frank P. Sargent, Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and President of the Supreme Council of the Federated Orders of Railway Employes, was introduced and his arguments relating to the benefits to be derived from federation were logical and commanded earnest attention throughout. The address of Bro. Sargent was received with demonstrations of enthusiasm and approval. At the conclusion of Bro. Sargent's address, Messrs. W. P. Daniels and D. M. Vinting appeared upon the stage and each held the attention of the audience for a time. Their remarks were in a happy vein and were well received.

Immediately following these gentlemen, Geo. W. Howard, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, was introduced. The various orders of railway em-

ployes have no champion on the platform more courageous and efficient than G. W. Howard. During Bro. Howard's remarks he declared that the most amicable feelings existed between the B. of R. C. and the O. R. C., that the supreme purpose of the orders was to promote the welfare of railway conductors, and in proof that he voiced the real sentiments of the orders, Grand Chief Conductor E. E. Clark, and Grand Chief Conductor, G. W. Howard, in the presence of the vast audience clasped hands in token of that fraternal spirit which should animate all the orders and brotherhoods of railway employes. The incident was electric in its effects, and the audience responded with prolonged cheers.

The regular business of the order began in the afternoon of the 12th, in Addington Hall, and the convention was called to order at 1:30 by Grand Chief Clark.

During the third day's proceedings of the convention the question of federation came up for action. And in this question connected with the deliberations of the O. R. C., the *Magazine* confesses to have felt a lively interest from the first and has watched with becoming solicitude the steady advance the theory of protection has made in the order since this *Magazine* began the discussion which led to the organization of the Supreme Council.

It will be remembered that in 1889, at Denver, the O. R. C., by an overwhelming vote *sat down* upon becoming a protective or a *striking* order. At Rochester in 1890, one year subsequent to the action at Denver, the revolution in the thought of the order had become so pronounced that the non-striking law of the order was repealed and now we have the satisfaction of reproducing from the columns of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, of May 14th, the following:

When the meeting was called to order again the report of the committee which was appointed at the last year's convention of the order in Rochester to take care of the motion which was propounded then to join the Federation of Railway Employes was received. The report was brief and to the point, without any superfluous language whatever, and strongly recommended amalgamation. It was received with loud and continued applause. The motion was then laid before the convention for its consideration, and the debate began.

Mr. Edward E. Clark, Grand Chief Conductor, was the first speaker. He was very much in favor of amalgamation, he said, and believed that almost incalculable benefits would be derived from it.

Charles H. Wilkins, Assistant Grand Chief Conductor, spoke at some length in somewhat the same strain as Mr. Clark, and believed that such an union would in every way prove beneficial to the O. R. C. He also gave a slight sketch of the movement in favor of federation, and resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Mr. Austin Bruce Garretson delivered an excellent speech on the benefits to be derived from amalgamation, which was full of many brilliant quotations, and on the whole was a magnificent effort, and possibly won the convention over in favor of a union. He was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause and sat down amidst tremendous cheering.

W. P. Daniels, Grand Secretary, delivered an excellent speech in favor of federation, and it was received with loud applause. The discussion was then closed and it was foreseen that the order would join the Supreme Council of the Federation. A few minutes recess was taken, and the friends of the motion to amalgamate were firm in their convictions that it would be carried, very nearly unanimously. After the recess was over the convention sat down to business again, and a couple of marshals were deputed to search for the four delegates who had sought the seductive coolness of the neighboring saloons. After some little trouble they were brought in and the balloting began.

It took nearly fifteen minutes to get all the ballots in, and then the same length of time for the Secretary to count them.

The Secretary soon announced there were 293 votes for a union with the Federation and seven against. For a moment not a single person in the hall moved, and then with one accord they broke out into tumultuous applause and loud cheers, which lasted for some minutes.

The *Magazine* most cordially felicitates the O. R. C. upon its action. The vote for federation—protection—was practically unanimous; the minority of "seven" is too small to require comment.

In the way of conversion, if that is the correct word, we know of no more notable instance of the convincing power of truth than Mr. Wm. P. Daniels, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the O. R. C., supplies, and we think the great Dr. Watts was prophetic when he wrote and sang:

"While the lamp holds out to burn," etc.

And we take this early opportunity to congratulate the G. S. and T. upon his "change of heart," fully believing that while he found the way of the transgressor to be a hard one to travel, he will now enjoy many delightful hours while communing with his reconstructed conscience, and become conspicuous as a "defender of the faith" this *Magazine* has so often and so persistently recommended.

In the election of officers, Mr. W. P. Daniels, G. S. and T., was elected to succeed himself, a high compliment, and the *Magazine* again congratulates him, remarking *en passant*, that he has his change of attitude on the question of protection and federation to thank for his victory over his opponents.

We notice that the delegates were elegantly entertained while in St. Louis under the auspices of the Division of that city, in the way of a banquet and ball, in all regards up to every social requirement.

The question of permanent quarters was discussed, but no final action was taken, hence Cedar Rapids, Ia., will continue the headquarters of the order.

As is usual at such conventions, a large amount of business was transacted, in which the public has little concern, and were it anxious to know could not be accommodated. The order adopted the biennial plan of holding conventions instead of meeting annually, as has hitherto been done.

The *Globe Democrat*, of May 21st, says:

This morning at 9 o'clock a special train composed

of ten Pullman palace cars and one baggage car will pull out from the Union depot with nearly 400 conductors on board and 160 ladies. They will be absent exactly ten days, going from here to Kansas City, to Texas, and returning here by way of New Orleans. A grand reception has been arranged for them in Jefferson City, Kansas City, Galveston, where a ball will be given them in the evening; New Orleans, and a big reception will be given them here again, with a closing ball at Liederkrantz hall.

There is but one complaint to be made against the conductors, and that is the way the newspaper men have been treated by them. It was something almost incomprehensible to them why a reporter should attempt to gain any information concerning what was going on inside after he had been told to get away by the sentinels, and attempted to treat them as an honest citizen would treat a thief whom he found in his house. Last night, however, they capped the climax, by bodily ejecting the reporters who were sitting quietly on the stairs waiting for the adjournment of the protracted meeting.

The next convention of the order will be at Toledo, May, 1893.

THE JOURNAL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY CAR MEN.

The *Magazine* takes special pleasure in announcing the appearance of the *Journal of the Brotherhood of Railway Car Men of America*. No. 1, Vol. I, is on our table, and is in all regards a highly creditable beginning.

The Brotherhood has been in existence about two years and has thirty-two lodges organized, with a membership of about 3,000, and now that a wide-awake organ of the order has been established at Minneapolis, Minn., we feel assured that greater progress will be made. The editor, Mr. Keliher, in his salutatory says:

In starting a journal our Brotherhood has taken a wise as well as an important step; and to issue a journal that will do justice to our cause and fearlessly champion our rights, one that will educate our members in the duties we owe to ourselves and others, is an undertaking of rather massive proportions.

Brother Keliher has not overestimated his task, but with the assistance of the members of the order he will find increasing satisfaction in his work.

The *Journal* is published monthly at \$1 a year, and the membership of the order will find it worth ten times that amount in keeping them posted in all matters relating to their welfare.

We welcome the *Journal* to our exchange list and to the ranks of bold defenders of the rights of labor. May it have all deserved success.

Mr. H. A. LUTTGENS, the inventor of Luttgens' variable exhaust damper, has written a treatise on "Some of the Functions of a Locomotive," to which we call the attention of locomotive men. It is a pamphlet of twenty pages, illustrated, and contains matter both interesting and instructive to engineers and firemen. This treatise can be secured by application to the author, H. A. Luttgens, Box 131, Paterson, N. J.

THE STRIKE AT TRINIDAD.

In the month of April last, a strike occurred on the Union Pacific, having its center at Trinidad, Col.

That our readers may have a clear conception of the matter we insert the following document:

PAN HANDLE LODGE, No. 193,
TRINIDAD, January 25, 1891. }

Messrs. A. P. FREDERICK, Train Master,
F. E. BISSELL, Superintendent, and
R. J. DUNCAN, General Superintendent.

DEAR SIRS:—We the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (Conductors and Brakemen) employed on the Second and Third Districts of the New Mexico Division of the Union Pacific System, do respectfully present to you the following grievances which now exist upon the above Divisions, for your considerations and adjustments.

Article I. Schedule for Chicosa and Maxwell Branches.

For Conductors, \$100.00 per month, 26 days to constitute a month; 10 hours or less to constitute a day; 35 cents per hour for all over 10 hours. Sunday work to be counted as over time.

Art. II. Schedule for Chicosa and Maxwell Branches.

For Brakemen, \$70.00 per month, 26 days to constitute a month, 10 hours or less to constitute a day; 25 cents per hour for all over 10 hours. Sunday work to be counted as over time.

Art. III. For unloading stock and loading stock on the Second and Third Districts 35 cents per hour for Conductors and 25 cents per hour for Brakemen.

Art. IV. The schedule of pay of the Chicosa and Maxwell Branches to govern all other branches that may hereafter be operated on the Second or Third Districts.

Art. V. The above schedule to take effect on February 1st, 1891.

Yours very respectfully,

(Signed), T. D. SHAPCOTT, Chairman.

(Signed), J. W. COLBERT, Sec'y Local G. C.

(Signed), N. H. KING.

Approved by Pan Handle Lodge, No. 193, January 25th, 1891.

(Signed), J. D. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

It appears, that from some cause, not explained, the foregoing proposed schedule did not receive prompt attention—nor, in fact, any attention at all, or, to put it mildly, was never submitted to Mr. S. H. H. Clark, General Manager of the road, an official justly distinguished for fair dealing and prompt action.

We think it may be said, that the precipitancy and unwarranted action of the employes was largely owing to the seeming neglect on the part of the officials addressed in the document we have published, but since it appears in the correspondence that Mr. Clark, the General Manager of the Union Pacific, was totally ignorant of the demand made by the employes, the wrong inflicted upon the road by the strike cannot be extenuated.

Moreover, had the grievance, of which the employes complained, been of sufficient magnitude to warrant a strike, then, in that case, those of the employes who were members of railway employes' organizations were bound by every consideration of fealty to law, to have proceeded according to law, and because they did not do this, because they violated and trampled upon the laws of their

orders, their action became reprehensible and subjected them to charges and arraignments in the orders of which they were members—a case in which, in so far as locomotive firemen, members of the B. of L. F., were concerned, admits of no extenuation whatever, as was indicated by the action of F. P. Sargent, Grand Master of the order.

And here we desire to say, that the B. of L. F. has enacted certain laws relating to grievances and strikes, laws which, while designed to secure the rights of members, as certainly are designed to invade no right of railroad companies. They are laws designed to secure fair play by the most conservative methods, and to do no wrong to anyone, and this policy is emphasized by the laws of the Supreme Council of the federated orders, and it is because these laws were violated by the Trinidad strike that the Grand Lodge and this *Magazine* condemn the action of the Brotherhood firemen who were engaged in it.

Fortunately, the Trinidad strike was of short duration, and no great harm was done. Nevertheless it serves, or ought to serve, as a warning to those of the various organizations who are disposed to be hot-headed and to engage in unlawful proceedings, since they should learn, by the penalties which the laws of their organizations inflict, that they cannot violate them with impunity, and thereby reduce them to a farce.

The fact is fully disclosed, that had the complaining employes been patient and waited until Mr. Clark had had an opportunity to investigate the grievances, everything would have been amicably settled and full justice would have been done, for we hold, that of all the General Managers of great systems of railroads in the United States, not one has earned the prestige of honorable dealing with men such as that which, by common consent, has fallen to the lot of S. H. H. Clark, General Manager of the Union Pacific system, as an evidence of which we here insert his letter to the committee of the striking employes, which breathes throughout a spirit of honest dealing, fair play, and a desire to maintain amicable relations with the men in the employ of the Union Pacific system. Here it is:

OMAHA, April 28th, 1891.

MR. S. D. SHAPCOTT,
MR. J. W. COLBERT,
MR. C. W. THOMPSON, } Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—After the interview of to-day in the presence of Messrs. Sargent, Clark, Wilkinson, Vroman and others, at which all details of the recent trouble at Trinidad were fully considered and understood, I feel it my duty, as general manager of the Union Pacific system, to advise you in the interest of yourselves and that of the company that I cannot consent to entertain at this time the proposed advance of wages in your request of January 25th, 1891.

Admitting by reason of the delay in forwarding said application to this office for my consideration, and offering no excuse in behalf of my subordinates for their seeming negligence, still am of the decided opinion the course taken by the employes at Trin-

dad was unwarranted, and is disapproved not only by myself, but by the Chief Officers of the labor organizations of this country; hence this decision without giving further details, all of which were well presented at the aforesaid interview. Therefore, have to say that the employes engaged in the serious difficulty at Trinidad having resumed their relations with the company do so without prejudice to themselves and, such being the case, it is my desire that all matters connected with this strike, including your original application, which is the foundation of said trouble, be wiped out entirely and negotiations be taken up on altogether a new principle. In other words, let everything connected with this difficulty be forgotten and forgiven, to the end that we may commence anew, hoping thereby to establish more friendly, harmonious relations between employers and employes, believing both will be mutually benefited thereby and all interests materially improved.

I need not tell you it is my earnest desire to treat all men connected with me in business in a fair, frank, gentlemanly manner; listening to their complaints, granting them if I can consistently do so, if not shall not hesitate to so state, giving my reasons therefor. I cannot succeed as manager of this corporation unless I have the respect and confidence of the officers and employes associated with me in handling the property. This I ask; this I shall endeavor to secure through just, honorable treatment.

In conclusion, respectfully request you begin afresh your negotiations, placing them in the proper channel, which if done, I can promise the same shall have my earnest, honest attention at the earliest practicable moment. Yours truly,

(Signed) S. H. H. CLARK,
General Manager.

In closing this article, we desire to say that organization has the supreme purpose in view of inaugurating an era of simple justice to all concerned by the power of argument, reason and arbitration, and that the laws governing the federated orders simply amplify these propositions. In making strikes seldom and difficult, it makes them just—and as they can, under the law, occur only when everything else has been tried and has failed, they should have the unqualified approval of the membership of the federated orders, and the approval of every railroad corporation in the land.

THE AMERICAN NONCONFORMIST.

In the list of our exchanges, which includes some exceedingly bright publications, *The American Nonconformist*, published at Winfield, Kansas, under the editorial control of Henry Vincent, is one of the most courageous. It has a mission, the object of which those who read it will compre-

TO MEMORY TRUE.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

Eugene V. Debs, by far the ablest labor speaker and writer in America, has resigned his position as Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and editor of their *Magazine*. Debs has not yet vacated his office, but stands ready to do so when his successor is appointed. To the honesty, intelligence, ability and untiring energy of Eugene V. Debs; the B. of L. F. owes its present prosperity, and probably its existence, and we do not doubt but that the members of the order give him full credit. We were in the order ourselves when the sun didn't shine very often.

It is to be regretted that Brother Debs has decided on this step—it will be hard to fill his place—but as far as he is personally concerned, he has the necessary qualifications to leave more fame and fortune behind him than can be found within the necessarily prescribed limits of one order.

Eugene V. Debs is not a man who needs the offer of a "place"—he will make a place for himself.

He has not, as yet, publicly announced his plans; but it is pretty generally understood that he will start a paper. If he follows any old plan, or cites any precedents to go by, it will be the first time he has done so; and if does not show us something new, crisp, clean and sharp, he will fall to continue on the lines he has long ago established.

Eugene V. Debs is a labor agitator, and is proud of it. He is as honest as daylight, and does not hesitate to aid what he thinks is right, and kick what he thinks is wrong—and it where he may.

When he dips his pen in gall and reaches for a victim, he flays him alive—there is no mistaking what he means. Sometimes we have thought he fought too courageously, defeated the ends he sought by bearing down too hard; but we have only to think how, years ago, he borrowed money to pay up the debts of the Brotherhood; we have only to think of the millions of dollars that he has collected in pittances, and paid to the widows and orphans of the order, without the loss of a penny; we have only to think of the money, meals and encouraging words he has given to suffering brothers or "the tramp;" we have only to think of the sleepless nights and days he has worked over his books and his copy to keep up the spirit and interest of the order, when we love him more and more.

He has made mistakes and made enemies—only the fool has no enemies—but he has already contributed a lifetime of good to his fellow man.

Eugene V. Debs has a warm place in the hearts of thousands of American railroad men, who stand ready to aid him in any undertaking he may put his hand to—he can have half our shirt "on sight."

The foregoing complimentary notice is from the pen—better far, from the heart—of John A. Hill, editor of the *Locomotive Engineer*; a man who, graduating in the train service of railroads, and, promoted to the editorial control of one of the leading railroad publications of America, has earned the right to speak of a fellow toiler, a comrade in the ranks, and to make his own estimates of them, after years of service, every hour of which has been open to inspection.

We are not unmindful of the fact, that there may be those who will not hesitate to arraign us for egotism, self-conceit, and self-importance for reproducing in the *Magazine* Brother Hill's encomiastic words, and upon that point we shall not join issue with them. To have earned such a laudatory verdict from one capable of arriving at just conclusions after analyzing work and character, and who is known to be the soul of honor, and whose courage is as chivalric as

his motives are pure, we do not hesitate to admit is in the nature of a priceless benefaction, a souvenir to be treasured and to be handed down, like an heirloom, and retained as an inheritance which money cannot purchase.

But the generous words of Brother Hill, have, if possible, a still more valuable significance. He writes of a member of a great order with which he was once associated, in its days of gloom—and perhaps, makes the pardonable mistake of crediting him with more than his full share of service in bringing that order to its present position of commanding influence, but he does not over-estimate the zeal which has animated us to achieve satisfactory results. We have simply worked with others equally loyal and courageous, who never, no matter how fiery the ordeal, “bowed the knee” to a false god, and we have an idea that they will share with us, because it is their right, in every word of commendation that falls to our lot.

We shall not gainsay the declaration that we have “made mistakes and made enemies,” but both, if made, were made in the line of duty. No created mortal has been exempt from mistakes, wherefore, if “misery loves company,” the man who makes mistakes does not have to complain. Certainly, enemies are not to be coveted—they should not be needlessly made, but if in the conscientious performance of duty they are made, there is nothing left but to choose between fight and flight. We have chosen the first when fealty to the Brotherhood presented the alternative.

But, such matters aside, the magnanimous words of Brother Hill for the nonce makes us oblivious of battle fields, and calling Burns to our assistance, we say to Bro. Hill and to every friend in love's shining circle—

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gi' us a hand o' thine—
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

THE BROTHERHOOD HOME—CHICAGO.

In the city of Chicago an institution known as the Brotherhood of Railway Employes' Home, has been established and is, we are glad to believe, doing a good and noble work.

In connection with the “Home,” a journal entitled *The Brotherhood Home Journal* has been established, and we notice with much satisfaction, that it has met with “phenominal success” being on a “paying basis” in the short space of “four months.” *The Journal* makes the following announcement:

The object of the Home is the support and management of an institution for the care and education of totally disabled railway employes who

are permanently disabled from performing railway duty.

The organization of the “Home” seems to have had special consideration as is seen by the *personnel* of its officers, as follows:

HON. L. S. COFFIN, President.

DR. F. M. INGALLS, }
FRED R. KETCHAM, } Vice Presidents.

ABE L. FISH,

J. B. SPENCER, Secretary and Treasurer.

DR. F. M. INGALLS, Editor and Manager
Journal.

REV. J. P. BRUSHINGHAM, Chaplain.

In the issue of the *Journal* of April 15, we find the following editorial paragraph:

Is there a member of your lodge who is totally and permanently disabled from following his usual avocation and who wishes to learn some light trade or business at which he can earn a good living in reasonable hours? Or one who is unable to work at anything and has to depend on his lodge for support? Then have your secretary send at once to the secretary and treasurer. Mr. Jay B. Spencer, suite 10, 166 Randolph street, Chicago, for a blank application for admission to the Home. When received see that it is properly filled out and promptly returned so that the brother may come to the Home as soon as possible.

It is not necessary that the disability should have been of recent date. All that is necessary is that the brother should have been a member of the order when injured and is in good standing now.

We hope that no brother in need of such benefits as the Home has to offer will allow any feeling of false pride to stand between him and it, but will come to us feeling that he is to receive nothing but what is his own by right of faithful service to his country and his order.

We also notice that the receipts of the Home from donations for the month of March amounted to \$151.30. Of this amount we notice the B. of R. T. contributed \$67.65, B. of L. T. \$10, O. of R. C. \$35.25 and B. of L. F. \$6.50. Total credit to brotherhoods \$119.40. The remainder is credited to individuals, without reference to organizations.

We reproduce these figures for the simple purpose of showing that the “Home” is recognized by the members of the various brotherhoods.

The “Home,” from the first has had our sympathy and support. We have believed that such an institution, properly managed, would be of incalculable service to disabled railroad employes—and that the membership of the various orders could contribute to its support with the assurance that their money would be well invested.

It is doubtless believed in some quarters that the “Home” ought to be under the management of the various orders whose members contribute the bulk of the funds for its maintenance. We do not hesitate to admit the plausibility of the proposition, but we do not regard it as either conclusive or essential. In fact, we are convinced that there are many well grounded objections to such a policy.

In discussing such questions, human nature must be taken and accepted as we find

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preme Chaplain, G. M. Campey, Toledo; Supreme Trustees: W. R. Johnson, Nashville; W. W. Low, Altoona; S. J. Tomblin, Chicago; J. Longhurst, Detroit; W. F. Walters, Columbus; W. H. Randall, Memphis. The last named was chosen Supreme Organizer, but resigned and George Scott, of Columbus, was elected to the vacancy. Twenty supreme chief deputies were also chosen.

The delegates, during their stay in Columbus, had their photographs taken in a body, and when the time for final adjournment had arrived the conclusion was, that good work had been accomplished and that the outlook for the new order was in all regards auspicious.

WORKINGMEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

On April 13th the following Associated press dispatch was flashed over the country:

Gen. Wiley is by no means confident that all trouble in the coke regions is at an end. Bloodshed and violence, he is quite sure, will result if the troops are withdrawn. Therefore, he thinks the soldiers may expect a long siege in the mountains. General Wiley came down from Mt. Pleasant yesterday and spent the day in town. In an interview he said: "Everything is quiet at present in the coke regions, but that indication is due wholly to the presence of the troops. The strikers are cowed by the uniforms and arms of the soldiers, and will offer no violence so long as they remain."

"The presence of the militia is essential to peace up there. The governor is anxious to maintain this order, and as he is kept advised of the situation I am sure he will not endanger life and property by recalling the troops. For as soon as they are withdrawn there will be an outbreak. Of that I am confident. There are several thousand men in the coke regions who are anxious to go to work but who are afraid to do so. They are not afraid of personal violence while under protection of the guard but fear that their homes would not be safe. Therefore they remain idle, though hunger and want cause great suffering among them. They are assured protection but they know that they would be subjected to besides actual violence. They would be annoyed until their lives became a burden. Wherever they turned they would find an obstacle that caused them annoyance, though they were not injured."

"Besides these men, who are anxious to work, there are thousands of others who would be compelled to work despite everything if they were not under the especial protection of the strikers. As long as they are fed and cared for they don't care about toiling. But how long can the strikers continue their work of supporting these men is a question. As soon as they fall they will find the men drifting back to work in such numbers that the strike will seem to be broken at least. That is the time I dread. It will occasion strife that will result in the loss of life and great destruction of property, I think. I truly hope the day is far off when such will occur, but to my mind it surely will come unless the labor trouble is amicably settled."

Now it is in order to read up the condition of workingmen anywhere and everywhere in civilized lands, and if there is anything to parallel the condition of workingmen in Pennsylvania the facts ought to be known, so that the American Congress, when again in session, could devote a day to the discussion of sympathetic whereases and resolutions. It would give American orators an opportunity to do a deal of spreading the screaming, in which all sorts of labor troubles could be indulged in by the institutions, the sovereignty

of the people—good wages, boundless supplies of bread and meat, and to the "homes," the "sweet homes," of American workingmen.

Thousands of men on the verge of starvation, surrounded by soldiers with shotguns, etc., is a horrifying picture that could not be duplicated in any land, civilized, half civilized, barbarous, savage or enlightened, on the face of God's green earth. For years the coke-makers and miners of Pennsylvania have steadily and studiously pursued a policy of starvation and degradation and the harvest has come.

The miserable victims may be and doubtless will be starved into submission, or they will be shot to death, as has already been done. But the Fricks *et al.* will simply be emboldened, and in due time there will be another whirlwind, or, finally subjugated, the human wretches will sink into irredeemable degradation and bondage. The work is going bravely on.

B. OF L. F. AND B. OF L. E.

From time to time we are in receipt of letters, from members of the B. of L. F., asking our advice, as to the propriety of withdrawing from their parent order, to join the B. of L. E.

It will be seen, we think at a glance, that such advice cannot be prudently given by the *Magazine*.

There was a time when we would not have hesitated, indeed, did not hesitate to commit the *Magazine* to an outspoken policy in the matter under discussion. Fortunately, the *Magazine* can now say that it is a matter of personal choice—the determination of which, relates solely to the individual—about which, whatever may be our private opinion, the *Magazine* may prudently keep out of the controversy.

A locomotive fireman, promoted to the position of engineer, may elect to remain in his parent order—or, he may elect, for reasons which he deems sufficient, to withdraw and join the B. of L. E. It is purely an individual matter, in which there may be circumstances operating for or against withdrawal.

The B. of L. F. is committed to general federation of all the organizations of employes engaged in the train service of the country, and the presumption is that in due time the B. of L. E. will be fully identified with the Federated orders. Certainly it is eminently prudent to believe that eventually the logic of fact, reason, argument, and justice, will prevail, and that independence and self-preservation will overcome all objections to federation and bring about an era in which equity will be the distinguishing feature.

WM. D. ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the *Magazine* we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallows ground
where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured
piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far
distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the
deep
Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?
'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls
of worth!
Peace! Independence!
Truth go forth.
Earth's compass round
And your high priesthood
shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the Brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods will be constituted to take charge of the fund and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.



WM. D. ROBINSON.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices, the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in pov-

erty that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, Terre Haute, Indiana*, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

THE SWITCHMEN'S JOURNAL.

We have on our table the *Switchmen's Journal* for May, enlarged to eighty pages, and brim full of good reading.

Most heartily do we congratulate Brother John A. Hall, editor and manager, on the splendid success attending his management of the *Journal*. The editorial articles are written with unusual vigor, and have the right ring from start to finish.

In an article captioned "Corporations and Law," the *Journal* remarks that "It is the policy of corporations to oppose any and all legislation not originating with themselves which has any bearing on corporation interests." This is true, notoriously true. In every state and territory, and in Congress, when an effort is made to enact a righteous law touching any corporation interest in a way to enthrone justice, the corporation is on hand to defeat the measure.

"There is not a law," says the *Journal*, "on the statute books of the state that has not been flagrantly violated. The Interstate Commerce law has been violated time and again by every railroad corporation in the Union." Having made this arraignment the *Journal* says:

The president of the New York Central Railroad is even now under indictment for the violation of a plain law which caused the horrible death of six persons. For him it is a misdemeanor, for an employé it would be manslaughter, possibly murder. How does he bear himself under the terrible responsibility of having caused the death of six human beings, burned alive? Chauncey M. Depew continues to treat his connection with the Fourth avenue tragedy as a matter for after dinner pleasantry. On the night when he gave bail for \$25,000 Mr. Depew hurried to a Tom Reed banquet, where he turned his arrest into a theme for merriment, and treated it so irresistibly that his auditors shook their fat sides with laughter. Again at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at a banquet of express men, in company with Tom Platt, Austin Corbin, Chas. Fargo, John Hovey and a number of other congenial spirits, Mr. Depew dragged in the tragedy and made it do buffoon's service for the amusement of his friends. "His warnings drawn from his present predicament as an indicted offender against the law kept them in a continuous roar of laughter." They were convulsed with laughter at the efforts of the great State of New York to punish the willful violation of a law which caused the death of six of her citizens. The bare idea that a state should venture to lay its hands upon a railroad president and millionaire appeals directly and irresistibly to their risibles. It is a solemn truth, that the laws of their country are to these ghouls a proper subject of ridicule and contempt.

We have not quite reached that point in this western country. The corporations prefer to kill a bill rather than violate a law, but if the bill should become a law they would doubtless attempt to violate its provisions as far as the court of last resort would permit. The court is the people.

The *Magazine* wishes the *Switchmen's Journal* the continued prosperity which its ability, independence and progressive spirit deserves.

At the Club.—First Reveller—It's twelve o'clock. Ain't you going home?

Second Reveller—Not yet. You see, the old lady don't sleep real sound before two.

ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The Following subscriptions to the *Robinson Monument Fund* have been received since our last report:

Patrick Fennell (Shandy Maguire), Oswego, N.Y. \$1 00
F. W. Balesky, Los Angeles, Cal. 1 00
Previously acknowledged 6 50

Total \$8 50

Remittances should be addressed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Literary Notes.

In many respects *The Arena* is unique. Unlike the majority of magazines which devote the major part of their space to fashionable topics and superficial aspects of affairs, this review is given largely to the discussion of the great root problems that intimately affect civilization. Its contributors number many of the boldest and most brilliant thinkers of the day in the fields of social and economic science, education, ethics, and religion. The May number is a remarkably brilliant issue, containing notable papers by C. Wood Davis, who discusses the wheat supply of Europe and America; Prof. Emil Blum, Ph. D., a native of Vienna, who after graduating at the University of Odessa, from which he was driven by the Russian government on account of his having served in the Austrian army. Prof. Blum writes on "Russia of To-day" in a cool and dispassionate manner. Julian Hawthorne and the Rev. Minot J. Savage discuss Modern Spiritualism. Paul Blouet, the brilliant French author and lecturer, better known throughout this country as Max O'Rell, writes on the "parvenu in religion." Other notable papers are from the pen of Prof. Abram S. Isaacs, of the University of New York; Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of the Kentucky University; Dr. Henry D. Chapin, of New York; Rev. John W. Chadwick, Frank L. King, Will Allen Dromgoole, and the editor. It will be readily seen that no thoughtful magazine reader can afford to overlook this issue of *The Arena*.

TO TEACH THE LADIES.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Among the cabin passengers who arrived from Europe to-day by the steamship "La Bourgogne," were fourteen Parisian designers of ladies' fashionable gowns. These artists have been engaged by the enterprising managers of *The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar*, to contribute exclusively to the columns of that popular magazine. All of them are well known in New York, for their reputations have preceded them. Mrs. Astor, the Vanderbilts, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts are among the society leaders who have worn gowns designed by these artists. During an interview with a reporter one of these designers said:

"Paris still leads the world of fashion although Eugénie no longer sits on the throne. Parisian gowns have a style about them that can not be equalled. That, I suppose, is the reason why we have been engaged to come to America to teach the ladies of your beautiful country, through the columns of *The New York and Paris Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar*, how these wonderful creations of the dress-makers' art are constructed. It is our business to design the handsomest and most fashionable gowns for the different seasons of the year. These designs will be printed in colors and will be accompanied by such clear instructions as to the selection of materials and the cutting and fitting of the garments that no woman of sense will have the least difficulty in making perfect fitting gowns herself. It is a knack, a science, to fashion a gown that will make a very small and very fleshy lady appear slim. Not one designer out of a thousand can hit upon the true lines unless he makes it a study of a life time. You ought to see the May number of our *Magazine*. We have designs in it that will take the hearts of the ladies by storm. They do not get a new dress made up every day, and I can tell you it is an important item to get the best magazine, and the very latest and most exquisite Paris styles, and have it fashioned like the one that is best suited to their figure.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth day* of each month.

Federation and the B. of L. E.

This subject or rather question seems to be settled in the minds of many of its advocates. However I do not consider it finally settled though I regard myself as one of its most enthusiastic supporters. It has been regarded as settled since the institution of the Supreme Council, but I do not consider it so until the last man that labors in the railway service has joined hands in this march of progress, and all stand together in a solid and unbroken phalanx to fortify and defend their interests. Then, and not till then, will it be possible for us to realize and to utilize the power of federation for the good of all. While we are hungering for this bread which we know to be nutritious to weak and oppressed labor, we accept the half loaf which we believe will strengthen and give us power to obtain the other half.

Separate organizations have benefited labor in the past, but the tide of time and progress has drifted us to the dawn of an era where our strength and where our capabilities must assume larger proportions or we must yield to the power of concentrated capital to do its bidding whether we will or not.

There was a time when our present organizations served all the reasonable demands of labor, but those days are past and gone forever, and labor must now erect a fortification strong enough to withstand the bombardments of its enemy or yield to disastrous defeat.

There was a time when the old musket and cannon were regarded as very destructive implements of warfare, but what would those muskets be to those of Italy, France, Germany, England and America? And what would those cannons be in a bombardment of the iron-clad vessels that line the ports of this and foreign nations? Ah! they would be like the fragments of a feather laid in the tornado's path to obstruct its force, and just so, separate organizations. They are not strong enough to contend with the power of the concentrated capital that vindicates its rights.

It has been long since we have had a united front.

overwhelming defeats. But FEDERATION, its only friend, comes to its rescue and places a sword within the hand of labor—a shield upon her breast, a helmet upon her brow; puts life and vigor into its sinews. Federation in one sense is the basis of strength of every government upon the face of this earth. The strongest state government in our Union would be too weak to resist the armies of the smallest foreign power, but in the federation of all our states, into one grand union, we have a power sufficient to conquer the world in arms.

What is federation? It is aggregation of power for the purpose of protection. And if federation does not give us strength there is no strength in union and no efficacy in power. We observed in a recent issue of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* an article upon this subject. The writer was referring to and commenting upon an article on the same subject from the gifted pen of T. H. Haines, of Division 99. And the former party (name not known) was opposed to federation while the latter favored it in a general sense.

The former claimed that it contained too much of the "force element" and it "was a knock down and drag out principle." God pity this poor benighted soul and open his eyes to the blessed light of benevolence that shines for all.

It is not the policy, my dear stranger, of those who favor or understand federation to declare war against capital. It is to add to our strength and to our judgment, that we may be able to throw off the yoke of oppression when it is laid upon us by the merciless hand of injustice.

The millions that are spent by this and other nations for the equipment of a standing army and a navy is no evidence that we are expecting war, but it is to prepared for it if it must come.

Federation, or the Supreme Council, has not sounded its war tramp to marshal its hosts to battle. It is wise, considerate, kind and watchful, and is a greater friend to capital than capital is to itself. Its true, honest principle is to give a fair and honest day's work for a fair and honest day's pay. While it possesses all these noble attributes, it is like the serpent that lies coiled in its ability to defend itself; harmless and inoffensive if undisturbed but terrible if aroused and trampled upon.

Ah! "too much of the force element" says some one. What was the B. of L. E. organized for? Was it not for protection? Then, if for protection, there is much of the "force element" in it. The very term "protection," is suggestive of "force." If there was no "force" or power in "protection" it would fail to protect. What is protection? Is it not to guard, to shield from harm and to fortify against danger? Does

kindness and persuasion always protect? I certainly think not. Then, if it does not, and we *must* be protected, is it not the only alternative to use the "force element?" How do we protect ourselves from the blows of an enraged enemy? Why, certainly by force, when kindness fails.

"Too much of the knock-down-and-drag-out principle." The poor deluded fellow that wrote these words must have measured the advocates of federation by that of his own standard—which I assume must be exceedingly low.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a brotherhood composed of brave, wise and noble men. They have gone before and prepared us a place. The beds upon which they lie are softer than ours, and when they make their last hard pull up the hill of life, they will yield them to us. They have always been in sympathy with us. (I mean the true and noblest of their fraternity.) I speak of this as the rule, not the exception. Therefore, we wish to have them in the Supreme Council, not so much to strengthen it, for we feel that it has strength sufficient to serve all our purposes, but we want them in it for their own good and because we love them, and want to grasp their hands in brotherly love and pledge eternal friendship with them. While I am voicing my own sentiment I believe it to be the sentiment of every true hearted and intelligent fireman in this country. May God speed the day when all of us even down to the poor fellows that trampies will be united in bonds of eternal friendship, and that the man who scorns an honest laborer because he receives a smaller salary than his less favored brother, may be branded as a traitor to all the principles of true manhood.

J. G. Cary.

Free Discussion and Honest Criticism.

The nineteenth century has wrought greater changes in the condition of man than any of the preceding ages. The mechanical world has been revolutionized, science has made gigantic strides and the social condition of the human race is but little less than a grand emancipation. Among the great and varied changes that this century has seen, none are more apparent than the improved condition of the laboring class. That which was once their normal condition would now be deemed serfdom or slavery. Where we once saw a *menial*, in abject submission to the dictates of an imperious master, we now see an *employé* exchanging his labor for wages, in a manner which begets mutual respect between himself and his employer.

What has brought about this state of affairs? Has it been the evolution of nature? Probably no better reason can be given than

that man has at last been enabled to gratify his natural innate desire to better his own condition. He has taken advantage of opportunities that never before existed. The new departure in the government of nations has given this great impetus to the emancipation of labor. Republican ideas are fast absorbing the time honored monarchies. The people are at last becoming their own rulers. While this evolution is in progress throughout the civilized world, no nation has as yet reached the stage of advancement that has been developed in the United States. In no other country has labor reached the same degree of independence. The reasons for this will be found in the liberal attitude of the government and in the inclination among Americans to unite their forces for mutual protection. Americans have been taught by the very principles upon which their government was erected that "in union there is strength." Prominent among the principles of this great democracy is the right to criticize; the right to suggest changes in the laws and offer arguments against that which we deem disadvantageous to our interests *without being accused of treason*. To this sentiment, which prevails to a great extent in labor organizations, is due the improved condition of labor. In our brotherhoods, as in our country, the humblest in the ranks have a right to be heard. It has been honest criticism, freely expressed, and mutual concessions by all concerned, that has advanced the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, from its incipency to its present standing in the front ranks of labor organizations.

The success of the pioneer organizations has encouraged others of nearly every trade or calling to organize, and now we have, in its infancy, a young "*giant*" of labor, known as "Federation." Previous to the great strike on the C., B. & Q. the railway labor orders firmly believed that each organization within itself possessed sufficient strength to protect its own members from injustice. This strike was the test, and resulted disastrously to labor. Free discussion and honest criticism followed, and federation was adopted by four organizations. Now, it is a known fact that each of our orders were not as perfect in the beginning as at present; and we also know that our federation is yet in the experimental stage, and as time elapses weak places in the structure will be discovered and should be pointed out. Free discussion and honest criticism will do more to perfect the present plan of federation than any other means we have at hand. Those who oppose this unwittingly injure the cause they seek to assist by concealing the defects until the critical moment arrives when it is too late to make amends. Many who, previous to the Q strike, violently opposed federation in any form, are now num-

bered among the strongest federationists, but their conversion came too late to win that strike. Those of our brothers who honestly criticize the details of our present plan, and discover its defects, are the true friends of federation, and will prevail in the end. Those who seek to suppress debate and free discussion are its worst enemies, although their intentions may be honest and sincere.

The subject of federation has been a leading topic for the past three years, and I am sorry to say, that instead of free discussion and honest criticism prevailing, we have seen articles reeking with personalities. As long as the discussion was characterized by personal recrimination it was best that all should cease debating the subject; but now that reason is again enthroned, each and every brother who has the success of federation in view should endeavor to strengthen the cause by giving thought to the subject and freely discuss the merits and demerits of the various details of our present plan.

Inasmuch as I have explicitly stated my honest convictions in this matter, I hope and trust that no one will assign to me any but the purest motives when I point out a few changes that I truly believe would strengthen and perpetuate federation.

Section 2, of the Constitution adopted by the Supreme Council, says that "each organization under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council shall be represented by its Chief Executive and two associate Grand Officers selected for that purpose." Now, I believe that this will be found impracticable if ever we become involved in a serious strike or series of strikes. Sections 12 to 20, inclusive, are mandatory that three Grand Officers of each organization, that is, the entire Supreme Council, give their *personal* attention and time to a strike. This will result in a partial or total neglect of the business of the several grand offices. From information that I have obtained, I am led to believe that our Grand Officers and their clerks are taxed to their utmost to transact their regular official business, and we could not spare *all* of our Grand Officers without serious detriment to the order. Another reason for a change is, the probabilities are, from the present and growing popularity of federation, that we will continue to gain accessions until, at no distant day, the Supreme Council would find it difficult to procure a general manager's office sufficiently large to accommodate them, especially in cases where the manager was ably assisted by a corps of superintendents, master mechanics, etc.

I also believe that those who enact the laws should not execute them. No government, except an absolute monarchy, combines the legislative with the executive. If our President was permitted to dictate the laws he would become a Czar. Laws, when

made by rulers without consulting the people, are nothing more nor less than imperial edicts. If ever such men as C. S. Wheaton or P. M. Arthur have control of the Supreme Council, they can legislate to suit themselves, and no organization can object, because we have invested this right in them. According to Section 223 of our own (B. of L. F.) Constitution, they could legislate our order out of existence as a labor organization. Section 223, is as follows:

"The protective department of this order shall be subject to the laws, rules and regulations of the Supreme Council of the United Order of Railway Employees, which shall at all times have precedence."

By this section the B. of L. F. has yielded all right to conduct its protective department. Although each and every member of the B. of L. F., including our Grand Officers, may demand that our own laws remain as they are, the Supreme Council can, by virtue of the above article, revoke and annul every act of our past conventions concerning the protective department. As I do not believe that one should criticize without offering a suggestion of something that the critic believes to be better, I will state what I consider would be a profitable change from the present plan, viz:

The Supreme Council should be composed of the chief executive and two delegates (not Grand Officers) from each organization under its jurisdiction; said delegates to be elected at their respective conventions. The Supreme Council should hold regular biennial meetings for the purpose of enacting and amending the laws by which it is governed and for the purpose of transacting other business that may come before it. The officers of the Supreme Council should consist of a Chairman and Secretary and Treasurer and an *Executive Board*. The Chairman and Secretary and Treasurer to be elected by the Council, and whose duty would be nominal. The Executive Board to consist of the chief executive of each organization, and its duty would be to adjust grievances and conduct strikes in accordance with the laws enacted by the Supreme Council. A two-third majority should rule, both in the Council and in the Executive Board, and a record should be kept of all votes in regard to strikes.

I believe that in the adjustment of grievances and in the conduction of strikes this Executive Board of Grand Masters would fill every requirement, and at the same time leave the Vice Grand Master and Secretary and Treasurer of each organization to conduct the routine business of the several orders. According to the Constitution of the Supreme Council, all votes and acts of that body to be legal, must be by the personal presence of all the Grand Officers of all the organizations. If a strike should be

prolonged, as in the C., B. & Q. trouble, our business at the Grand office must necessarily be neglected. The expense of this Executive Board would be just one-third as much as of the entire Council, and in cases where "headquarters" were at a first-class hotel for six or eight months, the saving in hotel bills would probably avoid a few of those unpopular assessments that are so numerous during a strike.

Section 16, of the Constitution, confers the right upon any two Grand Officers of any one organization to dictate our actions in regard to a strike. Two men control the actions of fifty thousand without their identity being known. While this despotic privilege may not be abused by the present members of the Supreme Council, the day will come when we will see a change in its personnel. It is only a matter of time until the B. of L. E. and the O. R. C. will be "admitted into the fold" which will make "supreme" beings of our dearly beloved friends of old, Messrs. Arthur and Daniels. Then we will fare badly if Mr. Arthur is not ungrateful to his friend Mr. Depew, or Mr. Daniels becomes "loyal," as he was during the unpleasantness on the C., B. & Q. Railway; our fate will not depend upon the judgment of a majority of the Supreme Council *but upon the honesty of two men.*

When the B. of L. E., at their Richmond convention, refused to accept our plan of federation but wanted to "coöperate" with us instead we were indignant, because we believed that they had a scheme in which they would use the B. of L. E. when it was for their own convenience and then refuse to return the favor. The distinction between the engineers' "coöperation" and our federation we believed was that in their plan mutual assistance was *optional*, while in ours it was *compulsory*. Now, let us see which of these "plans" would be the most binding on the B. of L. E. should we become associated with them for an offensive and defensive purpose. If we had entered into a "coöperation" with the engineers they would be compelled to aid us or violate their obligations; they would have to assist us or go upon record as men whose word could not be trusted. If they should break their promise we would then be left in our original position, *i. e.*, we would be free to attempt to force an adjustment of a grievance single handed, or could possibly procure the assistance of one or more of the other Brotherhoods. In "coöperation" the engineers could refuse to assist, but could not dictate any procedure to us. We could not compel them to enter into a strike on our account, but they could not prevent our striking if we believed that was the proper course to pursue. So much for "coöperation." Suppose the B. of L. E. does accept the invitation to federate with the Su-

preme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employés and sometime thereafter the firemen should have a grievance on some railway system. If I do not misinterpret the meaning of Section 16, of the Constitution of the Supreme Council, there would be nothing binding on the engineers to inconvenience themselves with our trouble; though we should have the hearty support of one of their Grand Officers. As long as P. M. Arthur and one of his lieutenants thought that the firemen "were asking too much from the company," we would be far more helpless than without federation, because we would not have the right to help ourselves. We would be bound "hand and foot," subject to the whims of the Grand Chief and one of his assistants. If the Grand Officers of the B. of L. E. did not wish to incur the expense of a strike for the benefit of firemen, they would not be compelled to "violate an obligation" or to "break a promise" as in "coöperation," they would simply exercise a prerogative especially stipulated in the constitution of the Supreme Council and vote "no," which would settle the matter for all time to come. Not only would they refuse to assist but would forbid us helping ourselves. The Grand Chief and one of his colleagues can not only dictate to the B. of L. E., but to every Brotherhood man in the federation. As long as Mr. Depew could offer convincing arguments to these two men, all brotherhoods would be paralyzed. If these two men said "yes" and it was agreeable to the others, we could strike; but if they should say "no," it would make no difference that eighty thousand members of five great organizations were unanimously in favor of a strike we could not "withdraw from the service of the company" without violating a written agreement, and according to section 14 of the constitution being liable to *punishment*. If every man on an entire system believed a strike necessary they dare not act if two Grand Officers said "no." With the engineers' coöperation" they would be compelled to aid or break a pledge; with our federation we give them the right to not assist, the power to prevent any other order assisting and the authority to prevent us defending ourselves. In "coöperation" the members of the several orders on a system would have the privilege of deciding the necessity of a strike; in our federation the members of all except one organization would have nothing to say, they would not be consulted in the matter, but the will of any two Grand Officers of any one organization would be supreme. The members on the system of the organization having the grievance, are consulted by allowing them to vote for or against a strike; but the members of the other organizations on the system are ignored; the Supreme Council can compel them to quit

work without ever advising them of the cause of the trouble. According to the constitution, the Supreme Council cannot order an organization to strike in their own defense except that two-thirds of the members on the system are in favor of it, but they can force everyone else on the system to quit work without even consulting them. Only the organization which has the grievance has the privilege to vote on the subject.

If the firemen, brakemen, switchmen or conductors had a grievance, it would be less difficult to gain the support of the engineers on the system through the personal acquaintance of the individual members than to depend upon the personal feelings that exist between the Supreme Council and Mr. Arthur.

A two-third majority should decide all questions relating to a strike. If the Grand Officers of any one organization should refuse to abide by the will of a two-thirds majority, it would only prove that they were not to be depended upon "in the days that tried men's souls."

DENVER, COLO.

W. S. Carter.

An Engineer's Revenge.

There is a well known engineer, of dark, swarthy complexion, of tall and willowy form, of tragical voice and oratorical gestures, who is doing ten days penance for a little act in which there was more devilishness displayed than there was of peaceful benignant consideration. A spirit such as is taught by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," was foreign to his nature. On a recent morning he was aroused from a peaceful slumber and happy dreams to be told that he was wanted to take out the way-freight, a train on which there is an excellent opportunity for the development of muscle and to test the patience and serenity of one's disposition. It was a beautiful April morning; a warm and cheerful sun was ascending the eastern horizon; a balmy air kissed the feet of mother earth and fanned the brow of transparent skies. The early songsters that herald the approach of a new season, and with their silvery notes tell of the revivification of vegetable life, were flitting joyously from branch to branch or basking in the sunshine upon the atmospheric wave. It would seem that one who was blessed with the opportunity to behold the magnificent panoramic view which the flower city of Rochester presented on this beautiful morning, would be inspired by the natural elements to a frame of mind which would appreciate and testify to the goodness and glory of God. But not so with the knight of the throttle, who was called to take the way-freight on this beautiful morning over the elegantly equipped road

which wends its way through the far famed Wyoming Valley. The intrusion upon his peaceful slumber, the interruption of his happy dreams cast a gloom over his mind, which nothing but revenge could dispel. With a dark, stern visage, with unlubricated joints, he reluctantly made his way to the engine house, apparently oblivious to the usual four fingered salutation which he loves so well. It was with a dissatisfied air that he scanned the bulletin board; it was with an oath that he pronounced the numerals 17 which corresponded with the engine number that was marked for the way-freight. It was with great deliberation and much caution that he ran the iron monster upon the turn-table, and in most audible tones cried out "head her towards the city of brine," viz., Warsaw. The engine being headed in the right direction, the gallant knight fingers the throttle with a gentle, child-like touch; slowly, carefully the wheels begin to revolve and the machine to move. Quietly, softly, under the careful usage of her skilled master she moves out of the shadow of the round house, into the warm and cheering rays of the sun. Still on she moves, on by that modest little building with the ever sacred and patriotic name of "Lincoln Park Station." As she passes the station the dark visage of her gallant driver is lit up with a smile. The flush upon his swarthy cheeks reveals excitement; the tension of his muscles indicates the execution of some great feat. But why this sudden transformation in the knight of the throttle? Ah! it is because his eagle eye has detected the opportunity, the moment for revenge, sweet revenge. The remembrance of the rude disturbance of his peaceful slumber and happy dreams nerves him to the commission of some diabolical act. The modest little station is a familiar scene; the long line of cars loaded with brilliant diamonds, though of a dusky hue, is an every day occurrence; but it is not every day that the manly form, the graceful poise, the keen, intellectual physiognomy of the "good Samaritan"—whose very name is the synonym for justice—the trainmaster, is seen upon the spacious veranda of the little station. But there he stands statue-like. He is robed in rich garments; his fine linen is of an alabaster hue; his cleanly shaven face, and his brilliant polished boots bespeak the gentility of his finely polished nature. It is with a calm serenity that he, with his magnetic eye, sweeps the horizon. The song of birds, the stealthy tread of the iron monster, is music to his finely attuned ear. The earth, the air, the birds, the engine, all conspire to play upon the tender chords of his angelic nature, and awaken in him that condition of mind which finds expression in the noblest of noble sentiments, "peace on earth and good

will to men." But the thought has no sooner crossed the wonderful expanse of brilliant intellect, before another transformation is seen. The iron monster has a backward movement, her position is directly in front of the little station, which serves as a throne for the trainmaster. Suddenly and without a moment's warning that gallant and heroic engineer has pointed the throttle lever towards the man-hole in the water tank; the slow revolutions of the wheels are accelerated to a meteoric speed; the heavens are darkened with a great column of black spray. Notwithstanding it had been projected into space with a force equal to 120 lbs. to the square inch, the inevitable workings of the law of gravitation counteracted that force, and that column of greasy, black spray settled down upon that modest little station, dressing it in the emblem of mourning, and deluging the trainmaster. But look! Behold! Oh! what a change. See you that man gasping for breath; struggling to tear those great drops from his eyes? That is the trainmaster, but he is unrecognizable. His rich garments are as limp as a bathing suit; his fine linen has a coal miner's complexion; his cleanly shaven face with its great globules of greasy soot resemble a plain dotted with foot hills, while the former calm serenity of this angelic trainmaster has turned to pranks, which remind one of the age of witchcraft; and though he has the features of the Caucasian race, one could swear by his complexion that he was of African origin. The engineer had had revenge and he went on his way rejoicing, unmindful of the law of compensation. The trainmaster, with all his wit and wisdom, was ignorant of the law of condensation, but in the plenitude of his power, in the paucity of his reason, he issued an order for a ten days suspension, and the engineer, instead of contributing a bar of soap, a ruffled shirt and assisting to hold a hose on the trainmaster, is walking around the streets endeavoring to persuade his friends it was all an accident. According to Mosaic tradition, the serpent, at one time, was superior in power and influence to man; but the exercise of illegitimate functions brought upon it the wrath and condemnation of Divine authority, and from that time henceforth it was "cursed above all cattle of the field, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." I commend to the trainmaster in question, who, clothed with a little brief authority, violates every sense of reason, and prostitutes positions of trust, the story of the serpent and its awful doom.

J. B. Ward.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fraudulent Schemes.

Our members have often been cautioned against the alluring circulars issued by a number of concerns located at different points, which promise to give from three to ten dollars for every dollar paid them by their faithful adherents. Still the circulars come in at the rate of at least one a week, and their name seems to be legion, but their dupes must number still more or they would have to "shut up shop" for lack of trade. In a number of instances they have been brought into court; once, as I remember, in Pittsburg, and more recently in Paterson, N. J., as shown by the following article from the *Recorder*, of New York:

The affairs of Branch No. 77, of the Universal Order of Coöperation, at Paterson, N. J., one of those societies which agree to pay their members \$100 for \$35 in one year are being settled.

The branch had 181 members, and the order is now in the hands of a receiver, having been placed there by the courts of Pennsylvania as being an illegal concern.

The requirement for membership in the order was that each new member must not only pay the initiation fee and dues, but must agree to bring two new members into the order, and these two, in turn, must bring four more in, and these four, eight more, and so on. The charter members in Paterson are out \$9 each in assessments paid in, while the members of the second series are out \$7. The members of the third series are the luckiest of all, having had their money returned to them by the local secretary, it not having been forwarded to Philadelphia, where the main office of the company is located.

About two thousand dollars paid by the people of Paterson is a rather high price for the experience, but still, if that were enough to guard others from the same fate, it would not be entirely wasted. "A word to the wise is sufficient." In addition to this let us see what the *American Machinist* has to say on this subject:

This country is full, so to speak, of "fraternal" benevolent associations which appear to have taken their cue in attaching some kind of an insurance feature to their organizations from the practice of associations that have good reason for continued existence. That is, to put it plainly, designing men in all parts of the country, seeing that the insurance feature of some of the really meritorious associations was popular, have brought out the most flimsy apologies for associations upon which they could engraft some remarkable insurance scheme, or some wonderful giving something-for-nothing feature.

The money that fosters these humbug associations comes, for the most part, from working people—men and women—who do not stop to think that insurance, like everything else, if good for anything, must be bought and paid for at its full value, or that it is impossible for an association to go on paying out ten dollars for every five dollars received.

It is a satisfaction to know that some of these undesirable associations are being brought to grief by the authorities of the states in which they do business. The harm they have done cannot be undone; the next best thing is to prevent the further harm they may do. In the meantime, no working man or woman should give any heed to an association or company that promises insurance for, practically, nothing, or that agrees to return the money they may invest in two or three years, with interest at twenty or thirty per cent. Insurance companies, both life and accident, have got the business of insurance figured down fine. They know the probabilities so closely as to make no mistakes in fixing rates. And as for interest, any one who has proper

security can get all the money he wants at a low rate. A moderately high rate of interest generally means danger of losing both interest and principal; an abnormally high rate means just about the certainty of so doing.

We have nothing to say against the benevolent features of organizations that have legitimate reasons for existence. In many instances much good is done through these features of such organizations. It is only, as before intimated, those organizations or companies that propose to sell money for less than its value that we warn those who work for their living against. No attention should be paid to the plausible stories told by their circulars, or otherwise. They should be shunned.

Thousands of fraudulent concerns thrive at the expense of the incredulous public. They advertise in a manner to readily catch the eye; promise gold watches for half a dollar, bicycles for a song, shotguns for less than the express charges amount to, and so on to the end of the chapter. It may be accepted as a safe rule to be governed by—never to have anything to do with a firm or company that requires you to send your money in advance.

Wm. Weiler.

Talking Cents.

Will you permit an humble member of the brotherhood to occupy some of your valuable space to talk cents a little, or little cents?

I read the *Magazine* and see once in a while an article which deals in dollars, mighty piles of dollars, mountains of dollars, I turn to my old arithmetic and find the table of Federal money, as follows:

Ten mills make a cent.
Ten cents make a dime.
Ten dimes make a dollar.
Ten dollars make an eagle.

I have somewhere read about the "mills of the gods," but I am not going to write a criticism on poetry. I do not suppose the author of the "mills of the gods" idea, had any reference to the "ten mills" that make a cent, or to the 1,000,000,000 that make the billionaire that Mr. Shearman, the single tax advocate, says is coming.

I want you to excuse the pun I have perpetrated on cents, and not hastily set me down as a penny-a-liner.

I am in dead earnest and am going to talk cents, which I think is the A in the alphabet of a fireman's financial philosophy.

You have doubtless read the old aphorism "Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves." It is as true as preaching, for if a fireman don't take care of his cents, he will have no dollars to take care of themselves, an axiomatic, self-evident truth. On the other hand, if a fireman does take care of his cents he will have some dollars, and his dollars will be trained to take care of themselves. Is that what a political economist calls logic? If not, why not?

Now, the other day, I had a brotherhood occasion to be present in a home of sorrow and gloom. It is the same old story. Two

little children clinging to the skirts of a weeping mother, too young to grasp the cause or the meaning of the tears.

The home was comfortably furnished—the floors were carpeted—everything looked tidy. There were a few pictures on the wall, and I noticed a sewing machine in the corner. There was a small book case in the room, and I noticed several bound volumes of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*.

I didn't know the brother personally, I had come from some distance to attend the funeral of the dead brother—dead—that tells it all. It was a funeral occasion. I was a little in advance of the members of the dead brother's lodge. The brothers were there on time. I need not describe the scene. You have often been there yourself, Mr. Editor, and so have thousands of your readers. But as I looked on, I said to myself this is a sight which angels must enjoy. The exhibition of the brotherhood spirit was simply heavenly and I thought sent a ray of light into the soul of the weeping mother.

A clergyman had been invited to make some remarks; I was very anxious to hear what he said. I thought I should hear something about the life of the dead fireman. I did not have to wait long. I omit the solemn, dirge like music, and come directly to the talk of the minister in substance as follows:

"I knew the dead man well. He was my friend—a member of my church. He was a good man. He loved his home, his wife and children. He loved books. His leisure hours were spent in study. He was well informed. It was a pleasure to converse with him and often have I enjoyed the hospitalities of his home. He is dead but there is no blemish upon his character.

"Only a short time ago in a confidential conversation he said: 'My wages are only \$1.90 a day, and yet I have managed to lay by something—not much—a little. I have been frugal, my ambition has been to own a home, a place for my wife and children, and for four years I have been able to save fifty cents a day, and my savings are safe, and if I live, I will soon have a home of my own.'

I need not quote further. I said to myself, the widow and the children are not destitute, the husband and father was thoughtful. There is gloom, there is sorrow, bereavement, heart desolation, but not hunger.

We laid the dead brother away in his grave. I then had a conversation with the Master of his lodge and a number of his brothers. Every word bore high testimony to the untarnished character of their dead brother. Said the Collector of the lodge, "Brother L— was generally the first to pay his dues. He never was delinquent in anything."

Now, Mr. Editor, I will leave the sorrowful phases of my subject. For four years this brotherhood fireman had been a man of cents. His wages were \$1.90 a day. He had saved out of it 62,600 cents. For four years he had paid about 2,000 cents a year, or in all 8,000 cents to keep his insurance policy fee, 150,000 cents in proper shape. As a result, his wife and children have 232,000 cents to help them along in this dreary world.

Now, I'm not going to upbraid any of the boys who visit saloons, play pool and poker, drink beer and whisky. They too are men of cents, but they place little value on cents. These cents go, go glimmering, and like wasted minutes and hours, they come back no more forever. So much for cents.

F. J. L.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Employment of Firemen.

MR. EDITOR:—I have a short address to make to the Brotherhood of Firemen, and consider the *Magazine* the best medium for that purpose. It has occurred to me that too many old firemen are traveling over the country looking for work, and most of them look in vain. Now, there are reasons why such is the case. I have heard several men of experience apply to our foreman for work, and the answer is invariably, "We make all our men." Now, is not this an imposition on our brotherhood? How can a company consider the services of a wiper, or a man of no experience whatever, as valuable as that of a man who has lived on the foot-board for years? You will say, they do not, and I agree with you, but they must have an object in view, and that object must be to create a supply which will be greater than the demand. Now, we are aware that our brotherhood can always, or nearly always, obtain a hearing from a company; so, in justice to our traveling brothers, why not agitate this question in our several divisions, and if possible, avert this drifting about so much? I am firing a passenger run out of Pueblo, and have a good opportunity for making observations. I have met brothers who have traveled from St. Louis to California and back again without being able to obtain employment, and such things should not be. Make a part, and promote a part, is my motto.

My fears may be without foundation, and I hope they are; I am only speaking of our road, the Missouri Pacific, and if all roads are doing the same, I think it necessary to make an effort at least in our own behalf. I am a fireman of two years' experience, a short time, but long enough to learn that a railroad man of long service has little love for other kind of labor.

Corrinth.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 5, 1891.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

In looking through the *Magazine* for February, I notice on page 134 a letter from Bro. Ferrill, purporting to represent the opinion of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, and condemning you for your editorials on such tyrants as Depew, Webb, Corbin, and others of the same type, and I notice that Bro. Ferrill is pleased to call such grand editorials "scurrilous," but the way I look at it is, that you aim at every enemy of workingmen who rob them of fair pay for honest work, and in doing this strike deadly blows at the workman's home, his wife and children. Elm City Lodge seems to approve of such tyranny and applauds such tyrants.

Now, when I joined the brotherhood my belief was that it would help to make me independent of such tyrants, and I think that men who are afraid of losing their jobs on account of your fearless editorials, denouncing such scoundrels as you have exposed, ought not to belong to the B. of L. F. If the B. of L. F. is not organized to defend its members, what use is there for it in the world? If the *Firemen's Magazine* will not expose tyrants and their infernal methods to degrade labor, where is the brotherhood to look for defense? If the members of Elm City Lodge like degradation, why don't they go to Pennsylvania, and get a job on the P. & R.?

Fraternally yours, T. D.

Look Out for Him!

James Law, late Master of Star of the East Lodge, No. 118, was expelled April 26th for grossly violating the laws of the order. He departed for parts unknown, leaving his creditors unpaid and took with him several traveling cards with the seal of the Lodge attached which we doubt not he will undertake to use to impose upon members of the order. He also has a key to the secret work, and several blank orders for the secret work. Keep an eye open for this person and if you should meet him, promptly notify the Secretary of Star of the East Lodge and the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

Acknowledgments.

ALDEN CENTER, N. Y., April 25, 1891.

I. H. Croswan, Esq., Receiver of Lodge No. 241, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me to extend to your association through you an acknowledgment of thankfulness for the kindness shown us. Your resolutions of sympathy were duly received and were helpful in lightening the burden of sorrow which came to us by the sudden death of our son, and your associate, Albert Engelhardt. We can only wish that all who have so freely tendered their sympathy, both by word and act, may be spared such a sudden and painful death as was the lot of our son. We herewith also acknowledge the receipt of \$1,500.00 from your association for the prompt remittance of which please accept the thanks of the sorrowing father and mother.

Yours truly,

WM. ENGELHARDT.

AUGUSTA ENGELHARDT.

SHICKSHINNY, PA., April 20, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Lodge 250:

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my sincere thanks for your kindness shown to my friend, Amos Reed, during his sickness, and for the honor and sympathy shown by accompanying his remains to place of burial. The floral pillow was a beautiful and touching tribute, for which I heartily thank you. For the prompt payment of policy my thanks are certainly due you, and are hereby tendered.

ANNIE M. MCAFEE.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 16, 1891.

Mr. M. C. Donnelly, Pueblo, Colorado:

DEAR SIR:—I have received draft for full amount of Frank's claim for which I extend my heartiest thanks to the order of the B. of L. F., which is indeed a brotherhood to be highly commended for the promptness and dispatch with which they conduct business and for the tender feeling which must exist where such pains are taken and such attention is given to a departed brother. Again accept thanks, and believe me

Yours sincerely,

MRS. D. O'CONNOR.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 1, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I received through Mr. J. Pratt, of Toronto, a draft for full amount of insurance of my husband, Sidney Vaughan, for which I desire to return many thanks. And I fully appreciate the respect shown him after death, by the members of Dominion Lodge, No. 67. With best wishes for each member and the prosperity of your benevolent order, I remain

Your sincere friend,

CARRIE M. VAUGHAN.

EASTON, PA., May 5, 1891.

To the Members of Lehigh Lodge, No. 251:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars, the insurance due on the policy held by my late husband, Frank S. Staser, who was killed by accident on April 10th. I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown him at his burial. I have not words to express the gratitude I feel towards your noble order. May the blessings of God rest upon you one and all is my earnest prayer.

MRS. BRIDGET T. STASER.

WINDSOR, March 12, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the receipt of a draft for (\$1,500) fifteen hundred dollars due me on the policy of my late dear husband, Frank Thorpe, also for your kind sympathy shown me during my trouble and bereavement. May God bless and prosper you one and all is the prayer of my heart.

MRS. ADA M. THORPE.

GREENLEAF, April 30, 1891.

W. A. Moffatt, Esq., Eagle Pass, Texas:

DEAR SIR:—The draft for \$1,500, the amount of insurance held by my son in the B. of L. F., was duly received. I do not know how I can ever repay you for the favors shown me. I expect to visit your city soon and will see you. Until then please accept an old man's heartfelt thanks for the kind treatment of his son. May God be with you all.

Yours very respectfully,

GEO. KENNINGTON.

MARQUETTE, MICH., April 28, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the B. of L. F. for the prompt payment of \$1,500, due me on the policy of my late husband, Hugh Monford, through Mr. Robt. Ripplin, Receiver of Lodge No. 311, of which my husband was a member. I also desire to express my sincere thanks to the lodges and brothers who sustained me in my affliction. Hoping that heaven's choicest blessings

may ever rest upon your organization is the prayer of

MRS. LIZZIE HUGH MONFORD.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 11, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—In my grief in common with that of father, brothers and sisters, I offer our heartfelt gratitude to the members of Lodge No. 241, for their many acts of kindness at the loss of our beloved son and brother Edward F. Albrecht. I also tender my thanks for the draft of \$1,500 as the insurance on my late brother. Hoping your noble order will ever prosper and remain of aid and assistance to the widows and orphans.

I am very truly yours,

KATIE E. ALBRECHT.

Addresses Wanted.

PETER MURPHY—When last heard from was at Marquette, Mich. Nothing has been heard from him for over two years. About seven years ago he was employed as engineer and fireman on the G. T. Ry. of Canada. His father and mother are very anxious to hear from him and it is earnestly requested that any information concerning him be promptly communicated to the Secretary of his lodge, Jas. Burke, Box 318, Stratford, Ontario.

W. T. HAND—Of Pilot Lodge, No. 124, was last seen May 1st. He is below medium height, weight about 150 pounds, age 45, complexion dark and when last seen wore a suit of blue clothes. Please address Jas. Donahoe, Perry, Iowa.

WM. WEIDMAN.—A member of St. Clair Lodge, No. 116. When last heard from was at Port Huron. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please communicate with Wm. J. Kelly, Fort Gratiot, Mich.

TH. F. BURNS.—At one time a fireman on the Colorado Midland R. R. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please communicate with James Doyle, City Hall, Colorado Springs, Col.

GEO. SUTTON.—Formerly a switchman in the yards at St. Joseph. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please communicate with W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. Sixth st., St. Joseph, Mo.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

The following letter recently received by the Secretary of the Railway Officials and Employees Accident Association, of Indianapolis, Ind., will be of interest to those who desire accident insurance:

PINE GROVE, April 18, 1891.

MR. W. K. BELLIS,
Sect'y Railway Officials, & E. A. A.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR SIR:—I am to-day in receipt of draft for \$1,750 00, balance of my claim against your Association, account of beneficiary of my son, Frank A. Bones, who was killed April 7th, by elevator, in Peoples Bank Building, Denver, Colo. A message was sent from Denver to Wm. K. Bellis, at 1:40 P. M., April 8th, notifying your association of his death, and at 4:40 P. M., "same day," the funeral benefit of \$250 00 was received. I filed out my final proof of death, April 11th, and mailed it to Indianapolis, and on April 18th, (this date), I received the balance of my claim in full (\$1,750.00). I am a member of Division 186, B. of L. E., and have run an engine for the last 14 years, am also a policy holder in your Association and shall be as long as I carry insurance, and would advise any railway employe to insure in your association, as this kind of treatment is not to be had in any other company or association, so far as I have been able to learn, and I have been a close observer of the manner in which accident companies have treated their patrons, and you can always count on my being one of your patrons. With best wishes for the prosperity of yourself and your association, I am,

Yours Truly,

David S. Bones,
Engineer So. Park Div., U. P. Ry.
Pine, P. O., Jefferson Co., Colo.

Rulers of Europe.

The present Emperor of Germany is William II. He is 29 years of age.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is 58 years of age and has worn the imperial crown for forty years.

The reigning prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is 47 years old, and has reigned for twenty-eight years.

The King of Portugal, Louis I., is 50 years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty years a king.

The Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is 43 years of age, and ascended the throne after the death of his father some years ago.

The President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, is 51 years of age, and was elected to office in December last as successor to M. Grevy.

The sovereign or Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., is 46 years old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the Sultan who preceded him was deposed.

The King of Serbia, Milan I., is 44, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that he had held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obrenovich IV.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his 60th year, and has reigned for sixteen years. He is a fairly liberal monarch and has favored some reforms during his reign.

The King of Roumania, Carol I., is 49 years of age, and was proclaimed King only seven years ago, but for fourteen years before that time he had been chief of the Roumanians.

The King of Denmark, Christian IX., is 70 years of age, a year older than Queen Victoria, and is the second oldest monarch in Europe. He has wielded the sceptre for a quarter of a century, or just half as long as the British Queen.

In Germany there are three Kings and a grand duke besides the emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, who are one. There are the King of Bavaria, and the King of Wurtemberg, and the King of Saxony, and the reigning grand duke of Baden.

In the Republic of Switzerland the highest official of the government is the President of the Federal council, who is elected by the Federal assembly, which meets at Berne; he holds the office for the term of one year, and enjoys the salary of \$3,000 per year.

On the 20th of June last, Queen Victoria had reigned over the United Kingdom for fifty-one years, a period which has been exceeded by two only of the monarchs of England, viz: Henry III., who reigned for fifty-six years, and George III., whose reign lasted for nearly sixty years.

The power and authority of the King of Spain, Alphonso XIII., who is now 2 years old, is limited by the regency of his mother and government of his nurse. He never saw his royal sire.

The King of Greece, or King of the Hellenes, Georgios I., is 43 years of age, and has been king for a quarter of a century, or since he was 18, at which age he was elected to the Hellenic throne.

The King of the Netherlands, William III., a scion of the royal house of Orange, is the oldest monarch in Europe, being 71 years of age, and entered upon the fortieth year of his reign on the 17th of March last.

The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., is 53 years old and if he should reign until he reaches the age at which his father died, he will be king up to the year 1910. He has been on the throne twenty-three years.

The King of Italy, Humbert I., is 44 years of age, and has worn the crown since the death of his father, ten years since. He is but the second of the Kings of United Italy, and his throne is in the eternal city of Rome.

The Pinkertons.

[Laster.]

The Pinkertons are not detectives for the glory of putting down crime, they are in it for the money, the living to be got on it. The have become hirelings and like all hirelings, they have sunk in the character of its men, for the Pinkertons are notorious for recruiting their ranks from the burly thugs and scum of the city.

In every strike where they have been employed they have attempted to overawe, browbeat and even provoke strikers. They are ostensibly put to guard corporative property but knowing that the longer resistance or a show of it, is kept up by the strikers they indeed try to fret the strikers into an attitude of hostility, thereby lengthening their own job.

In dealing with law-breakers only authorized representatives of the law should act and any other Ku-Klux lynching society or Pinkertons who try to execute the laws, only make matters worse. The experience of strikers also show that these Pinkertons are only Hessians gathered together from the slums of our big cities.

The Hessians and thugs must go.

All About Gould.

The stock of the Northern Pacific will doubtless be oiled instead of watered in the future.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Jay Gould may be "out of Wall street," but there doesn't seem to be much doubt that he is in Pacific Mail.—*New York Press*.

Mr. Gould declares he is comfortable and contented. The condition of the temperature in the vicinity of the Adams mansion, however, is a matter of intense speculation.—*Omaha Bee*.

"I am personally in a very comfortable position," remarked Jay Gould to a reporter the other day. This is a statement in which the public will have entire confidence.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

On general principles when Jay Gould advises the public to buy stocks it is a good time to sell. If there is anything in the market worth buying it is not likely to get away from the Gould family.—*Boston Traveller*.

If Jay Gould has bought half the railroads they say he has he will own more legislators this winter than any man who lives or ever lived. He will form a trust for limiting production.—*Kansas City Times*.

The genial Jay Gould fairly revels in any financial condition that excites other people. He always stands around in the coolest mood with any amount of spot cash in his pocket and buys anything desirable that is unloaded.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The reports of enormous purchases of railroad stocks by Jay Gould are to be taken with a good deal of allowance. He is a wealthy man, and likes now and then to make big deals; but at the same time he is not in the habit of buying for the mere sake of buying, and is certainly not to be suspected of a purpose to absorb all the securities in the country. If we were to credit all that has been told of him in the last two weeks it would be necessary to believe that he has increased his holdings to the extent of several hundred millions of dollars; but no intelligent person requires proof of the improbability of such an exploit on his part.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

If Jay Gould has really got control of the Union Pacific it may be safely predicted that Congress will think twice before it grants an extension of the Union Pacific's debt to the government. This debt, including principal and interest, now amounts to about \$50,000,000, and is secured by second mortgage upon 1,038 miles of road belonging to the Union Pacific system, being the

main line between Omaha and Ogden. With Mr. Adams at the head of the company, his integrity being undoubted, Congress has been inclined to be lenient in the collection of the government's dues, but with Jay Gould in control Congress will have but little sympathy.—*Spokane Spokesman*.

The ability to make millions is not usually one associated with the sense of humor. Making millions is by no means conducive to boisterous mirth, either on the part of the money maker or his inevitable victim, the money loser. Nevertheless we find in some recent utterances of him whom they call the wizard of Wall street, Jay Gould, a touch of humor, unconscious, perhaps, akin to the sentiment as expounded by the late lamented Theodore Hook. With stocks tumbling around him like so many nine-pins, with old-established firms going to the wall day after day, Mr. Gould looks benignly down on the consumption he has prayed for, and remarks jocosely that "this is a good time to get bargains."—*St. Joseph News*.

Impecunious Passengers.

[Detroit Free Press.]

On a Michigan Central train going west the other day, the conductor came to a passenger who had no ticket, and who owned to also being dead broke.

"How did you pass the gates at Detroit?" was asked.

"Bought a ticket to the last station back here."

"Well, you'll have to get off."

"Before you make up your mind let me show you some figures. Here they are: This train is now on time. You must stop dead still to put me off. To stop, start and get under the same headway will consume four minutes. See? It is also figured out here by a statistician."

"Ticket or money?"

"The extra fuel consumed is placed at 94 cents, and you must report to the train dispatcher at a cost of 35 cents. The delay to 75 passengers is put at \$25. The stopping and starting and extra strain to make up four minutes damages the train \$2.20 worth. Now, then, I only want to go thirty miles farther."

"Can't do it, sir!" replied the conductor, and he pulled to bell-rope, halted the train, and escorted the impecunious passenger to the steps.

"All right, old chappie!" said the latter, as he dropped into the ditch. "The railroads of this country don't pay 2 per cent, and it's no wonder. When you'll spend \$30 to save 90 cents, it's a wonder a stockholder ever smells a dividend at all. Go ahead with your old caravan—the poor house isn't over six miles down the track."

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

JUNE, 1891.



Assessment Notice for June.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 1, 1891. }
ASSESSMENT No. 21, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 426. Southey B. Tunnell, of Old Fort Lodge, No. 347, was declared totally disabled by Loss of Foot, January 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 427. Jasper F. Libby, of Mt. Tacoma Lodge, No. 192, was declared totally disabled by Loss of Hand, February 16, 1891.

CLAIM No. 428. Jno. R. Cobb, of French Broad Lodge, No. 447, died of injuries received by being run over by engine, March 22, 1891.

CLAIM No. 429. Chas. W. Nevill, of Kennesaw Lodge, No. 247, died from the effects of an overdose of Morphine, April 7, 1891.

CLAIM No. 430. Charles Ostman, of A. G. Porter Lodge, No. 141, was crushed to death between engine and stock shute, April 8, 1891.

CLAIM No. 431. Bartholomew Gray, of Jno. Hickey Lodge, No. 206, died of Peritonitis, April 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 432. Leander Gordon, of Safety Lodge, No. 142, died of Progressive Paresis, April 13, 1891.

CLAIM No. 433. Albert F. Riddle, of Willow Grove Lodge, No. 434, died of injuries received by Railway accident, April 14, 1891.

CLAIM No. 434. Paul Fain, of Neches Lodge, No. 156, died of Smallpox, April 16, 1891.

CLAIM No. 435. Chas. E. Stewart, of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, died of Consumption, April 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 436. Thomas Lynch, of Bonanza Lodge, No. 194, died of Meningitis, April 24, 1891.

CLAIM No. 437. John A. Harris, of Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, died of Gun Shot Wound, May 4, 1891.

CLAIM No. 438. Jno. T. Raysinger, of Taylor Lodge, No. 175, died of injuries received by Railway Accident, May 5, 1891.

CLAIM No. 439. James F. Crowley, of Central Park Lodge, No. 237, died of Typhoid La Grippe, May 5, 1891.

CLAIM No. 440. Patrick W. McGuire, of Morning Star Lodge, No. 88, was declared totally disabled by injury to Spinal Cord, May 10, 1891.

CLAIM No. 441. George C. Deyo, of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, was declared totally disabled by Phthisis Pulmonalis, May 14, 1891.

CLAIM No. 442. Wm. Michie, of Pike's Peak Lodge, No. 218, was declared totally disabled by Osteo Myalitis, May 15, 1891.

An assessment of Two DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for *each member* whose name appears on the rolls of membership JUNE 1st, 1891, said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than JUNE 20th, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all the benefits of the order, as per Section 52, of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Magazine Agents ATTENTION!

PRIZES FOR 1891.

\$350.00

— IN CASH PRIZES —

The following prizes will be awarded by the Grand Lodge for the year 1891, viz:

FIRST PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the largest number of *paid* subscribers to his credit on the Grand Lodge books December 1st, 1891, **Two Hundred (\$200.00) Dollars in Cash.**

SECOND PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the second largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, **One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars in Cash.**

THIRD PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the third largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, **Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars in Cash.**

The foregoing *cash prizes* should prove an incentive to every Magazine Agent in the order to roll up his sleeves and enter the competition.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement
of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of April, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	73	145	217	289	361						
2	74	146	218	290	362						
3	75	147	219	291	363						
4	76	148	220	292	364						
5	77	149	221	293	365						
6	78	150	222	294	366						
7	79	151	223	295	367						
8	80	152	224	296	368						
9	81	153	225	297	369						
10	82	154	226	298	370						
11	83	155	227	299	371						
12	84	156	228	300	372						
13	85	157	229	301	373						
14	86	158	230	302	374						
15	87	159	231	303	375						
16	88	160	232	304	376						
17	89	161	233	305	377						
18	90	162	234	306	378						
19	91	163	235	307	379						
20	92	164	236	308	380						
21	98	166	237	309	381						
22	94	166	238	310	382						
23	95	167	239	311	383						
24	96	168	240	312	384						
25	97	169	241	313	385						
26	98	170	242	314	386						
27	99	171	243	315	387						
28	100	172	244	316	388						
29	101	173	245	317	389						
30	102	174	246	318	390						
31	108	175	247	319	391						
32	104	176	248	320	392						
33	105	177	249	321	393						
34	106	178	250	322	394						
35	107	179	251	323	395						
36	108	180	252	324	396						
37	109	181	253	325	397						
38	110	182	254	326	398						
39	111	183	255	327	399						
40	112	184	256	328	400						
41	113	185	257	329	401						
42	114	186	258	330	402						
43	115	187	259	331	403						
44	116	188	260	332	404						
45	117	189	261	333	405						
46	118	190	262	334	406						
47	119	191	263	335	407						
48	120	192	264	336	408						
49	121	193	265	337	409						
50	122	194	266	338	410						
51	123	195	267	339	411						
52	124	196	268	340	412						
53	125	197	269	341	413						
54	126	198	270	342	414						
55	127	199	271	343	415						
56	128	200	272	344	416						
57	129	201	273	345	417						
58	130	202	274	346	418						
59	131	203	275	347	419						
60	132	204	276	348	420						
61	133	205	277	349	421						
62	134	206	278	350	422						
63	135	207	279	351	423						
64	136	208	280	352	424						
65	137	209	281	353	425						
66	138	210	282	354	426						
67	139	211	283	355	427						
68	140	212	284	356	428						
69	141	213	285	357	429						
70	142	214	286	358	430						
71	143	215	287	359	431						
72	144	216	288	360	432						

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	436	439	442	445	448				
434	437	440	443	446	449				
435	438	441	444	447	450				

Balance on hand April 1, 1891 \$61.145 75
 Received during month 4,590 00

Total \$55,735 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422,
 423 424, and 425 \$16,500 00

Balance on hand May 1, 1891 \$39 235 75

Respectfully submitted,
 EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

Mention this per Books

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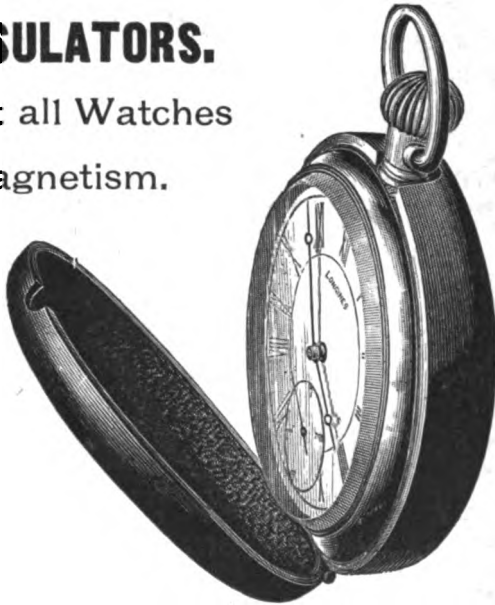
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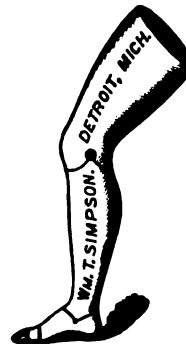
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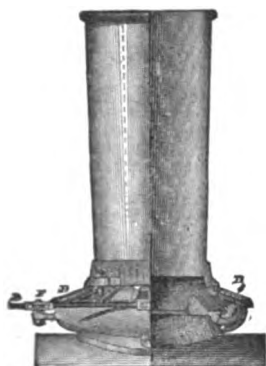
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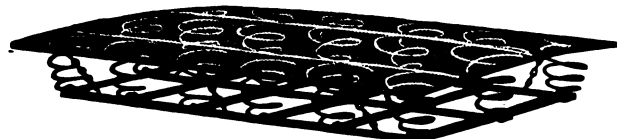
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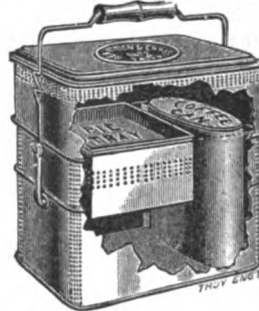
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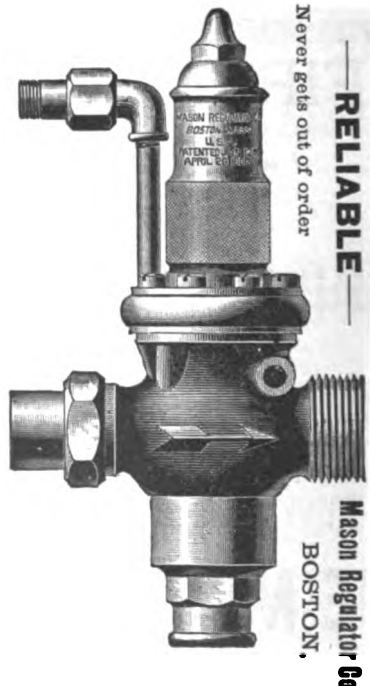


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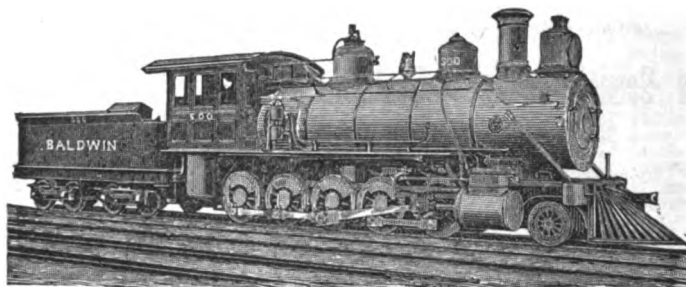
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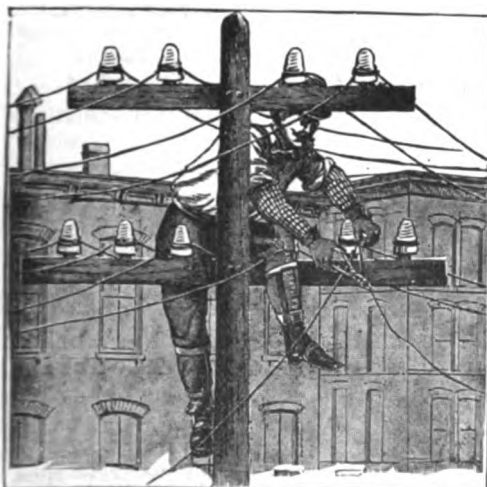
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THE ACCUMULATION AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

A valued friend, who takes a profound interest in the welfare of workingmen, sends us two numbers, April 6 and 13, of the *Argonaut*, published at San Francisco, Cal., containing an article without caption, but which discusses the accumulation and the distribution of wealth in the United States.

A tabulated statement of the wealth of the country is furnished, credited to the *Annual Statistician*, giving a sum total of \$66,000,000,000, said to have been the wealth of the country January 1, 1890. The items going to make up the grand aggregate are sixteen in number, as follows: Real estate in cities and towns, \$14,000,000,000; real estate other than in cities and towns, \$13,000,000,000; personal property (not hereinafter specified), \$7,300,000,000; railroads and their equipments, \$7,000,000,000; products of manufactories, \$5,000,000,000; capital invested in manufactories, \$3,000,000,000; productions (including wool), \$3,500,000,000;

property owned and money invested in foreign countries, \$3,100,000,000; domestic animals on farms, \$2,480,000,000; domestic animals in cities and towns, \$1,700,000,000; public buildings, arsenals, war vessels, etc., \$2,200,000,000; money, gold and silver coin, \$1,100,000,000; money, United States currency and bank notes, \$992,000,000; money, foreign coin in the United States, \$38,000,000; public domain, at \$1.25 per acre, \$1,000,000,000; mineral products, all descriptions, \$590,000,000.

We assume that such statements are largely conjectural. Only approximations can be expected, and as a basis of argument the *Argonaut's* figures answer every purpose.

The *Argonaut* writer doubts the propriety of including in the inventory of the nation's wealth bank notes, since they simply represent property, but we notice that he does not object to the *water* in railroads and their equipment, which should be about \$2,500,000,000.

In such discussion, it is well, we think, to separate the nation—the government, from the individual. In a certain sense, the entire wealth is *national*, but in another—a business interpretation, the individual becomes vastly more prominent than the nation, and this distinction is all the more important, since it is a fact, that while the nation engages in no wealth-producing enterprises, it takes more of the surplus than an economical administration of the government requires, and to the extent this is done, the government becomes an oppressor of labor—of the poor, instead of a help, allies itself with the plutocratic class, and while

the one robs by the reduction of wages, the other robs by imposing unrighteous taxation.

According to the *Argonaut's* table, the nation's wealth is summed up in two items—public buildings, arsenals, war vessels, etc., \$2,200,000,000, and the public domain, \$1,000,000,000, total \$3,200,000,000. We suppose the "etc." includes anything and everything else belonging to the government, or the nation, except, perhaps, its gold and silver coin and bullion, and these items can be omitted, as they do not equal the nation's liabilities. Deducting this amount from \$66,000,000,000 and it will be seen that the wealth in the hands of individuals amounts to \$62,800,000,000, or, deducting the nation's share in the \$1,100,000,000 of "money, gold and silver coin," say \$800,000,000, and the remainder, \$62,000,000,000 in round numbers, belongs to individuals, corporations, trusts, syndicates, monopolies, etc., to the end of the list.

The *Argonaut* states that during the decade, between 1880 and 1890, the wealth of the country increased \$22,000,000,000, which, allowing the wealth of individuals to have been \$50,000,000,000 in 1880, would show a gain of 44 per cent., or 4.4 per cent. per annum.

In making such statements, it should be borne in mind that the \$22,000,000,000 represents the surplus after every conceivable expense required for carrying forward enterprises has been paid. Interests, dividends, labor, insurance, superintendence, wear and tear and incidentals of every description, all have been deducted, leaving a surplus of \$22,000,000,000. Nor is this all. The surplus is estimated when every form of taxation, municipal, county, state and national, has been collected. After this what remains is surplus, which, as we have shown, and as the *Argonaut* states it, is approximately \$22,000,000,000, or 4.4 per cent. net on \$50,000,000,000.

Taking this as a basis of calculation, individuals started out January 1, 1890, with \$72,000,000,000 of wealth, and if, during the current decade, it earns 4.4 per cent. over and above all expenses, as was the case for the ten years between 1880 and 1890, it would add to the wealth of individuals \$31,-

800,000,000, and make the sum total of their wealth \$103,800,000,000, an increase of \$53,-800,000,000 in twenty years.

The *Argonaut*, in common with all political economists, asserts, that "*all wealth is the product of labor.*" This being true, it forms the basis of the universal complaint that the wealth, which is the product of labor, never has been equitably distributed, and to correct this wrong—as infamous and as cancerous now as at any time since Cain built a city, is the supreme problem which now confronts the people of the United States.

The *Argonaut* is fully of the opinion that the present high rates of interest borrowers are required to pay is the one thing more than all other things which enables capitalists to appropriate all and more than all the surplus wealth that labor creates, and declares that the reduction of interest to 2 per cent. a year would remedy the ills of which the producing classes complain.

The *Argonaut* assumes that the \$22,000,000,000 surplus, created by labor during the decade from 1880 to 1890, should be equally divided between capital and labor—each receiving \$11,000,000,000, and illustrates the proposition as follows:

The question we have now to discuss is what should be done with the surplus of 4 per cent. Should the surplus go to capital or to labor? We think it should be divided equally between them; that is, that 2 per cent. should go to capital and 2 per cent. to labor. We shall strive to show the justice of our view of the case by an illustration. Let us suppose that a seamstress can earn one dollar a day working without a sewing machine, and that some person lets her have the use of a sewing machine, thus enabling her to do twice as much work and earn two dollars a day. The owner of the sewing machine represents capital, while the seamstress represents labor. If the owner of the sewing machine were to take the additional dollar, the seamstress would be in no better position than she would be if the sewing machine had never been invented.

It is always unpleasant to expose fallacies, particularly so when the authors of the delusions seek to state propositions in the interest of labor, having a total misconception of the questions they discuss, such for instance as the illustration given by the *Argonaut*—the sewing machine and the seamstress, and we confess we have seldom, if ever, seen an error more glaring.

Putting it large, a sewing machine, of the

best make, can be purchased for \$50. This, the owner, the capitalist, loans to the woman at 50 cents a day, and for 300 working days would receive \$150, or 300 per cent., and that is what the *Argonaut* writer thinks would be a fair divide. The machine and the seamstress are placed upon an absolute equality. The *Argonaut* contends that 2 per cent. interest on money is ample, but intimates that 300 per cent. on the loan of a sewing machine is equitable—that it is an equal division of the *surplus*.

If the sewing machine could have been bought for \$50, the annual cost to the seamstress at 2 per cent. interest would have been \$1.00 instead of \$150; or, if the interest had been 10 per cent., she would have been the gainer \$145; indeed, she could have paid 50 per cent. and gained \$125 by the operation.

But, pursuing its theory, the *Argonaut* says:

Justice demands that the surplus of 4 per cent. (\$22,000,000,000) be divided between labor and capital in a more equitable manner. The toilers of this country will never have their rights till the rate of interest be reduced to 2 per cent. We believe that the immediate reduction of the rate of interest to 2 per cent. is the only course that can be followed which will preserve this country from revolution and ruin. The reduction of the standard to 2 per cent. will still allow capital to obtain 3 or 4 per cent.

It is easy to understand how a reduction of interest to 2 per cent. would benefit borrowers, but workingmen and women are not borrowers, and hence the question is pertinent, in what way would the reduction of interest help them? Is it to be assumed that if the farmers could borrow money at 2 per cent. they would sell wheat, corn and pork for less than the market price? Is it assumed that farm laborers would have their wages advanced? In a word, is it to be presumed that the sewing machine Shylock, whom the *Argonaut* introduces, would loan his machine to the seamstress upon rates less piratic? Does the *Argonaut*, in its generous estimate of men, under the sublimating influences of our Christian civilization, hold, if railroad corporations could borrow money at 2 per cent. they would at once proceed to squeeze the water out of their stock and seek to declare dividends on honest cash investments? Does it cherish the illusion that landlords, who own the tene-

ment houses in our great cities, would reduce their rents? or, that the monsters of depravity who manage the "sweating industries" of cities, would relent under the 2 per cent. regime? Nay, verily. Constructed like the horse leech, they would never let go of their victims, but would cry for more blood.

We do not oppose the reduction of the rate of interest to 2 per cent., or to any other prudent figure, but we fail to see in what way it would, specifically or generally, benefit the working classes, except, possibly, it might make work more abundant, a proposition that does not rise above conjecture.

The *Argonaut* writer, while asserting that the "standard rate of interest" should be 2 per cent., and that the Federal Government "can" reduce it to that figure, also says:

The rate of profit with which capitalists will be content depends upon the rate of interest on money loaned, and the rate of interest on money loaned depends upon the security. In all the civilized countries of the world, mortgages on farming lands furnish the best security. Whole cities may be destroyed by fire; railway stock may decline in value on account of the building of rival lines; real estate in towns may decrease in value on account of changes in the channels of trade; mines may cease to be productive. An investor can, however, always depend on a mortgage as a perfectly safe security when it is on farming land, providing he has sufficient judgment to leave a good margin between the amount loaned and the estimated value of the land. For this reason, the rate of interest on such mortgages is invariably the standard rate of a country and the guiding star to which all capitalists look in making investments. The average rate of interest paid in the United States, when money is loaned on such mortgages, is 7 per cent. This rate of interest is the average legal rate for the whole country, and is, in consequence, the guide in all investments.

It is scarcely required to say that the *Argonaut* writer is brilliantly incongruent; as for instance, he would have 2 per cent. fixed by the Federal Government as the standard of interest, while at the same time he proclaims the axiomatic fact that "the rate of interest on money loaned depends upon the security," hence, a Federal law or a state law fixing the rate of interest, except in certain cases, has been a dead letter. Necessarily so, because however urgent the requirements of the borrower, the lender may exact more than the legal rate. It may be true that farms furnish lenders with the

best known security, but it is not true, nor will it ever be true, that the rate of interest paid by those who mortgage farms is "the standard rate of interest of a country and the guiding star to which all capitalists look in making investments," for the simple fact that "security regulates the rate of interest." Even now, millions are loaned on 3 and 4 per cent. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable, that tinkering with the rate of interest by the Federal Government will not prevent the plutocratic sharks from absorbing the \$22,000,000,000 surplus, or any other amount of surplus wealth labor may create.

Retaining the figures \$22,000,000,000, as the basis of argument, accumulated in ten years, at the rate of \$2,200,000,000 a year, what is required is a feasible and equitable method of distribution. The surplus belongs to labor, and exists because labor was not justly paid. Capital—stocks and bonds, received their interest and dividends, the wear and tear, insurance, superintendence, incidental expenses of every description is paid before a surplus is declared, and the surplus represents the amount capitalists have exacted from labor by refusing to pay fair wages. This being true, if wages could be righteously advanced and maintained, the enormous surplus would go where it belongs—to labor.

Manifestly, in all such discussions, a principle of justice must be sought and adhered to, for at best, only approximations can be outlined.

We assert what is true, however trite it may appear, that labor is scandalously underpaid, and that capitalists, by methods that fill the land with alarm, deliberately rob labor of its equitable share of the wealth it creates.

To make the matter as clear as practicable, we state that the population of the country is, in round numbers, 62,000,000. Of this number, we will assume that 20 per cent., 12,400,000, are under 21 years of age; that 10 per cent., or 6,200,000, are old and unable to labor; that 10 per cent., or 6,200,000, are non-producers, and that 5 per cent., 3,100,000, for various causes, are also non-producers. This would leave 34,100,000 wealth producers. But it should be said of the 20 per cent. of those under 21 years of age, that

at least 30 per cent., 3,740,000, are workers, swelling the grand total of wealth-producers to 37,840,000, or in round numbers, 38,000,000.

If, therefore, the \$22,000,000,000 had been distributed between the 38,000,000 workers it would have been equivalent to an increase of each one's wages of \$57.89 a year or about 19 cents a day.

To the foregoing, the objection may be urged, that there are a vast number of wealth-producers who are, under the present regime, fairly paid; that is to say, that in the distribution of the surplus they ought not to be considered. Such persons include professional men, merchants, superintendents—indeed, all that class not included in the term wage-workers. Suppose the claim be admitted, and the number who ought to share in the \$22,000,000,000 surplus is reduced to 11,000,000. In that case the amount would be \$200 each.

But it may be urged that all ought not to share alike, since the work of all is not equally valuable.

Such a proposition is not specially embarrassing, though it involves the problem of *profit-sharing*, which has been in vogue in France and England to some extent for the past fifty years, and is exciting thought in the United States as a means of modifying the unrest now existing in labor circles.

The point made is, that labor, in any industrial enterprise, is an investment. The term "profit-sharing" necessarily involves the idea of investment, because profit must bear some *per cent.* relation to money, or something equivalent to money, the use of which produces profit.

We have shown, as things are now managed, that in ten years labor produced \$22,000,000,000 surplus wealth; that is to say, after capital had been amply compensated for its use, after every conceivable expense had been paid out of the earnings of labor, there remained a surplus of \$22,000,000,000. If, as we have shown, honest wages had been paid to the producers of wealth, the surplus would have been absorbed as it was produced, and instead of going to enrich capitalists would have gone to brighten and bless the homes of workingmen and women.

We have referred to the fact that profit-sharing exists to some extent in France and in England. The facts relating to the subject were regarded of sufficient importance by the British Government to officially investigate the subject, and the American Consul General at London has forwarded the results of the investigation to the Government at Washington. That our readers may have an idea of how profit sharing works in Europe, we introduce the following:

In England the term profit sharing is used in preference to industrial coöperation. It takes various forms. In some establishments a gift or bonus is presented to the employes at the end of a given period. In others, a certain percentage of the profits is paid into a provident fund for workmen in sickness or old age. Another and more popular form is to set apart from the profits a percentage to be used in giving the workmen an interest in the business. A fourth method is to pay a fixed percentage of the profits to the workmen as extra wages.

In France experiments in profit-sharing began as early as 1848. English concerns commenced to experiment in this direction about twenty years ago. Eighty-one French firms, representing a variety of commercial enterprises, now practice profit sharing. Some of them have thousands of employes. Those who have had the longest experience claim the greatest results. Several go so far as to assert that the profit-sharing more than pays for itself. That is to say, there is less waste of material, superior excellence in the work done, diminished expense for superintendence, great stability in the force of employes, increased practical information among employes—and the result is that from these five sources the profits are increased more than the amount which is allowed the workmen.

Leclaire is looked upon as the founder of the profit-sharing system in France. He began to apply the principle to his house painting and decorating business in Paris fifty-three years ago. He felt his way slowly. The first step was to pay extra wages to good workmen. Then he gave bonuses for the best work. The next thing was a provident society for his workmen. In 1842 he had got so far as to pledge himself to divide a certain portion of the profits of the coming year among the workmen belonging to the society he had organized. The following February Leclaire redeemed his promise by dividing \$2,450 among forty-four workmen. Five years later the number of workmen with whom Leclaire was sharing his profits had doubled, and the amount distributed among them was over \$1,000. The Leclaire business has grown to enormous proportions. At present the plan is to set aside from the gross profits 5 per cent. on the capital. This leaves the net profits, of which 50 per cent. is distributed in cash to the workmen, 25 per cent. goes to the management and 25 per cent. is paid into a great provident society, which has, by the gradual accumulation, become the half owner of the capital of the firm. The idea of

cash distribution of profits Leclaire at length carried so far that if a man only worked a day for the firm he was entitled to something when the profits were distributed at the end of the year. In 1870 the number who participated in the distribution of \$12,000, was 758, and the amount paid them was 14 per cent., or about one-seventh of the wages they had received for the whole year. In 1884 the profits distributed were \$40,000, and 824 workmen received 24 per cent., or about one-fourth of the wages paid them for the year. Besides this cash distribution at the end of the year, the workmen had the satisfaction of seeing the great provident society grow in wealth. Leclaire's experiment is considered the greatest in the history of profit-sharing. The pioneer worked first to gain the confidence of his employes and then developed his system slowly and carefully. While all of the employes share in the yearly cash distribution, it takes years of work under the firm to entitle an employé to membership in the great provident society, with all of its benefits.

It will be noticed that in the foregoing the bed-rock facts are recognized: first, that labor has not been fairly paid, and second, that it is an investment, as certainly as money, and entitled to share in the profits of an industrial enterprise, two commanding and eternal truths that capitalists have denied, and that ninety-nine per cent. of them still deny, a denial of truths which in the past has filled all lands with gloom, and which, even now, is fruitful of more degradation and crime than any other cause which employs the pen of the recording angel.

But the recognition of the fact, however imperfect and still unjust may be the methods for the distribution of the profits of industrial enterprises, is a splendid victory for the principle for which labor has fought and is still fighting.

The fact, that in the United States, for the ten years from 1880 to 1890, the surplus profits of labor accumulated at the rate of \$2,200,000,000 a year, demonstrates the truth of the declaration that labor was systematically robbed, and that every effort made by organized labor to advance and maintain wages was in consonance with right, justice and the well-being of society, and the fact that profit-sharing has been established anywhere proclaims the glad tidings that a new departure has been inaugurated to deal justly by labor. It is an endorsement of every charge against capitalists that labor has ever formulated or uttered. It is a Bethlehem star, blazing in the sky of labor,

which proclaims that a new redeeming force has come to cheer the army of toilers, and that presages ultimate victory.

In the mean time let labor organize for fair wages—for its just share of the surplus wealth which it creates. Truth, long crushed, is rising. Justice is on the side of labor, and the Eternal Years are pledged to see the right triumph.

THE SOCIAL CHASM.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, some time since made a speech in the United States Senate, when he took occasion to refer to American nationality by saying that the "national patrimony of the American people is on so large a scale that a sober and truthful statement of it bears the air of extravagance. Certainly no exaggeration is needed, for the facts, transcending our unaided faculties, can only be grasped by the aid of symbols. With an area of 3,500,000 square miles, a population of 62,000,000 souls, a wealth of \$64,000,000,000, mistress of a continent, remote from foreign complications, one might well say, 'Here at last we have found Utopia!' When Washington was inaugurated, one hundred years ago, the thirteen states composing this Republic had an area of 350,000 square miles, a population of 4,000,000, and a wealth, not enumerated, of perhaps two billions. The increase has been to forty-four states and four territories, with an area about tenfold, a population sixteen-fold, and a wealth thirty-fold. If such is our present what shall be said of our future? A hundred years hence, on the present area Mr. Fiske estimates our population at between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 of souls. If the rate of increase be one-half that of the present century we shall number over 500,000,000. Almost certainly it will largely exceed the present population of all Europe, if not of all Christendom, outside America. Our area then may be coextensive with North America, with no balance of power to maintain and no external threats, and our population and wealth have a tendency to a corresponding increase. How vast are the interests involved in the good government of such a continent and such a people." The picture

expands the national idea to immensity—so enormous in its vastness, as to bewilder the mind and tire the imagination. But the estimates are not vagaries. The mind capable of grasping the march of events, labors under no hallucination, when in the year 2000 it sees the population of the United States showing a grand total of "between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 of souls."

Senator Colquitt having invited the Senate to contemplate our magnificent picture of possible and probable progress, presents another, which he calls the "social chasm," which he paints as follows:

From the sectional chasm I turn to the social chasm, ever widening by the false distribution of wealth. The disparity is enormous. Consider the cost of a dollar to the poor in hard labor, day in and day out. Consider the ease and luxury of the rich.

The basial maxim of political economy is: To the laborer belongs the fruits of his toil.

I see the driven masses of the world's workers, the deliver in the coal mine, on his side crawling to his dark task, lamp in his hat, lying down, no room to stand; the plodding farmer, with his hoe at noon-day, in the burning sun; the grimy smith, wielding wearily his ponderous hammer; the brawny engineer, in his midnight vigils, with his strong hand upon the throttle of his pulsing monster; and the other multitudinous toilers.

Trace the earning of the dollar that pays these pressed laborers. See the sewing woman's mite and the beast of prey that absorb it.

Think of the care of saving a dollar. Then see its investment neutralized. The bank fails. The millionaires get together and a great trust swells the cost of human life necessities. And myriads of other planned exactions and distresses follow the toilers. The Government stands by helping?

Helping whom? The victims? No; the oppressors, the extortioners. Estimate human wants, food, clothing, shelter, fuel, teacher, rent; the bill of lawyer, doctor, preacher, and professional man; of tradesman, merchant, grocer; cost of hardware, crockery, furniture, shoes, blankets, and the hundreds of things for common use. There is no end, including the inevitable taxes, city, county, state and federal.

To the laborer belongs the fruit of his toil, but does he get it? Is there no predatory class standing by ready to seize upon it? See the poor overworked wight, so abject and pitiful. Has any one the heart to plunder him? The ever-widening social chasm answers the question too well.

But it is said no matter so the money stays in the country, no matter whether the owner and producer gets it or the man who seizes the fruit of another's labor. It does matter. The true object of government is to keep it in the right hands, to check those who try to clutch it. Take it from the industrious, give premiums to force and fraud. Take away even justice from labor. Is it all the same whether the

maker or the thief has it—the producer or the robber? What a state of society when the law itself plunders.

I have seen the estimate of the aggregate wealth of sixteen men. These sixteen men exceed the tax returns of the State of Georgia. Of \$62,000,000,000 of property, 200,000 men own over \$43,000,000,000, over two-thirds of it, while 10,000,000 own \$7,500,000,000, less than one-eighth of it.

These figures have been disputed. Suppose them half true. Suppose them one-fourth true. The showing is stupendous, if 200,000 men own one-sixth of the wealth. The people of the South are among the poorer classes.

But the climax is reached in the negro. One single property holder owns more than the 8,000,000 of negroes in the states, with all the labors of twenty-five years of freedom and with all the savings over a hard living.

All this is dissocial. It breeds luxury on the one side, discontent on the other. It engenders luxury, extravagance, waste, ostentation, high-priced dress, equipage, show of wealth, heartlessness, dishonesty, flashocracy. It creates wrong social tests and pernicious habits of exclusiveness. Small whims are gratified at a cost exceeding the income of a family, perhaps of a community. Social caste, inconsistent with Republican simplicity, is fostered. We have no titles of nobility, but a poor substitute in the millionocracy, so prevalent and growing. We erect a throne to Mammon and set the false and unworthy god on it and worship him. All this severs classes who ought to be kindly related. The privilege of doing good should rise above even the luxury of costly and refined living; much more of cheap and vulgar display. A potential plutocracy!

On the part of the poor the evil condition produces envy, emulation, living beyond means.

Not better is the influence of these ill gotten and excessive riches on the Government. This masterful and bloated plutocracy has bought administrative regimes and policies—high offices, executive, legislative, and judicial. Strong, partial, grasping power is its aim. The Federal Government is its object and hope. The Presidency, power, patronage, it labors for. It cares little for the state triumph during the off year in politics. It is rich and bold to buy and bribe. Federal authority can do anything. The only hope is in the virtue of the people. Think of plunder as a form of rule, and of a government of the few, by the few, and for the few.

All this overdone accumulation of individual fortune and colossal establishment of an active, ambitious millionocracy, with its vast energies, unscrupulousness, and opportunities, is an appalling stride to consolidation, and full of dangerous uses. It is the prepared and potential tool of centralism. To the States North the caution should be given, watch for your own liberties. They will stand or fall with ours. Consider the temper of the producing classes. They will not always bear submissively what seem to be useless and arbitrary oppressions. History is full of their desperate uprising for relief. And the wise theory of our Republic calls for protection of their interest and rights, and equality of aspiration and privilege under the law.

Such is the graphic picture of the social chasm painted by a United States Senator, in the Senate of the United States in the closing days of A. D. 1890.

Let it be understood that Senator Colquitt is a level-headed man, a statesman who weighs his words with conscientious accuracy—who is never spectacular—and as free from whims as a problem in algebra. And yet, this man, grave and thoughtful, a man of meditation and investigation, paints a "social chasm," so frightful in its width and depth, that its contemplation is fruitful only of mental oppression and despair.

"The driven masses of the world's workers?" Driven where? Into the social chasm. By whom? By the "millionaires," who "get together" and organize great trusts, which "swell the cost of human life necessities." Not only trusts, says Senator Colquitt, but "myriads of other planned exertions and distresses fall on the toilers." This language, be it remembered, is no harlequinade of a mountebank, not rabble-rousing declamation to excite passions and promote disorder, but the language of a grave Senator, spoken in the most august deliberative body in the world—who, after depicting the condition of "workers," made haggard by their millionaire masters and "drivers," the "delvers in mines," the farmer with his "hoe," the "grimy smith," the "brawny engineer," the "sewing woman," and all the "multitudinous toilers," the millions in the industries of progress, toiling, sweating, dying, oppressed and degraded, exclaims, "The Government stands by helping. Helping whom? The victims? No! the oppressors, the extortioners."

Is that true? Note the laws under which the millionaire plunderers rob the "workers," and an affirmative answer comes that jars the world like the tramp of an earthquake. And this state of things exists in the closing years of the nineteenth century, exists in a land where the "workers have the ballot," and could, if they would, change conditions.

We invite the most careful perusal of Senator Colquitt's "social chasm" words of warning. They ought to arouse workingmen to a sense of the peril that threatens them—like alarm bells at midnight. The

labor press of the country should reproduce them. Anarchists and socialists, in their wildest moods, never made a more terrible arraignment. It burns like fire. It crushes like a landslide. It is a combination of terror and horror, and withal is as true as any maxim in mathematics.

Another dismal reflection is, that the brave words of Senator Colquitt were spoken to Senators, many of whom are the identical millionaires who are parties in trusts and schemes designed to rob the men whom they were elected to represent, and who use their position and prerogatives to crush and degrade. Men who owe their positions to their wealth rather than to their worth, and this, because "workers," the "driven masses," have not massed their strength and energy, their intelligence and their patriotism, to correct the evils which the fearless Senator points out.

The question arises in view of such facts as Senator Colquitt so vividly recites, what will be the action of "workers," of the "driven masses?" Will they continue to be *driven* to their tasks like galley-slaves? Will they continue to be the victims of millionaire schemes of robbery and degradation? Will they continue to "throw up their hands" and be manacled? We verily believe they will not. We believe that the organizing and federating purposes of workingmen is declarative of a purpose to be freemen, and we believe that Patrick Henry's immortal words, "Give me liberty or give me death," are yet to be the redeeming shibboleth of workingmen.

Workingmen are not Indians to be placed on reservations, or to be restricted in any of their rights. The food they produce, they will have in ample sufficiency; of the clothes they make, they will not accept rags—nor as Jay Gould says, be content with "one suit a year." Of the houses they build, they will claim something better than a hovel for their homes in which to rear American children. Of the books and papers they print, they will have their share. They will demonstrate, to the extent of justice, that "To the laborer belongs the fruits of his toil," and they will not always be *driven* into the "social chasm," which millionaires have constructed for their

graves. The outlook portends such results, and it is one of the cheering signs of the times, that in the United States Senate there are some men who dare tell that august body of the perils which the "Government" instead of seeking to escape, "stand by helping," helping the oppressors and "the extortioners" to perpetuate.

AN AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

The President of Harvard University is very much concerned about the establishment of an American aristocracy. In this there is nothing peculiar. We doubt if there is an institution of learning in the country the president of which does not share the anxiety of President Eliot, of Harvard, nor need we exclude the smaller institutions, the colleges, academies, high schools, etc., in all of which the seeds of aristocracy are diligently cultivated.

The Harvard president professes that he does not want an aristocracy of titles and privileges, such as is rotting and festering in Europe, but an aristocracy of education, intellect, refinement, and, necessarily, money, because the learned advocate of an American aristocracy sees no chance for its establishment unless there are founded ancestral homes, to be held from generation to generation, involving the idea of entailment; the ancestral estate, with its castle, to be taken by the oldest male heir, etc., all of which involves fundamental changes in the laws and institutions of the country.

Such an aristocracy, President Eliot believes, would develop an honorable pride in name and home and become an incentive to meritorious conduct, and eventually become the glory of the nation.

All of Mr. Eliot's ideas of an American aristocracy converge on an "ancestral home"—some spot to be made sacred by inheritance, by associations, by family traditions, etc., and the idea is to educate American children so that in due time we shall have an American aristocracy—an exclusive set, known and recognized as "The aristocracy!"

It will occur to numerous readers that President Eliot is seeking to dwarf the fundamental ideas of American institutions

—the created equality of man, and, it possible, the more explicit declaration of St. Peter, that "God is no respecter of persons." The Harvard president, with all his book lore, fails to perceive the trend of human thought. He makes no note of the fact that the term "aristocracy" is everywhere becoming odious; that "Democracy is the shibboleth of the people in all lands where there is any desire to distinguish between right and wrong, truth and error. Learned though he be, his learning, if it has not made him "mad," has reduced him to a crank, filled his mind with vagaries and made him the exponent not only of folly but of an impossibility.

Here, in the United States, it is possible for certain people to imagine themselves aristocrats. The work began long ago, and has been kept up to the present. Boston has its codfish, mackerel and herring aristocracy, dating back to the early days of fish-hooks, bait and seines, colored somewhat with rum, beads and slave ships—traffic in human flesh. It has its factory aristocracy, built up to colossal proportions upon woman and child labor, in establishments often more loathsome than prisons; an aristocracy which is giving back to the wilderness thousands of "ancestral homes," homes where bats and owls hold high carnival, farms abandoned to wild beasts and reptiles, facts which President Eliot might contemplate with profit. In all of the great cities we have the "American aristocracy" for which the Harvard president pants and sighs, meditates and writes. New York has its "400," with Ward McAllister its historian, made of Wall street shearers of lambs and those distinguished fakirs who, with magic art, change water into wealth, so that experts are incapable of telling "which from t'other," and all is set down as equally entitled to dividends. In all of the great cities, in fact in all the cities of the country, there is to be found an American aristocracy, minus the "ancestral home," and minus pedigree, the ancestral name, the castle, etc.

President Eliot, manifestly, has not given the subject he discusses the study its importance demands, and which it should command. Everywhere the American aristocracy, in some stage of development, can

be seen. In Michigan, a skunkery promises such profits that within a generation an aristocratic family will be founded as notable as that of the Astors or the Vanderbilts. Why not? Skinning skunks for their fur is quite as reputable as skinning coons and muskrats, and the indications are that in the near future the skunk rampant or passant will proclaim the proprietor of the Michigan skunkery equal to the most exacting demands of President Eliot for an American aristocracy. Mr. Freeland can have his "ancestral home" near or remote from his skunkery, and in his palatial banqueting hall may entertain the aristocracy in a style equal to anything recorded under the old regime.

If President Eliot were as well-informed as he ought to be, he would know that there is a budding aristocracy to be found in every mercantile establishment, from a corner grocery to the "house" which "controls the market." He has only to read the papers to learn how rapidly aristocratic families are striding to the front, giving "teas," "chocolates," "coffees," etc., always careful to have full descriptions of costumes, together with "diamond and pearl ornaments" appear in the press. The trust barons, the bonanza kings, the bucket shop lords and the lamb-shearing sir knights constitute a still higher grade of American aristocracy, while the railroad czars, sultans and shahs are on top, and have the largest army of retainers to supply them with the *needful* to maintain their establishments.

To help on matters, we have an aristocratic religion, aristocratic churches and aristocratic cemeteries, and we think President Eliot need not vex his learned soul further. Like Rip Van Winkle, should he go to sleep for twenty years, upon waking he would find the American aristocracy shining like a dead mackerel at full moon, and sufficiently offensive to make a brass dog hold its nose.

THE B. & O. has begun the work of "distributing the surplus" by giving its \$40 per month men \$42.50, and its \$1.10 men \$1.15 per day. It's a small "fill," but the boys say it is better than a "cut."

RAILROADING BY THE PEOPLE.

Mr. F. Q. Stewart, in a recent issue of *Living Issues*, discusses "The transportation question," to show that the time has come for the people to supercede the corporation in operating the railroads of the country. In other words, the idea is to *nationalize* the railroads of the country. Mr. Stewart sees no insuperable difficulties in the way. True, he does not discuss the financial aspects of the case. He does not refer to the fact that the owners of the 160,000 miles of railroad of the country claim that they have cost about \$8,500,000,000, and that the people, should they conclude to go into the railroad business, would have to purchase the roads now in operation, or build parallel lines. Should the people conclude either to buy or build, where would the money come from with which to pay? The government has only one source of revenue, that of taxation, and as all revenues are derived from labor, labor would be required to purchase the roads now in operation or build new roads. Nationalists and Bellamyists steer clear of such vexatious questions.

We do not doubt that the government could squeeze the water out of railroad stocks and bonds and establish their cash value at about \$4,000,000,000 less than their owners now value them at. If that should be done at least \$4,500,000,000 would have to be raised. Raised, how? "Oh," says some one, "issue bonds drawing, say, 4 per cent., and thereby create an annual interest debt ranging from \$160,000,000 to \$340,000,000."

Suppose the bonds were to mature in fifty years, then a sinking fund ranging from \$80,000,000 to \$170,000,000, annually, would have to be provided to pay the bonds at maturity, in which case the roads would have to earn from \$240,000,000 to \$510,000,000 to pay principal and interest which, to say the least, would be regarded as a serious proposition. We refer to such things *en passant* because those who want to nationalize railroads do not seem to have thought of them. Having said this much, we want the readers of the *Magazine* to study Mr. Stewart's essay, just to show them how *easy* (?) it is to solve a knotty problem.

It will be remembered before the govern-

ment, some years back, resumed specie payments, it was said, "The way to resume was to resume," and we presume that the nationalists would be equally laconic and say "The way for the people to run the railroads is to run them." Mr. Stewart says:

A railway is an improved highway, a locomotive is an improved horse, a car is an improved wagon—simply this and nothing more. Just why any principle should control in the maintenance and operation of a railway, different from that which controls in the maintenance and operation of a common highway, it is difficult to discern. The common highway is properly maintained, and its use regulated, by the people collectively, acting through their authorized agents, the county or city road commissioners, road supervisors and street commissioners. Why should not the railway be so maintained and its use so regulated? The objection that this would necessitate a vast army of "administration officials" is not at all well founded. There is no insurmountable objection to the present common highway officials, or better qualified persons to be hereafter elected, assuming charge of the railways. And what control does "the administration" at Washington now exercise over the common highway officials chosen by the people throughout the country? The road-bed of a railway, the highway itself, should, undoubtedly, be maintained, and its use regulated, by the people acting through their accredited agents, and these agents should be, in the main, *elected* by the people, and not *appointed* by a scheming administration. No good reason can be urged why a railway superintendent, roadmaster, section foreman, train dispatcher, station agent, telegraph operator, cannot be chosen by and act for the people the same as a postmaster, a postal clerk, a supervisor of highways, a street commissioner, sewer inspector, fire chief, and hundreds of other public officials are now selected and act. The people can name just as good men for these positions as the railway company selects, and the men so named may render just as good, and perhaps better, service to the people as they now render to the company. The people may, for that matter, elect to such offices the very men that now act for the companies. All such objections to state and municipal control of improved highways are far-fetched and trivial indeed, and those urging them are frequently found to be interested, directly or indirectly, in these or similar private monopolies of public property. The railway question is not, after all, such a colossal question, when viewed in a common sense way, in the light of the law of equal freedom.

Those who read the foregoing may conclude that it is an exceedingly simple affair for the government to run railroads, quite as simple as to manage an ordinary turnpike or country dirt road, and may at once adopt Mr. Stewart's views throughout. But we are inclined to the opinion that the more reflective portion of the population will hesi-

tate some time before they adopt Mr. Stewart's views.

This thing of electing general managers, master mechanics, ticket agents, etc., could be done, and all the power could be placed in the hands of one man by the voice of the people, and laws could be enacted whereby employes could be enlisted, as soldiers in the regular army are obtained. Then there could be stringent laws regulating the army, fixing penalties for insubordination, desertion, etc. The soldiers of the rail could be uniformed, badged or branded or numbered, and they would constitute the government railroad army. They would be tied to the road as its live stock, and this is what certain railroad magnates now advocate.

It is not an easy matter to discuss a chimera, an idle fancy, as if it were a rational proposition, but it may be well to puncture fallacies, as they appear, and to the extent practicable prevent the increase of the army of visionaries.

AN EIGHT-HOUR LAW CASE IN INDIANA.

In the issue of the *Railway Age* of April 13, we find an editorial article, captioned, "Hours of Labor," from which we take the following:

A novel question in the railway service has been opened by the commencement of a suit against the Cleveland, Columbus & St. Louis Railway Company by one of its employes at Indianapolis. He asserts that he has for a long time worked for the company twelve hours every day, and he sues under the eight-hour statute of Indiana to recover wages for the extra half day for 662 days, at the rate of \$1.45 per day. Excessive hours of labor by railway men are not to be advocated, and the tendency in this country is steadily toward a decrease in the length of the working day as well as in a lightening of labor by the employment of machinery and of a sufficient number of workers; but no man is legally compelled to work an excessive number of hours, and the fact that the complainant in this case has been voluntarily holding his position with the company and accepting the pay offered and giving the hours required, and that he now attempts to raise his own wages for a period of over two years past does not look creditable. On the other hand, it looks very much like the effort of some lawyer to start a litigation out of which he can obtain profit. We imagine that if the case ever comes to trial, the courts will hold that after voluntarily occupying his position under the terms of the company, the plain-

tiff cannot now obtain damages as the result of his own acts.

In the foregoing we have, as we always find in the *Railway Age*, a plea for the corporation, and a conclusion that the employe is in the wrong.

True, the *Railway Age* concedes that "excessive hours of labor by railroad men are not to be advocated, but," says the *Railway Age*, "no man is legally compelled to work an excessive number of hours," and then assumes "the fact that the complainant in this case has been voluntarily holding his position," etc., and that it "does not look creditable" for him to ask for pay for "excessive hours of labor," all of which is mere pettifoggery.

The law of Indiana is, that eight hours shall constitute a day's work for a railroad employe, section 1 of the law being as follows:

That on and after the passage of this act, eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work. * * But overwork for an extra compensation, by agreement between employer and employe, is hereby permitted.

The *Railway Age* does not assert that an agreement for overwork was made, but assumes that overwork in the absence of an agreement constitutes an agreement for overwork without extra compensation, which is special pleading in favor of the corporation.

If the corporation desired the employe to perform "overwork" it should have so stated, and an agreement relating to "extra compensation" should have been made. The law of Indiana further provides, that "Any person, firm, company, corporation or association who shall violate or otherwise evade the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not greater than five hundred dollars."

The man, in the case referred to by the *Railway Age*, worked over eight hours a day. There was no agreement with the corporation that this should be done. May it not be assumed that the corporation violated the law, that it sought to evade its requirements? Does it not look that way? Does it not appear on the face of the case that the employe has an honest claim? Why should the *Railway Age* enter judgment in advance against the employe, and say that

in seeking to obtain his rights, the act "does not look creditable?" Why not say that refusing "extra compensation" for "overwork" on the part of the corporation "does not look creditable?"

The *Railway Age* seeks to make a point against the employé and in favor of the corporation by asserting that "no man is legally compelled to work an excessive number of hours," and therefore, if he does perform this "overwork," it is "voluntary."

The terms "legally compelled" and "voluntary," in the connection which the *Railway Age* places them, are misleading.

No man, outside of a penitentiary, is "legally compelled" to work by any constitution or statute. The compulsion comes from a higher law—a more exacting law. Millions of men must work or starve. The law can neither be revoked nor modified, and it is because of this law that employers, in thousands of instances, require excessive hours of labor without extra compensation, and it is this law of necessity that renders inapplicable the term "voluntary," when, in fact, conditions coerce the employé to work over hours without extra compensation, and it was this compulsion of environment that led to the enactment of the eight-hour law in Indiana.

The case, therefore, stands about as follows: If the employer, as the law permits, had made an agreement with the employé for extra compensation for overwork (and only such an agreement could have been made), there would have been compliance with the provision of the statute. Such an agreement was not made, hence, eight hours was the day's work, and every extra eight hours constitutes a day's work, which the employer should, in all justice, pay. It would be simple justice, nothing more.

News comes from New York, that Austin Corbin's most intimate and substantial friends are deserting him and their names are published, and it is given out that the Vanderbilts have concluded to make the late Czar of the P. & R. shave off his whiskers and button up his coat to the chin. Corbin is finding his level and may yet die in a prison or a poor house.

CHEAP LIVING.

Mr. Edward Atkinson labors in season and out of season to reconcile workingmen and women to low wages by showing them how cheaply they can procure three square meals a day. To do this, they should have one of his cook stoves so that there may be the least per cent. of waste possible. It is held by Mr. Atkinson that his "cooker" saves fully one-half of the expense, so that if a man receiving 75 cents a day would use two of his "cookers," he would save the other half, in which case, employers could still further reduce wages. A report says, that "as an illustration of what he (Mr. Atkinson) believes is easily accomplished, he gave a dinner last week at his house to a party of ten well-known gentlemen, who, with the members of his household, constituted seventeen persons provided for. The dinner was of five or six courses, and the entire cost of the food supplied, including fruit, was \$2.20, making the per capita cost for the dinner thirteen cents, this including all items, even to the oil required to cook the food. Those who partook of the dinner were satisfied, both with its nutritive and gastronomic qualities, as it was shown that the cheapest meats and vegetables, if properly cooked and properly seasoned, possessed all of those merits that it is commonly supposed can only be secured by the use of high-priced delicacies." Here we have it demonstrated, that a delicious meal can be had for 13 cents. Now take a workman with a wife and two children. Count the two children as one—then there would be three persons in the family, three meals a day would be nine meals. Nine meals at thirteen cents each would be \$1.17. If a man received \$1.00 a day he would be in debt 17 cents after supper. If he received \$1.25 a day he would have a surplus of 8 cents, or 48 cents surplus on Sunday morning, provided, eating were the only absolute necessity—48 cents for rent, clothing and all incidentals. If he received \$1.50 a day he would have a surplus of 33 cents a day or \$1.98 for a week for such things as we have named. If his rent were \$2.00 a week he would be in debt 2 cents every week, to say nothing about clothes, etc.

Mr. Atkinson will have to improve his

"cooker" and buy still cheaper food. Something less than 13 cents a meal for workingmen must be reached. It has already been reached. Before Mr. Atkinson invented his "cooker" or experimented on cheap meats, thousands of workingmen and their wives without a patent "cooker" had learned the art of preparing some sort of food for less than 13 cents a meal. How much lower the plutocrats desire to reduce the rations in quality, the Lord only knows. In some countries the poor eat reptiles and vermin, and the rich do not complain. The cheaper working people can live, the lower their wages can be reduced, a fact which Mr. Atkinson is forever seeking to demonstrate, and yet this Boston philanthropist, this baked beans benefactor of the race, would have it understood that he is the friend of the workingman.

CARNEGIE AS A SQUEEZING PHILANTHROPIST.

Andrew Carnegie is obtaining a national reputation as a squeezing philanthropist. The *Western Advocate*, published at Mankato, Kansas, says he "is giving his laborers another squeeze by adopting the Spring Valley plan. Some time ago he shut down his steel-rail mills 'temporarily,' and the men have eaten up what little they had saved from their scanty wages while waiting for the works to re-open. The employes are now notified that the mills will be closed for an 'indefinite period,' and the result will be just what Mr. Carnegie is working for. The men are too poor to move their families elsewhere, and by the time the mills are re-opened they will be humbled sufficiently to accept any reduction in wages and any terms and conditions that the great and good author of *Triumphant Democracy* may propose. There is a growing suspicion among the people that if such enterprises as that owned by Mr. Carnegie were owned and operated by the government, the laborers employed therein would be better clothed, better fed and better educated, while the cost of the product would not be enhanced, if indeed it were not materially lessened. Mr. Carnegie's vast fortune, like that of all our monied kings, has been built

up by robbing his employes with one hand while the other was in the pockets of the people."

Carnegie is one of our modern sublimated pirates, and yet he is a production of our much-vaunted civilization, of laws which are the most infamous travesty upon justice the world ever contemplated.

Andrew Carnegie, the man of millions, adds to his store by practicing usury like that expressed in Shylock's bond. He is forever cutting away the flesh of workingmen nearest their hearts, and is careless of the quantity of life-blood that flows. He adds a million to his fortune annually, as the rattlesnake adds a rattle to its tail annually. Carnegie, like the reptile, rattles and bites. There are fangs in his methods, and the poison they inject into their victims is productive of poverty, degradation and eventually death, or that which is worse than death, and yet this Andrew Carnegie poses before the world as a philanthropist, and his professions of sympathy for the poor are sufficiently fire-proof to pave the streets of the country we read about, where the fires are never extinguished, not even on Sundays.

A WESTERNER visited New York for the purpose of pumping Mr. Jay Gould. He wanted "pointers." Mr. Gould graciously accorded the Westerner an interview. He (Gould) takes his seat in a big leather-upholstered chair, in which he sits when preparing to shear a lamb, skin a bear or gore a bull, then, says the Westerner: "He leans over you and talks softly, in a subdued tone, such as men use who wish to impart secrets to each other, and you get the impression that he is telling you his very soul, but when you get away and think it over, you will find that you have been drawn into telling him everything you know and that he hasn't gone beyond the commonplace in any remark he has made to you. It's an art he possesses which eclipses belief." In a word, Mr. Gould can't be pumped. He is a five-hundred horse-power machine, and even the lambs he shears go again and again to have the operation performed. He is fearfully and wonderfully made.

A GREAT SPEECH.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, knows how to talk. We should say he is the best railroad orator of the times. At a recent reception, given by Mr. Huntington at the Palace Hotel, to the officials of the various departments of the road, he delivered an address. His words were "fitly spoken," and were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The address is worthy of wide publication, and we make room for it, as follows:

Somehow, on this and like occasions, shadows dim the pleasures as I think of our responsibilities. No man is independent of his fellows. The employé of the lowest rank working upon the track is as necessary to keep the wheels in motion as is any gentleman at this table. The organization that controls the Southern Pacific is a wool into which are woven many colors, but the warp is without coloring, and is the same through the length and breadth of the fabric. In that warp is its strength. So each and every one should remember that our organization is so interwoven, one part with each and all the others, that all are essential. Some are much more important than others, hence the greater their responsibilities; for those holding lesser positions than the men I see here to-night look up to you for an example, and will be largely controlled by you. If you manifest toward each other a good will and a cordial unity in your efforts to advance the interest of the vast properties you represent, so you will find those below you emulating your example and pulling together as a single man. If, on the other hand, your daily work is disturbed, and its efficiency weakened by the dissensions that come from lack of fellowship and from secret jealousies, just to that extent will the morale of the entire force be affected, for the "rank and file" is the mirror of the commander.

A good man once said to a father: "Be careful of the path you tread, for your little son is following you." And so let me say to you to-night, look not back, but be careful, for surely some one is following you. Let us not forget our responsibilities nor fail to remember that the degree of happiness or sorrow, of sunshine or of shadow, that lightens or darkens the pathway of this great army, depends largely upon the way they are treated. Let us treat them kindly. Let us sympathize with them. They will do their work better for it. They will be happier, and they will pay us back in kind. Nearly all men will fill the niche you put them in. Place them high, and they will make great efforts to maintain their positions. Put them low—they will not disappoint you. When they do well, praise them. When they make mistakes, tell them in a kind way that it is human to err; that you know that they will do better next time. Do this and you will have better service, and what is better, you will bring more happiness into the lives of an army of fellow-workers.

It will be difficult to find anything in railroad literature superior to Mr. Huntington's address. It sounds a dozen key-notes. It is solid common sense from start to finish, and it will be most interesting to note the influence it exerts in the management of the Southern Pacific.

SAYS the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*: "It was the boast of the wife of Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy that her brother, the Standard Oil Trust pirate, gave her \$300,000 to be spent at her reception, and that she did it well. And toward this social splendor contributed every claimholder who used a gallon of oil to light up his lonely shanty." And that "Standard Oil Trust pirate" can say "Let there be darkness in the lonely shanty," and the decree would be obeyed. Plutocrats wield immense power in this star spangled banner country.

THE item is going the rounds of the press that "there is not a mile of railway in Brown county, Indiana, nor within six miles of it. Nashville, the county seat, has 400 inhabitants and but one brick structure, the court house. The jail is built of logs. The county has not sent any one to the penitentiary for several years, and there is not a saloon within its limits." The question arises, if the good old days of Adam and Eve, which Brown county enjoys, are not the best, after all?

THE *Locomotive Engineer* remarks that "at the Musco Borbonico, Naples, Italy, there are carefully preserved many copper and bronze tools and utensils, exhumed at Pompeii, and among them a small, vertical boiler of copper; this has a fire box and smoke flue through the top, a door on the side, and water grates composed of small tubes of copper crossing the fire box at the bottom. Pompeii was destroyed more than 1,800 years ago." All of which shows that modern inventors have been a long time catching up with the ancients.

THE cost to the Government for transportation of the mails by railroads, is from \$21,000,000 to \$27,650,000 a year, and the expense is steadily increasing.

The Single Tax.

I HAVE read, with not a little interest, Mr. W. P. Borland's paper in the *June Magazine* on "The Single Tax," and his reference, in his opening paragraphs to me, as a "keen critic and an able writer" would be well calculated to flatter, were it not for the fact that Mr. Borland discovers my mental optics to be so sadly out of order that I look "at the single tax question wrong end foremost."

It will be observed, by reference to my rambling remarks in the *March Magazine*, that I was commenting upon the article of Mr. S. D. Guion, which appeared in the *Standard*—high single tax authority—which fully indorsed Mr. Guion's statements, hence Mr. Borland, to have been exactly just, should have stated whether I looked at Mr. Guion's propositions "wrong end foremost," or right end foremost. But he found it far easier to arraign me, not for my criticism on Mr. Guion's positions, but on the "single tax question."

It seems that Mr. Guion assumed to "speak by authority." I infer he is a "single tax" apostle, that he has a "call" to preach the single tax gospel of emancipation from the thralldom of poverty. I modestly criticised some of Mr. Guion's propositions. I attempted nothing more. It would, therefore, have appeared magnanimous on the part of Mr. Borland to have first asserted and demonstrated that Mr. Guion, who assumed to correct Mr. Connolly, United States Consul to New Zealand, was correct in his ideas before proceeding to set me right before the readers of the *Magazine*.

Instead of pursuing such a course, he intimates that Mr. Guion was all wrong by saying, "I have not the least doubt but our cause has been injured in the minds of some by persons who have assumed to speak on matters of detail with a show of authority which they did not possess."

That was my view of Mr. Guion's statements. I thought they muddled single taxism, and I was pretty certain that I looked at them right end first, provided they had any right end, which I gravely doubted, since any attempt to straighten them out only disclosed their inherent crookedness. And now, says Mr. Borland, "for that reason I expressly stated that I did not wish any statement of mine to be considered as emanating from an authoritative source."

From this it appears that the single tax advocates are at sea, drifting without compass or rudder, indeed, without an anchor, waiting for a "practical test" of their theories.

I certainly commend Mr. Borland's modesty. He is feeling his way in the dark, realizing that "no person can be absolutely sure until a "practical test" has been secured.

Such admissions throw all the gates and bars down, and give doubts, conjecture and fancy the entire field. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Borland charges that I have been "looking at the single tax question wrong end foremost," when, in fact, the single tax advocates, confessedly, are putting their question "wrong end foremost."

Having proceeded so far, we turn with special delight to Mr. Borland's "basic principle of the single tax" as follows:

"All wealth belongs exclusively to its creator." Nature returns wealth to labor and to labor only. Therefore, the rights of the individual to the exclusive possession of the fruits of his own labor rest on the warrant of nature."

"The value of land is not in any case the creation of the individual who owns the land—it is created solely by the growth of the community. With every increase of population the value of land rises; with every decrease it falls. Therefore, this value which is created by the community should be returned to the community for the support of the community."

The foregoing constitutes the "basic principle of the single tax," as Mr. Borland understands the subject. And he submits that in my arguments I nowhere touch the "basic principle" as he states it.

In what I have written for the *Magazine*, by permission of its editor, I have not said that the single tax on land would be detrimental to the nation. It might prove to be the one thing desired to introduce universal prosperity—the panacea for all our financial ills, the one economic cure all for which the world has been looking since the first face was bathed in the sweat of toil.

My purpose has been to have Mr. Borland, and other students show, with such lucidness and cogency as they could command, that the single tax would be beneficial to the poor—to the workingmen and women.

Speaking of axioms, I would remark just here, that an axiom in government is that there can be no government without revenues—hence, no government without taxation; and further, there can be no revenues without labor; and again, labor pays all revenues.

To lighten taxation is to relieve labor of its burden. To lighten taxation is to reduce revenues.

If such propositions are not axioms, then the term has no meaning, and it were gross folly to repeat it.

I have not observed, so far, in the writings of any of the apostles of the single tax an intimation that revenues were to be reduced by the inauguration of the single tax on land. Nor do I remember to have seen it stated that labor could escape paying all

the revenues, provided the single tax were to become the law of the nation.

I am fond of romance. I do not seriously object to a little Munchausenism occasionally. I admire pyrotechnics. I like highly imaginative writers, those who, giving their fancy free rein, roam

"From star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming walls."

But it has always seemed to me that the single tax advocates decked out their theories with a superabundance of tinsel; that they were usually in that rapt frame of mind when they were seeing visions and dreaming dreams; that their logic was largely mixed with Bellamyism; that with a hop, skip and a jump they leaped over all intermediate obstacles and arrived at their goal, to bask in the noontide glory of "Paradise regained," and then, looking backward, wonder why the plodding millions could not keep up with the procession.

Mr. Borland, in his "basic principle," asserts that "the value of land is created solely by the growth of the community;" that is to say, where there is no "community" land has no value at all. That is not the theory of the Government, since it demands \$1.25 an acre for its land where no community exists; as a consequence, when a British syndicate purchases a million acres of the "public domain," inhabited only by wild animals, it pays \$1,250,000 for that which has "no value," the value arising "solely by the growth of the community." What the syndicate wants is to keep the "community," the "people in general," which constitute the "community," away from its land, upon which 500,000 cattle graze and get fat for market. The syndicate does not fence in its land, it does not plow it or put a dollar's worth of improvement on it, still, it affords, possibly, \$500,000 a year profit to the syndicate. It is a case in which Mr. Borland may conclude that land has a value quite independent of the "growth of the community," and possibly, that the *profits* made by the syndicate, do have something to do with the value of the land; otherwise the syndicate, since the single tax does not apply to the cattle, since they go free, the government obtains no revenue at all from the enterprise.

But suppose, just here, Mr. Borland changes his tactics, contending that the cowboys constitute a community, which gives the land a value, and it is taxed accordingly, is it not an axiom that the syndicate will place a higher value upon their marketable steers, and thereby advance the price of beef? And this being true, what difference would it make to the consumer whether the tax was levied upon the cattle or upon the land? or, what benefit is derived by simply taxing the land?

Mr. Borland refers to the worthless lands of Michigan, where a nitro glycerine factory has been established. In this illustration Mr. Borland introduces two factors which alone give value to land—"Competition" and "profits." If one nitro-glycerine factory made \$100,000 a year profits, no value would thereby attach to the barren, worthless land, but if a number of persons desired to set up nitro-glycerine factories, the competition would create a value for the land, and then the single tax would apply.

Now, then, we have the case. The *profits* of the first factory created the competition and the competition created the land value. The assessor goes forth to levy the tax. He cannot levy it upon competition, that is intangible. He must be governed in his estimates by profits. The buildings, the machinery, the material, are not taxed; simply the land based upon profits. Suppose there are ten nitro-glycerine factories, each making \$100,000 a year, a total of \$1,000,000 profits, and these ten factories occupy fifty acres of these good-for-nothing lands of Michigan, what would be Mr. Borland's estimate as just taxation, per acre?

The fifty acres have enabled the ten factories to make \$1,000,000 net profit, or \$20,000 per acre. Would the estimate take that form?

Manifestly, the profits would be the basis of taxation, and therefore it would be exceedingly bold to assert, since the buildings, the machinery and the labor made profits possible, that the single tax, though buried beneath sophistries and subterfuges and all the arts and tricks of diplomatic jugglery, was not a tax upon improvements and labor, just what single tax advocates proclaim is not the case, but which Mr. Borland clearly admits.

Again I refer to the Michigan land. Mr. Borland says: "It is situated far from any habitation and is a marshy prairie covered with water for a large portion of the year. Nobody wants the land; it has no value." This land, or similar land, which nobody wants, and which no one who is familiar with its worthlessness would accept as a gift, is valued at something by the State and by its owners, and is taxed upon an "arbitrary valuation."

I surmise that under the single tax programme all this vast territory would escape taxation because, apparently, it has no value and yields no profits. But if it should be taken up and built upon; if houses were erected and shops opened; if, instead of silence there should be the hum of industry, then instantan the single tax would apply. Does Mr. Borland believe the time will ever come while brains are on top, that such a tax would not be regarded as a tax upon improvements, a tax upon the wealth which labor creates?

I assume that neither Mr. Borland nor Mr. George will assert to the contrary and logically demonstrate the correctness of their denial.

Mr. Borland says the Michigan lands to which he refers are absolutely worthless; that no man knowing their character "would accept 1,000 acres as a gift." I suppose that 10,000,000 acres, if there is so much in the State, could be purchased for five cents an acre, possibly for one cent an acre. Being of no value, yielding no profit, under the single tax regime they would escape taxation. A syndicate might purchase these valueless lands and fence them in, create parks and hunting grounds, and await the process of nature to rebuild the forests. After a few years it might be discovered that pine trees were springing up and that nature herself was really at work creating values without the slightest regard to the "growth of the community," in which case will Mr. Borland state if the lands would be taxed?

Would the single tax assessor clamber over the fence, count and measure the trees, estimate the lumber in them, and then tax the land? Upon what single tax principle could it be done? The land was valueless. Does the land itself, unaided by the community, create value? Is there competition for the land? Possibly. For improvement? Nay, verily; simply to remove the trees—wealth which nature has created—and with which the growth of the community had had no hand. The land has increased in value independent of the increase or decrease of population, the increase being solely dependent upon the growth of trees.

I fail to observe in what way the single tax on land would aid labor to throw off the burdens which now crush it, bow it down to the earth. I do not oppose the single tax theory, I only ask its apostles to show in what way it would benefit the toiling masses. This, so far, they have utterly failed to do.

Labor creates vast sum totals of wealth. It has never enjoyed its equitable share of it. Why? Because wages have from the beginning been regulated upon the robber principle. If labor must pay the revenues of municipalities, states and the nation, I demand for it a larger share in the wealth it creates, and that can be brought about by an increase of wages all along the line. If the single tax can do this I am for the single tax. But so far the single tax advocates steer clear of such propositions except by the entanglements of circumlocution and downright evasion.

Already this article is too long, and with the permission of the editor of the *Magazine* I may desire to be heard again.

Charles Marshall.

Competition of Labor.

JUDGING from the methods practiced by the manufacturers of this country we are led to believe that they recognize competition as being an agent disastrous to their profits. They have recently perfected an old time method which very nearly suppresses all foreign competition. They have, with the assistance of the votes of workingmen, enacted laws which prevent foreign competition interfering with their profits. They have also reduced to a minimum the effects of domestic competition by the organization of trusts. In fact they have things "coming their way."

Now that the benevolent workingman has, by his vote, secured the capitalists against competition, would it not be well for him to allow his benevolence to extend far enough to include his own interests? Would it not be well for American laborers to use their future efforts in procuring "hearth stones" for themselves, inasmuch as they have erected palaces for their intimate friends, the capitalists? It is time that workingmen who have made rich men richer by increasing their profits should devote their attention to the profits of their own labor.

The manufacturer is protected from foreign competition by the protective tariff and from home competition by gigantic trusts, but what "protection" has labor received from competition? A majority of American workmen are firmly of the belief that American labor is protected from the "pauper labor" of Europe by the tariff; they believe that to reduce the tariff would immediately bring about a competition of labor between this and other countries. They believe that with the tariff there is no competition. The tenor of this article will demonstrate the fact that I am not a member of this majority. Their theory is accepted by the masses, as "gospel" truth as is proven by the vote polled at presidential elections.

The nearest semblance to protection to American labor against foreign competition is the federal statute which prohibits the importation of "contract" labor; but this is so ineffectual that the country is deluged with foreign laborers to such an extent that it requires the united efforts of labor organizations to preserve the present rate of wages. In the past a custom prevailed that diminished local competition in the trades that required more or less skill. The rule that a person must serve an apprenticeship of a certain length of time before he could compete with "journeymen" for wages had the effect of lessening the competition of labor in the trades, but increasing the number engaged in common labor. Now that the apprentice is nearly a thing of the past,

we have a radical preventive of competition of labor in the "strike." The odium attached to the term "scab" has protected labor to a great extent from local competition, but if the competition is created by a foreign supply of pauper labor the term "scab" loses its charm.

When a capitalist has invested his wealth in some manufacturing enterprise, his first act is to have foreign competition, in his line, reduced by having the tariff raised on the special article he has for sale. If he is manufacturing shoes he is not content with a duty on hats or clothing, because that would afford him no relief; he must have it upon the particular article he produces. He knows that to increase the price of shoes *the duty must be on shoes*. He is not like the laboring man who thinks that he can increase the price of labor by placing a duty on something else. The process by which he gets his "protection" increased is to go among his employes and inform them that the coming Congress must be composed of high tariff members or he will be compelled to reduce the wages he is paying; but if he can get the duty on shoes raised he will be able to pay better wages. He convinces them that a duty on shoes is a protection to them against the "pauper labor" of Europe, when, at the same time, he may be negotiating with a Castle Garden employment agency for a supply of "pauper" shoemakers. Of course these *deep thinking* American workmen do not take this into consideration. They do not believe that a duty on hats is a benefit to their employer as long as shoes are not on the list; but their "boss" convinces them that a duty on shoes is a protection to workmen although labor is not on the list.

These patriotic American shoemakers give their whole soul to the cause of Protection. They spend sleepless nights marching to music and bearing transparencies inscribed with sentiments in which "American labor" predominates, but any allusion to "American manufacturers" is conspicuously absent. Their voices become hoarse from kerosene smoke and shouts of defiance at the "damnable free-traders." During the campaign the American laborer is in his glory—the American manufacturer has his "inning" after Congress meets. To make a long story short, these patriotic shoemakers elect their candidate and have the satisfaction of seeing the duty increased on shoes. They are supremely happy in the belief that they are "protected" from that muchly dreaded "pauper" labor. The following Spring they begin to look for an increase of wages but singularly enough, their employer posts a notice that owing to "unavoidable causes" wages will be reduced ten per cent. on the first day of the following month. A strike follows, *but the duty on shoes does not*

protect them any longer; it is only during a campaign that the tariff has this effect. They discover to their sorrow, that pauper labor abounds. Their places are eagerly taken by others who do not know much about the business, but are glad to obtain employment at even twenty per cent. reduction. Instead of directing their wrath at the politicians who have deceived them, these unfortunate workmen vent their spleen upon the "pauper" scab, who is elated with his new position and passes happy moments picturing to himself scenes with which he is not at all familiar, viz.: a square meal for himself and family. It is said that history repeats itself; in this case the repetition occurs every four years. The same shoemaker, although a little more haggard and gray, is seen at the "old stand." Brass bands, transparencies, kerosene smoke, etc., are just as natural as ever.

When laboring men conclude that to increase the profits of their labor, *they must use precisely the same methods that their employers use*, they will begin to enter into an era of prosperity. When workingmen are as emphatic in their demands that labor must be placed at the head of the protected list as their employers are that shoes, etc. must be there, then will American labor be protected from pauper labor. American workmen must proclaim that they have an "infant" industry called labor that must be protected.

Ten years of effective restriction placed upon the immigration of "paupers" will do more to prevent competition of labor and thereby increase the profits of labor than all other means combined. Without this restriction competition will increase regardless of the tariff on manufactured goods, and the supply of labor will become so much greater than the demand that wages will gradually sink to the "pauper" standard. Besides the disastrous effects produced upon wages we see our social structure threatened from many sources. The High-binders in the West, the Anarchists in the East, and the Mafia in the South are straws that show which way the wind blows. The slaying of a few members of the Mafia is the cause of an international convulsion; yet, members of an American labor organization can be slaughtered by the tools of corporations with impunity and cause but small comment. The "Pinkertons" employed by Chauncey Depew can slay innocent Americans in the State of New York, yet, the public press idolizes Mr. Depew. If the citizens of New Orleans avenge the murder of their chief of police by lynching a few members of the Mafia the country is aghast. The press reeks with editorials condemning the "butchery." This proves that, in the eyes of the public, it is a far greater crime for a labor organization to tie

up Mr. Depew's railroad by a strike, than for a foreign band of assassins to kill to their hearts' content. It proves that the public considers it much worse for the citizens of New Orleans to lynch a foreigner than for Mr. Depew's hirelings to murder an American.

If the workmen of America will leave the manufacturer and his "McKinley bill" to shift for themselves, and devote their time to a tariff on labor, they will find that their wages will increase in the same ratio that the competition of labor will decrease.

W. S. Carter.

Charity Organizations.

DURING the month of May, 1891, the annual meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Correction was held in the city of Indianapolis.

During the time the conference was in session, about everything relating to poverty in the United States was discussed. The debaters roamed at will over fields "from worlds to luminous worlds as far as the universe spreads its flaming walls." The delegates discussed outdoor and indoor charity, they grouped and classified the worthy and the unworthy poor, the insane, the feeble minded, the criminal classes and the condition of unfortunate children, orphans, and those whose parents, were they dead, would be a blessing to their offspring and to society.

The conference discussed the ways and means to reduce the number of these unfortunate men, women and children, as also the best methods to be adopted by states, municipalities, and societies, for the care and education of children of the better class, and the correction and reformation of the incorrigible and criminally disposed.

In these discussions there was exhibited broad philanthropy. Every method adopted throughout the country for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and unfortunate was made more or less prominent by delegates whose personal experience made their views valuable, and those who listened were forced to the conclusion that in spite of all that had been done, poverty and crime were steadily on the increase. Insanity extends its domain and the dethronement of reason proceeds, suicides multiply, want, equalor and degradation, with their attendant vices create alarm, until the stoutest hearted philanthropists stand amazed in the presence of the frightful facts.

Here we are, in the high noon of Christian civilization. Science comes to the aid of the church to map out new pathways of progress. The free school stands open on

every elevation and in every valley. The press, that mighty lever, designed to enlighten the masses and to level up and level down, until the sublime truth shall find recognition, that "God is no respecter of persons," and that "all men are created equal," here, where the humblest citizen is clothed with sovereignty and given the ballot, here, where we boast of a government by the people—here, where to emancipate the African slave all the streams of the South ran crimson to the sea, we are told that poverty, crime, degradation, threaten the stability of our institutions, and even now, some are asking for a king, as a means of improving conditions.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction, in its deliberations, one would suppose would deal with fundamental causes; that its speech would be bold and that its arraignments would be fearless. In the very nature of things, it has a right to speak, if not with authority, in tones commanding a respectful hearing in assemblies where authority is located.

Stated broadly, national poverty is a national disease. We refer to that phase of poverty which the National Conference of Charities and Correction is organized to treat and remedy—a poverty so extreme as to excite solicitude and require aid.

This kind of poverty is not only a disease, but it is like idleness, the prolific parent of a brood of diseases, which, like microbes poison the national body, social and moral, until it becomes a national calamity.

It would seem eminently prudent for a National Conference of Charities and Correction to refer, in some way, to the underlying causes of such poverty.

During the discussions reference was made to tramps, an army of outcasts, steadily increasing in numbers, and daily becoming more dangerous to communities. The tramp is a modern menace to society. He is a tumor, a cancer on the body social, and the idea of removing him by starvation, is an exhibition of empiricism that will, the more it is tried, demonstrate its folly.

Throughout the country, particularly in all the large centers of population, there are forces ceaselessly in operation producing conditions which the National Conference of Charities and Correction deplore and for which remedies are sought but never found.

In fully fifty per cent. of the industries of the country, employers conduct their enterprises in a way so shamefully at war with justice, humanity and decency, that mendicancy, degradation, shame and crime inevitably follow. The facts have been told and published. There is not a philanthropist, man or woman, worthy of the name, who is not familiar with the story. The infamies are known and read of all men. They burn and bite, mangle and kill. They render

everything which they touch hideous and repulsive. The outrages practiced by certain employers are prolific of mendicancy.

The wages paid women for work by men as much more depraved than Shylock as that historical Jew was below an archangel, it is known subject them to trials which the "song of the shirt" feebly expresses, trials often resulting in crimes so much worse than self murder, that suicide in its worst and most shocking forms, becomes a benediction, and we are forced to say "Blessed is that woman who prefers death to the loss of that jewel, which makes life a living hell, whose fires are quenched only in death."

To one who contemplates the devastations resulting from cold-hearted or no hearted, venal scoundrels, who plot treason against the life and chastity of women and ceaselessly recruit the ranks of poverty, squalor, crime and death, it appears strange, indeed, that a National Conference of Charities and Correction should have no words of condemnation, and that such things should be treated with silence. There must be a cause for such indifference. It is well known that there are rich men who give liberally to charity associations, and in more than one instance it has been shown that when rents, salaries, stationery, postage, etc., had been paid, precious little of the contributions was left for the poor, and it is doubtless true that in many instances the men, Heaven save the mark, whose methods created the squalor, which the National Conference of Charities and Correction seeks to modify, contribute to the funds that support the organizations. If this is true, and to controvert the proposition would be preposterous, there would be nothing strange about the proceeding. History would be simply repeating itself, and demonstrating that Phariseism is as rife now as in the days of the Saviour's incarnation, when speaking for Heaven and for God, he denounced the same class as "whited sepulchers," and as deserving of more abundant damnation.

It is apparent that the National Conference of Charities and Correction in its deliberations was not investigating for fundamental causes of poverty that demanded charity. Its task was more superficial. It did not delve for bed-rock facts. It discussed insanity with reference to scientific treatment, to which no rational objection could be urged, and the same is practically true of whatever else came up for discussion.

Miserable homes were referred to, and what should be done with the miserable children, the product of these homes, and some one suggested that intemperance was doubtless the cause of much of the misery which is a foul blotch upon our civilization. We applaud all that was said or that could be said in that direction. Behind all

the misery that intoxicants produce, and were each pang and groan and crime a brick, mountains could be piled as high as the Alps or the Andes. The foot hills are the saloons, and the distilleries the Chimborazos and Blancs, but above these stand the state and federal governments, each giving the traffic the sanction of law, and each largely relying upon the revenue which flows into their coffers from such polluted fountains.

It is well to anathematize intemperance, and to talk glibly of the woes and horrors which it scatters broadcast over the land. The most gifted writers and speakers need not hesitate to permit the steam of their invective to flow deep and strong, or exhaust all the wealth of hyperbole, since when all is said the half will not have been told. If this is admitted, the question arises, why may not a National Conference of Charities and Correction boldly demand that the general Government shall do something looking toward the annihilation of intemperance? Possibly distillers and liquor trusts, wholesale merchants and even saloon keepers contribute to charity funds, and deplore (?) the wretchedness which their business creates.

Again, the surroundings of great industries are prolific sources of mendicancy, pauperism, conditions that are prolific of the ills which the National Conference of Charities and Correction combats. A glance at conditions in Pennsylvania must impress philanthropists, Christians of every name and order, scientists, philosophers, political economists, millionaires and devils that Pennsylvania, alone, is inoculating the country with a poverty and crime producing virus which, left free to run its course, would be productive of results well calculated to make the Creator again repent that he made man, and, tearing the covenant bow from its place on the breast of the storm cloud, "swear by Himself" to again deluge the earth with water.

Such infernalisms as are practiced in Pennsylvania to rob men of their earnings are productive of more pauperism and crime in a year than a thousand National Conferences of Charities and Correction could correct in a century. In describing them the imagination is paralyzed, and vocabularies blush to own their incompetency. They poison the moral atmosphere and all the fountains of thought and moral decrepitude, cured only by miraculous power, proclaim the damning influences they exert.

The factories, the shops and the great transportation enterprises of the country, controlled by the plutocratic class, where men work and are systematically robbed, are the breeding pens of the ills which the National Conference of Charities and Correction discusses and seeks to mitigate; but where no word is said holding either the

men or methods responsible for the crimes, by virtue of which colossal fortunes are piled up on the one side, while on the other side poverty's prolific progeny is grouped in revolting tableaux indicative of rapid degeneracy, for the correction of which the National Conference of Charities and Correction, if it would inaugurate forces to arrest the downward tendency, will be required to change its tactics and find more efficient remedies than soothing syrup, sage tea, however learnedly such antidotes may be extolled by old men and old maids or ambitious youths, just out of college with their diplomas, and who manage to make learning laughable. Such people may be sympathetic and good nurses, who in their right place could earn fair wages, but when they are confronted by national curses whose march is desolation they are as illy equipped to arrest their devastating strides as a butterfly would be to resist the progress of a cyclone.

The trouble with such organizations is they ignore fundamental causes—they do not go to the roots of the diseases they professedly deplore. They could, had they the courage, make a list of the heartless scoundrels, whose methods are at the bottom of ninety per cent. of the poverty, mendicancy, wretchedness and crime of the country and hold them up for universal scorn and obloquy. They could name the sneaking swindlers of women and men in all of the great cities, paint in colors as vivid as lightning the motley throng forever going to their slaughter pens, where life, health and virtue are sacrificed, that the pirates who murder body and soul may increase their riches. But this is not done. On the contrary, like children making marks on an ocean beach, they get together and sing psalms—they offer up pretty prayers in which Heaven gets a large amount of taffy, and they recite old chestnuts about remedies, and adjourn, forgetful of the fact that a Carnegie, by one word, locking out thousands of workers or cutting wages, could obliterate all their sayings and doings as effectually as a wave could efface the childish hieroglyphics in the sand.

What the world stands in need of to-day, more than anything else, is simple justice to workingmen and women. If an era of fair wages could be ushered in, the morning stars and the sons of God might prudently arrange for another concert.

Labor organizations have sounded the keynote of the grand reform. If they succeed, poverty, mendicancy, sickness, sorrow, pain and death will decline. If they are overwhelmed in defeat by the combined force of the plutocratic class then all will be lost worth living for. White slavery, a thousand times more deplorable than African slavery, will prevail, and how best to

manage the victims of the national curse will supply a theme for succeeding convocations of the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

Charles Danforth.

Discussion of the Single Tax.

NOTHING that has appeared in the *Magazine* during the last year has interested me as much as the essays on the single tax. No article bearing on the subject yet published, shows a greater confusion of thought than that of Mr. Chas. Marshall in the May number.

Mr. Marshall speaks of two men, A and B, owning adjoining city lots, each lot worth \$1,000. A is rich and as soon as buying, improves his lot at an expense of \$5,000, and derives an income of \$1,000 a year from it. B is a poor man, who can save from his earnings only \$500 a year. Many of your readers would no doubt like to be as comfortably situated. This poor man "puts his earnings aside saying, 'when I have \$5,000 I will improve my lot'—necessarily it will require ten years for him to obtain the \$5,000."

Mr. Marshall objects to taxing both the lots alike, because the poor man receives no income from his lot. One of the objects of the single tax, as I understand it, is to increase the opportunities to labor, by compelling men who are holding land idle, to either use their land or to dispose of it to some one who will. If this poor man does not intend to use his lot for ten years, why should he buy a lot until then? By getting it now and holding it idle for ten years, he is standing in the way of others who would give employment to labor and benefit the city by improving it. Mr. Marshall cannot see what "expected profits" have to do with the value of land. Evidently this poor man can see it, for unless he expected that at the end of ten years his lot would greatly increase in value, owing to increase of population and improvements, electric roads, etc., he would probably have put his money at interest, rather than have it lie idle. Generally men do not buy lots ten years before they want to use them, unless they expect that at the end of that time they will be worth more than they paid for them. "This confident expectation of increased prices, always noticeable in a growing community, produces, to a greater or less extent, the effects of a combination among landholders, and tends to the withholding of land from use, in expectation of higher prices," in consequence of which the value of land is forced up. Mr. Marshall says that "throughout New England, farms are being abandoned by thousands. Houses are going to decay and the land has gone

and is going back to a wilderness. Notwithstanding these things, the states where in these lands are situated place a taxable value upon them. There is no competition for these lands, they are not used, their owners derive no profit from them. Still they are said to have a value and are taxed."

Under the single tax system, lands having no value would be exempt. The single tax is a tax on *land values*, not on land. Farmers would be greatly benefited by it. Under the present system they are taxed on all of their improvements and personal property. The taxes imposed on commodities, especially those which, like our protective duties, are imposed with a view of raising the prices of commodities, fall severely on the farmers.

E. Hodkins.

Labor and the Single Tax.

[Concluded.]

TO the unthinking it may seem like an extravagant assertion to say that the solution of the labor problem, and the remedy for the social ills that afflict mankind, hinges upon a simple question of taxation, but such is the case, and after one has examined the facts intelligently the assertion will not appear so extravagant. All taxes must be paid from the produce of land and labor, because there is no other source of wealth than the union of human exertion with the materials and forces of nature, but the manner in which equal amounts of taxation are levied may very differently affect the production of wealth. Any tax which is conditioned upon an act of production, will tend to restrict the production of the thing taxed.

Tax shoes and there will be fewer shoes worn, and in consequence fewer persons employed in making shoes. Tax houses and there will be fewer houses, and fewer persons will be employed in building houses. Tax anything the result of human exertion, and the production of that thing is discouraged just in proportion as the tax is heavy or light; for the more anything useful costs the fewer are there used, and the less anything useful costs the more are there used. It is a characteristic of all taxes upon the products of labor that the tax is always added to the price of the product and its cost is increased to the consumer. Demand is thus restricted and labor is deprived of a market. A very plain illustration of the manner in which such taxes affect industry may be found in the sugar tax but recently removed. We all know how the removal of this tax cheapened sugar and increased the demand for it, and it is easy to infer the truth of the converse: that if instead of removing the tax it had been doubled, the price of sugar would have been increased

and the demand for it lessened. There is however a much more important way in which labor is made to suffer from our present system of taxation. Labor produces all wealth, but in order to produce wealth labor must have access to land. Our present system of taxation makes it more profitable to hold land out of use, than to use it, by returning greater rewards to the speculator in land, than to the user of land. Workingmen are thus compelled to bid against each other for the privilege of using land, the natural reward of the laborer is reduced, the few landholders are enabled to accumulate without producing, and the many laborers are compelled to produce without accumulating. Go to any small village in this country to-day, any place where you have a reasonable assurance that in twenty years it will be a great and growing city, just buy yourself a block of land in the heart of that village, and you may go to Europe, or Australia, or bury yourself in the heart of Africa, do anything you wish, but come back to your block of land in twenty years and you will find your village a city, and yourself a rich man, without having done the slightest thing to advance the interests of the city. The inhabitants of the city will have made a wealthy man of you and you will have been put to no trouble whatever. But better than all else, you will be looked up to, you will be called "one of our substantial citizens," and many of those who helped to create your wealth will be called "scum" and "riff raff," your buying of that block of land twenty years before, will be called wisdom, and foresight, it will be said of you, "He had an abiding faith in the future of our city," you will be held up to the view of the rising generation as an example of business sagacity, and they will be advised to go and do likewise, and if perchance you should dole out any of your wealth in relieving the distress of those who have made your fortune for you, the fact will be enlarged upon by the papers, you will be called "Our Generous, Public-Spirited Citizen," ministers of Christ will fawn upon you, and deplore the *extravagance* and *imprudence* of the poor that make your charity necessary. You will, in short, be a great man.

Such are some of the benefits that come from the present system of taxation. Land being taxed only as it is used it becomes more profitable to acquire title to land and hold it out of use until the necessities of production enable the landholder to command a fancy price for it, than to use it productively, as the natural demands of the community require.

So blunted have the senses of the workingmen become, that they are accustomed to look upon the increase in land values as legitimate evidences of prosperity in which

all members of the community have a share; nothing could be farther from the truth. Increase in land values now means increased tribute for labor to pay, in order to gain access to land, the source of all wealth, and consequent reduction of wages. I saw a statement some time ago to the effect that certain mineral lands in Alabama had increased in value from \$750,000 to \$50,000,000 within six years; this fact was cited as an evidence of the prosperity of that section of country; but is it an evidence of prosperity? What does this increased value mean to labor? It means that when labor and capital shall desire to utilize these mineral deposits, they must pay into the pockets of the land owners the sum of \$3,000,000 per year, that being the interest at 6 per cent. on \$50,000,000, for the bare privilege of access to these minerals, which a wise Creator has placed in the bowels of the earth for the equal use and benefit of all his children. There lie these coal beds and mineral deposits, fresh from the hands of the Creator, and our law says that labor and capital must pay to a few foresters the sum of \$3,000,000 a year, for the bare privilege of applying the hand of industry to these natural elements. After this has been paid how much will there be left for the wages of labor? Just as little as labor can subsist upon.

For this monopolization of the gifts of nature is going on not only in Alabama, but everywhere else as well, and it enables capital to make a hard bargain with labor. For this reason and this alone, they cannot deal with each other on equal terms. Suppose labor says to capital, "I'll not accept the wages you offer," capital replies, "all right, go elsewhere," what can labor do? If he starts out to get work for himself he will find the same conditions confronting him in all parts of the country. He will find that he is living in a country capable of supporting ten times its present population, and that nine-tenths of the land is untilled or only partly cultivated. He will find nine-tenths of the coal beds and mineral deposits unused. He will find vacant land and unused lots on every hand. He will go to New York City, and even there he will find one-half the corporate area of that city vacant and unoccupied, and yet he will find in New York the most densely populated territory in the world, not even excepting China; the east side of New York contains 333,000 persons to the square mile; and this is what a century of so called freedom has done for this country. Is it any wonder then that labor goes back to Alabama, takes off his hat to capital, bows very low, and says, "please sir, give me a job at your own terms." Right here it may be asked, how is the Single Tax going to remedy this state of affairs? As has been shown, a tax upon the products of labor decreases the demand for those pro-

ducts, and increases their price, thus decreasing the product. A tax on land values can have no such result. The demand for land will continue as long as the human race continues to exist.

For man is a land animal; land is just as necessary to his existence as is air, water, or sun-light. A tax on land values, therefore, cannot reduce the demand for land. Again, a tax on land values cannot reduce the amount of land in the world by a single inch; it is here and it will remain here, when all the people are swept into oblivion, and unlike a tax on products which increases their cost, a tax on land values would have the very opposite effect.

The more land values are taxed the cheaper will be land, and the easier to get.

You may tax land values up to the point of taking every cent of economic rent, and the only effect will be to stimulate industry, and bring land now idle into use. Here is the key to the solution of the labor problem. To use land requires labor. Labor is something which every human being has to sell, and the more it is in demand the greater price it will bring, but to labor one must have access to land. Now under the Single Tax the owners of valuable land will either have to use it themselves or leave others to use it. For no one will hold land out of use for an increase in value, when he is assured that all the benefits of that increased value will be demanded of him in the form of taxation as fast as they arise.

Thus the present condition of the labor market would be reversed. The demand for labor would exceed the supply of labor. The owners of vacant lots would either build on them themselves or sell to others able to build. They must do this unless they are willing to pay the tax without the opportunity of shifting it. For the land value tax is the one tax they cannot shift. A tax on shoes is added by the manufacturer to the price of the shoes; he thus shifts it upon the dealer in shoes, who in turn collects it from his customers.

The tax is thus paid by the consumer. Tax houses and the tax is collected from the tenant in the shape of increased rent; but a tax on land values is paid by the owner of the land and that is the end of it. Now some one will probably say, what is to hinder the land owner from collecting the amount of his tax from his tenants? Let us see how it would work if he should try it. Say a piece of property rents for \$1,500 per year; interest at the prevailing rate on the value of the building, added to the annual cost of the insurance and repairs, and a sum sufficient to provide a sinking fund for renewals, amounts to \$1,200, the landlord is then collecting \$300 a year for the use of the naked earth.

This is the sum which under the Single

Tax system would be turned over to the government. Now suppose the landlord attempts to collect this \$300 from his tenant by raising his rent to \$1,800, what happens? why the Board of Equalization say to him, "You have got \$1,800 a year for the use of improvements only worth \$1,200, you are collecting \$600 a year, instead of \$300, for the use of the ground. You will therefore pay to the government \$600 a year for the exclusive use of your lot, instead of \$300, as heretofore." Now what has the landlord made by putting up his rent? Nothing. Would he be liable to try to collect for his land more than its real value, when he knew that if he did so, it could be collected from him with unerring certainty? Suppose now, you had \$20,000 to invest; under our present system the best and safest thing you can do, is to invest it in town lots in some growing city; in ten years from now your lots will be worth \$40,000, and you will have drawn to yourself \$20,000 of wealth, for which you have given no equivalent. You will simply have robbed the labor of the country of \$20,000.

But now suppose the Single Tax is in force, what are you going to do with your \$20,000? You cannot buy vacant lots with it. There is no speculation in them. The tax which you would have to pay for the privilege of excluding labor and capital from the opportunities for employment which vacant lots afford, would be too heavy for you. You cannot even loan on land alone, because land alone has no value in the market. The result is, that unless you let your money lie idle, and so lose interest on it, you must invest it so as to give employment to labor. You must put it into some channel where it will be active. Not only must you do this, but every other capitalist must do the same. Capitalist must thus bid against capitalist, since capital can only increase by calling labor to its aid and giving it employment.

To recapitulate: Tax land in proportion to its value, and it will be immediately brought into use. Bring land into use, and labor will find employment. Employ labor, and wages will rise to a sum equal to the value of the product created. Let the demand for labor equal the supply of labor, and the laborer will be on an equality with his employer in making a bargain; but this will be no detriment to the employer, as the demand for his goods will always be constant, and he will be able to get what they cost. Given the Single Tax and the freedom of trade and the wages of labor will immediately rise to their natural level (the full earnings of labor). Can laboring men demand anything more? There is no more for them to get.

W. P. Borland.

Tariff Taxation.

THE tariff was originally introduced into this country upon the plea that it was an easy and sure method of securing a revenue to support the central government, inasmuch as the common people would never suspect, when paying an exorbitant price for an article of foreign make, that they were in fact paying taxes. That is to say, if a man owes an honest debt, the easiest way to induce him to pay the debt is to trick him into it, to juggle him out of his money, to hoodwink him into supposing that his money is not going to pay the debt, and to make him think that he will never be called upon to pay it.

How does this tariff tax scheme work? For every \$3 of tariff tax that the workingman pays upon foreign goods that he buys, the government gets not more than \$1 of revenue. The remaining \$2 is profit that is taken in by the importers and dealers—not profit on the goods, but profit on the tax. This may be an easy way for the government to get its revenue, but it is tough on the workingman.

This tariff, however, is claimed to be a benefit to the workingman, and the more exorbitant the price he pays for a foreign article, the more prosperous will he be.

A mere handful, not exceeding 7 per cent. of this country's population, of men, together with a few score of employers, are engaged in producing in this country certain goods of the same kind as some of the imported goods. This handful of workingmen, it is claimed, is benefited by our paying high taxes upon foreign articles. The theory seems to be that free competition would compel American goods to be sold at a low price. If low prices are a disadvantage to the workingman, why does he always take the trouble to buy where he can buy cheapest? So foreign competition is duly throttled by the tariff. Then what? Why, a very small and quite insignificant number of capitalists become enabled to collect from the large body of American workingmen exorbitant prices for their goods. How this benefits the workingmen, who have to pay these high prices, is not quite clear. We, however, are repeatedly assured that it does benefit us, and, moreover, it is occasionally intimated to us that we need not trouble ourselves about these matters; they are too difficult for us to understand; we should keep our proper place, which is to do all the work and ask no questions.

It is very clear that the government's tariff tax policy is a great help to the capitalists (and, by the way, these same capitalists in turn are a great help to certain politicians). But, when these capitalists make double and triple profits, what law is there to com-

pel them to share those profits with the handful of workmen who make the goods? And if there should be such a law passed, would it not be a dead letter? Can Congress regulate wages? Can Congress make a law that will force water to run uphill?

Moreover, does anybody claim that Congress can create any wealth? If it can, why not have Congress create all the wealth that we shall ever need, so that we need not work any more? It is of course admitted that Congress can increase the wealth of certain private individuals; but how can it do so except at the expense of the remainder of the people?

When Congress passes a law for the benefit of private individuals, who, does any sensible man suppose, will receive the full benefit of that law? Will the great body of our citizens be benefited? Or on the other hand, is it not only a few men that will be benefited—a small, select circle? When did ever a government take from the few and distribute to the many? Is it not always the select circle that gets the pudding, and is it not always the multitude that suffers?

Again, does the government always act in the interest of the right one? What good reason can there be, so long as the government is going to interfere at all, why it should not protect the great American consumer instead of the insignificant American manufacturer? Why should not the government present a bounty to every workman that buys a foreign article, instead of fining him for doing so? Has not the government all along been making a mistake about this matter, and been meddling with the private affairs of the wrong people?

Tom is a farmer, and Dick works in an implement factory. Dick wants Tom to go on paying double price for his implements, and Dick expects to get some of the swag that is taken from Tom, (albeit he never gets it). Now what is Tom to think of Dick's motives?

At the big tariff tax banquet in New York the other day, it is boasted that \$500,000,000 was represented by the men who sat at the tables. A very good object lesson is this. It shows who are the ones that are benefited by government interference in private business affairs, and who are interested in keeping the tariff scheme alive. All the wealth that these men have, was earned by the workmen of this country. The workmen produced the wealth; the capitalists have it now. And the idea of such workmen who commit themselves to the support of the tariff tax scheme is, that if they all chip in and pile up the profits of a few wealthy manufacturers, those manufacturers will use their great wealth as a trust fund to distribute back among the working-

men again in the shape of high wages. Any comment upon this point would be a waste of breath.

B. C. Stickney.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Liquor Traffic as a Cause of Poverty.

THE *Railway Service Gazette* has a well considered article on "One Cause of Poverty," which is the amount of money annually paid to liquor dealers, there being, as the *Gazette* says, one liquor dealer to every 250 inhabitants in the United States, or, one liquor dealer to every fifty families; but, after deducting the families which do not patronize liquor dealers, and those whose patronage amounts to but little, the *Gazette* is of the opinion that sixteen families to a liquor dealer is a fair estimate. These sixteen families, therefore, support one liquor dealer and his family, pay for his liquor and all of his taxes, national and municipal, amounting to an average of \$5,000.00 or \$313.13 to each of the sixteen families. The *Gazette* adds, as follows:

Now we know that this amount properly invested each year, will in fifteen years accumulate a very respectable fortune, large enough at all events to give to a family as sure a guarantee against want as one can have in this world. We hold that with a just and equitable distribution of wealth in this country, no one should suffer, but that on the other hand, all who are willing to labor, even with a small degree of intelligence, should be able to live in comfort; but however unjustly present conditions operate against the poor, we are forced to admit that a cause exists, sufficiently powerful to account for the poverty and suffering of one-third of our population, and that it is within the power of the people to remove this cause if they so will.

Take the *Gazette's* figures and it would appear perfectly rational that the two thirds of the families who do not patronize the liquor dealers, or, who purchase very little of their "goods," could remove the "one cause of poverty," to say nothing of the wretchedness and crime associated with it. Why don't they do it? Every word uttered by the *Gazette* is supported by cold, cruel, crushing facts. Why don't the two thirds, or, say three-fifths change constitutions and laws and thereby arrest and roll back the tidal wave of poverty, degradation and crime?

Ours is the highest known Christian civilization; our civilization is in its noontide glory. We have the great civilizing forces, the press, the school and the church. Here, where we boast of institutions superior to any other nation, how does it happen that the oceans, lakes, rivers, bays and inlets of liquor, are deeper than in any other country under the bending heavens? Who answers the questions? Who attempts to solve the knotty problems? Two or three states have said, we want no revenues from liquor; they

have said liquor dealers force upon the state poverty, degradation, crime and all the legion of ills which transforms earth into a miniature hell. And such states are held up to ceaseless ridicule, and those who labor and lecture and write and vote for prohibition are pronounced fanatics, and all their theories visionary. "Liquor dealers pay revenues," say the astute financiers, not only to states and cities but they also replenish the national treasury. "True," say they, "liquor dealers create poverty, degradation and crime; there is a ceaseless procession on the road to penitentiaries; but we are making penitentiaries pay a profit, and revenues are derived from crime." The plea is set up, that the cash received for licenses and fines, goes to increase the school fund, and hence, liquor dealing is not an unmixed evil; it has its bright side—besides, in the land of the free and home of the brave, there is an inalienable right to sell liquor, to drink liquor, to be poor, to be degraded, to be idiotic and insane, such things being in the line of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The church, nominally, is opposed to the retail liquor dealer, while the wholesale merchant is not tabooed; and a church member is not "labored with," provided, he does not exceed his carrying capacity and is able to say "truly rural" without mushy articulation.

It is "within the power of the people to remove the cause of poverty" as indicated by the *Gazette*. Why don't they do it? Is it a question of education? If so, one saloon, one liquor dealer, can issue more diplomas and show more graduates, in the line of consumers, than any half dozen churches can show of total abstainers, for most of the latter will take a little "for the stomach's sake."

The people could, if they would, inaugurate many needed reforms, and it is to be hoped that this will be done eventually. It is to be hoped that workingmen in the not distant future, will break party fetters, and defying the party lash, will vote solidly against the world, the flesh and the devil, and for men, who representing honor, right, justice, equity and things of "good report," will inaugurate needed reforms. Till then, let "the line upon line and precept upon precept" business go forward; let liquor dealers, plutocrats, trusts, syndicates, the whole brood of labor oppressors and impoverishers receive merited maledictions. Let every lodge room become a school room, and every member of a labor organization become a student of questions bearing upon the welfare of labor, and the time will come when the jubile song of emancipation will be heard from the centre to the circumference of a land redeemed by the fiat of the people.

F. R. Dana.

THE SPIDERS AND THE FLIES.

No doubt, my dearest readers,
A story you have read,
How a wily spider asked a fly
To sleep upon his bed,
And view his fine collections,
And dine off golden plate,
But the fly had "recollections"
Of this millionaire magnate.

The spiders are not all dead yet,
Nor are the silly (?) flies.
But spiders now do federate:
So should the worthless (?) flies.
Speechifying and conventions,
Are all well in their line,
But the genuine sort of acting,
Will beat it every time.

And now comes Austin Corbin,
The biggest spider of all—
A regular tarantula,
Who ain't afraid of brawls.
He don't use "idle, flattering words,"
But just lays down his law:
"I want your coats kept buttoned up,
And smooth, clean-shaven jaw."

The flies, of course, objected,
But it was no earthly use,
Corbin don't propose to "chaw terbacker
And expectorate the juice."
But in consideration
Of their children's "daily bread,"
They must submit to "seridom,"
And by the nose be led.

What's this?—'tis an order
From the N. Y. C. and H. I.:
"All who belong to Knights of Labor,
(an' their walking-tickets take,
For we propose to run this ranch.
Although you federate
You are not quite strong enough
To force our golden gate."

Depew talked with Walter Webb,
In a little corner sly,
And they fixed their plans up nicely
To dine upon the flies.
And did you never notice,
That spiders sup on bugs?
If they can't catch enough themselves
They hire Pinkerton thugs.

Like any other spiders,
They have their little Webbs,
But the flies will pit against them
Their own E. V. Debs.
I often, often wonder
What became of those men
That Corbin told: "We've got you
Where Kelsev had the hen."

And now, one of the Vanderbilts,
Did wish to make a speech;
He would not work so much himself,
And Depew was over-reached.
What with "railroad federation,"
And managing all and every one,
For once he wished, like "Daddy Gould,"
He had a grown-up son.

So he stepped into the office,
And telegraphed to-wit:
"The year of eighteen-ninety-one,
To Abram S. Hewitt:
Come hither, hither, dear old pard,
And bring those 'charts' along,
For you must make a 'labor speech,'
And give it to 'em strong."

I've heard he did his very best—
That's all an ox could do;
And that his speech pleased all the rest,
And satisfied Depew.
But I haven't the opinion
Of "the struggling mass below,"
And if you chance to find it out,
Will you please to let me know?

GOODLAND, KAS.

Phillips.

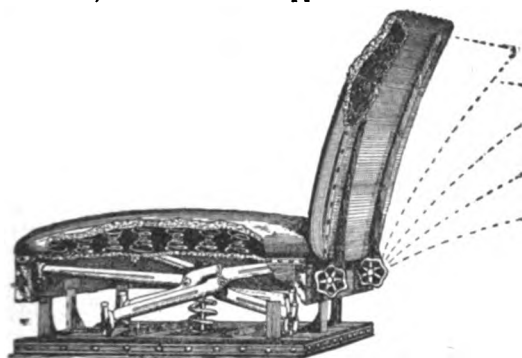
MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month.

A New Cab Seat.

The spring cab seat of Messrs. Stannard & White, a cut of which appears below, is



in the nature of a boon to locomotive engineers and firemen, and promises to supplant all other seats hitherto used. Those who have used the Stannard & White seat claim that it is free from the defects generally complained of, and that for comfort, convenience and durability it cannot be excelled. The *Locomotive Engineer* bears testimony to the advantages of this seat as follows:

The contrivances that men rig up for themselves to take some of the jar off their backs on hard riding engines are a little better than the solid boxes and petrified cushions usually furnished with the engines. The constant jar and jolt is what tires men out, weakens their backs, and encourages kidney trouble. In all spring seats we have ever had the opportunity to try or inspect, this trouble was, we firmly believe, aggravated instead of remedied. The reason for this was that every move made by the runner threw his weight upon one side, the front or the back of the seat; this put the seat on an angle, his weight being borne by one or two springs, and to maintain the position the muscles of the back were severely strained. Great care had to be taken to get "balanced," and more care to keep so. They were ungainly, especially in a drop seat form, and were made very uncomfortable by the breaking of one spring.

The seat here illustrated is the invention of a practical engineer, and has advantages over anything of the kind we have yet seen.

There is but one main spring; the cushion is full of small springs to make the seat soft, but the weight of the seat and the occupant is taken by the large central spring; the equalizing levers are hung from the seat corners to the base, being hung at the centers to the top of spring as shown, making a perfect platform spring seat. The entire weight can be placed on one corner or out of the center, yet the seat goes down level and level only.

There is no forward and backward jerk that is so tiring. The platform system of springs takes up all the side thrusts as well as the jumping motion.

The back is adjustable to any angle or can be instantly let down level with the seat where used on a "drop" seat. This back being fast to the seat, moves with it, and does not come and go like the old-fashioned back cushion that is fast to the cab with a spring seat under it.

The makers of this seat, Stannard & White, Appleton, Wis., are both engineers. They have named it the "Brotherhood" seat, and have been selling them for some time; they are extra well made and upholstered in leather, this is durable, and does not burn or hold moisture or dust, as plush does.

One of these seats has been placed in the Grand Lodge office so that visiting members and others interested in that line of devices may have an opportunity of examining its merits. The seat needs only to be seen to demonstrate its superiority over all others. The inventors, both of whom are members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, have devoted considerable time to perfecting the device, and we speak within the bounds when we say that they have achieved success. Circulars and testimonials will be forwarded on application to Stannard & White, Appleton, Wis. The *Magazine* bespeaks for this useful device a large demand and ready sale.

Current Notes and Comments.

The debt-repudiating teachings of the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance are beginning to bring their natural results. In Jewell county, Kansas, on Sunday night last a mob of 30 or 40 masked men drove off from a farm in Washington township a tenant representing the owner of the property who had purchased it under foreclosure of a mortgage. The original owner borrowed money which a young woman had earned in teaching school and gave security on his farm. He failed to pay the notes and his place was sold by the sheriff and a tenant put in possession. The mob commanded the latter to leave, under penalty of having his dead body carted away, and having thus ejected him they placed the former owner in possession. This outrageous proceeding illustrates the utterly unreasonable feeling which the radical Farmers' Alliance men hold against what they term "capital," that is, money belonging to anybody else but themselves. In their view capital represented in the form of railways, although it is engaged in the beneficial work of furnishing transportation and building up the country, or represented in the form of money loaned to farmers for their own purposes, is not entitled to protection by the laws, and the persons who represent capital in this form are looked upon as public enemies and criminals. Even a poor school ma'am who has saved up a few hundred dollars from her scanty wages becomes a "capitalist" and a "monopolist," the moment that she loans it at current rates of interest, and the "honest" farmers of the alliance gather a mob to take away her capital and turn it over to another. It is madness such as this, represented not only by farmers' organizations but by legislators, and even by some congressmen and United States senators, against which railway companies are now obliged to struggle in order to escape the confiscation or destruction of the properties which they represent.—*Railway Age*.

Is there any good reason why the farmer should enjoy any greater protection from the government under which he lives than any other citizen? Should not all be equal-

ly entitled to protection of their savings which in order to benefit the country must become investments? What lesson does the Blessed Lord teach in the parable of the talents which he entrusted to his servants, and what a rebuke he gives to the unfaithful one, because he had not loaned out his talent and got interest on it. Interest and usury are distinct words in the gospel and should not be confounded. Interest is a fair return for the use of money, and without it there would be no progress in the world. Usury is an unfair advantage taken of the necessities of the borrower and usually brings disaster to all parties. It is a promising sign of improvement in this respect that nearly all States impose penalties more or less severe on usury and that public opinion is strongly set against the practice, but if the farmers are to resort to open robbery as in the above instance, they will start a "boomerang" to their own injury.

Not Happy Yet. Your answer to Question No. 32, in April issue, does not suit me. An engine is pulling twenty-five loads. She breaks off live and runs ahead with them. The throttle or lever not being touched, yet the exhaust is easier and lighter. You say the exhausts take place closer together. Why should they take place closer together when valve has same travel as it did before train broke? You say that after the engine has gained speed there is not the time for the cylinders to fill with steam that there is when moving slowly and cutting off so late in the stroke.

Remember that the steam is being cut off at the same point of stroke: it is not earlier or later. Cylinders getting half of the boiler pressure, and ports having the same opening, I thought that steam was quick enough to fill the cylinders.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Walter Hamblin.

[The point of cut-off has nothing to do with the exhausts taking place closer together—it is the speed that fixes that. There are four exhausts to every revolution, and the engine may make one or one hundred revolutions in a minute. In this case she commences to increase speed the moment she breaks away from her train. Steam is quick enough to enter the ports at almost any speed, but at higher speed cannot fill them with so much pressure, because it does not have time.]—*Locomotive Engineer.*

Points on valve motion, which ought to make the thing a good deal easier to understand, if the least trouble is taken to get the sense of the matter.

Machine Writing. Writing by machinery has now come to be almost the universal practice in the business world, and the click of the typewriter is heard in nearly every business office. A different class of work, however, is that of authors and others who themselves operate the machine to put their thoughts upon paper, and it has been thought by many that it would not be adapted to this work, for the reason that the attention necessary to be given to the machine would interfere with the uninterrupted thinking necessary to do such work. Experience is proving, however, that this difficulty exists only in the imagination, and some of the best writers of the day, including Mr. Howells, Frank Stockton, Robert J. Burdette and Margaret Deland, are said to regularly write their copy on the machine, some of them declaring that the click of the keys seems to make their thoughts flow more freely. And after all there should be little surprise at this. The key-board of a typewriter soon becomes as familiar to the op-

erator as the keys of a piano to the musician, and after that the making of letters by striking the keys is really a more simple matter than by making them with the pen, for with the machine precisely the same motion is required for each letter, and they are made without the necessity for thinking of the means by which they are made. A number of our correspondents send in typewritten manuscripts and a constantly increasing proportion of the matter appearing in this paper is written by machinery.—*American Machinist.*

No doubt the type setters in the printing office are rejoicing over this fact, for it must be very difficult for them to follow the crooked ideas of many writers, as they are often expressed in very crooked letters, besides.

The unanimous reflection of all the directors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad at the stockholders' meeting this week indicates that the proprietors are well satisfied with the management and do not hold it responsible for the large falling off in earnings which this road, in common with many others, has of late recorded. The decrease was plainly due to the partial failure of the crops last year throughout a large region west of the Missouri river, but the crop prospects are now very encouraging, and if legislation and competition do not cut down the rates still further there is reason to hope that the losses of recent years will be in part made good.—*Railway Age.*

Did all western roads suffer to an equal extent? Let the following paragraph from the same paper answer and fix the time when the road began to depreciate:

The directors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy company have declared a 1 per cent. quarterly dividend, which seems to have become the established rate for the present year. Four percent. per annum, however, shows a sad decline from the rates of 10, 9 or 8 per cent., which were the regular divisions for many years until 1888, when the dividend was suddenly dropped to 5, descending in the following year to 4 per cent.

A Headlight Would Have Told Them.

In his report to the English Board of Trade on the collision which occurred on January 3d, at 12:49 P. M., at St. John's Wood road station, Metropolitan Railway, Major General Hutchinson says: "This very extraordinary collision was caused by an engine and brake van running backwards for at least 600 yards, down a steep incline of 1 in 60, in the tunnel between St. John's Wood road and Marlborough road stations, the driver, fireman, and guard being all under the impression that they were running forwards until they had again reached the mouth of the tunnel—which they had entered about four minutes previously—too late to prevent the van from coming into collision, at a speed of five or six miles an hour, with the engine of a passenger train which was pulling up at St. John's Wood road station rather short of its regular stopping-place, the driver having noticed through the fog the brake van running back towards his engine. Charlton and the fireman were then both intently looking out for the home signal 231 yards beyond the distant signal; Charlton giving the engine sufficient steam to keep it, as he thought, in forward motion, the reversing lever being in the second forward notch from mid-gear. Instead, however, of seeing the home signal, the engine must have first stopped and then gone backwards without either of them being in the least aware of it, and they were quite unconscious of what had taken place until the daylight at the St. John's Wood road end of the tunnel made them realize what had really happened. Charlton gave his evidence in a very truthful manner, and, extraordinary as it seems, that he should not have noticed the stoppage of his engine before it began to go back, there is no good

reason to disbelieve his statement or that of his fireman, which is much to the same effect as his own. The brakeman in the van had felt the engine stop, but had then thought that they had again gone forward, and was only aware of the retrograde motion when his brake van came to the St. John's road end of the tunnel, too late for him to apply his brake. That the train should have run back down an incline for 400 yards, and that the driver, fireman and guard, all careful men, should have all been under the impression that it was running forward seems almost incredible; but there is every reason to believe the truthfulness of their evidence. Some means will have to be adopted to prevent similar accidents in future: a powerful lamp, throwing a strong light on the near wall of the tunnel, would, we think, answer the purpose, and would have the recommendation of not being expensive.—*Railway Herald* (London).

Perhaps these men who honestly thought that they were going ahead when they were going backward, furnishes a clue to the reason some men think that their engine is slipping ahead when she is really slipping back or holding her wheels still.—*Locomotive Engineer*.

At the risk of adding another guess, let us say that the story they told seemed to be the best one they could get up to suit the case. It only too often happens in railroad life that one set of men will get up a story to suit their side of the case, and make the other side out as liars, when if the truth were known it would prove the first party as the "boss" prevaricators. Thus in an instance of a tail-end collision of which we have heard, all on the rear train saw that the head train was backing up, yet those on the head train, in order to cover the fact that they had crossed the frog to enter a piece of single track, in the face of a first-class train, told the story that they were moving ahead, and having got a chance to tell it first they stuck to it with a persistency worthy of a better cause, and threw the blame on the rear crew. But such seems to be the weakness of human nature: "Only let me get out of the hole; I don't care who stays in."

The Latest in Composite Photography.

Angus Sinclair recently took a brand new Kodak camera on a trip through the South. He religiously "took a shot" at almost everything he saw. Angus knew enough to take off the cap, but he read the legend, "You press the button, we do the rest," and translated it literally. He "pressed the button" some seventy-five times, but did not turn the key that moves the film along. The result is that the photo is of a combination order—sort of scrambled view—with a frog-pond from behind Knoxville lying on the side of one of the seven hills of Richmond, an East Tennessee compound going up a Chattanooga church spire, a magnolia tree growing out of the back of an Atlanta razor-backed hog, and a four-year-old pickaninny calmly holding Lookout Mountain in his hand.—*Locomotive Engineer*.

It does seem as if friend Hill had some sort of malicious pleasure in letting the world know of all the misfortunes which come to our friend Sinclair. If it is not about firing, it is about a watch, or a "Kodak camera" or something else. Wonder if Hill had a camera with him on his late trip and whether he even "pressed the button?"

Wm. Weiler.

Eccentric vs. Vulcan.

MR. EDITOR:—In deference to the request of "Eccentric" I again take up the three unsettled "problems" about which "Eccentric" and "Vulcan" differ (see *Magazine*, "Vulcan," February, 1891, page 123; "Eccentric," May, 1891, page 416); they are:

First. The question of the movement of the piston-rod and piston-head through the cylinder in one movement, and on the reverse movement the cylinder moves over the piston-head and rod.

Second. The question of what part of a driver, if any, when in contact with the rail, moves faster than any other part, and if so, what part, and how much faster?

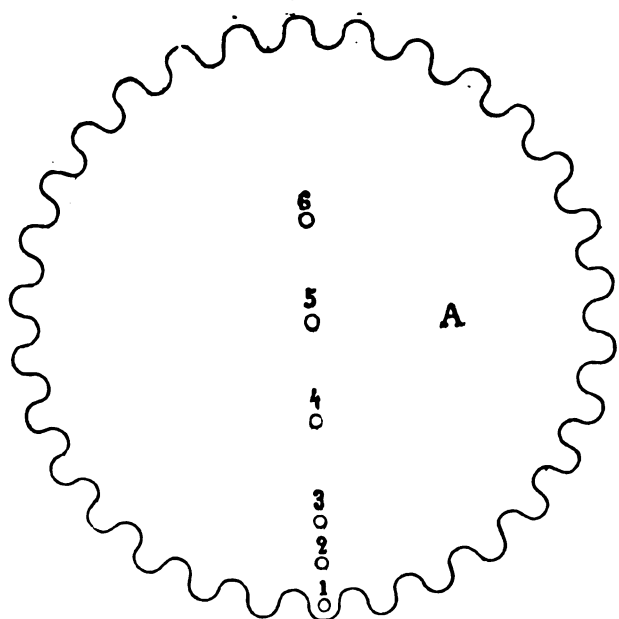
Third. Can or does a single valve operate two cylinders?

In reply to the above, I prefer to answer the third inquiry first, then the second, and then the first, as in the better order, and as in the second, because that must be settled before it is possible to determine the third. I shall answer the third and second in this article and the first in another.

"Vulcan" is referred to *Magazine*, October and November, 1887, for valve information and illustrations, a single valve operates two cylinders.

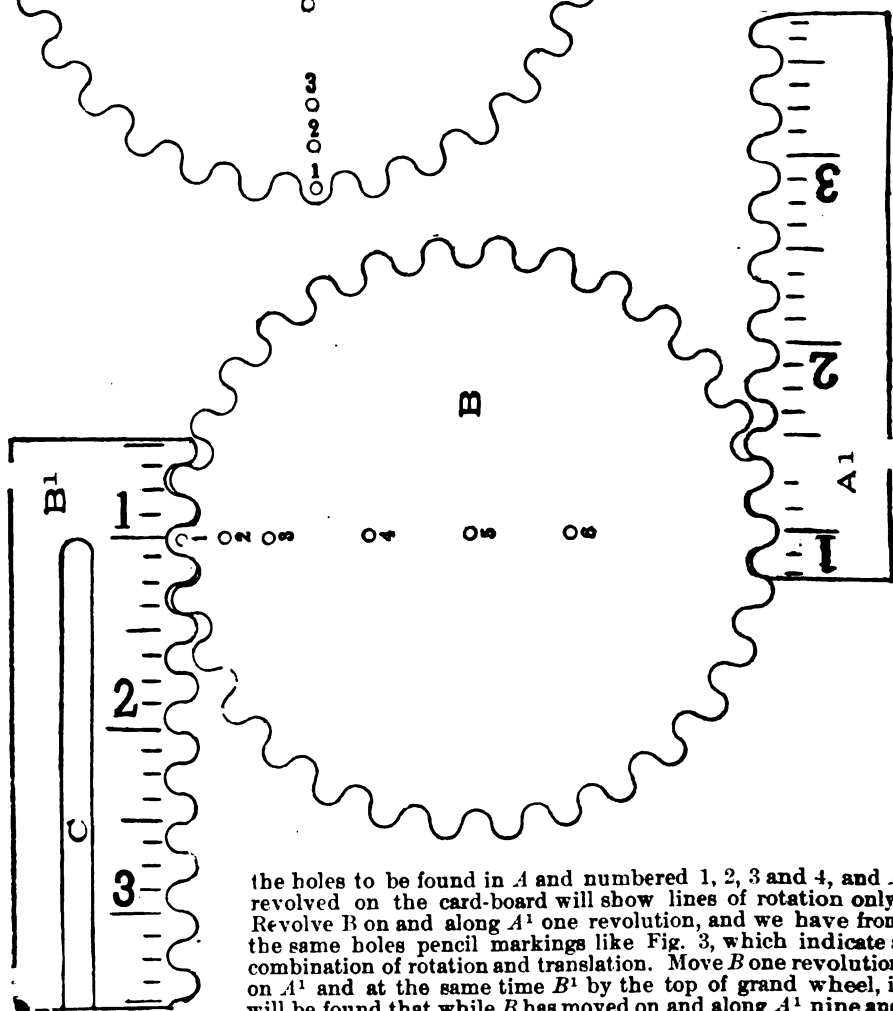
"Eccentric" desires the second of these problems answered for two reasons, "because he is an inquirer after mechanical truths," and also because "before we apply power to a locomotive driver we certainly ought to know how that wheel moves and works." I certainly thought this question had been answered and definitely settled in my article with illustrations, *Magazine*, December 1888, pages 893 and 896 inclusive, entitled "Not Two Times Nothing, but Four Times Something." In that article I made full confession of an error of statement, and substantially established that it was what the title of the article called for. "Eccentric" makes mention of "Vulcan's" "publication in a comic paper" for "Lots of fun." Let him laugh last who wins.

By mail this day I send you for "Vulcan's" use, a table with attachments thereto, which are illustrated in this article. A is the grand wheel of the locomotive puzzle of March, 1886. Also B A ' grand rack-rail. Is A in a plane with rule on which B rotates and is translated along instead of being rotated around and on A ? One-half of this rack-rail A B A ' with rule has been separated from A by a gig-saw, along the teeth of the gear the slot C in B is for the purpose of inserting round-headed screws as guides to B . A may be tacked to the table; screws are better, as they enable one to insert the paper under the rack-rail to make lines thereon corresponding with the various points brought out in this discussion. Holes 1, 2, 3, in B are the maximum, medium and minimum lines of the



counter-balance in a single revolution of the grand wheel *B* on rack-rail *A*¹; 4 is the lower limit of the crank-pin, and 6 its upper, while 5 is the wheel center. These last make lines similar to 1, 2, 3, indicating their movement as in practice on the locomotive on the rail.

"Vulcan" will find the sheet of paper under the teeth of *A*¹ rack-rail, as above described. *A*, the grand wheel, is fastened to the table by a screw in the center, a pencil inserted in each of



the holes to be found in *A* and numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4, and *A* revolved on the card-board will show lines of rotation only. Revolve *B* on and along *A*¹ one revolution, and we have from the same holes pencil markings like Fig. 3, which indicate a combination of rotation and translation. Move *B* one revolution on *A*¹ and at the same time *B*¹ by the top of grand wheel, it will be found that while *B* has moved on and along *A*¹ nine and



one-half ($9\frac{1}{2}$) inches, B' has moved nineteen (19) inches. If "Vulcan" finds this statement true, and proves it so by doing it, then will he not tell how this can be, unless the point of the driver in contact with the rail is at rest, and the top moves at four times the speed of something just above nothing, the point of rest, which point of something cannot be seen or measured? "Vulcan," if this does not answer your doubts, call again, and believe me in truth,

Very Truly yours,

William E. Lockwood.

LOCH AERIE, June 3, 1891.

P. S.—This subject with the same illustrations, differently treated, in answer to the inquiries of "Cross-Head," will be found in the Technical Department of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* for July, 1891.

Surprising Admissions Concerning American Engines.

We do not know what is done in England to people who blurt out facts—as they call them—upon subjects which should be either ignored wholly, or else so stated as to convey a double meaning, one of which meanings could be selected, according to the reader's whim or fancy. If anything at all out of the ordinary is done to persons who tell tales out of school, the Duke of Marlborough is going to have an unpleasant time, for he has just asserted in the *Fortnightly Review* that

English railways are toy systems, and our rolling stock are toy freight carriers, compared with the trains that run all over America. We may take it as a rough statement of general average that railway freights and fares for goods and passengers in the United States, notwithstanding that wages are more than double in America, is one-third of what it is in Great Britain.

It is useless to apply for a patent on this statement, because it has been in public use in this country for more than two years. More than ten years we might say, but for casual reading and as voluntary evidence from the other side, it is interesting. That is to say, it is interesting to American readers but exasperating to English. We have of late been of several minds regarding American railway practice, for, whereas aforesaid we had reasons for believing that it was in all respects up to good modern practice, so much has been dinned into us by foreign papers concerning the inferiority of American engines that we did not know what to think. To be sure, the Duke of Marlborough is not a professional engineer,

and his opinions on such matters may be in a certain way superficial, but he is nearer right in his assertions as to our superiority than English professional engineers are concerning our inferiority. We do not know what Englishmen are coming to. A new generation seems to have arisen, which sees things in a different light from that in which their grandfathers viewed American engineering. What with Lieut. Col. Hope of the British Army saying that we make the best guns in the world, Mr. Biles, Naval Architect, of Great Britain, alleging that our new navy is ahead of all other nations, and now the Duke of Marlborough giving it to us straight, as one may say, on American railways, we feel as though we could hold up our heads after all, and be proud to say that we are Americans.—*Engineer*.

A RAILWAY across the ocean will be the next enterprise for modern genius to undertake. A French engineer some years ago wrote a paper in which he assumed that at a depth of say 600 feet the water in the ocean is of such density that it will sustain any object which can possibly be placed upon it, and then proceeded to propose the construction of a railway across the Atlantic by sinking a continuous line of iron tubes in which a double track could be laid for the running of trains from continent to continent. The only objection that the inventor saw was the danger of suffocation from the smoke of the engines, but as the electric motor has now taken away that difficulty it would seem to be in order for some modern inventor to carry out this brave idea to a practical conclusion.

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, room 26, Atlantic building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of June, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone; viz:

Railway switch, C. H. White.
Gate for crossings, E. Ridge.
Car spring, A. Middleton, Jr.
Car ventilating apparatus, H. A. Gouge.
Railroad track, H. A. Corbin.
Detonating signal, O. F. Winchester.
Car spring, R. S. Manning.
Coupling for vacuum pipes, E. W. King.
Car brake, J. A. Collins.
Railroad spike, C. Fisher.
Car seat arm, W. J. Calais.
Grain car door, G. F. Cluff.
Car axle lubricator, J. Whitaker.
Excluding cinders and light from cars, W. H. Fletcher.
Car wheel, G. W. Nuttmore.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

A PURELY DOMESTIC CHAPTER.

With the heat of summer upon us, the leading question is how to keep comfortable. For men who must go each day to the endless round of toil the question is not easily answered, and yet it may be practically demonstrated that we do not suffer as much from the heat to keep quietly about our regular business without a moment's time to think about it, as we do to sit around and watch the thermometer and speculate on the weather and try to keep cool. In this season, as in all others, most of the comfort of the household depends upon the wife, provided of course that the husband is able to furnish the necessary means. In hot weather the housekeeper should rise early, even though the temptation for sleep be strong. Take the nap in the middle of the day but get the work out of the way in "the cool of the morning." Where by any kind of economy it can be afforded, the mother of a family of children should have some one to assist her with the work. For one woman to do the washing, ironing, cooking, sewing and nursing is too great a tax and it should not be required except in cases of extreme poverty. Husband and wife will find upon consultation that by self-denial in certain directions, they can save the few dollars necessary for hired help and it will be a good investment. Where it is impossible to keep a "girl" all the time, secure some one to come in several times a week and give a lift to the washing, ironing, scrubbing and heavy work. Men do not try to do a dozen different kinds of work at the same time. If they were compelled to keep house, with all its numerous demands, they would very soon systemize it and have a "helper" for certain of the duties. If they would insist upon their wives following this plan, they would find domestic affairs would move much more smoothly, and the wives, having less care and weariness, would be much pleasanter and more companionable.

The man who provides well for his family and does not distress them by bad habits, deserves a comfortable and cheerful home.

He has a right to expect the house to be in order, things in their proper place and his meals well-cooked and on time. It is the greatest mistake that can be made in a household to have irregular meals. It interferes with the arrangements of the entire family and is one of the most irritating things a man has to contend with. It should be the inflexible rule to have the meals on time though the heavens fall. When the man comes home let there be some quiet spot in the house where he can take his rest. The wife may be hot and tired from preparing the meal, but it does not make it any easier for her to have the husband uncomfortable also. If he has provided the home to the best of his ability, he is entitled to as much comfort as it can possibly afford. Have a change of clothes ready for him, clean and mended. There are, of course, exceptions to all rules. Sickness, a number of children, insufficient help, make it impossible for a wife to fulfill every duty, but unless other demands are too heavy, a husband has a right to expect that his clothes shall be kept mended, and it must be admitted that missing buttons and socks full of holes are a proof of the wife's inefficiency. No amount of skill at fancy work or of literary ability or of social graces can atone for neglect of this important feature. The only sure plan is never to put away a garment that needs mending. Have a capacious basket or box and keep it well supplied with thread, buttons, darning cotton, etc. Into this put every article that needs a stitch, and then, when a spare moment offers, you have everything at hand. When a neighbor comes in for a call or you sit down for a chat with your husband, you can sew while you talk and in this way keep the mending up and hardly know when you do it; but if an article is put away unmended, it is sure to be forgotten until it is taken out to be worn.

Every girl should be taught to cook before marriage but sometimes this is not practicable. She may not have a mother or any one to teach her, she may be married right out of the school room, or she may have had to earn her living in some employment which made it impossible for her to give any time to house-work. This is unfortunate as she will have to spoil some good material and will make many absurd blunders, but they will be made at a time when love excuses all things and even poor food is palatable because sweetened by affection. Some of the best cooks and housekeepers that we know, had never prepared a meal and knew nothing of domestic life before marriage. The ignorant young wife must at once set herself diligently to work to master the household arts, by means of cook books, by experimenting and by consulting her married friends. She must not

for a moment imagine that she will be a satisfactory helpmate or make her husband happy and comfortable in all the years to come if she cannot serve a well-cooked meal. This is not romantic but it is true. Our capacity for good work, our disposition and our enjoyment of life depend upon the condition of our stomach, and this rule applies to women as well as men. A woman cannot have an accomplishment in the world that gives as much pride and pleasure to her husband as that of being a skilled cook. Her capacity as a housekeeper is of as much value in their little world of domestic economy as his ability to make a good living. In this age of woman's progress, of her advancement in all departments of the world's great work, the homely arts of the household are apt to be under-rated. They are just as important now as they were ages ago and will be ages hence, and the woman who assumes the responsibilities of a wife must not ignore them or give them indifferent attention. It is not necessary that she should bestow upon them her whole time and powers, but other things should be considered secondary and housekeeping her chosen profession.

And now, coming back to our starting point, make the summer as pleasant as possible by admitting only the morning and evening air into the house, shutting out the heat and dust of the midday, and screening the windows from flies and insects. Get a little nap after dinner if possible. Prepare one cold meal during the day. Make a fresh toilet for the evening, no matter how simple. Keep the children as clean and quiet as you are able. Preserve your equilibrium of temper, no matter how great the effort. Have the home comfortable for the husband whether he does his part or not. "Two wrongs do not make one right." Do not get discouraged if your efforts are not appreciated. Perhaps after awhile husbands may realize how happy they might make the home circle by a little effort and self sacrifice. Some of them do, and there is no grander man on earth than a thoroughly kind, conscientious and devoted husband. It was the original design that every home should be a paradise, and let us hope that eventually all shall return to their first and best estate.

WE receive letters every month from impatient writers asking why their communications have not appeared, sometimes only a few weeks after they were written. We have frequently stated that the matter for the *Magazine* is prepared two months ahead of its publication. You will notice that the letters in this July number are dated May. Very few contributions are rejected and a point is often strained to accommodate the

writer. Other things have to be considered besides literary merit. One object of the *Magazine* is to create a fraternal feeling and bring the members of the order and their families into closer communication. This is largely accomplished by means of these letters and, for that reason, we use all which can possibly be made available. Only those are rejected which are (1) utterly illegible, (2) personal or abusive, (3) of an extremely trifling and worthless character. Our correspondents owe it to the *Magazine* and to one another to take pains with their letters and make them of interest and value. That there has been a remarkable improvement in this respect we believe will be attested by all who have been constant readers for a number of years.

WE shall be glad of any suggestions from our correspondents pertinent to the summer season, in regard to the arrangement of houses, management of children, preparation of special dishes or methods of recreation. Send us ideas that will be available for late summer and early fall, before the frosts come or the leaves begin to turn.

WE will have to repeat once more that the views expressed by our correspondents are their own individual opinions and of course must be expected to present every shade and variety of religion, politics and ideas upon general topics. As all have the same rights in this respect, there is no occasion for any one to be offended.

THE *Railway Service Gazette*, in a highly eulogistic editorial, nominates our Eugene V. Debs for the next President of the United States. The Woman's Department seconds the nomination and casts its vote as a unit in the affirmative.

M. B. S., of Fayetteville, Tenn., writes enthusiastically of a fireman who sends her the *Magazine*. She says he "comes every night with a sweet smile on his face and looks like an angel when he steps in at the door."

WE regret very much that the request of T. A. O., Chicago, was received too late to be complied with. The *Magazine* was almost ready for mailing. Send us another letter on some seasonable topic.

"BEULAH," from Colmesneil, Texas, writes very kindly of Red River Lodge, at Denison, in which she has a friend who sends her the *Magazine*.

THE editor-in-chief will open his eyes when over fifty letters for the Woman's Department come in upon him this month, and he will say, "Well, if this keeps up we will have to enlarge the *Magazine*." But the hot weather will make our correspondents disinclined to write and we shall have a chance to "catch up" with all of our unpublished letters.

MONTPELIER, IDAHO, May 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Noticing a letter in the May number from a "Fireman's Schoolmarm", I cannot withhold the opportunity of a few words in reply. First she says she sometimes feels like breaking some of the laws made by man. She cannot show a single passage in the sacred book from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelations that women should not obey the laws of man. I do not think there is a sound minded man between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts but would command his wife to vote as he did even if she had the opportunity, and the Bible plainly says: Wives obey your husbands. Again she says she would be more capable of understanding the Mills and McKinley bills than some of our politicians. She would better be trying to understand how to diminish a meat and grocery bill if she contemplates marrying a fireman.

The idea of a woman returning from an election in a reasonable time when a man cannot. That is an absurdity and an outrage on the male sex.

I admit that women are abused a great deal by men which ought not to be tolerated, for this world would be dull enough without their pretty dresses and fair faces. Women at all times ought to dress prettily. How they brighten up every place they come into! What a sunny commotion they make in our dingy bachelor departments; and what a delightful sensation their ribbons and laces, gloves and hats create! They seem as if a wandering rainbow had dropped in to pay us a visit. It is one of the chief charms of the summer, the way our pretty maids come out in their colors. I like to see the pink and blue and white gliding along the street and flashing back the sunlight (you can see the bright colors such a long ways off). It is so nice to see the darlings a long ways off (especially if it happens to be your wife and mother-in-law). Nearly all the correspondents say for the men to try to please their wives but never tell how to please them. I presume the best way to please them is to have a row with them every now and then. It must be heart breaking after a woman has worked herself up into a fury and then just as she is expecting a vigorous set to all her plans are spoiled by the humility of her husband. Fancy a married woman having to live from day to day without a single quarrel with her husband! A man ought to humor his wife in these things (which no doubt a great many of them do). Their lives are dull enough poor things! They have none of the enjoyments we have. They go to no political meetings, as you can see by "Schoolmarm's" letter they would like to do. Surely with such a dreary blank as this for them, you can provide a little row for their amusement, even if you do not feel inclined for it yourselves. A really sensible man does so and is loved accordingly for his kindness. Such things as these go straight to a woman's heart. It is such love as this that causes her to tell her friends what a good husband you are—after you are dead. A sensible woman wants a husband that can do an errand without using his own judgment about it, or who can hold a child right way up and not be objectionable when there is cold soup for dinner. So all you young men that want to get married govern yourselves accordingly.

Many thanks to the editor for the prescription of liver pads and soothing syrup, but I would have preferred arnica to soothing syrup the morning the *Magazine* reached the Cottage Hotel, and I have

almost come to the conclusion a dose of rough on rats would be a balm to my soul.
Success to the B. of L. F. and the *Magazine*.

W. B. R.

[If Mr. Richmond insists upon bringing his prize ring methods into the peaceful circle of the Woman's Department, he must take his punishment. Women cannot fight with their fists but they are keen with the tongue and pen. "Kicker" was annihilated from the face of the earth, and Shandy Maguire has learned to take off his hat and come in with his best bow and most engaging smile.—Ed.]

ELMIRA, NEW YORK, May 20, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

It has been now almost a year since I first thought I would like to have a chat with the editor and every time I would get ready to write my courage would be gone.

We are having very strange weather for this time of year, very cold with heavy frosts. Last week it was said to have frozen ice an inch thick. Our garden don't make much progress. First it is not very much to call a garden, only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ rods square. Our neighbors all laughed when we spoke of making garden but we went right ahead, my husband dug it and got it ready, then I got the seeds and we planted it together. Now we have lettuce, onions, radishes, potatoes, beets, peas and beans and a space for tomato plants all in that small spot, not very much of any one kind but plenty for us, as there are just hubby and myself. How much better it will taste than the old trash you get from the grocery, besides all it will cost is a little labor. Some people would rather be out visiting their neighbors or reading a novel than be helping hubby get something to eat, but I don't belong to that class. I was raised on a farm near Altoona, Pa., and the oldest of a family of twelve, consequently I know what work is and how to do it. I am a great lover of flowers, have over sixty plants. I think there is nothing helps to make a home so cheerful as nice flowers. I have cleaned house and put them out on my back porch, but the fun is to carry them in and out every night and morning to keep them from freezing. My husband belongs to the B. of L. F., but that is about all I can say, as I never was much in love with, or knew anything about railroading until since I am married, and I still think it is a very hard, besides so dangerous a way to make a living. I worry from the time my husband leaves home until I hear his whistle next night. He fires on the western end of the D. L. & W. road, from Elmira to Buffalo and return. He has a regular run, so I can always have his supper ready for him, but if I don't there are never any black looks or cross words. The days he is out I do most of my work, such as washing, ironing, sweeping and baking, and when he is home we work together, as I have a husband that can sew, cook, wash dishes, sweep and do most any kind of work, especially to help me. He never goes out without asking me to go along, unless it is to the roundhouse. He earns the money and we spend it together. We never keep secrets from each other and I think that helps to account for our happiness. We don't put all he makes on our back but have a nice little house furnished as nicely as any one would want to see, besides we are trying to get a home for ourselves. I don't believe in paying out all you have for rent. If we are young yet I want my own home. We started in very narrow circumstances when we went to housekeeping. We just furnished three rooms down stairs, now the whole house is in order.

Some of the ladies would like some recipes for cooking, also for yeast bread. For my part that never bothers me just so I have plenty on hands to cook.

This is the way I make my yeast bread and it is lovely. I take one good size potato, boil in about

one quart water, put through a sieve, adding a little cold water, so as not to scald the flour, then stir into a sponge with flour, stirring until it bubbles before putting in the yeast. You can use any kind of yeast but I prefer soft, which I make myself or get from a neighbor, who makes it for sale. If your yeast is good after rising six hours or over night it will be ready to knead hard. Don't be afraid of kneading it too much or too long and not less than one hour. Let rise a second time, when it will be ready for the pans. Knead into pans and let rise, then it will be ready for the oven, when light the third time. Don't have your oven too hot and bake to a light or dark brown, just as you prefer, one hour. You may think it is a good deal of work but good bread pays for itself after all. Here is a nice way to cook potatoes: Wash clean and pare $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen potatoes, grease a pudding dish or sauce pan well and slice thinly one layer of potatoes, sprinkle a layer of flour and a little pepper and salt, then put little bits of butter over the layer, then another layer of potatoes, so on until your basin is full, then pour over sweet milk enough to cover all and set in a moderate oven and bake one hour. Tomatoes and onions can be served the same way, only using bread crumbs instead of flour for tomatoes. You will find them all very nice dishes for tea. I wonder how many of our correspondents are going to prayer meeting this evening? Oh! that we all endeavored to live nearer to God each day of our lives. I have said more than I intended to and as this is my first I will close.

With best wishes and earnest prayers for all the brave railroad boys and success to the *Magazine*.

Mrs. W. W. Weaver.

[It is a great pleasure to receive so helpful a letter as this. Let us hear from you again.—Ed.]

POCAHONTAS, May, 16, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I am a faithful reader of your valuable *Magazine* and have a dear brother who is a fire boy and belongs to Bluestone Lodge, No. 416, I thought I would call a little while. I see so much said about managing husbands I almost afraid to say anything about that. But true marriage is the result of years of mutual endeavor to please and comes of patient efforts to learn each other's disposition and taste. This can be done by all who cherish right views of the duties and pleasures of the marriage relation. I exhort you who are a husband to love your wife, even as you love yourself, continue through life the same manly tenderness that in youth gained her affections. Reflect that though her bodily charms may not now be so great as then, yet that habit and a thousand acts of kindness have strengthened your mutual friendship. Devote yourself to her, and after the hours of business let the pleasures which you most highly prize be found in her society. The true wife wishes to feel sure that she is precious in her husband's eyes. Let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; her approval be sought and her judgement respected; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage law and she will be to her husband a well-spring of pleasure. I also think the wife should be gentle and considerate. Let the influence which you possess over him arise from the mildness of your manner and the discretion of your conduct, whilst you are careful in adorning your person with nice and clean apparel; for no woman can long preserve affection if she is negligent on this point. Be still more attentive in ornamenting your mind with meekness and peace. With cheerfulness and good humor lighten the cares and chase away the vexations to which he is inevitably exposed in his commerce with the world by rendering all in your power his home pleasant. Keep at home, let your employment and pleasure be domestic. I think what a man desires in a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs some one to stand by and sympathize, all through life, through storms and sunshine, let him think upon his duty in return for

this love. You who have taken a wife from a happy home of kindred hearts and kind companionship, have you done what you could to make amends for the loss of these friends and companions? Remember what your wife was when took her, not from compulsion but from your own choice; a choice based on what you then considered her superiority to all others. She was young, perhaps the idol of her happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's cherished her as an object of endearment; yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy and to do all that womanly ingenuity could do to meet your wishes; and to lighten the burdens which might press upon you.

Wives, consult the tastes and disposition of your husbands, and endeavor to give them high and noble thoughts, lofty aims and temporal comforts. Let the husband see that you really have a strong desire to make him happy, and to retain the warmest place in his respect, and to receive the same from him. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his experiences; that there is one heart that never misconstrues him; that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances; and that in all weariness of body and soul there is one warm pillow for his head, through all gladness and sadness as the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of its rhythm whether in storm or shine.

Mary.

[The correspondence on managing husbands is closed but there is so much good in this letter we have made an exception.—Ed.]

CLINTON, IOWA, May 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Two months since, your *Magazine* came to our home for the first time, giving us a glimpse of the departing form of "Managing Business," whose death-warrant appeared in No. 5. I have a very nice receipt for making baker's bread, which I will give through the *Magazine* if any one wishes it. If it will be interesting, or rather, helpful to one or more of our circle, I will tell you also of my way of foot-ing cotton hose. The pattern is a simple one consisting of one piece besides the top. I can take them to the sewing machine and in five minutes have a neatly fitting pair of hose which will not hurt the foot as darned hose sometimes do.

I am in love with "Mary." I endorse what "May Day" says in regard to card playing. There are those who consider their ideas of child-training superior to the wisdom of the Creator on that subject, for they would have the Scripture read, "Train up a child in the way he wishes to go (card playing, etc.) and when he is old he will depart from it" (that which is evil).

Well, Frank Forrester, God's ways are not always like our ideas. He says: "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Does the little ant solve problems in Trigonometry? "Canst thou, by searching, find out God?" I hope I shall be content in the future to work as God's word directs, although I at one time was determined to preach. The pulpit is not the only place in which women may be instrumental in saving souls or making money, but I will admit that it is rapidly becoming a capital position for the latter.

"Clover Leaf," I am glad that your husband has good habits. My husband is a fireman who neither drinks, smokes, chews, nor uses profane language, and best of all for him, he knows that his sins are washed away by the "blood of the Lamb." He knows this because God's word says so. That is the way God says we may know. 1 John V. 11. St. John V. 24. To go back to my subject—my husband is not careless in personal appearance, although we have been married four years. I often wear a five cent calico, but endeavor to keep myself and our five months old baby as neat and sweet as possible. We sometimes are a little worried in household

small affairs, but never quarrel. In fact we are happy in each other's company in our own little world of four rooms. If young people of both sexes would spend one half the time that they now waste in trying to attract each other by seeming exceedingly, fascinatingly, what they are not—if they would spend this time in honest, respectable employment as well as this can be made practicable while gaining an education, there would be a less number of wives sitting with folded hands and empty heads, or "gadding," saying (as I heard a lady say) "my husband has long since ceased to love me." There would also be a few less men in gambling and fire water dens. Girls, don't imagine that men are so angelic that because your life before marriage is devoted to the theme of captivating and capturing a husband at the expense of knowing how to bake and sew—don't think that they will be willing after marriage to devote themselves to carrying worthless wives around on their shoulder. "Alzetta," do you belong to the girls I have just mentioned? Are you worthy of help, attention, caresses? Think more about pleasing others for their highest good and less about being pleased.

One letter mentioned trusting in God. Friends, one and all, if you are resting your soul's eternal welfare on the widely differing ideas of man, stop! If you don't know whether or not your sins are forgiven, find out! People say "I do the best I can." What does God say our best is? "There is no difference, all have sinned," and "all our righteousness (no sins) is filthy rags." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." We are all dead to God as far as our good works are concerned and there is only one way to obtain life. "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." "He that heareth my word and believeth hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." That is God's way of salvation; not a straw more is needful. Not what we think or Mrs. So-and-So says, but what God says is of vast importance to one who must soon appear before God.

Abbie Burch.

CHARTERS, PA., May 4, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

For some time past I have been thinking about writing a short letter to the Woman's Department, but the knowledge of my inability to express my thoughts in such a manner as to be presentable to the public has kept me from it. But what does it matter if there is one piece of paper more or less in the waste basket? This is my consoling thought while I write these few lines.

It is a wet, rainy, disagreeable day, just the kind of weather that shows the blessings of a nice, warm room in its best light. Sitting in a comfortable arm chair in front of the window, the dreary landscape sets my mind in melancholic mood, and in silent meditation my thoughts wander from one subject to another until at last they rest on the most important question of to-day, Woman's Independence. Reviewing the great advancement women have made, aided by their able societies, such as Woman's Christian Temperance Union, National Woman's Suffrage Association, Red Cross Society, Farmer's Alliance, and others, I cannot help but come to the conclusion that the present state of affairs will not exist much longer, and that we are rapidly nearing the time when men's vanity will not be hurt by admitting that women are their equals in intelligence and education. It seems to me that the average intelligent woman has a more extended knowledge of transpiring events, a better opinion and a more sound individual judgment than most men equally well educated and having the same chances of information. Certainly, there is a big part of the feminine population of this country who, either through improper education or misinformation as to the right position woman shall occupy, look at silent resignation as a virtue, and therefore avoid interfering in public questions. The education of these ignorant sisters shall be the first duty of the more enlightened class. Show them the justice of your demands and the good you would be able to do if you would be in the position where you belong,

that is if you would have equal rights with men. It is indeed a pleasure for me to see that the Woman's Department is taking an active part in this struggle for right and freedom, and I hope that it will be fully appreciated by its readers. Keep on working faithfully for your cause, and the day will not be far distant when every individual will taste the delights of liberty and independence, and no man will be called master. Woman once advanced to where she belongs, properly educated, intelligent and cultured, able to take care of herself, will not have to look forward to marriage as her destiny. Marriage will then be what it should, not a condition in which husbands are rulers and wives their subjects, but a union of equals in which no one plays second part. The result will be fewer but happier marriages, better educated children and promotion of the welfare of humanity in general. I wish some of your able correspondents would take up this subject and treat it fairly, I feel that I cannot do it justice.

I will only say a few words more. I am a firm believer in women's unions. I would advise every woman to belong to some union or society. This will give them the necessary social intercourse and re-establish the self confidence which they have lost through being too much alone. I am pleased to see the Woman's Department in the *Magazine*, and wish it best success. J. S.

[While perhaps it may be said that the entire editorial force of the *Magazine* are believers in equal rights, it is not considered proper to make such advocacy a feature, as it would arouse opposition in some quarters. The editor of this department often experiences a feeling of disappointment to see how little apparent interest our correspondents take in this subject. We trust "J. S." will call again.—ED.]

HOW TO MANAGE "HIM."

I.

At early morn thou shalt aspire
To get up first and light the fire.

II.

Not any morn shalt thou e'er miss
Bestowing on thy wife a kiss.

III.

If in the night the baby cries,
Thou shalt the infant tranquilize.

IV.

Thou shalt take care thy wife can find
Her pocketbook with bills well lined.

V.

Thou shalt not criticize her cakes,
Nor ridicule the bread she makes.

VI.

Thou shalt not fail at Easter tide,
To keep her with new hats supplied.

VII.

A sacred duty thou shalt deem,
To treat her often to ice cream.

VIII.

Thou shalt not speak in temper rash,
If she desires some extra cash.

IX.

Thou shalt not come home "full" at night,
With lame excuses for thy plight.

X.

This is the tenth—thou shalt not chide,
But shall by all her laws abide,
If to these ten she adds ten thousand more beside.

An Engineer's Niece, E. T. M.

ST. ALBANS, VT., May 6, 1891.

POCATELLO, IDAHO, May 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In the March number the Editor said to come again, so here I am. I hope the ladies will pay no attention to W. B. Richmond's letter in the May number, as he is not accountable for what he says. I never hear a man running down women but I wonder what kind of bringing up he had, and the idea of comparing a round house foreman and his men with a man and wife. That shows his ignorance, as if a wife was hired for wages. And he also spoke of men going to ruin on account of women. I say, any man or woman that goes to the bad because the other does not do just to suit, has no principle, no foundation of character. They are like the man who built his house upon the sand. We ought to do all the better, where others fail, and help them see their errors. No good woman will drag a man down, and his mother should have taught him how to discriminate. We all know that sin and sorrow do exist, but if we keep our places we will not be led into them. If he were a true Brotherhood man he would not send such publications to the pages of our dear old *Magazine*.

A woman should not give up all pleasure for a man, but each should endeavor to promote the happiness of the other. Like a prince, once obliged to leave home without his wife, in writing to her said, "The scenery is grand, everything is beautiful, but I feel guilty, enjoying it all without you."

About going to balls alone, that rule applies to both. Neither should go if it causes displeasure. What are a few hours' dancing compared to the peace of home, where the people are properly brought up, and observe the rules of etiquette? Dancing is a great pleasure, and so are all amusements. I am acquainted with a number of firemen and engineer's wives, and if I am any judge, there are no better wives, no nobler women than some in Pocatello. Many a time we have to stay alone night after night, when other women have their husbands home all the time. The wives of railroad men need lots of praise for their courage. I think the average is the same everywhere, judging from the many letters telling how nicely they manage. Now, if W. B. R. wants to know how to get a wife, just be a man in every sense of the word. Save your money, keep out of saloons, choose good company, and good books, you will find plenty at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and then you will have sense enough to choose a good wife. I am inclined to feel sorry for one so young, to have such bitter thoughts.

If the Editor will permit, I would suggest that we all read the heading of Woman's Department and Mrs. Harper's letters before writing. And we all know that there is not one of us women in a thousand who knows whether the lodges are in flourishing condition or not. I am too selfish to want to give any of our space to lodges and praises.

Does any lady contemplate making a rag carpet? If so, cut your rags fine, it looks better and wears better. Cut them all and put in bags till you have the required pounds, then, some day invite your lady friends to come promptly at one o'clock to sew rags until about five o'clock. One of them will help you pass around some sandwiches, cake, pickles and coffee, and the one who sews the most rags will get a little prize, a tea cup and saucer or some other article. You will all have a pleasant time at small expense.

To any one wishing to know who will write to me, I will tell her how I bind my own magazines in cloth, with gilt letters, as it would take too much space here. It is very little trouble to one who loves books. There are so many of us living where we cannot get them bound.

"Phillipa," you are a genius, with plenty of resources, after my own heart. How happy you must be, with all of your children. All I can suggest is, to hire the washing and ironing done out and buy the bread, and say to the children when they come in, the one that has the cleanest feet will get something nice Christmas.

"Marguerite" is right. There is no difference in people on account of position. It is intellectually the difference comes in, and we ought always to remember that every action, every word, even our

dress, denotes the thoughtful mind. There are many ways to improve ourselves now-a-days. So many journals on housekeeping and neat dressing, and refined reading. There is the *Ladies Home Journal*. For every purpose it is just the thing, when you are tired and cannot go to church, to read DeWitt Talmage's sermons. It is \$1.00 a year, and the Housekeeper is invaluable to those who take it. I answered the *Ladies World* advertisement in the last April number and received my seed and planted them. I will tell you some time if they were nice flowers. I will say, thanks to Minnesota.

I am going to write something about going to house-keeping. I know that will interest the young folks to know just how it is done; so, boys, begin to save your money now, and when you have found out the secret you will have the password. To those who cannot afford many books I would say, do buy a large volume of collected poems. They are so nice, you will never tire of them. Perfect jewels, they are. Why not cut out all the nice pieces of poetry you can find, and paste in a scrap book? Why not exchange original poetry or autographs with each other for scrap books? Sincerely yours for the Woman's Department.

From an Engineer's Wife.

Mrs. J. H. Shannon.

[There are ideas in this letter.—Ed.]

DICKSON, TENN., May 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As we read your *Magazine*, we deem it a pleasure to write something which we hope may interest the many readers. As this is a small place, and never seeing anything from this part through your columns, we feel a little timid in approaching so large a field of worthy writers. But as we have a brother, who is a fireman, we feel somewhat interested since reading the *Magazines*. We read them all and I see many communications are made up of how to manage your wives and husbands. Now I think to let each manage themselves would be best, though I know very little about either. But it would be advisable for that to be dropped and more said about how to manage the household. I am with T. E. D. in that.

Our brother has been a member of the B. of L. F. for one year. The lodge, No. 159, at Nashville, Tenn., to which he belongs, is in a flourishing condition. He is a fireman on engine No. 24, on the N. C. & St. L. Ry. running from Nashville to Union City. We are always glad when we hear the whistle of No. 24, for we live near the railroad and can go and hand him a "bouquet" or "bucket of milk," and as a matter of course, the latter is appreciated as much as the former. Should it be in the midnight hour, we always know his coming by five shrill whistles as the signal for "howdy" and "good-bye."

As we are new to you all I guess we will wait and not continue this further.

Best wishes for the *Magazine* and its many readers, we are a fireman's

"Twin Sisters."

[A fortunate brother to have two such good sisters.—Ed.]

HANFORD, CAL., May 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I was looking through the May number of the *Magazine*, I thought I would write a few lines.

Papa was a fireman on the railroad over three years, but is teaching school now; is President of the County Board of Education, and also a member of Mt. Whitney Lodge, No. 139.

I am sixteen years of age, am very fond of music. I can play any piece on the piano that is set before me. I have been taking lessons ever since I was six years of age.

As this is my first attempt, I will have to close. With best wishes to the Woman's Department and B. of L. F., I remain

A School-teacher's Daughter.

Maude E. Keran.

[And certainly a credit to your papa.—Ed.]

TO MRS. IDA A. HARPER.

Dear Madam, I really am grieved I offended
 Yourself and your readers by singing that song;
 I frankly assure you I never intended
 To sing in a manner which countenanced wrong.
 So I now make amends by a public confession,
 What more can I do your hot fire to allay?
 I sincerely regret Ireland's leader's transgression
 And hope he will marry sweet Kitty O'Shea.

'Tis a serious crime when we come to review it,
 And note all the ills which it brought in its train;
 I'm really surprised that he ever could do it,
 Unless all her graces had added his brain.
 But he loved and was human like many another,
 And beauty the heart of a hermit can sway;
 And woman, the weaker, yet somehow or other
 She'll conquer the wisest, like Kitty O'Shea.

There is only one way in which some reparation
 Can ever be made to that woman by him,
 He must wed her, 'tho, Lord knows, a down-trodden
 nation
 Must suffer along, crushed by tyranny grim.
 'Twas a terrible sin, and no man should condone it;
 'Twill ne'er be forgotten for many a day;
 Kind hearts o'er the world will always bemoan it,
 And not be severe on poor Kitty O'Shea.

God pity us all. We need strength to sustain us
 When prone to temptation, as often we are;
 In His wisdom I pray He will kindly restrain us
 From evil, which leaves in each bosom a scar;
 And I hope that Parnell not a moment will falter,
 When the court sweeps all legal obstructions away,
 Until like a man he will stand at the altar,
 And wed—if she'll have him—sweet Kitty O'Shea.

Shandy Maguire.

[An apology so beautifully rendered could not fail of acceptance. We all know that Mr. Maguire's principles are correct but he occasionally lets his "muse" get away with him. The poem to Mrs. Bloom will appear in the next number of the *Magazine*.—Ed.]

LONGVIEW, TEXAS, May 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The *Magazine* has been a very welcome visitor in our home for nearly seven years. I enjoy reading nearly everything in it, but the Mechanical Department. I think the Woman's Department just splendid. "An Engineer's Wife" wants a good receipt for chocolate cake. As I have a nice one, I will take pleasure in sending it.

One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, two cups of flour. Flavor with vanilla, if you like it. For the frosting, take one large cup of sugar, just a little water, one egg, beat together and cook until thick, grate one square or more of chocolate, stir until cool and spread on layers.

I make this cake often, as it is a favorite cake with several firemen who board with us. Perhaps some one would like a receipt for lemon jelly cake. Will send one which I think you will like.

One-half cup butter, one and one-half cup sugar, beat well together, two-thirds cup milk, three eggs, whites beaten separately, three and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers. For the jelly, one cup sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls water, one teaspoonful flour, juice of one lemon and rind grated. Cook in a pan set in boiling water. Stir while cooking. Sponge cake makes good layers for this cake.

I am going to try making a rug out of old carpet, as described by "A Fireman's Wife." I hope some one of experience will advise "Alzetta" what to do. Such letters as the one written by W. B. Richmond, I think, should be treated with silent contempt, as persons with such views as he expresses are too few to be noticed.

Judging from outside appearances Lodge No. 70 is flourishing. With best wishes for the noble work of the *Magazine*, I will close.

M. L. R.

LETTER FROM ELLEN M. STATA.

BOSTON, Mass., May 11, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The past month having been passed among strangers, the *Magazine's* arrival was a real treat. I wish I might shake hands with Mrs. Harper over her true, courageous editorial in regard to the Parnellite "poem." The Ten Commandments were not given to one sex alone, and we cannot hope for great and lasting amelioration of the evils of social life till the responsibility for sin is equally divided between guilty parties.

I notice Mr. Geo. W. Hall has written a vivid picture story in rhyme that certainly will impress a lesson. To my taste lessons of that sort are more pleasing than the essay we are too apt to write.

Hannah Brown, of Arizona, is in a measure responsible for my pen starting. She gave, I think, an exceedingly valuable bit of information about the public schools in Arizona, and I will try to give her a "glimpse of an Eastern village" or two.

The "Old Bay State" is full of charming villages. In the past month I have for the first time visited many of the places of interest in various parts of this State, and wish I could give you all a real glimpse of the beauties one discovers while riding over hills and through valleys as the wonderful change from winter to summer is going on.

Take a trip with me from Springfield north along the Connecticut valley. You see, just as you leave the city, the church of gray stone Dr. J. G. Holland assisted to found and attended during his residence near Springfield. About a mile north is "Brightwood," the country home of the poet and novelist. Here he wrote "Kathrina." It is a picturesque cottage almost hidden in a clump of pines which surmounts a pleasant knoll.

On to the northward you pass between Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom. To those unaccustomed to the sight of mountains they seem of vast proportions, though to any one living in sight of the Rockies they would be but little hills.

There is a little, tiny strip of land here that affords just space enough for one small farm. It has been owned for generations by a family named Smith, and the station here is called Smith's Ferry. On to the north we come to Hampshire county. This is the proud county which claims the honor of having been the native home of Dr. Holland, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Fighting Joe Hooker, and several other celebrities. Now take the Boston & Albany express (to ride in a Boston express is enough to make one bless the inventor of railroads) and climb up the Berkshire hills to Pittsfield. Here you may see the very same old house in which Longfellow lived when he wrote "The Old Clock on the Stair." It stands "somewhat back from the village street," and is indeed an "old-fashioned country seat."

If you visit Worcester you should spend a Sunday there and listen to the chimes.

Perhaps the most bewitching city I ever saw was Salem. The houses, many of them, are built in the style of the last century. They seem to have been in a sort of witch dance and to have settled down wherever they chanced to stand when the music stopped. The streets wind in and out in the most fantastic fashion, and the greatest strife in the erection of most of the houses seems to have been to get all the gables possible on the roofs. Gallow's Hill is pointed out to the traveler as the spot on which the witches were hung after having been convicted of witchcraft. The house in which they were tried and sentenced is still standing. It is known as the "old witch house." It was built by Roger Williams in 1631. A druggist now uses the house as his headquarters. Over the old fireplace several old horse shoes are still hanging.

I am having a rest (?) from newspaper work by trying to make myself over into a "commercial traveler." I wish the members of the Woman's Department who get tired of the home cares could know—not feel—for a moment the homesick feeling that comes to us "strong minded sisters" sometimes when through the open door of some little, low house by the track we see, as the train sweeps us by, the light of the fire or the candle shine out.

"Phillipa" is an artist. Her letter made me love

her for the truth there was in it. She is a poet and a philosopher and that greatest of all architects, a home-maker, in one.

One letter, "Home," is sweet and tender in the right way. Let one whose only home is "where mother is" in the "house not made with hands" urge those who are in the home circle not to omit the "little, nameless, unremembered things" of everyday life that go to make up the sunlight or shade of a mother's existence. They will be pleasant to remember when the opportunity to do them is gone forever.

Not long since while dining at the house of a friend I ate for the first time of a "veal loaf." It is capital, and just the thing for the lunch pail. I secured directions for making it, and will write them down: Three pounds of chopped veal cut from the leg, a dry, lean piece; three eggs, three Boston crackers, rolled; one tablespoonful of salt, two-thirds tablespoonful of pepper. Mix very thoroughly, kneading through and through till thoroughly stirred. Mould in a roll and bake three hours with a slow, steady fire. Keep water enough in the pan to keep from burning and baste thoroughly with butter. The eggs are beaten up raw, of course, and mixed with the minced veal.

I cannot see the "card question" in the same light as that in which Mrs. Jones views it. I fancy it is not the cards, but the association, that brings harm. She has strong reasons for her opinion, which are certainly worthy the respect of all others.

I wish I had space to tell you of a Sunday in Boston. The services, the quiet streets—no open saloons or stores—the preaching on the Common, the chimneys and the gardens with the sights and scents of May. But I must let someone else have a chance to say something.

Very sincerely,

Ellen M. Stata (Max Martin)

[We are rejoiced to hear again from this entertaining correspondent and hope for frequent letters.—Ed.]

ARBOTSFORD, WIS., May 16, 1891.

Editor Woman's Democrat:

It is astonishing to notice the misconstruction that some people can put on a few words. I did not say to make a gambler of your boy to prevent his being a gambler, nor to make an incendiary of him to prevent incendiarism. Yet, such is the conclusion arrived at by "May Day," for she says, "One might as well advise seduction of the fair young maid whose virtue soars upon eagle's wings to prove or make her virtuous in after life." Make them strong with knowledge, not weak with ignorance, was the sum and substance of my ideas. The same reasoning can be applied to the "fair maid" or youth, regarding their virtue, the afterlife will take care of itself. If there are those who could sacrifice virtue, without straining their conscience any more than allowing an innocent game of cards played in their home, they deserve the pity of the community, possibly the insane asylum; whose yields to anger in an argument cares more for personal victory than for the success of the truth. An article in the March number of the *Engineers' Journal*, "What of the Children," expresses my sentiments to a dot. Bring your children so close to you by your confidence in them that they cannot but render back to you the full measure of their own confidence, for in this way only can you counteract injurious influences. No feeling of delicacy should stand in the way; it is a false delicacy, at best. Depravity has come through ignorance, through lack of proper instructions at a proper age. Parents have sent their children into the street to learn the most important of all lessons, which should be taught at home so reverently as to awaken only veneration in the mind. Custom is a tyrant that leads one astray as often as aright. A very instructive article on the subject I read in June number *Modern Thought*, a journal devoted to the "Spiritualization of Humanity," Kansas City, Mo. The article or paper entitled "At what age" was read, so says the editor, before the *Mothers' Meeting*,

of Kansas City. Oh, that all mothers could read it. I have just finished reading "Perfect Motherhood," or Mabel Raymond's *Resolve*, by Lois Waisbrooker, very instructive and entertaining, as well.

Yes, "Alzetta," the gospel of Jesus Christ teaches love, kindness, and charity, but it also teaches their opposite. This so-called perfect being has been accused of two hundred errors, so he could hardly put out a perfect gospel, nor could others do so from his teachings, unless they reject fully as much as they accept.

Will write a few things that to me seem objectionable. "A man that is a heretic after the first and second admonitions, reject." But how much better to keep on trying to lead, guide, and save. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema marantha," that is to curse him. "If thy right hand or foot offend thee cut it off." Many have mutilated themselves in following this bad advice. "He that is unjust let him be unjust; filthy, let him be filthy; ignorant, let him be ignorant." How just, clean and wise would people be if this advice were heeded? "All that come before me are thieves and robbers." What a charitable opinion he had of his forefathers. He called people serpents, vipers, Satan, and other bad names, and said, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Was this kind, loving, and charitable? Can you find a good man now who would put his worst enemy into a fire ten minutes? "He that believeth not shall be damned." Can we help belief? Is it charity to damn for not believing? He commands others to love their enemies, but damns his to everlasting fire. "But those mine enemies who would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me." Not content with having them slain, he wants to see their death agonies, and then have them sent to hell!! Kind, isn't it. But he probably inherited his revengeful vindictiveness from his ancestor King David, who put his enemies under saws, barrows of iron, axes of iron, made them pass through the brick kiln and beat them small as the dust of the earth, stamped them in the mire of the street, and spread them abroad. "If any man preach any other gospel let him be accursed." People do not create themselves. If born in Greece, they preach Pythagoras; in Burmah, Buddha, which is embraced by more than one-third of the human race; in Arabia and Persia, Mohammed; in Stenna, Socinus, etc., etc. They can't help it, yet all are "accursed."

"Whosoever will deny me before men, him will I also deny before my father which is in Heaven." Here he shows malice, unforgiveness and cruelty. "I come not to send peace but a sword." "I come to set a man against his father, daughter against her mother, daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; a man's foes shall be they of his own household," etc. It seems anything but kindness, love and charity. But I have already taken up too much space, so will stop short.

Engineer's wife,

H. C. P.

LOVE AND HATE.

Love and Hate are rival Goddesses,
One sunny and sweet, one sour and cross.
To serve the first is ever to gain.
The other served brings eternal loss.

I would at Love's shrine lowly bow,
And pay her all my tributes,
For blessings rich and rare
'Mong her subjects she distributes.

But Hate is a bloody tyrant
Ruling with mighty power.
And those who choose to serve her
Low at her feet must cower.

On through life we go
Serving whichever we choose.
Rich blessings from Love we gain
But in serving cruel Hate we lose.

PERU, IND.

Georgia Denning Ellis.

LOVE'S LESSON.

You taught me the task of loving,
In words you now regret,
You won my heart's devotion,
Now teach me how to forget;
You say the task is easy—
That the victory will soon be won,
But a woman's heart with its wealth of love,
Will break o'er the wrong you've done.

You taught me the task of loving,
But, ah! how little you knew
Of the pain and weary heartache,
When I found your love was untrue;
Did you think when you won the treasure
Of a woman's love so deep
That you could cast it aside at pleasure
And her trust repay with deceit?

Will not conscience awake and tell thee
Of the ruin thy treachery hath wrought?
Will a dream of the past rise before thee
Bringing with it one remorseful thought?
But my lips shall no longer reproach thee,
For in memory thou art dear to me yet.
You have taught me the task of loving,
Will you teach me how to forget?

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

HORTON, KAN., May 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I know these columns are mostly dedicated to the use of married women but I wonder if there aren't some girl-readers that would be interested in a girl's efforts at writing for the *Magazine*? I am only sixteen but live with my sister whose young husband is a "fire boy," and as he takes the *Magazine*, I often read and am greatly interested in the Woman's Department. I enjoy housekeeping ever so much although I am only a novice in the art, for an art it surely is.

We have a house of five rooms and always keep each one in order besides doing our own laundry work and sewing, and still have ample time to go calling, receive company, etc. On Monday we always clean up over Sunday and do numerous "odd jobs" preparatory to our week's work. Tuesday is wash day and we usually do some scrubbing on that day also. The clothes being folded that evening, I get at the ironing early Wednesday morning and usually get through by 11 or 11:30 A. M. The remaining days of the week are occupied by different kinds of work such as baking, sewing, writing, etc.

I do not do much fancy work, but like to do hemstitching very much and can get along quite fast at it. I hemstitch sheets, pillow-cases, napkins, etc. for my sister, and underwear, aprons and handkerchiefs for myself. I generally take one evening in the week to answer letters and write in my diary. I take great pleasure in the latter and think everybody should keep one. And now about letters. I don't think any one ought to allow her housework or society matters to make her neglect her friends, as it is only a habit, and one can just as easily get accustomed to answering letters promptly as to neglect them for a week or so and sometimes longer. And another important duty of every woman is to read, not only the newspapers but books, instructive, entertaining ones, I mean, not "yellow backed novels." I read some novels myself but not the trashy ones.

Your religious duties should certainly not be neglected for anything. You ought to manage to attend at least two services each Sunday and prayer meeting once during the week. Well, I didn't intend to preach a sermon when I began and as it is near supper time and my sister's "hubby" will soon arrive I will close with best wishes to all interests of the dear *Magazine*.

Merl.

[Such a nice girl as this should not long be allowed to remain merely a "sister" to a fireman.—Ed.]

GLADSTONE, MICH., May 12, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been reading the *Firemen's Magazine* and so many of the sisters say that a man's heart lies so near his stomach that in order to have him good natured you must keep his stomach full of goodies, such as pie and cake. Well, now, not one of you have said "Suppose he does not furnish the necessities, how am I to make pie and cake and keep the cupboard full, as some of you suggest?" I know some men would like to furnish plenty for their wives to cook but their circumstances would not allow, many times through no fault of theirs, perhaps through sickness or accidents or something like that. Pray tell me, then, is he to be a bear around the house on account thereof? I say no, emphatically. And the wife is not to blame for not cooking if things are not furnished. Then again, others could not cook if they had plenty, all owing to their mother not teaching them. For such was my case, as I had never cooked a whole meal when I was married, and yet I was of age. I had a lovely, Christian mother who was kind to every one and was too indulgent to her baby girl to teach her to cook, and as I preferred almost every other kind of work to cooking it was very natural that I did not ask to do much of that. Well, my parents were not wealthy, and my husband was a workman, so of course, I had to cook. You just ought to have seen my first batch of bread. I did like the city girl at her first housekeeping, sat down and cried. I don't think we fed the bread to the dog, for I think it would have hurt him. But as I am a fireman's mother it is so long ago I can't quite remember; only one thing I do know and that is I have been called a good cook and good housekeeper many times since, for I was handy, could do any kind of work and soon learned to cook with the rest. I have no girl to teach to work or I certainly would have her do all kinds of work as far as I know myself. So I would say to mothers, teach your girls to work, for it is no disgrace. Friends that would shun you for working are not worthy to be called such. As for myself, I despise such friends.

Yes, I agree with some of the sisters that quite enough has been said on how to manage a husband or wife, as what would remedy some would ruin others, as no two are "dispositioned" alike. I close with a good wish for all.

Fireman's Mother.

STANBERRY, MO., May 18, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I read the *Magazine* and think it very interesting. "Fireman's Schoolmarm" says: "I don't believe any woman would really not vote if she had the opportunity to do so." Now, I might vote, but not for a woman. I don't think it a woman's place to hold a public office. I think if men would vote for principle instead of party we would have better laws. I think women ought to be interested in politics and use their influence to direct the men in the right direction. I don't believe the majority of women believe in "Woman Suffrage." I would like to hear from some of them on the subject. As for prohibition, I don't think the law will ever be passed that stops the manufacture of whisky. Deliver me from "women's crusades." I think they do more harm than good. As I understand it, the temperance question is divided into three classes: prohibitionists, moderate drinkers and drunkards. And, as I understand it, moderate drinkers are those who take a dram once in a while and never drink to excess. Now, I think the majority of the people of the United States come under the class of moderate drinkers, and they believe in people being temperate in all things, and I think they can do more to promote the temperance cause than those who go to extremes. I think the way to reform drunkards is through the religion of Jesus Christ. If all the money that is spent in the cause of prohibition was used to educate and enlighten the poorest classes in large cities, more souls would be saved and better voting done. Also, if those grand men and women who spend so much time and money working for prohibition, would turn their attention to the oppression of laboring people and use their influence for

them, more good would be accomplished. For instance, just think of the many thousands of railroad men that never get any Sundays, and the thousands of people in large cities who do not attend church and cannot enjoy any pleasure on account of receiving such low wages, while their employers make fifty cents or more on every dollar, and have all the pleasures of life. I can't any wonder some of them get discouraged and get drunk. Frank Forrester in his article on the woman question, says, "As a profession, 'divinity' suits women better than law or medicine." That may be so, but more women ought to study medicine. I think law, as a profession, is for men only. I believe there is an opening in every town or city for one or more women physicians. I don't mean that we ought to discard men physicians, we need them too; but women ought to make a specialty of women's and children's diseases, and above everything else, midwifery.

Of all the letters in the May number of the Woman's Department, I like the one from Trenton, N. J., the best. Yes, wives of railroaders, always kiss your husbands good-bye, and above all, pray for them when they are on the road. By leading a true Christian life yourself, you may save your husband's soul if he is not a Christian.

I will say a few words in behalf of the boys of 56, and then bring my letter to a close. Times are dull for them here now, regular firemen being put on the extra list, and so forth; besides, they have a dangerous road to run on, but they are brave and will face many dangers in order to support their families. I think more of the writers would sign their own names but they do not like to have their letters criticised by friends and acquaintances. Therefore, with best wishes for the B. of L. E. and writers for the *Magazine*, I will sign myself

Se'la.

[It is refreshing to find a woman with opinions even if they do not altogether coincide with one's own. There will probably be quite a difference of sentiment regarding those expressed in this letter and we would like to hear from our readers.—Ed.]

VANCEBORO, May 11, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

While parading Railroad Avenue on the evening of the 9th of May, I fell in company with Bro. Whit Noble, and after a few comments on various subjects our conversation would have been brought to an abrupt end had I not hinted that I would like to see their Lodge hall, when he very kindly invited my lady friend and me in. Of course I expected to see the hall well swept, and tables set in order for the officers and a row of settees for the members, but I stopped at the door in surprise when I beheld a nice all wool carpet in bright cheerful colors on the floor, and the walls decorated with pictures in deep gilt frames, and charts of the three orders that meet in that hall, namely: B. of L. E., B. of L. E., and A. O. U. W. (You see, boys, I put the B. of L. E. first, for it is nearest my heart, as I know it would be first in thought in time of trouble.) The tables were draped very prettily, and they had nice chairs for all and a good cylinder stove, that could heat up the hall in a very short time. The three brothers that were in the room looked rather surprised at our entrance but did all in their power to entertain, and the call was one not to be forgotten very soon. If, at any time, you do not have as good attendance as you think you ought, you will know the fault is not in not having pleasant surroundings and good company.

If we had enough ladies to form an auxiliary in Vanceboro I know we would soon organize so we could help, cheer and encourage you in the good work in which you have enlisted. Because we do so little, don't get disgusted with us, and think your Western brothers have a more intelligent and ambitious class of women than you find in the East, for if we would only get started I know we could and would accomplish as much as they, according to our

number. Well, boys, are you just merely existing? Of course you all know, and attend the Lodge as regularly as possible, but for all the readers of the *Magazine* know, or the members that have belonged to 37 and have gone west, unless you keep up a personal correspondence, they will think you have been a long time dead.

You know we are not wanted to say anything about the boys and their lodge in the Woman's Department, and that is why I dare question you. I think you wouldn't attack a lone woman among so many men, but for all, in fancy, I see some one turn up his nose and say "a regular old Aunti-poke-your-nose," but you all need a scolding for keeping silent so long, and I won't care if it provokes some one enough to write something. I know you are deeply interested and earnest workers, at least, I know Bros. Noble, Shea, Robinson, and another that would seem foolish for me to mention, are, and have no doubt but there are many more that I know nothing of. By the way, I know the above mentioned to be engineers of long enough standing to be members of the B. of L. E., but I am glad to see you stand by the old banner of the "Tried and True."

Now, for fear the Editor will think I ask too much space, and will not allow me any, I will close my letter with best wishes for the Brotherhood.

A. E. K.

[You see you got into the Woman's Department, boys and all.—Ed.]

MATTOON, ILLINOIS, May 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As this is a lovely May morning I will make the Woman's Department a call.

I think W. B. Richmond's letter in May number is an insult to all true wives. He says, "How often do men come in and find their wives out riding or walking or at balls with other men?" Because one woman does wrong must all women be condemned? Nine times out of ten the man sets the example. What is this woman's husband doing at the other end of the road? Still, if he spends his time around the saloons and gambling houses his wife is to blame for it. He says they take to drink to drown trouble. I would think water a more suitable thing to drown trouble. There is always some stream close by. Because one man does wrong I don't say they all do, for I have one I know does right when he is away from home and nothing could induce me to forget him for a single moment. If he can't go with me to places of amusement I stay at home. I think if Mr. Richmond will do right himself when he gets a wife, if he hasn't one already, that his wife will be willing to follow his example. How many young, innocent girls are caught by the bewitching smiles and evil snares of vile men and dragged down to shame and disgrace. Weigh in the balance and see which is lacking.

"Alzetta," of Missoula, Mont., says her husband is not affectionate and wants to know what remedy there is for his coolness. If he is good in other ways probably it is due to his age, for when some men gets along in years they think hugging and kissing are all foolishness. I don't think there is any remedy for this fault. I would advise her to bear it the best she can, for she is not alone. There are hundreds of others pining their lives away for a few loving words or a caress, which they never get. Still, no one that has never experienced such has any idea what heart aches she endures. I hope there will a time come when those unaffectionate husbands will see their mistake. They little dream how their wife feels, how a loving word would brighten her life for many a day, how a wife remembers the loving words her husband speaks to her when he is away. But if they are harsh words they go to her heart like a knife. She can see no object in life for her, for her husband is all she has to look to for happiness. As Rose Temple says, "Always look on the bright side." That is hard to do. Some times it seems as if all was darkness, so heavy no light could enter. It would be much better for every one if she always could look on the bright side but it seems as if it is nature to see the dark

side first, but I hope there will be a time when all will be brightness.

Annie, of Gleichen, N. W. T., gives the young men good advice. I see Mother Jones has not forgotten us. No, I am not the Mrs. Taylor you think I am, for I never have had the pleasure of meeting you, but nevertheless I am your sincere friend, as I am well acquainted with the Editors of the *Federationist*. I knew you edited the Woman's Department in that paper, but we still want you to continue letting us hear from you occasionally. I am afraid I am wearing the patience of the Editor, so I will say no more this time. Good luck to all.

As ever,

Mrs. J. W. Taylor.

MARQUETTE, MICH., May 26, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I wrote a letter last January, then my courage failed me and I never sent it, and my husband has asked me so many times, I'll again make another attempt—so here goes, not trains three nor fifty-five, but my letter.

This is a pretty place of about 11,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on Lake Superior. It has many good schools and churches. There is a great amount of building being done this year. A large opera house has just been put up in the last year, and now the work has begun on the Marquette County Savings Bank. It is to be six stories to one street and seven to the other; also many very nice residences, etc.

I've been reading the *Magazine* and am glad the Woman's Department has so much more room. There are so many good letters. How many times I have felt like "Vernie" wrote, when I see my husband leave the door with lunch pail in one hand and overclothes in the other.

I have never blackened my husband's shoes yet, but on the other hand he has mine. If I should, in his presence, I'm sure he would say "let me do that." When he proposes going somewhere we usually go.

Poor "May," who wrote so long ago, I do wonder if there are many such homes? And doesn't she have the "pie and cake" a Fireman's Mother writes of?

Here is a cheap cream cake that I think is good. One egg, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one cup milk, two cups flour and two heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder. Flavor with lemon or any other preferred, and bake in three layers. Cream for above: One-half cup sugar and one egg beat together, one fourth cup flour, wet with a little milk, stir this mixture into one-half pint boiling milk, flavor with same as cake when thick, let cool and spread between layers.

Now I wonder if my husband will guess who wrote from the Queen City of the Upper Peninsula?

Wishing the boys of the B. of L. F. and the sisters every success, I remain

It is I.

[Come again.—Ed.]

PRAIRIE DUCHEN, April 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

"Olive," in the February *Magazine*, wishes some one to lecture the young ladies and gentlemen, and give the married folk a rest, so I'm going to lecture the girls, but if any one else wishes to listen they may.

I would like to have my girl readers ask themselves the following questions, and see if the answers

anything
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ld to talk

about, and lots of nice things to say about them, and there is no need of talking like a philosopher to be interesting, either. Sensible small talk on every day affairs is as necessary as the higher and loftier subjects, for it is the small coin of conversation. It gives ease and grace to what you say. Stiff, exact phrases and philosophical talk deaden the flow of soul, and something else is needed to fill in the crevices, round off the corners, and give to conversation a touch of color here and there. Nothing does this so well as chit-chat. Nothing lets you enter into the life and soul of the talker so well as this chit-chat either, so let it be true and natural. Let your small talk be about the happenings of olden times, and of the present times, the people about you (but not your neighbors,) your trip to the country, the latest political event, summer hats, article in last *Magazine*, your latest party, a new book, anything. Don't be afraid to express an opinion or sentiment, and here are some more don'ts for you: Don't talk "temperance" to a person whose father is known to like liquor too well; don't be personal; don't find fault, for that ruffles your temper and spoils the shape of your mouth; don't "back-bite;" don't flatter, and don't contradict, even if you know you are right; don't be inquisitive, don't leer at any one's religion, and don't make "I" the subject of every sentence. Don't leave a word of appreciation or love unspoken till it is too late; don't wound another's feelings with your wit, and last but not least, don't talk too much.

Talk not to hear yourself talk or to kill time, but to interest, enlighten, and to teach yourself, for we gain ideas by imparting them. Let your conversation be light, airy and filled with wit, humor and pathos; then, again, let it be solid and filled with meaning. Have variety. "Variety is the very spice of life," and too, it is the very spice of conversation. Know when to drop a subject before it becomes distasteful. Know when and what to take up next. Speak good English, speak with interest, and learn to pay attention; then will you be sought and listened to with pleasure, interest and profit.

Nora Bull.

ODE TO THE SCISSORS GRINDER.

Hist! what's that awful sound I hear?
That sound so dreadful to the ear:
Ah, plainer now—'tis coming near—
'Tis the terrible scissors grinder!

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
From day to day the same old ring;
Oh, a most formidable thing
Is that merciless scissors-grinder.

Oh, one's life, indeed, is woe,
As one sits and tries to sew.
While such agony one must undergo,
As is caused by the scissors grinder.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
Hour by hour the same old thing—
The same old melancholy ring.
The ring of the scissors-grinder.

Whether muddy or dusty, 'tis ever the same,
Yet, after all, why should we blame?
No higher ambition has he for fame,
This patient scissors grinder.

Yet, think not that I, by writing this rhyme,
Seek to make my life sublime;
Nor to immortalize, in time,
The name of "scissors-grinder."

I wonder in the sweet bye-and-bye,
When this dreaded object comes to die,
If there can be, in the realms on high,
A home for the scissors-grinder.

Vernie Coffenbarger.

DENVER, COL.

THE MAGAZINE.

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UNION MEETING AT SCRANTON.

Opening Exercises, Sunday, May 31, at the Academy of Music, which was Overflowingly Packed—A Right Royal Welcome Extended to the Delegates by the Mayor of the City—A Number of Ringing Speeches, Including a Masterly Address by T. V. Powderly.

On Sunday, May 31, a grand union meeting was held in the beautiful and enterprising city of Scranton, Pa., the home of T. V. Powderly, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.

The *Scranton Times*, in its report of the proceedings, says:

Sunday the city was given over to the railway men. They had full sway all day, and sacredly guarded the fame of a proud city. A nobler body of men never assembled here. The visitors were loyally entertained, and when they left the city they no doubt carried away with them most exalted ideas of this pushing, progressive, and hospitable city. The reception at the Academy of Music in the afternoon was one of the most enthusiastic and successful gatherings ever congregated within those walls. The Academy was crowded almost to suffocation. The stage was tastefully decorated with the choicest plants and evergreens. The auditorium was elaborately decorated with flags and bunting. The speeches were stirring and instructive, and were interspersed with delightful music.

At 3 P. M., when Hon T. V. Powderly, accompanied by Grand Master Railroad Fireman S. W. Wood, made their appearance on the stage, they were greeted with a storm of applause. These two distinguished labor leaders were followed by Judge Connolly, whose appearance brought forth another outburst of applause. The Judge took a seat behind Grand Master Workman Powderly. The other gentlemen on the stage were: Lieutenant Governor Waters, Judges Archibald and Gunster, William F. Halstead, District Attorney Edwards, Mayor Fellows, F. J. Fitzsimmons, Austin H. Duffy, D. J. Campbell, John Spence, Reuben Gillingham, Dave Thomas, M. Elettra, City Lodge, 123. Switchmen: H. J. Larkin, P. F. Roche, James Burnett, secretary of the committee; James H. McAnn, Master Trainmen's Brotherhood, 123, and G. M. Wallace.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Geo. M. Wallace, who referred to it as being "a reception to the three different orders of railway employes—Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America."

The Mayor, in his remarks, made some pleasant allusions to the character of the

work performed by brakemen, and to the general good character of railroad employes, having had few of them in the lockup in Scranton, probably a less number than the distinguished millionaires of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., who were recently indicted for a misdemeanor, by which a number of persons were killed. Continuing, the Mayor said:

It affords me great pleasure to welcome you to-day. We have a city that we can well feel proud of, and we feel we could welcome the world here. It is yours to-day and while you are here, I know you will not abuse it, and I cheerfully turn it over to you, feeling perfectly satisfied that in your keeping it will be safe, and no act of yours will injure its proud name. You are workmen. Everyone ought to work. But still the laborer should receive a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. You should respect and do all you can to help your employer. Still you are entitled to as much respect as he is. All men were created equal, and in this land of freedom, the man who earns \$1 a day should be entitled to the respect given the millionaire, so long as no act he commits deprives him of the honor. So long as the workman honors himself, so long is he entitled to the same respect as his employer. I trust your stay here will afford you much happiness. We will do all we can to make your stay here as agreeable as possible.

Following the Mayor, Lieutenant Governor Waters addressed the meeting. After some playful allusions to the Mayor's liberality in giving away the city, he said:

Here are three organizations with one aim and common purpose, understanding full well that what is the interest of one is the interest of all. It has taken the world some time to find this out, but, thank God, it has found it out. There has been too much individualism, too much looking out for one's self, and the more we have of individualism the worse our society must be. God himself surely provided and surely intended that the whole human race should be one great brotherhood, and until the world has learned this, it is short of very important truth. This is pre-eminently an age of societies. We never before had so many. The creation of these societies will lead us to a common platform—a platform that is built on the Rock of Ages, that is founded on the Sermon on the Mount and that is covered all over by the Golden Rule. If these organizations can act as one, why cannot all?

The speaker, after deploring the friction between railroad officials and employes, said:

Here you have three societies. As I understand you have all a benefit or relief association. Let me say just one word to that; in all events permit me give my views upon it. You have them attached to each society; I often wonder why you do not get together in one organization. I wish to refer to the action of one company which has paid within the last five years \$304,000 of its own money for the benefit of those on its roll, and the association paid \$1,500,000 to the families of men who had met with accidents. Now in that association it did not cost the employes a dollar. It was borne by the company, and this was a volunteer association. There should be a greater communion between the men and those who employ them. I trust that the same spirit that moves all the associations, that of helping one another and assisting those who are weak, may be kept in the hearts of men till all can understand the great teaching of the Master himself, which was the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

Following Gov. Waters, S. E. Wilkinson, Grand Master of the B. of R. T., addressed the meeting, the largest he had ever addressed, so large, indeed, that he felt that

he was "waking from a dream." Bro. Wilkinson then proceeded as follows:

We didn't come here to-day for the purpose of satisfying any particular organization, but to grasp the right hand of friendship of other organizations in existence to day, and I believe that there are a great many things that you and I ought to be thankful for to-day if we never were before in our lives. The first thing we ought to be thankful for is for this book, the Bible; the second is for this flag, the American flag, that every American loves and reveres. That book is yours. It contains within its covers the fundamental principles that govern us. It is our guiding star; our destiny is written in its pages.

Brother Wilkinson paid a fine tribute to the ladies in saying:

I was present at a union meeting called by the Brotherhood of Engineers at Indianapolis when there were 2,000 men in attendance, but there was not a woman gracing that audience; they were excluded. A great many have said on different occasions that we made the mistake of our lives when we closed out the best companion that God ever gave to man. [Cheers.] I venture to say that there are many men to-day enrolled on the register that would not have had the courage to join the Brotherhood if it were not for the little women behind them, and we are thankful to-day for the encouragement they have given us in the past, and we only hope they will continue to do so in the future. Only for them to-day you and I would not occupy the position we do at the present time.

Bro. Wilkinson then proceeded to tell the audience that Lieutenant Governor Waters did not voice his sentiments nor the sentiments of a great body of railroad employes of the country, and continuing, said:

It is generally conceded in this country that all men have certain rights, and while I have no desire to enter into any lengthened controversy, we would like to call the attention of His Majesty, the Assistant Chief Executive of the great State of Pennsylvania, to the fact that there are a great many railroad men who are not in harmony with the train of thought that he is. He stated that he is in favor of mutual organization. So are we—if the composition is right, [cheers] but we, as a class of people, are not in favor of organizations that are controlled or owned by railroad corporations. The gentleman said that every individual member identified with them had become so from choice, and we want to say to him to-day that that is a mistake. There was a power behind that that was invincible. The corporations would say, "you will either do our will and our bidding or else you will walk out of the services of this company." There are the records of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad with thirty millions of dollars that belongs to the brakemen, switchmen and engineers, and it is only a gilt edged way of putting it; they don't begin to give the benefits they claim to. We have paid in the last seven years over a million and a half dollars to those that were disabled and at their death to the relatives that survived. Was that all? Not by any means. We stood by their bedside in sickness, we alleviated their suffering and distress, and we laid them in the quiet of the grave. These things should not be credited to the Mutual Associations that belong to railroad corporations. The gentleman presented the fact to you that in the composition of these mutual institutions the company saw fit to elect five, a majority if you notice, while the employes were allowed to elect four. They might as well have died before being elected. We have been told for the last nineteen centuries, and especially during these later years, that the greatest evil that we have to combat is money. A great many of us who have had experience have made up our minds that there is a great deal of truth in that. But there are a great many people who misunderstand us, who do not appreciate the fact that it is not money alone, but it is what money hires, in the duplicity of those who are recognized as men, but who take advantage of you.

It is not the monopolist himself that does this, because he has not the courage, but it is the mean, petty hirelings that have made life a burden for you. It is this hireling who is bought for money, and it has been his ambition by running over you to exalt himself in the division or department entrusted to his care so that he might advance one more step. But there is protection to-day. There was a time when many good men with splendid records were removed for no other cause than personal malice. The organization has appeared on the scene, thank God, to stop that. You can look around and take up the records of various organizations and see how many good men there are that have faithfully served the companies for a number of years, who, without a word of warning, were dropped and sent out into the world without being given a chance to say a word for themselves. They asked why they had been discharged and they were told it was because they were not wanted, but they have now an organization that goes to the general manager and demands to know the reason why these men were discharged, and if it is only the personal malice of some of their officers, we demand that they be reinstated at once. The injury to one is the concern of all.

You are the servants of the world, and when you are dead and forgotten, only want the world to protect you and your loved ones whom you have left behind. [Cheers.]

Following Bro. Wilkinson, T. V. Powderly was introduced, and addressed the meeting as follows:

MY FRIENDS—I shall confine myself to a few brief remarks in the discussion of the question that we have before us to-day, and I hope that in what I have to say I will offend nobody. I don't expect that I will be able to please all, but I do hope that in the remarks that I will make some few seeds will drop on fertile soil and be carried away from here where they will take root and grow in other places, so that in the days to come that Brotherhood that was spoken of here may be a reality among the toilers of America. [Applaus.] We have, as Brother Wilkinson told you, been for seven years in this organization in the endeavors to alleviate the condition of railroad men. I congratulate him for the work of seven years; he has a record to be proud of, and wherever he goes from here, to the West or to the Southland, there will he find the railroad men in their councils, such as this meeting, together communing with each other—men that handle the brake wheel, lever and punch, and everything else that goes to make up railroad management, all taking notes and studying to strengthen railroad organizations.

The idea is springing up, it is in the air, that that which is an injury to one is the concern of all, and the day will come when the poor man who stands aside when the train sweeps by, with his pick and shovel in his hand, to allow that train to go on to its destination, that he, too, will be able to go on to his destination, when he who digs the earth beneath the ties will be taken care of by the Council that will make up the future railroad organization of America.

A few moments ago our honored Mayor extended the freedom of the city to you, and in his remarks he said that he found that very few railroad men got into the jail. I congratulate the railroad men of Scranton. You were not always as good as that. [Cheers and laughter.] For six years as Mayor I had quite an intimate acquaintance with these railroad men and I know I had some pretty hard jobs getting the boys on the train so that Mr. Hallstead would not find it out. But you are getting over that, and why? Because you had no organization to be proud of. [Cheers.]

In the old days you might go wherever you might find an agreeable companion, but now you can find not only agreeable companions in your organizations, but spend your evenings in lodge and committee meeting in endeavoring to improve yourself and your friends, and that is one of the reasons why our Mayor can give such a good record of the railroad men of Scranton.

Now let me say a few words about relief associa-

tions. Lieutenant-Governor Waters spoke of the magnificent sum of money that was paid to the relief of widows and orphans by the company. He knows this from a published report; that part of the report I take exception to. I desire to say here that the money was paid to the company by the railroad men who always received it as a charity. Your neighbor earned it, and before you had a chance to do with it as you wished to it was held from you to be turned over to the managers of the relief association, and they doled out the money to you for your broken head, arms and legs.

In our organization we believe in that spirit of independence that will prompt a man to save his own money and spend it to such advantage as he deems proper. Until the organization shall have traveled that far, till you have learned that lesson, the organization will not be on the footing that it should be. A few weeks ago in New York, I attended a meeting at the Cooper Institute at which one of the speakers unmercifully scored one of the policemen doing duty in the hall. He said they were useless. Any one who has traveled through New York knows that a policeman is of some use, but in that discussion I learned that the policemen of New York were pensioned, but the speaker found fault with pensioning men for clubbing other men's heads. Yesterday all through this land long lines of men marched with solemn tread to the cemeteries, and each one carried in his hand flowers as beautiful as those which surround us upon this platform, and these men with shoulder to shoulder, marched to the various cemeteries or homes of the dead of those who once walked side by side with them. We saw other men with tattered garments, unless they wore a uniform of the Grand Army, which they put on once or twice a year at the most, with their knees almost shining through their pantaloons, with their elbows sticking out through their shirt sleeves, with tattered hats, some without collars, there they were; and these veterans walked to lay the last tribute of respect upon the grave of a comrade beside whom next year some of them may rest.

These men, some of them, have pensions. What for? Is there any one here who will tell what the pension is for? In principle it was for serving the country; in reality it was for shedding human blood. If there is any old soldier here let him not be offended. I mean no offense. The war has made us better citizens. I was in the South a few weeks ago and stood on the soil where the colored man was lashed until his life blood wet the earth. It is no wonder his cries were heard in heaven. It was better that thousands should die than to have this brutality continued. The soldier was fashioned to taking the lives of men, and to-day we find the civilian soldier, those who built the nation without destroying anything. We find them in cities and towns just as many, with empty sleeves caused by the twisting of the brake perhaps at the wrong time in their anxiety to save life. We find them in all places and they watch the trains as they go by and they take their march to the next town to stand on highways that their labor once benefitted—the railroad men that lost their arms. Pensions for soldiers who killed men and rats for men who have made the nation the greatest and grandest on earth. [loud and long continued applause.] It may be a dream, they may call us dreamers, but in the Knights of Labor we are reaching out for that day when the government of this nation will have some sort of control over the railroads of this country; that the government may manage the railroads for the people and not for those who hold watered stock. How are these things to be accomplished? How are we going to make it possible for all who turn the brake, who mount the platform, who hold the throttle in their hands, to buy some of the stock of the railroad that he operates on? If you asked him to buy that stock to-day he would say no, because ninety per cent. of it is watered. But we are endeavoring to squeeze the water out of it so that it may be possible for the one who operates it to buy some of the stock. [Cheers.]

When each railroad man will be holding stock, you will have to tempt him with a very nice bait before he will strike against his own railroad. Once it was the custom to sit beside the bedside of him who was

sick, then after he was dead throw a few handfuls of earth over his grave and leave his widow to do the best she could. To-day the organization means more than that. It means that men shall understand the principles of government. It means that they shall know the land in which they live. It means, in a word, just what Brother Wilkinson told you, that you should understand the political history of your country, its aims and motives and do your voting as men, and not as any boss dictates to you. In this federation that we have before us to-day it was my good fortune to meet with those who made out that council and if ever a force were in safe hands, that force was in the possession that Brother Wilkinson has spoken of. You have heard of the unhappy division on the Northwestern road, and many of you have made up your minds to take sides. My friends, who belong to the Mutual Aid Association, take no sides. Stand just where you are. Work with the other organizations as you have done. Rather than cast out for more branches stick to the tree. These little divisions will vanish and this council will stand stronger than before. In union there is that strength that makes it possible for us to accomplish our legitimate ends. While we have such men as Wilkinson I can only say that the organization is ten times stronger. Keep to your fraternity. Allow no man to cast aside any parts of it, but weld them more closely together. There are others whom I would ask you to comfort with the true religion of labor. The man who stands shoveling the coal into the fiery furnace of the passenger or freight train as it goes over the road is as good as the man who sits on the other side of the engine. [loud and continued applause] and the day will come when the knights of the lever may not be too proud to say "we are brothers and we want your aid."

There are many in that organization who are willing to federate and use their influence where it will do the most good. So that you may have brakemen, engineer, fireman, and conductor managing the whole train. And when that day comes you can stand before your employer asking for what is right, and taking nothing less.

The occasion was one of pronounced interest to all who were present, and some important questions were discussed.

THE *Railway Age* says "the employes' saving fund on the Pennsylvania railroad system now amounts to \$674,066, the deposits last year aggregating \$344,152. The number of depositors is 2,590, but it ought to be ten times that. If all railway men would learn the lesson of economy and business foresight which the practice of putting savings at small interest teaches, the amount of their accumulations would be enormous, and the independence and self-respect of the men would be vastly increased." The Pennsylvania railroad system chuckles over its success. Its employes place their money in its clutches and they go with their money. It is the old story of Joseph and the Egyptians, "This day I have bought you and your lands for Pharaoh." The Pennsylvania railroad is raking them in, and after awhile, when its arrangements are perfected, the order will be "No contributions, no work."

WHERE W. D. Robinson sleeps is sacred soil, and there should be erected to his memory a monument to tell to future generations the story of his heroic struggle for the emancipation of his fellow men.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

The convention which assembled in the city of Cincinnati, during the month of May, to organize a "new party," the "people's party," or a "third party," succeeded in so far as preliminaries were concerned. About 1,500 delegates responded to roll call. Committees were appointed, discussion took a wide range, and enthusiasm marked every step of the proceedings, from start to finish.

The great work of the convention was to formulate a platform. This was accomplished, as follows:

PLATFORM OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Your Committee on Resolutions beg leave to submit the following:

That in view of the great social, industrial and economical revolution now dawning upon our civilized world, and the new and living issues confronting the American people, we believe the time has arrived for the crystallization of the political reform forces of our country, and formation of what should be known as the People's party of the United States of America.

1. That we most heartily endorse the demands of the platform as adopted at St. Louis in 1880; Ocala, Florida, in 1890, and Omaha, Neb., in 1891, by the industrial organizations there represented; summarized as follows: The right to make and issue money is a sovereign power to be maintained by the people for common benefit, hence we demand the abolition of National banks as banks of issue, and as a substitute for National bank notes, we demand that legal tender treasury notes be issued in sufficient volume to transact the business of the country on a cash basis without damage or especial advantage to any class, or cause such notes to be legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, and such notes when demanded by the people shall be loaned to them at not more than 2 per cent. per annum upon non-perishable products, as indicated in the sub-treasury plan, and also upon real estate, with proper limitation upon the quantity of land and amount of money.

2. We demand free and unlimited quantity (coinage) of silver.

3. We demand the passage of a law prohibiting alien ownership of land and that Congress take prompt action to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by alien and foreign syndicates, and that all lands held by railroads and other corporations in excess of such as is actually used and needed by them, be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

4. Believing the doctrine of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, we demand that taxation, national, state or municipal, shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another.

5. We demand that all revenues, national, state or county, shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered.

6. We demand a just and equitable system of tax on income.

7. We demand a most rigid, honest and just national control and supervision of means of public communication and transportation, and if this control and supervision does not remove the abuse now existing, we demand government ownership of such communication and transportation.

8. We demand the election of president, vice president and United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

9. That we urge united action of all progressive organizations in attending the conference called for February 22, 1892, by six of the leading reform organizations.

10. That a national central committee be appointed by this conference to be composed of a chairman to be elected by this body, and of three members, i. e., from each state represented to be named by each state delegation.

11. That this central committee shall represent this body, attend the national conference on February 22, 1892, and if possible unite with that and all other reform organizations there assembled. If no satisfactory arrangements can be affected, this committee shall call a national convention not later than June 1, 1892, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for president and vice president.

12. That the members of the central committee for each state where there is no independent political organization conduct an active system of political agitation in their representative states.

Those who will critically scan the foregoing document, the platform upon which the "People's Party" proposes to do battle, and at the same time, provide themselves with the latest platform declarations of the Democratic and Republican parties, will be able to discover what new departures are proposed by the "third party."

The issue of "greenbacks" to take the place of national bank notes, is not a new idea. It has often been suggested, and it would seem to be an easy matter, but practically, it would require a great deal of legislation to avoid serious financial embarrassments.

The new departure in finance proposed in the platform of the "People's Party," is for the government to put afloat all the paper money required, make it receivable for all debts both public and private, and then loan it out to anybody and everybody at 2 per cent. per annum upon "imperishable products, and also upon real estate, with proper limitations upon the quantity of land and amount of money." The scheme, should it be put into practice, would at once develop into startling proportions.

The demand for free and unlimited coinage of silver is a question that is now before Congress, and exhaustive arguments have been made for and against the proposition; more are to follow. It is thought by some who have examined the subject, that it ought to be sufficient to coin the American product of the mines, others would limit the amount, while others would have our mints coin all that offers from the outside world.

The prohibition of the alien ownership of land in the United States is eminently a correct idea; and it is unquestionably just to require railroad corporations to dispose of their lands, reserving only so much as will enable them to transact their business.

In plank 7 we have the proposition of government control of "public communication and transportation," that is to say, if those in charge do not make rates reasonable, the government shall become the owner of all railroads and telegraph lines.

It is easy enough to formulate such a proposition, but since government ownership would require an expenditure of about ten billions, (\$10,000,000,000), and since labor would have to pay every dollar of the vast sum, we do not apprehend that the

government will immediately take the contract.

We think it likely that the new party or People's party will give the country a "shaking up." The indications are that party lines will undergo some radical changes and that under changed political conditions, laws will be enacted that will modify in numerous instances, situations which now are fruitful of complaints and wide-spread unrest.

We should like to see laws passed that would either squeeze the water out of corporation stocks and bonds, upon which the people pay dividends, or compel those who control the water to pay taxes on every dollar it represents.

We should like to see laws enacted that would permit a poor man to have his case tried in the courts of the country, the same as a rich man, and when it could be shown that a bribed and debauched judge ruled against the rights of the poor man, he should have his filth-bedrabbled robes torn from him and be sent to a felon's cell by the shortest and most expeditious route.

The indications are that a party is coming which will discard and anathematize class legislation and inaugurate a reign of justice. As we view matters such is the sign of the times.

THE CORPORATION VS. THE EMPLOYEE.

The New South Wales *Railway and Tramway Review*, in its English notes, publishes the following incident of English tyranny:

The case of Armstrong, the South London Tramway conductor, who had his wages arbitrarily confiscated on dismissal for an alleged breach of rules, has been decided in his favour by the High Court. But if Sir Charles Russell, touched by the abominable injustice and tyranny to which the company subjected this poor man, had not generously volunteered to plead his cause gratuitously, where would he have been? He would simply have been compelled to put up with being cheated and robbed by his powerful employers. The point at issue was whether the company's manager had the right to refuse the man a hearing when he was accused, the company contending, with cool impudence, that when he signed his agreement he must be taken to have consented to accept any award the company's manager gave as if given in arbitration. This is now ruled to be nonsense. The man had earned his wages, and, as the company could show nothing to the contrary, the court ordered that he should be paid. But Armstrong, in this simple matter, has been dragged through three courts by the company, who have their shareholders' dividends to waste in persecuting their servants by ridiculous litigation, and but for the generosity of Sir Charles Russell he would have been swindled in the end from sheer lack of funds to fee counsel.

The foregoing brings into prominence a fact well worthy of consideration by organized workmen. It will be noticed that Sir Charles Russell gratuitously took up the case of the wronged and robbed conductor and won a righteous verdict for him, and the conclusion is inevitable, that but for such generous help, the corporation would have triumphed.

In the United States we are ceaselessly told that "all men are equal before the law." The declaration is a shocking travesty of truth. The courts, nominally, may be open to the poor, but in fact, for the lack of money, they are virtually closed to thousands, as was the case of the London Tramway conductor.

It is this poverty of workmen which gives the corporation its relentless grasp upon their lives. Wronged, robbed, degraded, starved, evicted from their habitations, they must suffer in silence. To point to the courts as a means of redress, is a cruelty which, pointing to a remedy, leaves the victim of poverty and wrong to the aggravating reflection, that after all, it is money that throws wide open the portals of justice, without which he is doomed to suffer.

Some relief may be found in organization, but not enough. To meet the requirement, every labor organization should have a fund, created and maintained for the purpose of providing legal talent when the rights of a member are assailed, and the wisdom of such a policy is fully demonstrated by the London incident, in which a large hearted man determined that right should prevail.

THE STATE VS. \$275,000,000.

In the city of New York, where the directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad have been indicted as being responsible for the loss of a number of lives in a tunnel, great interest is manifested. The New York *Herald* of May 7th, says:

One of the most important questions of the day is in Judge Van Brunt's hands for decision, on the demurrer to the indictment in the case of the directors of the New Haven Railroad. The question is whether the fiction known as a corporate body is or is not a shield for acts alleged to be crimes committed by directors or officials directing the acts of a corporation; whether there is any law to which a corporation or its directors can be made amenable other than that of their own sweet will. District Attorney Nicoll considers this question of the most far-reaching importance, and is directing his strongest efforts towards establishing it in favor of the people, so that in future corporations shall not be a law unto themselves and be unchecked in the immense power that they wield by any fear of the criminal law.

That the defendants recognize the importance of the question at issue was shown by the array of counsel present in their behalf when the case was called for argument before Judge Van Brunt in the General Term of the Supreme Court yesterday. They were represented by James C. Carter, John M. Bowers, Henry W. Taft, of Page & Taft; Mr. Thatcher and James M. Townsend. The people were represented by District Attorney Nicoll and Assistant District Attorney Semple.

When it is remembered that \$275,000,000 is on the side of the directors the people may well entertain doubts as to the outcome of the trial, but if the judge is above price then the people may entertain the belief that laws were not made to punish the poor and let the rich escape.

CHICAGO CHRISTIANITY.

The Chicago *Rights of Labor* of recent date contains the following:

An editorial in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* last Sunday, evidently written by a Christian minister, on the subject of "The Church and Labor Issues," commences:

"There lie before us three papers in which the attitude of the church toward the labor question is discussed, and all of them are severely critical of the supposed indifference of the Church to the wants and woes of labor. We should have been better pleased had any one of them acknowledged two plain truths: first, that the wants and woes of labor are not numerous; second, that they are not numerous is the direct, almost the sole, outcome of the operation of the Christian religion on the human mind."

The minister of the gospel who wrote this stuff, for it is evidently the language of a minister of the gospel, belongs to a class of men who are profoundly ignorant of everything connected with labor, because, in their Pharisaic goodness, they refuse to use their eyes to observe the woes and wants of labor. Let this writer, if he is honest in his belief that the woes and wants of labor are not numerous, take a trip through the coal and coke fields of Pennsylvania, where men, women and children are even now being shot down like savages because they refuse to work for wages that would not permit them to live at a standard equal to the Hottentot. Let him go there when these human beings are at work. He will see women working at the coke ovens, from the waist up as bare as the naked truth, their babes lying in a wheelbarrow beside them, and the mothers only able to give them the nourishment required to sustain life between heats at the furnace. He will see little children, girls and boys, indiscriminately mixed up from the tender age of five years up, working in and around the mines for ten, twelve and fifteen hours a day to earn sufficient to support life.

Let this Christian minister, for he evidently is a Christian minister, go into the New England factories; let him push his investigations personally in any of the large industrial centers of the country; let him even close at home go into the packing houses in the city of Chicago, or in any of our great retail mercantile stores where children are employed; let him visit the homes of the working classes; let him go to-day to Jackson Park where men are housed, according to the same issue of his own paper in which his editorial appears, "in quarters not fit for swine," and then if he can make the statement as above there is only one way to account for it—he belongs to that class of Christian ministers whose veins are filled with ice water instead of pure, warm, impulsive blood.

Possibly a Chicago minister did not write what the *Rights of Labor* credits to some one of the Christian clergy. In these times there are a number of plutocrat pillars of the church like Andrew Carnegie, who can talk "cloth" with the most renowned graduates of theological schools—men who as soon as they receive their diplomas are ready for a "call." These gold-plated plutocrats can quote Scripture as rapidly as the devil himself, whom they serve, and can always find a paper to print their mouthings and send them forth over the land. But be this as it may, the comments of the *Rights of Labor* ought pretty effectually to satisfy the writer in the *Inter-Ocean*, as well as the *Inter-Ocean* itself, that the "wants and woes of labor" are numerous and cry to heaven, and that "the operation of the Christian religion on the human mind" has not so far been sufficiently ameliorating to create the belief that the millennial era is about to dawn.

BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES HOME.

We have on our table the first annual report of the Brotherhood of Railway Employees Home, at Chicago, by Jay B. Spencer, Secretary and Treasurer.

It appears that the Home was incorporated May 28th, 1890, and on January 1st, 1891, was opened for the reception of inmates. Since that date four disabled railroad employes have been admitted to the Home, as follows: E. C. Learman, B. of R. T.; L. E. DeLanty, B. of R. T.; T. H. Nace, B. of L. F. and Jno. H. Fowler, B. of L. E.

W. L. Gleason, B. of R. T., was also admitted to the Home, to afford him more agreeable surroundings, but paid for medical attendance and his board. It is thus shown that four disabled railroad employes have within the year covered by the report, but really since January 1st, 1891, been the recipients of the benefits, which the Home, in the spirit of charity was established to confer.

The report shows that the total receipts of the Home have amounted to \$1,862.50, of which \$967.89 is credited to "donations." The disbursements have amounted to \$1,582.19, leaving a cash balance of \$280.31, the Home having no liabilities. The report, referring to other matters, gives the following interesting items:

Finding it necessary to reach the lodges frequently in order to maintain interest in the "Home" among the brothers, it was decided to issue a monthly paper, to be known as *The "Brotherhood Home" Journal*, and the first issue was mailed in January. Since then the *Journal* has been enlarged and improved in many ways, and to-day is more than paying its own expenses. It is our firm belief that this *Journal* can be made to nearly or quite pay all expenses of the Home, and to this end we solicit the earnest support of its agents throughout the country.

We also made arrangements with a publisher of this city, whereby he was to publish our "Prospectus and *Journal*" doing all work, advancing all money necessary, and, if the project was a failure, stand all losses. This has netted us \$823.55 thus far, and will pay us still more.

On May 1, 1891, we took possession of our permanent quarters, a plat of nearly four acres, beautifully located for our purposes, and well timbered, on a ninety-nine year lease, with the privilege of renewal on the same terms and without re-valuation, at the expiration of the first lease, and the buildings now on the property to become the sole and exclusive property of the Home so soon as it shall erect upon the property buildings to the value of \$10,000.00 or over, the consideration being a yearly rental of \$1,500.00. This is based upon a six per cent. interest on a valuation of \$25,000.00.

This lease is considered by real estate dealers who are competent judges, to be a very advantageous one for the Home, and should it wish to dispose of the lease in the future, it would receive a handsome sum for it.

The buildings now upon the property can be made, by the expenditure of a few hundred dollars, to accommodate from fifty to seventy inmates, and other buildings can be erected as our needs demand and finances permit.

In closing this report, I would call attention to the fact that the general public is becoming deeply interested in our work, as is testified by the handsome donations from well known business men and firms of this city, who have investigated the Home, its work and objects, as follows:

The Westinghouse Air Brake Co., \$100.00; T. B. Blackstone, President C. & A. Railway, \$50.00; The National Tube Works, \$50.00. The M. A. Richardson Co., Jobbers in Hardware, Cutlery, etc., a complete kitchen outfit of cooking utensils, tinware, etc.; Moore Bros. & Co., Furniture Dealers, lot of furniture, carpets, etc.; and I could carry the list still further, but this will suffice to show that we may with confidence count upon the support of the general public where the Home and its work is properly presented.

We most heartily congratulate the officers and managers of the Home upon the success achieved, in all regards encouraging, and do not hesitate to express the belief, that when the next annual report of the Secretary and Treasurer is made, still more gratifying results will demonstrate that the Home has a mission which it is fulfilling in a way worthy of high commendation.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

The Supreme Council met at Chicago in annual session June 15th, and continued in session until noon June 17th, when adjournment was had to meet at Terre Haute, Ind., in adjourned session on Thursday, September 25th. The principal subject before the Council was the matter of the trouble on the Northwestern Railway, a full report of which was given in our June issue. The notification of the S. M. A. A. that they had withdrawn from the Council was ruled out of order on the ground that no petition or request for withdrawal had been filed, and that no organization could withdraw from the Council except by consent of that body.

Charges were preferred against the B. of R. T. by the representatives of the S. M. A. A. for conspiring with the officials of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway to discharge all the switchmen in their employ. These charges were referred to a committee consisting of John J. Hannahan, of the B. of L. F., and D. J. Carr and J. W. Martin, of the B. of R. C., who were directed to secure all available testimony and report the same together with their finding at the adjourned meeting of the Council. As we go to press the Council is in session. What the outcome will be is purely a matter of conjecture, but it is hoped that the Council will in all regards be equal to itself, that prudent counsels may prevail, that the wrong may be rebuked and the right may be enthroned.

A BABY, six months old, and a resident of St. Louis, by the name of Richard Jones, has sued a railroad, demanding \$5,000 damages for killing his father. Richard is young, but we hope he will get there all the same.

NOTE how the Robinson Monument Fund is growing. Have you contributed to erect a shaft to the *Grand Old Man*?

CHEAP CORPORATION SURGEONS.

The Toledo *Medical Compend* discusses at some length the subject of compensation which corporation medical men receive. The *Compend* remarks that "when a church society obtains the services of a good clergyman they know it, and retain him by the payment of a large salary and by every effort to make his stay in the place pleasant and agreeable. When a corporation, or even an individual, has occasion to employ an attorney, they do not hesitate to pay an enormous price for the service of competent men, and in many instances pay large retaining fees to prevent the opposing side from securing their services."

That is true of churches, corporations, and individuals having the command of ample funds, but as a general proposition, workmen have to be content with quacks in law and religion, and often are required to paddle their religious and legal canoe unaided.

The *Compend* remarks that "when a corporation engages a surgeon or physician to attend to their medical business, the first effort made is to find the man who will do this for the least compensation, or possibly fix the compensation and offer it to first one and then another, until a person is found who will accept their proposition. Railroads pay their legal advisors thousands of dollars each year, while in many instances their surgeon must perform even more onerous work for an annual pass over the road. If more is paid, it always consists of even less than the surgeon would consider his minimum fee for private cases. The argument that because he gets many cases at the low price, he can afford to perform the service, is like that of the grocer buying sugar at seven cents a pound (not including freight charges) and selling it again at seven cents; when asked how he could afford to sell sugar at that answered, that he would sell more of it. The fact is, the more he sold the more money he lost. So it is with the corporation physician, the more he does at these ruinous prices the more money he deprives himself of. The argument would apply to the attorney as well, but he is too astute to be caught with such chaff. He knows full well that having the ability to protect the corporation's interests, his services are in demand, and if not employed by it for a fair or large remuneration he may obtain from the opposition in even a single case in court more than that corporation would otherwise be willing to pay him. The lawyer moulds himself to the wants of his clients. If employed to contest a case against a corporation, he becomes the sympathizer of the people, and when defending the corporation he vehemently maintains corporate rights against popular demands."

We doubt if the *Compend*, in what it says,

has touched the right key. The corporation idea is, that cheap medical men will answer for employées. Why not? If a railroad employé is either disabled or killed, are there not a dozen or more standing ready to take his place? Is it not understood that human life is cheap? Never in the history of the country was the article of such little value as at present. Such a drug is it on the "market" that it is being rated with the "raw material," human labor and skill is required to "work up." Labor is now, even in Congress, where statesmen, (?) heaven save the mark, deliberate, regarded as a "commodity," like hides, or hair, guano, or pig iron—anything to be "worked up," and therefore must take its chances in the "market." In Pennsylvania, and in all of the sweating hells of the great cities, human life is regarded as of little more value than a dog or cat life, and as compared with horse or mule life, the quotations on 'Change, where our plutocratic civilization reaches such a degraded level, and it is going down to it with fearful speed, will demonstrate that a yearling mule or an imported pup would command more "spot cash" than a woman who plies her needle in a sarret, and while dying by inches "sings the Song of the Shirt."

Corporations understand all this, and employ cheap medical men, and these quacks, these shysters of one of the "learned professions" manage, in the coal and coke regions of Pennsylvania and on great railroad systems, to make money. They give prescriptions as the old farmer sows his oats—at random. They are employed to doctor the "herd," assigned, say five hundred families in as many hovels, one prescription will answer for a dozen, besides, the *pay*, though in small sums, aggregates satisfactorily, and is certain.

But, says the *Compend*, the "corporation physician is likewise expected to defend his employers in all cases. He must and does frequently distort facts so as to shield the corporation that pays him. All this is done in many instances for what is vulgarly called a "song." It is a worthy ambition on the part of the physician to be retained by a corporation as their physician, but the fact that competent men in other avocations demand and obtain sufficient pay for their service should always be remembered when accepting such positions."

What an arraignment is this. Even the "corporation physician" must accept degradation. He too must eat dirt. He too must crawl in the dust, must "defend the corporation in all cases," "distort facts," which is to become a common liar, and thereby become a despicable creature in his own eyes and in the eyes of all honorable men.

Such articles as that of the *Medical Com-*

pend naturally lead to important reflections, and are worthy of the consideration of railroad employées. Cheap doctors are able to do far more harm to employées than cheap clergymen or cheap lawyers.

THE *Journal of the Knights of Labor* refers to a Philadelphia wedding for which \$10,000 was expended in purchasing flowers. It was a high life wedding, and "special trains were run between New York and Philadelphia for the convenience of the royalty of the two cities" and in this connection the *Journal* remarks: "Think of this as a product of 'trusts,' and then think of the sad fact that last year more than one person in every six who died in New York died in a hospital, insane asylum or workhouse, and that about four thousand of those who died were thrown into Potter's field, too poor for decent burial—impoverished and degraded by a system which made such magnificence possible. As the choicest specimens of our own 'blue blood' were driven from the depot to the palace of the bride's father, the streets were lined with bewildered humanity; poverty and vice, human wretchedness in rags and filth being the most conspicuous, profanely glaring at a sight that would have made the lecherous gods of Babylon dance with joy." The incident was, we should say, well calculated to excite reflection in the minds of the students of social problems. But just outside of Philadelphia, in the mining and coke regions, something far worse was transpiring. So much worse that we doubt if any human being, unless specially inspired, could describe them; only a special reporter selected for the task by God Himself, could do the subject justice. Pennsylvania is the most degenerate of all the states of the American Union, and a black spot should take the place of the star that represents her on the American flag, or the likeness of some venomous thing like a scorpion or a tarantula. The entire press of the Union should advertise the infamies of Pennsylvania. Her railroads, her coal pits and her coke ovens, separately or combined, one and all, are foul blotches upon any sort of civilization from the dim conception of right by savage tribes to the full-orbed noon of enlightenment of which Americans so loudly boast. The present is the day which the prophets overlooked, when plutocracy met and kissed and pooled their issues, and should Gabriel now blow his trumpet the cell-houses in the devil's prisons would have to be indefinitely increased.

In India, railroad trains are frequently stopped by large swarms of locusts. They settle down in immense heaps and their removal causes vexatious delays.

BONANZA NUGGETS.

Said the wise man, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and here are a few "apples" from the *Farmers' Voice*:

By reason of well nigh boundless natural resources, that under the toll of millions of intelligent workers have become inexhaustible mines of wealth, the United States is the richest nation on the face of the globe.

Out of this condition an aristocracy of Plutocrats has been irresistibly evolved.

Patrician castes always work and fight together against the common people whenever their class interests or special privileges are in danger.

This is true of all aristocracies whether of blood or gold, and the commercial nobility of Carthage, Venice and Holland gave as memorable examples of this unity of feeling and action as can be found in the chronicles of the hereditary nobility of France, England or Spain.

The humiliating fact is brought into vivid prominence, that the "millions of intelligent workers"—freemen, voters, sovereigns, etc., do the bidding of the "patrician castes," in which case liberty, independence, education, and "a'that," don't count in the fight. The "common people" do not assert their rights, they do not pull together, they obey the "patricians" and go without resistance, or with feeble resistance, down to degradation.

Again says the *Voice*:

Our aristocratic legal system with its deification of property, made the way easy for plutocratic dominion in the republic of Washington.

The plutocracy by grace of gold, marched into our judicial and legislative halls and became regnant and triumphant almost without a battle.

They dictated court decisions and statute laws which placed the producing masses of America at their absolute mercy, and this abject situation of the toiling millions must endure and become increasingly oppressive so long as Triumphant Plutocrats own the railway system of the Nation, which enables them to tax commerce all it can bear, while through the criminal partiality of the government they are also given the exclusive monopoly of handling the money that belongs to the whole people which is made the effective means of robbing the wealth creators for the enrichment of their oppressors.

The workingmen of the nation are in the majority. They could change conditions by the almighty fiat of the ballot, in spite of the "almighty dollar," if they would unify for the welfare of the nation—for their own good. It is the supineness of workingmen that makes the "deification of property" and the degradation of man possible in the United States. The ballot could be made to reach fundamental wrongs; uproot them, blast them and exile them, but one plutocrat, one aristocrat, can and does make thousands of workingmen do his bidding. Workingmen could, if they would, have honest men in congress and in legislatures and in courts. They could, if they would, *squeeze* the water out of stocks and bonds and compel millionaires to collect dividends on *cash* investments, but they don't do it. The corporation aims its blows at the dinner bucket; aims it at the poor man's shanty; at his wife and children, and there is no remedy

this side of the grave but the unification of the votes of the toilers—in federation.

The way out of all the troubles is plain. It has been *blazed* out a thousand times but workingmen, though they see it, will not take it and march through the wilderness of starvation to the promised land of plenty. They will not federate. "All for each and each for all," is not their Shibboleth, not their battle cry, and the plutocrats are happy. Says the *Voice*:

Free America was settled by the peasants and untitled commoners of Europe, who erected a system of government that was broadly democratic, because its foundation rested on a principle of universal equity, which gave "equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

How comes it then—that with the splendor of this grand republican idea shining full in our faces, we nevertheless hold a governmental practice which shamefully nullifies it.

We see the wealth creators of the country slowly but surely sinking into that condition of poverty and dependence, which has been the lot of the producing masses in all nations and eras.

And yet the Declaration of Independence reads just as it did when Jefferson penned it—and our Constitution makes its claims to righteous validity on the ground that it declares and assures "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

It is easy, and it is doubtless an imperative duty to state such facts. They are good seed. The demand is: keep on sowing, plowing, hoeing, harrowing, and hoping for a harvest of righteousness. Nothing else can be done. Unfortunately, "free America" never had a system of government whose foundations "rested on a principle of universal equity," or "which gave equal rights to all and special privileges to none." On the contrary, we started out, notwithstanding the Declaration of Independence, with chattel slavery and robbing the Indians. We glorify the national conscience which emancipated the negro, and now we are treated to quotations of the "labor market," where labor as a "commodity is bought and sold," and white slaves, as in Pennsylvania, can be counted by the thousands. No wonder that the old "Independence bell" is cracked, and its voice is silent.

What is the remedy for such curses? Simply to get workingmen federated, and to vote and work and stand solidly against the encroachments of plutocrats. If this cannot be done workingmen may prepare their necks for yokes.

ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The following subscriptions to the *Robinson Monument Fund* have been received since our last report:

James Considine, Little Rock, Ark.	\$1 00
H. C. Chapman, Williams, Ariz.	1 00
J. H. Cunningham and others, Panhandle, Tex.	10 20
Wm. P. Daniels, Cedar Rapids, Iowa	5 00
Previously acknowledged	8 50

Total \$25 70

Remittances should be directed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

WM. D. ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the *Magazine* we said :

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallows ground
where heroes sleep?"

'Tis not the sculptured
piles you heap!

In dews that heavens far
distant weep

Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the
deep

Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?"

'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls
of worth!

Peace! Independence!
Truth go forth.

Earth's compass round
and your high priesthood
shall make earth

All hallowed ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the Brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods will be constituted to take charge of the fund and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.



WM. D. ROBINSON.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices, the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in pov-

erty that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, *Terre Haute, Indiana*, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

"ACT OF GOD."

We notice that the "common pleas court at Philadelphia has decided that the Pennsylvania railroad company is not liable for baggage lost in the destruction of the train in the great Johnstown flood of 1889, holding that the disaster was unforeseen and came under the heading of an act of God, for which the company could not be held responsible. The decision was rendered in the suit of Thomas J. Long to recover \$500 for the loss of two trunks." The history of the catastrophe does not sustain the decision of the court. A weak and unsafe dam was erected and supported by a set of millionaires for their pleasure. It broke and spread death and desolation in its pathway. To charge it upon God may be convenient, but it is a million miles from the truth.

Our acknowledgments are due to Messrs. John Wiley & Sons, Publishers, 53 East Tenth street, New York City, for a copy of the revised (eighteenth) edition of Angus Sinclair's "Locomotive Running and Management," an invaluable treatise on locomotive engines. The introduction to the new edition is quite elaborate, and contains some valuable features which have not hitherto appeared, among others a number of plates illustrating in detail the various parts of the locomotive. This book, as indicated by the number of editions already published, is commanding an ever increasing sale. The author, himself a practical locomotive engineer, fully masters the subject of which he writes, and his book on "Locomotive Running and Management" is doing a great work in educating both engineers and firemen in the full comprehension and proper performance of all the duties their calling imposes.

Master and Servant—Liability for Negligence—Release by Servant Void.—An instrument executed by a railway employé after he has entered the service, releasing the company from all liability for any damage or injury to him by reason of the company's negligence, is void for want of consideration, there being no promise on the part of the company to give him other or new employment or to continue him in its service.—(Ct. Appls. N. Y. Purdy v. Rome W. & O. Rd. Co., 9 Ky. & Corp. L. Jour. 231.)

We are getting on bravely. We have reached the "master and servant" station, just ahead is the *slave pen*; that reached, it will be "master and slave." We are getting back to old plantation times and terms.

CHEAP money is the national nickel coin. It is worth just about a half a cent, and fifteen cents will purchase the required copper to make \$2 worth of cents. We doubt if there is a counterfeiter in the land who can beat the government making cheap money.

A CASE is reported in which a Belgian woman who had received 10,000 francs from a railroad company as compensation for the loss of a husband in a railway accident, learning that a traveler who had lost a leg by the same accident had been paid 20,000 francs, went to the company's office and said: "Gentlemen, how is this? Here you give 20,000 francs for a leg, and you have only allowed me 10,000 francs for the loss of my husband!" "Madam," replied one of the clerks, "the reason is quite plain; 20,000 francs won't provide the poor man with a new leg whereas for the 10,000 francs you can any day get another husband, perhaps a little better one." The lady, who is still young, walked away apparently satisfied.

Literary Notes.

"WHICH WINS?"

We have received from the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk street, Boston, a copy of Mrs. Mary H. Ford's "Which Wins," a remarkably interesting and attractive story which should be read by all students of the social and economic questions of the times. The book contains 312 pages and is divided into 34 chapters, and so interesting is the narrative that the reader does not lay it aside until the conclusion is reached. Mrs. Ford dedicates her book to the Farmer's Alliance and refers to the members "as having become, although busy toilers, what the greatest men have always been, both toilers and thinkers." The author has had special opportunities for studying questions relating to our economic and industrial systems, the defects and weaknesses of which she exposes, pointing out with unerring certainty the reforms that are necessary to emancipate the producing classes from the thralldom of oppression and degradation. In reviewing the story the St. Joseph Herald says:

"Which Wins" is the attractive title of a story of social conditions just issued by Lee & Shepard of Boston, and should be peculiarly interesting to the readers of the *Herald*, for the reason that the author is a Missouri woman by choice of residence, and the subject treated western throughout. Indeed, the scene of the story, while partially laid in Nebraska, concludes in Kansas City, and shows up, in a masterly way, the hideous rottenness of real estate booms and iniquitous mortgage rates. As the personnel of any writer, particularly a woman, is always of interest to the public, we will undertake to introduce Mrs. Mary H. Ford as a woman of unusual attainments. In the past she has been known principally as the writer of essays on scholarly subjects, as a contributor to local newspapers and a poet of rare sweetness and sympathy. In later years Mrs. Ford has shown a strong leaning toward socialism. She was, after the Hielamy boom started, one of the most ardent Nationalists in the west and during the existence of the Nationalist club at Kansas City, its president. It is not surprising then to find her advocating in the present book, what will appear to most of us exceedingly Utopian views. The *Herald*, in calling the attention of its readers to the little volume under review, does so from a purely literary standpoint, without undertaking to argue points with the author. Much, no doubt, which she says is true—practically and economically—but the question is, does she suggest the remedy? The *Herald* does not agree with her in believing that the ills of humanity are to be solved by coöperation, or that a third or People's party will untangle what everybody concedes to be a miserable muddle; but it urges the book on its readers, first because it is a beautifully told story of western life, and last because the ideas are so high and pure that no one can watch the pathetic struggles of the hero, without wishing, somehow or other, things were different. The *Magazine* is persuaded that "Which Wins" is to have a wide reading and that the author is to reap a harvest of well deserved fame from it.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth day* of each month.

A FIREMAN'S TRIALS.

COMPOSED AFTER THE WRITER'S FIRST DAY'S EXPERIENCE AS A FIREMAN.

There are many learned in science and art,
Who know every rule in rhetoric by heart,
But with all their wisdom, there's few who can tell
What a fireman must do besides ringing the bell.
In day time or night, he must know every grade;
He must study and learn how an engine is made;
He must keep the glass of his windows all clean,
So things on the track may be readily seen.
He must fill up lamps and keep them aglow,
And watch else they burn too high or too low.
He must shovel the coal through a door so small
That, while running, he scarcely can hit it at all;
And the coal must be scattered over the front and back
Or the smoke will be dim that comes from the stack;
'Tis useless to tell you, for I presume that you know,
If the smoke is not black the steam will run low.

There are glands to help pack, ash-pan to rake,
Oil-cans to fill and water to take;
There is brass to rub till it glitters or shine
Like the glare of a diamond just from the mine.
And should you be wearied with hunger or heat,
So weak you scarcely can stand on your feet,
And the hand falls back on your side of the gauge
The man on the right, like a saint or a sage,
Will give you a look which, I guess you all know,
Means down on the deck with scoop in the door.
If there was ever a time you wished you were dead,
It will be when he drops the lever ahead,
Giving the valves full play on their seat,
With the ports wide open; Oh, do you think it is sweet?

No excuse will be made for the things you forget,
Nor the tools that you break or the things you upset;
You must hear every sound, see every thing,
Learn every rule down to "whistle and ring."
You must study the eccentrics, the motion of valves,
You must learn things correctly and never by halves,
And if you wish to attain the height of perfection
Be studious in thought and quick in perception.

J. G. Cary.

The Next Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, B. of L. F., held Thursday, May 14, 1891, a spirited discussion, relating to the proposed resignation of Bro. Eugene V. Debs, Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Brotherhood, and Editor and Manager of the Magazine, was the principal feature of the business transacted. The meeting was largely attended and the discussion resulted in the appointment of a committee of three to write a communication to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, embodying the sentiments of St. Joseph Lodge, and appealing to all lodges of the order to use their utmost influence to retain Bro. Debs in the office of Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the order and as Editor and Manager of our Magazine.

We, the committee, therefore take this

opportunity of presenting to all the members of the B. of L. F., as also to the subscribers and readers of the *Magazine*, some of the reasons for our high appreciation of Bro. Debs, which include his long and faithful services to the order while acting as Secretary and Treasurer of the order, and as Editor and Manager of the *Magazine*.

Should we part with Bro. Debs we should be parting with a tried, true and trusty advocate of the cause of organized labor.

By his untiring energy and careful management the *Firemen's Magazine* has become what it is to-day, one of the most powerful as well as one of the most reliable official organs of organized labor in the world.

The eloquent tongue and willing pen of Bro. Debs are always ready to help on the work of organization, for which he has always evinced the most earnest solicitude.

We believe there are just as good men in the order as Bro. Debs, but we know Bro. Debs. He is honest; from youth up—every penny being accounted for, year by year.

We wonder if the "Q" folks would not like to have some of their old, trained, trusted and moral enginemen back on their road, and if they would not rest with more ease, knowing that their property was in good hands?

We believe in sticking to the old love—new men always have to be tried.

Knowing Bro. Debs wishes to better his condition, which is commendable, we say, considering all the sacrifices he has made for our Brotherhood, we should be willing to make sacrifices for him, and give him more than he can realize out of his contemplated enterprize.

We tremble to think of giving up our 17 x 24, which has never failed us on the steepest grade or coldest night, for an engine of smaller cylinder or even the same size that we never tried.

Brothers, let us give this question earnest thought and handle it at our meetings. Let us better Bro. Debs' condition so much that he will remain with us.

If there ever was a body of men that needed just such a man as Bro. Debs it is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Therefore, let every lodge file in and do its duty.

In conclusion, we will ask, did you ever meet a man, in or out of the order, who meets you with such a smile as Bro. Debs, or whose double shake of the hand means so much more than words can tell?

THEODORE BURKE,
D. S. SPEER,
W. E. SULLIVAN,
Committee.

[Such expressions of kindness and confidence, while valued above price, place the present Grand Secretary and Treasurer of

the B. of L. F. and Editor and Manager of the *Magazine* in a position which the term embarrassment scarcely defines.

I would not have my brothers of the order over-estimate my services, such as they have been, nor would I have them under estimate the ability and integrity of hundreds of other members, from whose ranks they may select my successor in the important positions the Brotherhood has assigned me during the past eleven years. To be assured that my official acts meet with approval, that I can retire to the ranks amidst a shower of benedictions, is a compensation for work and trial, the value of which exceeds the powers of arithmetical expression.

In publishing the foregoing report of the committee appointed by St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, I realize how difficult it is to give expression to feelings of gratitude, and can only wish that my successor after years of labor for the "good of the Order" may realize the thrilling satisfaction of having the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—EDITOR MAGAZINE.]

Causes for Idleness.

There are several causes of idleness. At the present time there are a great many men idle on account of dull times, but the greatest number are not at work because of willful neglect or carelessness in the performance of their duties and other troubles that occur very often on most of the railroads of the country. As for instance, an engineer or a conductor receives an order to do some extra work, or a fireman gets an order to clean his fire when he reaches the terminal and put the engine in the round house, or do some other extra work which they are not accustomed to do. Instead of doing this work until they can see the proper authorities and have a remedy applied, they get mad, fly off the handle and swear, and "be d—d if they will do it." The consequence is they are either suspended or discharged.

If a railroad employé has a position, no matter how unsatisfactory it may be, pride should be taken in it, and the purpose should be to make something of it. If the decision is to quit, retire like a gentleman, having faithfully performed every duty. This done, the employer will willingly lend his aid in obtaining another position.

Whenever a vacancy occurs from causes, such as I have referred to, the position is generally filled by an inexperienced man, and thus one more is added to the long list, and if this thing is kept up the country, to the delight of capitalists, and the sorrow of labor, will be flooded with men looking for work, and then the times will be favorable for capital to down labor.

Some companies prefer inexperienced

men, though the destruction of property and death results, simply because they will work for half the wages an experienced man demands, and they call this policy "economy."

On the other hand, take a company that employs experienced men, who take care of property, and are paid liberal wages, and it will be found that that company is by far the most prosperous.

In conclusion, I will say to all laborers, that anything worth doing at all, should be well done. To railroad men, I will say, look in the standard rule-book, and read this rule, "Any man entering the service of this company, does so with a willingness to obey all rules pertaining to them." Always think three times, and speak once.

F. W. Mosby.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

ONLY FRIENDS.

I said to my sweetheart, one evening,
As we stood 'neath the motionless moon,
And the summer winds toyed with the tree twig,
Do you know, little one, I shall soon
Learn to love you? my life is so lonely,
My soul to your sweet spirit bends.
"Say not so," she answered, "'tis only
For us to be friends—only friends."

u o o o o o o o o o

Somebody painted her picture,
And it hangs in her home on the wall,
And when heart sick, and pain-worn and weary—
When the lights from the chandeliers fall
On that fair face, I deem it my duty
When the long, loveless summer day dies
To go there and drink in the beauty
Of those sweet, sad and sorrowful eyes.

And a voice seems to say in the silence,
As soft as the song of a dove,
"I have sympathy for you and pity
As pure and as precious as love."
While her face in its beauty is beaming,
On pinions of love toward the skies,
My soul soars away, in its dreaming,
To seek the sweet soul in her eyes.

'Tis not idle praise I am giving,
For hers is a picture divine;
And life would be hardly worth living
Without the sweet rapture that's mine
When my soul seeks the soul in her picture,
So sweet, and so weird, and so wise,
I drink 'till I'm drunk of the mixture
Of pity and love in her eyes.

Cy Warman.

[We feel assured that we are giving the readers of the *Magazine* a treat by publishing Cy Warman's beautiful poem, entitled "Only Friends." It will be seen at once that the poet is by no means satisfied with being only a friend to his "sweetheart." If her heart is as gentle and yielding as the poet's fancies are warm and glowing, it will not surprise us to learn that all preliminaries have been settled, and that away in some sylvan retreat in the mountains the poet and his bride are cooing like doves, and enjoying the felicities of a full-orbed honey-moon.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

MEMORIES OF VACATION.

Some scenes there are we ne'er forget,
 Some favorite haunts of childhood;
 In later years we see them yet,
 For memory's grasp will never let
 The sacred image pass away,
 The scenes of many a happy day
 As wandering through the wildwood,
 Beneath some spreading elm we sat,
 To rest a moment there, and chat
 About the long and glad vacation
 The fun we might expect while at
 The picnic and the celebration;
 For school was out, our studies done,
 What else should we expect but fun?
 We knew the places out of town
 Where grew the red, delicious berries.
 What though we scorned the farmer's frown
 Whose meadows we were tramping down?
 Should we consent to stay away
 Lest we should spoil a little hay?
 For don't the robins steal your cherries?
 But we were seeking treasures there
 That just grew wild and everywhere;
 And when we found a cluster bending
 With berries blushing ripe and rare,
 We kept them by themselves, intending
 That mother's lips alone should test
 The largest samples and the best.
 We can't forget the shady nooks
 Where in the water, deep and quiet,
 We slyly dropped our baited hooks
 To tempt the dwellers of the brooks;
 And who cannot remember still
 The rapture of that magic thrill
 As some old, hungry fish would try it,
 And pull the bobber out of sight?
 And breathless with our wild delight
 We scarce concealed our agitation
 When thus assured we had a bite;
 And joy of all our expectation,
 We proudly drew our chub or bass
 Securely out upon the grass!
 The railroad bridge across the stream
 Was oft a place of wild-at pleasure--
 The rushing train, the whistle's scream,
 The hissing of escaping steam,
 As, half in daring, half in fear,
 We stood beneath it by the pier,
 With wondering eyes to measure
 The dizzy height, where rumbling o'er
 Our heads were fifty cars or more.
 And starting there, we used to follow
 Along the green, inviting shore
 Through flowery glen and shady hollow
 Where trees and rocks seemed ours alone;
 In fact, all nature was our own!
 The spring that gurgled from the hill,
 Its clear, refreshing tide inviting
 Our thirsty lips, we see it still
 As when we stooped and drank our fill
 From waters sparkling cold and rare
 As any king should wish to share;
 And, like that spring, untiring
 With larger streams and higher waves,
 Is lost at last in ocean caves;
 So we, in life's uneven motion,
 Are borne upon the tide that laves
 The shores of an eternal ocean:
 Each wondering where his place shall be
 In God's unfathomed, boundless sea.
 O happy dreams of days gone by,
 O memories sweet and cheering,
 How oft we turn the longing eye,
 And on thy snowy pinions fly
 Away from life's encroaching care
 The pleasures of the past to share;
 And now as we are nearing
 The darker shades of pain and grief
 How fondly do we seek relief
 Within thy ever-tempting bowers,
 And often we would drop the sheaf
 Unbound, again to pluck thy flowers
 Whose fragrant odors still impart
 Their sweetness to the weary heart.

STANBERRY, Mo.

George W. Hall.

A PLEA FOR GRATITUDE.

Shall the mound lie hid where the grasses tall,
 In their rank luxuriance weave,
 In some lonely spot unknown to all
 That look for the master's grave?
 Shall no stone be placed o'er the honored dead,
 And inscribed on its outlines brief,
 To skyward point from the mouldering head
 Of the Brotherhood's first Grand Chief?
 Have the enfranchised so ungrateful grown
 That they can't retrace the years,
 When their breasts were filled with many a moan,
 And their eyes bedimmed with tears,
 As the scourge was plied on their helpless backs,
 During many a tolling day,
 With their bodies screwed on the crushing racks,
 'Till their manhood ebbed away?
 Are we ingrates all to begrudge reward
 To the master mind that planned,
 From the fruits of his brain, with wisdom stored,
 The road to the promised land,
 Where the grievous wrongs of suffering men
 Could be told in determined tones,
 And redress obtained for 'em there and then,
 Oft' denied to their cowardly groans?
 I shall ne'er believe we have selfish grown
 'Till the noxious weeds arise
 From his grave instead of the stately stone
 To point to the glorious skies.
 There's a debt unpaid to the Chief deceased
 From the men he toiled for here,
 'Till his noble heart in its beatings ceased,
 As he lay on his lifeless bier.
 We can well reward every friend we had
 In the helpless days gone by;
 When our backs were lashed and our hearts were
 sad,
 And the teardrops filled each eye;
 For alone we stood and our strength was vain
 To resist the powerful foe,
 'Till in wisdom's school we were taught to train,
 And return him blow for blow.
 Let the shaft arise from the sacred soil
 Where his bones at rest are laid,
 As a slight reward from the sons of toil,
 That in union he arrayed,
 To command respect when they sought for right,
 And to feel they were the peers
 Of the men who ruled by the power of might
 During many previous years.

Shandy Maguire.

"He's only a Fireman."

With what evident scorn we frequently hear this expression. The cultured and refined with their silks and laces and arrogant pride, sweep by in majestic disdain when meeting this class of workers, little dreaming that beneath that blouse beats a heart as brave and chivalrous as ever distinguished knight of old, and yet such is frequently the case.

The pampered pets of society would not deign to associate with these men; their blackened faces and horny, toil worn hands exclude them from the set, and yet as Burns said:

"A man's a man for a' that."

What matters the rough exterior, the soiled overclothes and the grease and coal dust?

"A man's a man for a' that."

My theme at this time is to write of a deed of daring and bravery which should be resounded from shore to shore and held

up wherever man is found; a deed which for pure unselfish bravery and love of humanity should hand the name of the principal down to posterity on an even plane with the great heroes whose names we all cherish. Did he lead an army to victory when defeat seemed inevitable? No. Did he scale the walls and spike the cannon and open the gates to admit the enemy to conquer the fort? No; none of these and yet Charles Bryant Campbell, of Nolan River Lodge, No. 449, committed an equally heroic act and his mission was more noble than these; his aim was to save and not to kill, to lift up and not to tear down.

On May 28th as engine 330 was coming along pulling a freight on the Dallas Branch, between Wolfe City and Celeste, there was enacted a most heroic deed. A little boy of two years had wandered far away from the paternal roof, with a big shaggy dog as a sole companion; getting tired he sat down on the track to rest and play with his dog all unconscious of that grim shadowy form stealing upon him. There he sits, pulling the dog's ears, then hugging him close and anon slapping him "ust for fun;" the stealthy form draws nearer, the long skeleton hand is stretched out, the hot breath is on the little one's neck and death almost has him in his clutches; then as the great monster of the rail comes around the curve we see in what manner death intends to claim his victim. Horrors! The little innocent to be thus mangled and torn—no more to gladden the household with his childish chatter. As he hears the rumbling noise he jumps up and starts down the track toddling along with that grim shadowy form at his heels—nearer and yet nearer it approaches, rapidly bearing down on the little one; see, it is almost on him; the skeleton hand reaches forward to grasp the victim. Shut your eyes to the horrible sight; but stay! what is that? Out of the left cab window leaps a form. It is a man with blackened face and hands, clad in blouse and overalls. Along the running board he runs rapidly while the engine is rolling and surging; now he is on the steam chest—what will he do? Ah, now see, he has gained the pilot and without fear or thought of consequences he is going down the pilot while the engine is rocking to and fro in reverse motion. He is now on the end of the pilot, his strong right arm is stretched out; now his hand and that other are side by side, which will win? oh! if the engine would not rock so! there; he came very near falling under, but see, he has regained his balance, his hand is almost to the child and, hold your breath—it is a mighty struggle; death may not be content with one victim, a false move or a sudden lurch may precipitate him under the pilot; then shut your eyes to the sight—so brave a man

to go down that way. But no, his fingers are on the infant's neck, they close firmly around it, then up he has it; a sudden lurch; see, he is falling. Will he relinquish his hold to save himself? No, tenaciously he clings to the little one, he catches the pilot bar with his left hand and raises the little form from the track. Hurrah! he has saved it, but the weight is more than he can climb the pilot with; he swings the little fellow around alongside of the track, the speed is not more than 7 or 8 miles per hour; now he leans over and drops him on the grass somewhat startled but unhurt, and then goes back to the cab the way he came, an unconscious hero, and the little one is soon restored to the loving arms to which it could never have returned but for the coolness and bravery of Charles B. Campbell.

CLEBURNE, TEX.

A. J. Schmidt.

Traveling Members in the West.

We are advised from Denver and other points in the West that that section is overrun with Brotherhood men, some in search of employment, others in pursuit of pleasure, and still others who are drifting about on general principles. As business is slack at present, members of the order who are looking for employment will do well to keep away from there. And as for the numberless excursionists who are traveling for the benefit of their health we are constrained to suggest the old saying that they had better "not ride a free horse to death." It is well enough to get a reasonable number of men over the road, nor have the officials objected to granting them transportation, but if they continue to come in colonies there will be a stop put to the transportation business, and those who perchance may be looking for a job will have some difficulty in getting over the road. Members who travel for pleasure should secure their transportation through the officials of the road they are working for, and not start out depending on firemen, engineers and conductors to violate their rules and risk their situations in helping them on their dead-head migrations.

Union Meeting at Ft. Wayne.

One of the largest and most successful union meetings of the year was held at Ft. Wayne, Ind., June 9th, 10th and 11th, under the auspices of the several railway employes' fraternities. Several sessions were held which were addressed by Grand Chief Howard, of the B. of R. C.; Grand Master Sweeney, of the S. M. A. A.; Grand Master Wilkinson, of the B. of R. T., and other leaders in the labor movement. The principal questions of the day were discussed in a manner to demonstrate that ability and determination are the distinguishing features of the great labor movements of the times.

Visiting members were cordially received and hospitably entertained. The city authorities gave evidence of their high regard for workmen and their organizations by extending the visitors every courtesy that kindness could suggest.

We regret that our limited space prevents us from giving a full account of the proceedings.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

JULY, 1891.



Notice to Secretaries.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. of L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1891. }

To Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 130 of the Constitution, you are required to report to the Grand Lodge as expelled all members who fail to make payment of their quarterly dues for the quarter ending October 31, 1891. The names of said members must be reported to you by the Collector of your lodge not later than August 2d, and by you reported to the Grand Lodge, in the prescribed form, immediately thereafter. Failing to report the names of expelled members as herein provided, the Grand Lodge will hold subordinate lodges liable for their assessments, as per Section 53 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Notice to Secretaries.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. of L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1891. }

To Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Sections 127 and 128 of the Constitution, you are required to report to the Grand Lodge as expelled all members who fail to make payment of their Grand Dues for the year ending July 31st, 1892. The names of said members must be reported to you by the Collector of your lodge not later than August 2d, and by you reported to the Grand Lodge immediately thereafter. Failing to report the names of expelled members as herein provided, the Grand Lodge will hold subordinate lodges liable for their assessments, as per Section 53 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours. F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Notice to Receivers.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. of L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1891. }

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified, as provided in Section 54 of the Constitution, that no beneficiary assessment is required for the month of July, 1891, and that therefore none has been levied for said month. Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Grand Dues Notice.

1891-92, \$2.00.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. of L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1891. }

To Subordinate Lodges:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified that the amount of *Two Dollars* (\$2.00), for Grand Dues for the year ending July 31, 1892, is now due and must be paid on or before August 1, 1891. Any member failing or refusing to make payment of his Grand Dues as above required, will stand expelled, said expulsion taking effect August 2d. Collectors are required to deliver their returns for Grand Dues, together with the proper statements, to the Receivers of their lodges not later than August 5th, and Receivers are required to forward the same so as to reach the Grand Lodge not later than August 10th, as provided in Section 127, (Page 43), of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Quarterly Dues Notice.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. of L. F., }
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1891. }

To Members of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 129 of the Constitution, you are hereby notified that the dues for the quarter ending October 31, 1891, (such an amount as may be determined by the several lodges, provided in no case it shall be less than five (\$5.00) dollars, are now payable, and must be paid to the Collector of your lodge on or before August 1, 1891. This amount will be in full payment of all subordinate dues and beneficiary assessments levied by the Grand Lodge for said quarter, as provided in Section 132 of the Constitution. All beneficiary members now enrolled and all those admitted prior to September 1, 1891, are liable for the full amount of quarterly dues for said quarter. All members initiated during the months of September and October, are exempt from payment of quarterly dues for said quarter, as provided in Section 129 of the Constitution. Any member failing to make payment as above provided will be expelled from the order, as per Section 130 of the Constitution, said expulsion taking effect August 2, 1891, and the Secretary is required to make due report thereof to the Grand Lodge.

Very fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Bound Volumes.

We still have on hand a few bound volumes of the *Magazine* for the years 1887, 1888 and 1889, which can be had, postage prepaid, at \$1.00 per volume. Every wide-awake fireman should have these volumes in his library. Address *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Beneficiary Statement.OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER, }
THREE HAUTE, IND., June 1, 1891. }

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of May, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$176	73	\$94	145	\$122	217	\$62	289	\$84	361	\$128				
2	20	74	56	146	100	218	46	290		362	40				
3	470	75	200	147	108	219	92	291	62	363					
4	90	76	58	148	104	220	90	292	38	364	58				
5	222	77	286	149	374	221	84	293	42	365	38				
6	114	78	152	150	174	222	68	294	80	366	58				
7	80	79	151	151	94	223	50	295	44	367	60				
8	204	80	52	152	98	224	38	296	74	368	70				
9	208	81	168	153	56	225	32	297	86	369	96				
10	154	82	256	154	80	226	104	298	74	370	28				
11	168	83	144	155	80	227	68	299	92	371	44				
12	346	84	160	156	92	228	266	300	62	372	78				
13	264	85	144	157	42	229	60	301	64	373	34				
14	338	86	160	158	156	230	90	302	32	374	74				
15	94	87	74	159	196	231	122	303	40	375	42				
16	196	88	144	160	138	232	64	304	54	376	64				
17	72	89	48	161	30	233	34	305	50	377	106				
18	106	90	106	162	236	234	84	306	148	378	142				
19	106	91	96	163	94	235	132	307	102	379	94				
20	80	92	94	164	106	236	76	308	46	380	44				
21	172	93	132	165	114	237	118	309	92	381	76				
22	24	94	132	166	106	238	138	310	70	382	96				
23	24	95	210	167	106	239	104	311	36	383	66				
24	116	96	138	168	90	240	62	312	52	384	54				
25	140	97	192	169	262	241	254	313	56	385	36				
26	142	98	70	170	92	242	230	314	116	386	40				
27	152	99	202	171	58	243	34	315	120	387	44				
28	182	100	100	172	112	244	98	316	112	388	82				
29	54	101		173	80	245	110	317	48	389	70				
30	74	102	100	174	132	246	130	318	48	390	60				
31	68	103	242	175	170	247	140	319	56	391	100				
32	52	104	80	176	74	248	118	320	142	392	36				
33	110	105	70	177		249	120	321	42	393					
34	66	106	34	178	150	250	214	322	82	394	14				
35	48	107	190	179	36	251	224	323	34	395	58				
36	104	108	60	180	36	252	160	324	44	396	90				
37	64	109	114	181	36	253	70	325	46	397	46				
38	110	110		182		254	130	326	78	398	60				
39	60	111	176	183	142	255	68	327	84	399	40				
40	136	112	58	184	48	256	32	328	34	400	54				
41	58	113	122	185	108	257	68	329	32	401	76				
42	38	114	30	186	108	258	52	330	64	402	56				
43	152	115	58	187	60	259	106	331	86	403	58				
44	174	116	136	188	204	260	80	332	120	404	52				
45	138	117	98	189	94	261	64	333	182	405	102				
46	92	118	50	190	38	262	102	334	64	406	32				
47	174	119	58	191	98	263	126	335	70	407	74				
48	114	120		192	106	264	118	336	38	408	54				
49	92	121	112	193	72	265	120	337	146	409	42				
50	238	122	62	194	122	266	130	338	84	410	58				
51	254	123	182	195	68	267	94	339	168	411	44				
52	158	124	106	196	150	268	52	340	68	412	58				
53	92	125	58	197	106	269	72	341	52	413	82				
54	218	126	76	198	70	270	196	342		414	56				
55	64	127	102	199	74	271	64	343	40	415	152				
56	64	128	66	200	42	272	38	344	70	416	84				
57	394	129		201	102	273	134	345	36	417	50				
58	78	130	134	202	84	274	52	346	44	418	32				
59	194	131	114	203	140	275	32	347	44	419	74				
60	22	132	112	204	44	276	58	348	136	420	58				
61	170	133	134	205	124	277	24	349	82	421	32				
62	112	134	110	206	104	278	34	350	70	422	66				
63	84	135	92	207	170	279	46	351	36	423	82				
64	92	136	44	208	58	280	36	352	88	424	74				
65	94	137	52	209	82	281	74	353	64	425	80				
66	82	138	92	210	46	282	56	354	116	426	38				
67	146	139	48	211	124	283	82	355	64	427	42				
68	92	140	160	212	70	284	220	356	22	428	36				
69	78	141	252	213	36	285	148	357	90	429	32				
70	82	142	228	214	76	286	282	358	58	430	56				
71	160	143	104	215	116	287	122	359	85	431	54				
72	190	144		216	288	40	360		74	432	46				

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	\$36	436	\$22	439	\$44	442	\$52	445	\$30
434	66	437	34	440	68	443	46	446	30
435		438	32	441	52	444		447	450

Balance on hand May 1, 1891 \$39,235 75
Received during month 41,852 00

Total \$81,087 75

DISBURSEMENTS.By claims 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433,
434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441 and 442 . . . \$25,500 00

Balance on hand June 1, 1891 \$5,587 75

Respectfully submitted,

EUGENE V. DESS, G. S. & T.

Magazine Agents**ATTENTION!****PRIZES FOR 1891.****\$350.00****—IN CASH PRIZES—**

The following prizes will be awarded by the Grand Lodge for the year 1891, viz.:

FIRST PRIZE.To the Magazine Agent having the largest number of paid subscribers to his credit on the Grand Lodge books December 1st, 1891, **Two Hundred (\$200.00) Dollars in Cash.****SECOND PRIZE.**To the Magazine Agent having the second largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, **One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars in Cash.****THIRD PRIZE.**To the Magazine Agent having the third largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, **Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars in Cash.**

The foregoing cash prizes should prove an incentive to every Magazine Agent in the order to roll up his sleeves and enter the competition.

Grand Lodge.

- F. P. SARGENT Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
- J. J. HANNAHAN Vice Grand Master
5949 Princeton ave., Englewood, Ill.
- R. V. DRES Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
- R. V. DRES Editor and Manager of Magazine
Terre Haute, Indiana.
- BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES.**
- WM. F. HYNES Chairman
985 Eleventh St., Denver, Col.
- DAN'L E. BARRY Secretary
552 Swan st., Buffalo, N. Y.
- CHAR. W. MAIER Box 514, Parsons, Kan
- GRAND EXECUTIVE BOARD.**
- HARRY WALTON Chairman
3860 Lancaster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.
- C. J. SINGLETON Secretary
L. Box 886, Mattoon, Ill.
- JOHN F. O'REILLY 624 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind
- T. P. O'ROURKE Pocatello, Idaho
- EUGENE A. BALL Stratford, Ont

Subordinate Lodges.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets in Deerpark Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Fordyce, 13 Church st. Master
C. W. Snyder, 3 Mt. William st. Secretary
C. W. Snyder, 3 Mt. William st. Collector
J. P. Walsh, 1 New York st. Receiver
Wallace Studd, 106 Front st. Magazine Agent
2. **SPARTAN**; Monon, Ind.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall 1st and 3d Sunday evenings.
T. F. Doran Master
C. N. Hill, Box 145 Secretary
Arthur Holmes Collector
E. J. Shields Receiver
Clint Williams Magazine Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets in Germania Hall, 140 Newark ave., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Welsh, 201 Pavonia ave Master
C. W. Martin, 121 Academy st Secretary
J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St Collector
J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St Receiver
Stewart Simpson, 100 Irving St., Rahway Magazine Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN** Portland, Maine.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 53 Temple St., 1st and 3d Sunday.
J. E. Cook, St. John st Master
D. G. Getchell, 249 York st Secretary
A. E. Dennison, 23 Merrill st Collector
F. A. Huff, 47 Hanover st Receiver
Magazine Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
C. W. Dyer, Box 1273 Master
J. W. Finney, Box 1273 Secretary
M. McCarty, Box 1273 Collector
Wm. Counse, Box 1273 Receiver
T. B. Burke, Box 896 Magazine Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; DeSoto, Mo.
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and Boyd Sts., every Monday at 2 P. M.
Fred Gratiot, Box 298 Master
Alex. Williams, L. Box 212 Secretary
H. F. Hort Collector
Fred Showman Receiver
W. H. Wonder, Box 4 Magazine Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in McCaulley's Hall, between 2d and 3d Sts., Pennsylvania avenue, southeast.
R. M. Smith, 129 Carroll St., S. E. Master
H. B. Clagett, Jr., 625 6th st. S. W. Secretary
Wallace Baily, 417 G St., S. E. Collector
J. B. May, 12 D st. S. E. Receiver
Wm. Baldwin, 324 East Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md Magazine Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison, Texas.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, W. Main St., every Saturday at 7 P. M.
Jerry Scott, 200 E. Munson st. Master
M. L. Hann, 326 Hull st Secretary
T. W. Weaver, 700 W. Munson st Collector
J. F. Cramer, 614 Owling st Receiver
Chas. Fullington, 304 E. Day st. Magazine Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, 80% High St., alternate Mondays at 8 P. M.
F. J. Kistler, 254 So. High St Master
C. C. Colt, 998 Pennsylvania Ave Secretary
G. H. Landon, Pan Handle round house, Collector
F. J. Kistler, 254 So. High St Receiver
Leonard Lawrence, 860 Arsenal Ave Magazine Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets at 182 Ontario St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. Manselman, 12 Tremont st Master
S. R. Tate, 374 Jefferson st Secretary
A. G. Laubecher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Collector
T. P. Curtis, 41 W. Madison St Receiver
A. G. Laubecher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Magazine Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets in Grimer's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Nathan Strouse Master
David Gorgas Secretary
E. E. Teel Collector
J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 98 Receiver
Abram Vanatta Magazine Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets at 198 Seneca St., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
W. B. Driscoll, 75 Pine st Master
G. E. Chamberlin, Sloan Secretary
W. J. Stone, 6 Seymour st Collector
P. J. McNamara, 70 Michigan St Receiver
G. B. Hawthorn, 68 Walnut St Magazine Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Maple St. and Pacific Ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
Alpheus Galloway, 33 Suydam ave Master
Henry Klein, 135 Woodward st Secretary
E. F. Jones, 111 Pacific ave Collector
W. J. Lewis, 225 Whitton St Receiver
T. J. Carroll, 152 Pacific ave Magazine Agent
14. **KUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets at 34 W Washington St., fourth floor, every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
W. J. Hugo, 79 North Noble st Master
G. P. Kern, 77 E. Morris St Secretary
E. J. Kline, 681 North West St Collector
W. J. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St Receiver
Henry Zink, 410 So. Illinois st Magazine Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Canada.
Meets in St. Charles Club Room, Point St. Charles, every alternate Sunday.
Thos. Wilson, 238 Magdalen st Master
Jas. Ashcroft, 240 Magdalen St., Point St. Charles Secretary
Sam. Edwards, 118 Grand Trunk St., Point St. Charles Collector
H. J. Clarke, 154 Charron St., Point St. Charles Receiver
Albert Wright, 463 Wellington st, Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays, at 7:30 P. M.
F. E. Dupell, 928 N. 5th st Master
McE. B. Glenn, 634 Wabash ave Secretary
Henry Balesdorf, 621 N. 8th st Collector
C. A. Bennett, 1004 N. 9th St Receiver
W. C. Pearce, 1004 Chase st Magazine Agent

17. PINE RIDGE; Chadron, Neb.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
 O. E. Collins Master
 L. V. Bowman, L. Box 545 Secretary
 Michael Devaney Collector
 J. E. Platner Receiver
 M. M. Shirley Magazine Agent

18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.

Meets in K. of P. Hall every Saturday night.
 Albert Disney Master
 John Reid Secretary
 J. J. Day Collector
 Rufus McCormack Receiver
 W. W. Golladay, Box 196 Magazine Agent

19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.

Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, every Friday at 7 P. M.
 J. W. Swaney Master
 T. J. Giffen, Box 33 Secretary
 Henry Bowers Collector
 D. W. Strong Receiver
 F. L. Rose Magazine Agent

20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Robt. Hoag Master
 Ludy Hawley Box 450 Secretary
 J. W. Taylor Collector
 J. F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Receiver
 J. F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Magazine Agent

21. INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets at 902 South 4th St., 2d and 4th Tuesday at 8 P. M.
 Wm. Merkle, 810 Chambers St Master
 D. R. Martin, 944 Chouteau Ave Secretary
 Eli Giclas, 21 So. 16th St Collector
 W. C. Linck, 2808 St. Louis Ave Receiver
 H. E. Webb, 2511 Quincy Place Magazine Agent

22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
 Daniel O'Connor Master
 Scott Busey Secretary
 Sylvanus Gibson Collector
 J. T. Heller Receiver
 Sylvanus Gibson Magazine Agent

23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Brook and Main Sts.
 Joshua Proctor, Box 60 Master
 W. P. Stephens Secretary
 G. H. Morris Collector
 W. P. Stephens Receiver
 F. J. Hight, Box 13 Magazine Agent

24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.

Meets in Brotherhood Hall, Forest Ave., every Wednesday at 1:30 P. M.
 I. B. Melville, Box 221 Master
 Wm. Morris, Box 310 Secretary
 Curtis Parsons, Box 205 Collector
 J. W. Terrell Receiver
 C. W. Maier, Box 514 Magazine Agent

25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 H. C. Barron Master
 Jas. Rogers, Box 722 Secretary
 Jas. Rogers, Box 722 Collector
 W. H. Cummings, Box 426 Receiver
 Nat an Burlingame Magazine Agent

26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays
 Henry Wettstein Master
 Fred Van'eshout, Box 885 Secretary
 G. B. Williams Collector
 Thos. Williams, Box 908 Receiver
 Franz Farwell Magazine Agent

27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Meets in Room 13, O'Hara's Block, 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. W. Coffey, 436 A ave W Master
 J. C. Frantz, 106 A Ave Secretary
 Frank Hunter, 202 Second St W Collector
 J. L. Jennings, 311 B ave W Receiver
 H. J. Dawson, 66 5th ave Magazine Agent

28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Sunday at 1 P. M.
 Thomas Burney, Box 235 Master
 R. O. Chamberlain, Box 267 Secretary
 Lewis Clark, Box 105 Collector
 H. F. Jeffrey, Box 267 Receiver
 F. J. Doran, Box 623 Magazine Agent

29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month, corner Second and Main Sts.
 John Humphrey Master
 J. H. Fulton, Box 706 Secretary
 Alex. Mottershead, L. Box 423 Collector
 Lewis Leitner, Box 326 Receiver
 Alex. Mottershead, L. Box 423 Magazine Agent

30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.

Meets in Select Knights' Hall, Sycamore and 4th streets, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. E. Penn Master
 R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Secretary
 Albert Livingston Collector
 R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Receiver
 H. J. Reynolds, 2 Grove st., Dubuque, Magazine Agent

31. E. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M. in Woodman's Hall, cor. 6th and Kansas Ave.
 Jno. O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe st Master
 C. M. Noble, 1503 Main st Secretary
 Chas. Bennington, 1413 Santa Fe St Collector
 John O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe st Receiver
 C. M. Noble, 1501 Main St Magazine Agent

32. BORDE; Ellis, Kansas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall every Tuesday at 3 P. M.
 John McKenna Master
 Gus. Ebeling, Box 143 Secretary
 Gus. Ebeling, Box 143 Collector
 H. J. Kinn, Box 158 Receiver
 Harry Stigall Magazine Agent

33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, over Union Bank, 1st and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.
 T. E. Torpey Master
 C. H. Torpey Secretary
 C. W. Gallup Collector
 W. C. Gallup Receiver
 F. L. Cox, Box 495 Magazine Agent

34. CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 4th St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. M. Wright, 516 2d Ave Master
 C. W. Koons, Chancy Secretary
 F. A. Kinch, 767 Stockholm st Collector
 T. E. Bulen, 619 6th Ave Receiver
 Parker Lillie, 901 3d St Magazine Agent

35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.

Meets in Khrel's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 T. W. Monahan, Box 458 Master
 J. F. Underwood Secretary
 C. F. Reiger, Box 205, Galena Collector
 James Layell, Box 490 Receiver
 J. W. Meyer, L. Box 77 Magazine Agent

36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 5th and Columbia Sts, at 2 P. M. Sundays.
 Charles Ernst, U. S. Express Co Master
 A. H. Kelley 98 Green St Secretary
 G. E. Smith, Carrier No. 4 Collector
 W. R. Johnson, 110 S 4th St Receiver
 W. H. Fox, 106 S 2d St Magazine Agent

37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Thursday at 8 P. M.
 H. G. Cormick Master
 E. L. Welton Secretary
 W. H. Meng Collector
 G. C. Cairns Receiver
 S. W. Maguire Magazine Agent

38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.

Meets in Foresters' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Thos. Dolan, Box 318 Master
 Jas. Burke, Box 318 Secretary
 Wm. O'Brien, Box 318 Collector
 Wm. Brown, Box 318 Receiver
 W. H. Whitchurch, Box 318 Magazine Agent

39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 2d Sunday and 4th Monday at 2 P. M.

J. C. Kane, 2701 6th ave. Master
Daniel Moroney, 8th Ave. & 27th St. Secretary
J. T. Dolly, 6th Ave. and 25th st. Collector
Daniel Moroney, 8th Ave. & 27th St. Receiver
J. T. Dolly, 6th Ave. and 25th st. Mag. Agent

40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.

Meets at 910 W Chestnut street, Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.

W. E. Sage, 1110 N Mason st. Master
Jas. Kerr, 712 W Locust st. Secretary
Jas. Kerr, 712 W Locust st. Collector
Ed. Spreen, 509 W Chestnut St. Receiver
J. W. Dowdy, 603 N. Allen St. Magazine Agent

41. ORWARD; Dickinson, N. Dakota.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

Prater Tucson Master
G. W. Poor, Box 181 Secretary
J. H. Waggener Collector
G. W. Poor, Box 181 Receiver
J. W. Lee, L Drawer 1 Magazine Agent

42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.

Meets in Sharpe's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

B. B. Wilber, 207 Park St. Master
Frank Lawrence, 416 W Mifflin St. Secretary
John Harrington, 520 W Main St. Collector
B. B. Wilber, 207 Park St. Receiver
W. J. Parsons, 619 W Main st. Magazine Agent

43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.

Meets in Gewitz Hall, 10th and Olive Sts., every Thursday.

W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. 6th St. Master
W. E. Bristol, 518, cor 5th and Maple. Secretary
C. B. Ricker, 705 So. 10th st. Collector
W. E. Sullivan, 2219 S. 6th St. Receiver
H. E. Slater, 1817 So 11th St. Magazine Agent

44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.

Meets in Jackiesch Hall, corner Missouri and Main Sts., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.

J. P. Collins, Box 258 Master
W. W. Gillis, Box 529 Secretary
Jacob Youngmans Collector
W. W. Reeve, Box 498 Receiver
I. E. Goodin Magazine Agent

45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.

Meets in Quapaw Hall every Monday night.

T. P. Homard, 722 W. Markham st. Master
J. E. Jordan, 197 W. Markham St. Secretary
Wm. Smith, 208 S. Cross St. Collector
Geo. Emery, 1009 North St. Receiver
Mathias Laux, 1018 Water St. Magazine Agent

46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 217 South 5th St., 1st and 3d Sundays, at 2 P. M.

E. W. Rowland, 901 Capitol ave. Master
C. G. Brittingham, 513 So. 7th st. Secretary
Frank Magee Collector
W. F. Hall, 1604 So. 10th St. Receiver
J. F. DeSouza, Wabash rd house, Magazine Agent

47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Prosperity Hall, N. E. corner State and 18th Sts., 1st Monday evening and 3d Sunday afternoons.

C. W. Watson, 183 E. 22d st. Master
J. F. Mulqueen, 45 E. 14th st. Secretary
J. F. Mulqueen, 45 E. 14th St. Collector
J. P. Lockyear, care C. W. Watson, 183 E. 22d st. Receiver
Merlin Jones, 1835 Wabash Ave. Magazine Agent

48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.

Meets in Woodmen's Hall, 1512 So. Adam St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

W. F. Scott, 901 Glendale ave. Master
W. A. McMillan, 206 State st. Secretary
W. A. McMillan, 206 State St. Collector
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Receiver
C. C. Crane, 509 1st st. Magazine Agent

49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, E. Eldorado St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.

W. H. Slater, 422 N Morgan st. Master
Dan Dineen, 537 N Broadway. Secretary
August Nalefski, Railroad ave. Collector
A. H. Sutton, 975 N Water St. Receiver
E. J. Wilkins, 1330 E William St. Magazine Agent

50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner 48th and State Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

C. M. Wolcott, 5001 State St. Master
W. H. Green 4900 Dearborn st. Secretary
C. T. Dickerman, 5142 Dearborn St. Collector
T. G. Berry, 337 46th St. Receiver
Peter Brilen, 4700 Wabash ave. Mag. Agent

51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Station A, Springfield, every Wednesday at 2 P. M.

J. S. Carson, Box 437, Station A, Springfield. Master
M. W. Reed, Box 457, Station A, Springfield. Secretary
Geo. Haaler, Station A, Springfield. Collector
J. S. Carson, Box 437, Station A, Springfield. Receiver
Michael Gaffney, Box 277, Station A, Springfield. Magazine Agent

52. GOOD WILL; Loganport, Ind.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, corner 4th and Market Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

Roger Flaherty, 79 Washington st. Master
J. A. Holland, 2 Elm st. Secretary
J. C. Irwin Collector
F. P. Beam, 202 Bate st. Receiver
J. J. Fitzgerald, 17 Ulm st. Magazine Agent

53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner 6th Ave. and Commercial St., 1st and 3d Monday at 1:30 P. M.

G. F. Cheshire, 16 Neosho st. Master
H. M. Seagondollar, 118 Congress st. Secretary
I. M. Hadley, 110 Neosho st. Collector
Howard Galey, 332 Congress st. Receiver
Riley Wolcott Magazine Agent

54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.

Meets in Supples Bros. Hall, Tuesdays at 7 P. M.

J. T. Grimes, 612 Vincell st. Master
T. J. Clayton, 522 E Rollins st. Secretary
T. J. Clayton, 522 E Rollins st. Collector
J. T. Grimes, 612 Vincell st. Receiver
A. E. Gitty, 323 W. Reed St. Magazine Agent

55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.

Meets at K. of H. Hall, cor. 4th and Lewney St., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.

Ed Dyer, 204 Mill st. Master
A. S. Klyce, 115 Hill st. Secretary
J. H. Davis, L. & N. Shops. Collector
A. S. Klyce, 115 Hill St. Receiver
Thos. Carroll, 139 Manassas st. Magazine Agent

56. BANNER; Stanberry, Mo.

Meets in B. L. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.

Thos. Sanford, Box 33 Master
W. E. Baldwin, L. Box 400 Secretary
J. R. Curry Collector
E. W. Fisher, L. Box 424 Receiver
Wm. Collicott, Box 143 Magazine Agent

57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.

Meets in Templar Hall, 724 Washington St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 10:30 A. M.

W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charlestown. Master
Sheridan Bisbee, 655 Broadway, S Boston, Secretary
W. E. Wyman, 18 Union st., Charlestown. Collector
W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charlestown. Receiver
H. E. Stevens, 5 Davis St. Magazine Agent

58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Monday and Thursday at 1:30 P. M.

A. C. Thyle Master
W. D. Stevens Secretary
Walter Brinton Collector
A. T. Brennan Receiver
Wm. Myers Magazine Agent

59. ROYAL GORGE; Pueblo, Colo.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. High St. and Union Ave., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

C. S. Walker, 124 Mechanic st. Master
R. S. McAlpin, 26 Block U. Secretary
Robt. Willmunder, Block U. Collector
M. C. Donnelly, 216 E 3d St. Receiver
W. H. Trout, 1011 W 12th st. Magazine Agent

- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Dover Hall, Marshall St., above Susquehanna Ave., 1st and 3d Sundays.
F. O. Metzger, 1815 Adams St. Master
Howard Reeder, 1943 Lawrence St. Secretary
Jas. Wertz, 2013 N 3d St. Collector
B. F. Pettit, 1933 Marshall St. Receiver
B. F. Pettit, 1933 Marshall St. Magazine Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets in Druid's Hall, corner Jackson and E. 7th St. 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. V. Piper, 117 Acker st. Master
H. E. Kemp, 206 Pennsylvania ave. Secretary
G. W. Klinefelter, 108 Lithfield st. Collector
T. T. Hart, 709 Tuscarora St. Receiver
W. F. Maher, 193 Penna ave. Magazine Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. 7th and Church Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.,
A. M. Banks Master
E. B. Gardner, 31 N. Washington st. Secretary
W. H. Brokenahire Collector
John McCawley Receiver
D. N. Swan, 76 S. Wyoming st. Magazine Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall, West Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays.
Bernard Manion, 202 Collett st. Master
John Tracie, 801 Collett st. Secretary
C. C. Stevens, 426 Junction ave. Collector
Herbert Kyger, 515 N Hazel st. Receiver
Frank Flaherty, Wellington st. Magazine Agent
- 64. NIQUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Leonard Lampson, 813 Wall St. Master
T. F. Dolan, 103 So. Wall st. Secretary
D. L. Davenport, 1521 East 6th st. Collector
Jas. Griffin, 419 Clark St. Receiver
D. M. Price, 615 Iowa st. Magazine Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
G. T. Bennett, Box 8 Master
W. B. Mitchell Secretary
Andrew Johnson Collector
Frank Chambers, Box 50 Receiver
J. W. Foster Magazine Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, Station St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Timothy Daly, Jr. Belleville Station, Box 99 Master
E. H. Jones, Belleville Station Secretary
W. J. Logue, Belle Ile Station Collector
W. J. Logue, Belleville Station Receiver
Jas. Williamson, Belleville Station, Box 69 Magazine Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
T. N. Modeland, 80 Woolley st. Master
G. E. Crowhurst, 90 Woolley St. Secretary
Phil. Richardson, 30 Stafford st. Collector
I. K. Belyea, 59 Niagara st. Receiver
R. I. Reddie, 155 Bathurst st. Magazine Agent
- 68. SAU CLAIRE; Altoona, Wis.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Marti Duggan Master
Richard Hall, Box 61 Secretary
S. J. McCauley, Box 24 Collector
Ed. Brogan, Box 127 Receiver
R. E. Swann Magazine Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets in the Merrill Block, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Hislop, Box 620 Master
Geo. Purvis, Box 620 Secretary
J. M. Phillips, G. T. R. Collector
W. J. Dowell, Box 183 Receiver
J. G. Goodison, Box 206 Magazine Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Doan, Box 411 Master
G. A. Miller, Box 400 Secretary
H. G. Halliburton Collector
T. E. Waite, Box 351 Receiver
L. D. Oden Magazine Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
A. E. Loucks, 9 Ernst st. Master
W. W. Rowe, 23 Franklin st. Secretary
Willard Robinson, 6 Mackley ave. Collector
Irvin Baker, 38 Grove St. Receiver
C. O. Simmons, 272 Main St. Magazine Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets at 2d and Federal Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays.
B. T. Wells, 501 So. Third st. Master
J. L. Gibbs, Collingswood Secretary
Geo. Austermuhl, 437 Mickle St. Collector
J. L. Gibbs, Collingswood Receiver
G. W. Tash, 236 Senate St. Magazine Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets at Stationary Engineers' Hall, 303 Main St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. W. Mead, 75 Prospect st. Master
Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st. Secretary
J. H. Crawford, 20 Harrison st. Collector
Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st. Receiver
W. N. Holland, 9 Cutler St. Magazine Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Argentine, Kan.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, alternate Thursdays.
Thos. Donohue, Box 421 Master
G. B. Campbell, L Box 421 Secretary
Chas. Justice, L Box 421 Collector
A. U. Uhde Receiver
Chas. Justice, Box 421 Magazine Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Erickson's Hall, 8947 Lancaster Ave., 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons
W. H. Acker, 1818 N. 54th St., W. Phila. Master
W. F. Reeves, 750 N 36th St. Secretary
J. F. Findley, 3804 Fairmount Ave. Collector
C. W. Reeves, 750 N 36th St. Receiver
J. F. Findley, 3804 Fairmount Ave. Magazine Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Willmar, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. F. Curran Master
O. E. McLaughlin Secretary
Nels Larson Collector
Joe Shinsky Receiver
C. E. Huffman Magazine Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets in Gibson's Hall, 3838 Market St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
T. N. Worth, 1,110 Converse St., N. Denver Master
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St. Secretary
S. L. Kanaga, 2801 Market st. Collector
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St. Receiver
T. H. Duggan, 2646 Lawrence st. Magazine Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets in Hart's Hall, E 13th St., every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. M. Calkins, 1801 E 5th st. Master
J. P. Alcorn, 1223 Engineer st. Secretary
J. P. Alcorn, 1223 Engineer St. Collector
Henry Anleiftnr, 1108 E. 5th St. Receiver
G. D. Hubbs, 1223 E 8 1/2 st. Magazine Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE; Goodhouse, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Sundays.
Richard Carroll Master
C. E. Stone, Box 286 Secretary
F. I. Carr Collector
Daniel O'Donnell, Box 505 Receiver
C. A. Mcpheard Magazine Agent
- 80. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.**
Meets over 26 and 28 Broadway, every 2d Sunday.
J. B. Ellick, 474 Sexton St. Master
G. J. Waters, 202 Fifth St. Secretary
G. J. Waters, 202 5th St. Collector
C. O. Spencer, West Lake st. Receiver
C. H. Kelley, 361 Main st. Magazine Agent
- 81. PINE CITY; Brainerd, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 6th St., South, 2d and 4th Sundays 2 P. M.
Allen Wentzer Master
C. T. Dubois, Box 1831 Secretary
D. C. Warne, Box 113, Staples Collector
J. F. McGinnis, Box 1871 Receiver
F. W. Dunlap Magazine Agent

92. NORTHWESTERN; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets in Lodge Parlor 55 4th St. So. 1st Saturday 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

E. B. Mayo, Oak Lake Eng. House Master
W. K. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave Secretary
E. B. Mayo, Oak Lake Eng. House Collector
W. K. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave Receiver
Jas. Carroll, 803 Aldrich Ave. N. Magazine Agent

93. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Wednesday, at 8 P. M.

G. H. Tucker, Box 590 Master
H. C. Cunningham, Box 590 Secretary
I. M. Dean, 801 Crawford st. Collector
G. Y. Lee, 1811 Crump st Receiver
J. M. Russ, 300 R. E. ave. Magazine Agent

94. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.

Meets in B. L. E. Hall 256 E. Main St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M., and 1st Monday at 7:30 P. M.

T. J. Scanlan, 56 E Hall st Master
J. E. Williams, 167 South ave Secretary
Frank Winshall, 88 Bennett st Collector
John Tighe, 79 Hart st Receiver
Louis Zang, 44 Beach st Magazine Agent

95. FARGO; Fargo, N. Dakota.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 8 P. M. in I. O. O. F. Hall, corner Robert St. and 2d Ave.

W. W. Green Master
E. K. Evans, 1108 2d ave So Secretary
Silas Zwright Collector
A. J. Sutherland, 1414 5th Ave. S Receiver
G. L. Thomts. Jamestown Magazine Agent

96. BLACK HILLS; Laramie City, Wyoming.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, Friday evening at 7:30.

G. W. DeForrest, Box 455 Master
W. N. Roth, Box 458 Secretary
G. W. DeForrest, Box 455 Collector
W. N. Roth, Box 458 Receiver
T. J. Farrell, Box 261 Magazine Agent

97. MUMFLET; Rawlins, Wyoming.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Thursday, at 7:30 P. M.

J. P. Hansen Master
O. H. Rehmeyer Secretary
Miles Scallan Collector
J. M. Gillespie Receiver
Geo. Clansing Magazine Agent

98. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, Sunday afternoon at 1:30 P. M.

Joshua Kirkman Master
E. R. Hall, L Box 223 Secretary
H. J. Cramer Collector
T. H. Hollingworth, Box 212 Receiver
E. R. Hall, L Box 223 Magazine Agent

99. CHENAW; Selma, Ala.

Meets in Mechanics' Hall, Water st.

E. L. Cranford, 79 Water st Master
L. P. Dawson Secretary
B. O. Harris Collector
E. L. Cranford, 79 Water st Receiver
Frank Lathrop, 308 Alabama st Magazine Agent

100. SAN DIEGO; San Bernardino, Cal.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, alternate Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

J. C. Sharp, 178 Hewitt st Master
Wm. Fleming, Box 645 Secretary
Wm. Fleming, Box 645 Collector
J. A. Brewster, Box 645 Receiver
J. M. Walker, Box 645 Magazine Agent

91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.

Meets corner Valencia and 16th Sts., 2d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

T. D. Manhire, 123 Julian ave Master
J. L. Mayne, 203 Fifteenth st Secretary
W. S. Johnson, 21 Shotwell st Collector
W. S. Runyon, 232 Shotwell st Receiver
J. R. Cassidy, 1721 1/2 Mission st Magazine Agent

92. FRONTIER CITY; Oswego, N. Y.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in Frontier City Hall, Jefferson Block.

J. E. Dowd, 10 W Willow st Master
Myron Counsell, 16 E. 5th St. Secretary
Jas. Whalen, 230 W. 7th St Collector
Jas. Whalen, 230 W. 7th St Receiver
Thos. Bradley, 123 W. Cayuga St. Magazine Agent

93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.

Meets in Horn's Hall, corner 8th and Main St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

John Crimmons, 1123 Bluff st. Master
E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St Secretary
Henry Montgomery, 222 So 2d st Collector
E. J. Kelly, 519 Ridge St Receiver
Henry Montgomery, 222 S 2d st Magazine Agent

94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner Tool Ave. and Pennington St., every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

J. W. Callaway, L. Box 218 Master
F. G. Church, L. Box 218 Secretary
Robt. Gael, Box 341 Collector
W. D. Anderson, L. Box 218 Receiver
J. W. Walker, Box 218 Magazine Agent

95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.

Meets at 237 Milwaukee Ave., 2d Tuesday at 8 P. M., and last Sunday of each month, at 9:30 A. M.

D. M. Leavitt, 96 Temple St. Master
J. J. Doyle, Ravenswood, Ill. Secretary
I. W. Bettler, 234 N. May st Collector
D. M. Leavitt, 96 Temple st Receiver
M. Flaherty, 38 Wesson st Magazine Agent

96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St.

Isaac Cable, Box 695 Master
J. A. Russell, Box 695 Secretary
A. S. Askew, Box 695 Collector
W. H. Wilhelm, Box 695 Receiver
M. R. Kerr, Box 695 Magazine Agent

97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, at corner Leroy and New Main St., every Friday evening

L. A. Hayes, 143 1/2 San Fernando st Master
H. C. Forsyth, 538 Washington st Secretary
D. A. Eagan, 123 Bloom st Collector
C. F. Fluhr, 976 Buena Vista st Receiver
P. E. Stellwagen, 143 1/2 San Fernando st Magazine Agent

98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday.

J. H. Downey Master
Harry Grubnau Secretary
E. H. Line Collector
J. H. Taylor Receiver
J. H. Taylor Magazine Agent

99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, above 88 State st., alternate Tuesday evenings.

E. E. Prunty, 41 1st Ave Master
W. P. Couch, 24 Thompson Ave Secretary
G. N. Kingsley, 71 Hayward ave Collector
G. N. Kingsley, 71 Hayward ave Receiver
C. A. Washburn, 9 Grand Ave Magazine Agent

100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.

Meets in Wright's Hall, corner Main and Adams Sts., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

C. M. Moore, 142 Potter st Master
M. F. J. Broeffe, Box 490 Secretary
W. B. Perkins, Box 57 Collector
Wesley Alsup, 924 Kentucky st Receiver
C. M. Moore, 142 Potter st Magazine Agent

101. ADMIRATION; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 612 Walden ave., every Wednesday evening.

Preston King, 112 Gatchell St. Master
W. C. Richey, 136 Bailey ave. Secretary
W. H. Seib, 42 Arthur ave. Collector
C. S. Ringer, 1511 Bailey ave. Receiver
R. C. Hiekes, 672 Walden ave. Magazine Agent

102. CONFIDENCE; West Des Moines, Iowa.

Meets in Druids Hall, 215 Walnut st., alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.

C. C. Woodward, 201 E. 11th st Master
W. L. Cars, 849 W 13th St. Secretary
E. C. French, 1016 E. Center st., Des Moines Collector
T. J. Howard, 813 Mulberry st Receiver
Wm. Becke, 1457 E. Court ave., Des Moines Magazine Agent

103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.

Meets in Colgan's Hall, corner 10th and Walnut Sts., every Thursday at 2 P. M.
 J. L. Burkhart, 1029 Broadway Master
 Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st Secretary
 Murray Cook, 912 Magazine st Collector
 Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st Receiver
 Henry Blume, 1,000 10th St Magazine Agent

104. "OLD KENTUCKY;" Laddow, Ky.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. G. Stuart Master
 M. J. McCarty Secretary
 Chas. Heimberger, Box 151 Collector
 E. A. Fleming Receiver
 Chas. Heimberger, Box 151 Magazine Agent

105. PROGRESS; Chillicothe, Ill.

Meets in McLean's Hall, 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 F. W. Peterson Box 2 Master
 W. R. Allen Secretary
 W. R. Allen Collector
 Fred. Cornell Receiver
 F. D. Fenn, L Box 390 Magazine Agent

106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.

Meets in Dotts Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Jos. Chaloupka, 280 Queen St Master
 E. A. Fenger, C. M. & St. P. Shops Secretary
 Sam. Schaner, C. M. & St. P. Shops Collector
 D. W. Mason, 438 High St Receiver
 C. E. Redmond, 1552 Jackson st. Magazine Agent

107. ECLIPSE; Gallia, Ohio.

Meets in Zimmerman's Hall every Wednesday night.
 August Gerhart, Box 198 Master
 P. D. Gregg, Box 677 Secretary
 Michael O'Connor Collector
 C. D. Hoyt, L Box 1066 Receiver
 H. U. Grenolds, Box 57 Magazine Agent

108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.

Meets in D. & R. G. Passenger Depot, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. L. Jones Master
 Fred Wendell Secretary
 J. L. Jones Collector
 G. W. LaPorte Receiver
 F. A. Morse, Alamosa, Colo Magazine Agent

109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets in Summit Hall, corner Ewing Ave. and Market St., 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Leathers, 3007 Rutger st Master
 Louis Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave Secretary
 Louis Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave Collector
 G. A. La Bee, 2828 Bernard st Receiver
 G. A. La Bee, 2828 Bernard st Magazine Agent

110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Sandusky & Mansfield St., every 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. P. Collins, Box 778 Master
 E. H. McGuire Secretary
 Wm. Grimes Collector
 J. W. Davis Receiver
 Thos. Quilter Magazine Agent

111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
 P. J. Slagle, L Box 864 Master
 A. B. Cavins, L Box 756 Secretary
 W. E. Lawton, Box 561 Collector
 Victor Gustafson Receiver
 A. B. Cavins, L Box 756 Magazine Agent

112. EVENING STAR; Howell Sta., Evansville, Ind.

Meets in Barnett's Hall every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
 W. S. Summers Master
 J. H. Hollencamp Secretary
 Chas. Moore Collector
 Edward Miller Receiver
 W. S. Summers, Howell Station, Evansville, Ind Magazine Agent

113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Pocatello, Idaho.

Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Shannon Master
 Con Cadigan, Box 184 Secretary
 W. J. Brew Collector
 Frank Walton, Box 186 Receiver
 H. H. Maguire Magazine Agent

114. BLACK HAWK; Keithsburg, Ill.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. E. Mason Master
 W. H. Weir Secretary
 Jno. Anderson Collector
 F. L. Venable Receiver
 W. H. Weir Magazine Agent

115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in the Temple of Honor.
 H. L. Briggs, 317 8th st., bet. C and D Master
 L. T. McNulty, ave M $\frac{1}{2}$ between 25th and 26th sts Secretary
 Wm. Powell, 39th St. & Broadway Collector
 H. L. Briggs, 317 8th st., bet. C and D Receiver
 F. Oehlert, Ave N, bet. 31st and 32d sts Magazine Agent

116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 K. G. Hubbard, Box 127 Master
 E. J. Gee, 1804 Poplar St., Port Huron Secretary
 E. J. Gee, 1804 Poplar St., Port Huron Collector
 E. G. Hubbard, Box 127 Receiver
 E. R. Haywood, 905 Prospect St., Port Huron Magazine Agent

117. BRAVER; London, Ontario.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in K. of P. Hall, Carling's Block, Richmond st.
 Robt. Lister, 411 Hill st Master
 Geo. Black, 460 Simcoe st Secretary
 S. T. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St Collector
 John Dickson, 387 Simcoe St Receiver
 Thos. Roddam, 418 Horton St Magazine Agent

118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.

Meets in Pearson's Hall, Main St., opposite Skating Rink, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Geo. Scott, Richmond Station Master
 G. A. Pearson, Richmond Station Secretary
 Albert Laroche Collector
 John Kelly, Richmond Station Receiver
 G. A. Pye, Richmond Station Magazine Agent

119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.

Meets Wednesday and Thursday nights, alternately, in English School Room.
 Geo. Findlay, River du Loup Station Master
 L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station Secretary
 L. D. Poulin, I. C. Ry. Station Collector
 Wm. LeBrock Receiver
 Alfred Ouellet, River du Loup Station Magazine Agent

120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets in C. M. B. A. Hall, Cor. Fayette and Salina Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M. and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 Jno. Carey, 680 Gifford st Master
 Simon Mangan, 730 Otisco St Secretary
 L. G. Rousson, Ontario st. Extension Collector
 F. H. Livingston, 404 Jackson St Receiver
 Fred Demars, 209 Ontario st Magazine Agent

121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 8 P. M.
 Thos. Cushing Master
 J. F. Roody 333 E Market st Secretary
 J. F. Roody, 333 E Market st Collector
 E. E. Everts, 359 E Erie ave Receiver
 C. F. Ramsdell, 301 Tioga Ave Magazine Agent

122. FEDERATION; Pana, Ill.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 A. C. Reiff Master
 W. E. Gray, L Box 305 Secretary
 Chas. Roley, L Box 66 Collector
 W. E. Gray, L Box 305 Receiver
 Wm Wolf Magazine Agent

123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.

Meets at 1316 Douglas St., second floor, every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
 Wm. Anderson, 1111 So. 7th st Master
 H. F. Marsb, 943 So. 13th st Secretary
 W. Carr, 1023 So. 18th st Collector
 John Nilsson, 1018 So 11th st Receiver
 H. Blackmore, 111 N. 8th st Magazine Agent

124. PILOT; Perry, Iowa.

Meets in Red Men's Hall 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. H. Baldwin, 1800 9th st., Council Bluffs. Master
 Wm. Murphy Secretary
 J. T. Donahue Collector
 T. F. Pandy Receiver
 W. W. Gage Jr., Box 390 Magazine Agent

125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 158 Center St., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 Alex. Thompson, 307 S. Centre St. Master
 J. P. Boyce, 408 S. Third St. Secretary
 F. R. Davis, 204 S. 2d ave. Collector
 J. M. Larimer, 307 S. 3d Ave. Receiver
 E. H. Minster, 611 S. 3d st. Magazine Agent

126. COMET; Austin, Minn.

Meets in Hays' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Sundays.
 W. A. Brossard Master
 Wm. Ryan Secretary
 Henry Matthews Collector
 W. A. Brossard Receiver
 G. L. Hazen Magazine Agent

127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Meets in Assiniboine Hall, 133 Ross St., 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday evening.
 W. H. Woods, 454 Logan St. Master
 J. G. Norquay, 73 Hallett St. Secretary
 A. C. Craig, 473 Alexander St. Collector
 Thos. Reece, 78 Gunnell St. Receiver
 G. S. McKenzie, 52 Patrick St. Magazine Agent

128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.

Meets in Coleman's Hall, every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
 Arthur Todd, Box 106 Master
 T. F. Hagan, Box 55 Secretary
 C. S. Taylor, Box 55 Collector
 Jas. McKenzie, Forsyth Receiver
 J. C. Sorenson Magazine Agent

129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 M. A. Haring, L. Box 821 Master
 C. W. Buckley, Box 26 Secretary
 H. C. Gibbs Collector
 G. H. Valentine, Box 257 Receiver
 Harry Broad Magazine Agent

130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. S. McAuliffe, 3116 Mt. Vernon St. Master
 J. F. Scott, 256 Mineral st. Secretary
 J. C. Callahan 525 Clybourn st. Collector
 J. C. Callahan, 525 Clybourn st. Receiver
 J. H. Brady, 467 Fourth ave. Magazine Agent

131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.

Meets in Redfield's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 John Noonan, Box 234 Master
 Chas. Simpson, Box 199 Secretary
 John Noonan, Box 234 Collector
 Chas. Simpson, Box 199 Receiver
 R. C. Bloye Magazine Agent

132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays 2:30 P. M.
 W. R. Hammond Master
 S. S. Coleman, Box 12 Secretary
 S. E. Calkins, Box 49 Collector
 J. H. Howell, Clarion Receiver
 J. H. Lucas Magazine Agent

133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Wash.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
 C. W. Shunk, Box 101 Master
 C. A. Philhour, Box 180 Secretary
 Sam. Shepherd, Box 193 Collector
 J. S. Burns Receiver
 Sam. Shepherd, Box 193 Magazine Agent

134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.

Meets in Eastman Hall, every Sunday at 3 P. M.
 L. L. Robinson Master
 H. K. Cowan Secretary
 W. C. Burney Collector
 E. W. Gibson Receiver
 Louis Lepine Magazine Agent

135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 Colin McArthur, Box 184 Master
 D. F. Anderson Secretary
 G. P. Walker Collector
 J. C. Simino, Box 256 Receiver
 W. B. Sisson Magazine Agent

136. J. SCOTT; Lindsay, Ontario.

Meets in S. O. E. Hall, alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 T. G. Dayman, Box 516 Master
 J. A. Watson, Box 516 Secretary
 A. S. Edmunds, Box 516 Collector
 J. A. Watson, Box 516 Receiver
 T. E. Wilkinson Magazine Agent

137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 S. Arenschield, Box 478 Master
 H. E. Fehr, Box 225 Secretary
 G. W. Wright, Box 674 Collector
 A. Shunterman, Box 423 Receiver
 G. W. Wright, Box 674 Magazine Agent

138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.

Meets in J. H. Adam's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Sam. Shaunesy Master
 S. A. Mayall, 12 Winslow St. Secretary
 A. B. Cranson Collector
 G. W. Showalter, 50 N. Galena ave. Receiver
 Wm. Neidleigh, cor. Chicago and Clark Ave Magazine Agent

139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.

Meets in Schultz's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Fridays at 2 P. M.
 Parker Barret Master
 F. H. Green, Box 228 Secretary
 Ralph Toland Collector
 Jno. Sandeson Receiver
 F. H. Wheeler Magazine Agent

140. MOUNT OURAY; Salida, Colo.

Meets in Fraternity Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Hardy, L. Box 589 Master
 W. S. Brewster, Box 517 Secretary
 G. E. Korn, Box 522 Collector
 Henry Wise, L. Box 599 Receiver
 S. W. Seelinger, Box 517 Magazine Agent

141. A. G. PORTER; Fort Wayne, Ind.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall at 79 Calhoun St., Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 A. J. Kohler, 461 Calhoun St. Master
 J. W. Stackhouse, 24 Boon st. Secretary
 Wm. Dexter, 16 Brackenridge st. Collector
 W. R. Frederick, 415 S. Lafayette st. Receiver
 C. F. Sweny, 429 So. Lafayette st. Magazine Agent

142. SAFETY; Toledo, Ohio.

Meets at 329 Broadway, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
 A. S. Mead, Air Line Junction Master
 Geo. Bittman, 634 So. St. Clair st. Secretary
 P. J. Shordt, 221 Oliver st. Collector
 P. J. Miller, 428 Walbridge ave. Receiver
 Ira Root, 1414 Indiana ave. Magazine Agent

143. E. C. FELLOWS; West Oakland, Cal.

Meets in California Hall, 1015 Clay St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 E. P. Woods, East Berkeley Master
 E. J. Brady, 1683 Chase st., Oakland Secretary
 C. W. Pangburn, 1723 Goss st. Collector
 C. J. Sellander, 963 4th ave, E. Oakland Receiver
 T. J. Roberts, 1006 Pine st. Mag. Agent

144. DECORATION; Chicago, Ill.

Meets at Lincoln st. and Yeaton ave. 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
 G. A. Lindsay, 839 W. 12th st. Master
 E. T. Sullivan, 437 Ogden ave. Secretary
 Martin Murphy, 491 So. Robey st. Collector
 C. E. Tillman, 805 W. 14th st. Receiver
 Grant Lewis, 411 Ogden ave. Magazine Agent

- 145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.**
Meets in Jonas' Hall, 601 Austin St. every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
Robt. Nicholson, 319 10th St. Master
E. G. Lowe, 321 Sherman st. Secretary
J. E. Norton, 10 River ave. Collector
H. A. Donaldson, 510 Hayes st. Receiver
N. E. Norton, 1110 Ave. D. Magazine Agent
- 146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.**
Meets in Bell's Hall, 1st and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
Chris. Mortensen, 6 Providence st. Master
Fred Keeler, 38 Hardy st. Secretary
Ed. Wheeler, 29 Conti St. Collector
D. M. Moody, 101 Hardy st. Receiver
A. W. Brown, 105 Hardy St., 5th Ward Magazine Agent
- 147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.**
Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
Arthur Haines, Box 105 Master
Jas. Conney, Box 105 Secretary
J. T. McGinnis, Box 105 Collector
W. W. Shortt, Box 62 Receiver
Wm. Holden, Box 105 Magazine Agent
- 148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Friday at 1:30 P. M.
John Linehan, Box 416 Master
S. F. James, Box 416 Secretary
J. L. Dalton Box 416 Collector
M. E. Stafford, Box 488 Receiver
J. W. Bain, Box 416 Magazine Agent
- 149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.**
Meets at 110 East 125th St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
A. H. Hawley, 250 W. 133d st. Master
P. A. Donahue, 283 Amsterdam ave. Secretary
R. T. Roscoe, 1858 3d Ave. Collector
A. H. Hawley, 250 W 133d st. Receiver
F. W. Charnley, 62 E 114th st. Mag. Agent
- 150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.**
Meets in Mack's Hall, cor. Washington and 3d Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. A. Cooke, 125 Fifth st. Master
F. W. Boesler, Jr., 126 6th st. Secretary
F. D. Mills, 430 W. Washington st. Collector
G. McK. Gibson, 212 Division St. Receiver
R. J. Dobson, 140 Rock St. Magazine Agent
- 151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Jas. Rynd, St. Mary's Lane Master
Jas. Morris, 186 Macaulay st. E. Secretary
Jas. Gaakin, Inchbury st. Collector
J. D. Mills, Inchbury st. Receiver
Wm. Broughton, 126 Cannon st. Magazine Agent
- 152. NORTH POLE; West Bay City, Mich.**
Meets in Royal Arcanum Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Patrick Roach Master
Frank Potter, Box 762 Secretary
Geo. Martin, 805 Carrie st. Collector
W. A. Maguire Receiver
Frank Potter, Box 762 Magazine Agent
- 153. H. C. LOED; Fort Scott, Kansas.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner 2d and Main Sts.
W. B. Lane, 202 Hill St. Master
J. B. Martin, 401 S. Broadway Secretary
Vernon Martin, 112 Margrave st. Collector
W. B. Lane, 202 Hill st. Receiver
J. M. Parmley, 102 1st and Barbee Sts. Mag. Agent
- 154. McKEEN; Chanute, Kansas.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, on every Thursday at 7:00 P. M.
R. W. Cameron, Box 141 Master
E. K. Brehl Secretary
J. E. Flint, Box 819 Collector
W. L. Miller, Box 201 Receiver
W. L. Miller, Box 201 Magazine Agent
- 155. J. F. BINGHAM; New York, N. Y.**
Meets in Schrader's Hall, 147 W 32d St., 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
H. A. Fountaine, 1765 Columbus Ave. Master
A. M. Greene, Box 423, New Rochelle. Secretary
Theo. Fry, 222 W. 16th St. Collector
D. W. Bell, 218 W. 67th St. Receiver
H. A. Fountaine, 1765 Columbus Ave. Magazine Agent
- 156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
J. S. Cowan, Box 356 Master
N. F. Colbert, Box 356 Secretary
Marcus Byrnes, Box 356 Collector
Jos. Terre, Box 356 Receiver
H. A. Jernigan Magazine Agent
- 157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.**
Meets in Echo Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
G. H. Smith Master
M. E. Whetzel, L. Box 111 Secretary
F. L. Wade Collector
Lincoln Scott Receiver
G. M. Jackson Magazine Agent
- 158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.**
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, 47th and Monroe sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
D. W. Fox, 170 Ash st. Master
D. M. Sowle, 463 Howard ave. Secretary
J. W. Daly, 339 Hough st. Collector
Ed. Heinrich, 124 Hastings St. Receiver
Jos. Nopper, 115 La Salle St. Magazine Agent
- 159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets in Simmons' Hall, cor. Summer and Union Sts., every Monday at 9:30 A. M.
A. T. Rogers, 1214 Martin st. Master
R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Secretary
R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Collector
W. C. McOmbs, 128 McNairy st. Receiver
R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Magazine Agent
- 160. C. J. HEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 3d and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M.
W. H. Boleman, 30 William st. Master
R. T. Skinner, 1,503 Walnut St. Secretary
E. F. Stiker, 1,611 Division St. Collector
Edgar Hitch, 331 Canal st. Receiver
R. T. Skinner, 1503 Walnut st. Magazine Agent
- 161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.**
Meets in Knights of Pythias Hall cor. Third and Jefferson sts., every other Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. A. Richards, 1117 S 8th St. Master
Lewis Benthel, 818 N 10th st. Secretary
J. A. Richards, 1117 S 8th St. Collector
J. D. Hawksworth, 2008 Madison St. Receiver
C. O. Newell, 332 Columbia st. Magazine Agent
- 162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 505 Main St., 1st Sunday and every Wednesday.
D. F. Wagner, 326 Jefferson st. Master
C. S. Vandenburg, 413 St. Joe st. Secretary
Theo. Snader, 610 Sixth St. Collector
J. J. Miller Receiver
F. J. Swartz, 135 St. Joe St. Magazine Agent
- 163. ETNA; Pine Bluff, Ark.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, every Friday at 7 P. M.
Eugene Hartnett, Box 212 Master
F. L. Nazor, 322 W 6th ave. Secretary
W. S. Wilson, 321 E 6th ave. Collector
W. S. Wilson, 321 E 6th ave. Receiver
W. H. Rice, 626 Tennessee st. Magazine Agent
- 164. KEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.**
Meets Tuesday nights in I. O. O. F. Hall, on Broadway.
J. J. Derck, Box 202 Master
C. E. Blair Secretary
Geo. Childers Collector
David Plowe, Box 392 Receiver
C. E. Blair Magazine Agent
- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st, 2d and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. J. Gleason, Box 169 Master
G. W. Adams, Box 166 Secretary
G. B. Richason, Box 233 Collector
A. I. Routh Receiver
C. M. Leedy Magazine Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall 1st Monday at 2:30 P. M., and 3d Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
C. M. Keller, Box 619 Master
J. M. McCaulay, Box 340 Secretary
Wm. Gemmer Collector
Alvin McEndorfer, Box 925 Receiver
Wm. Gemmer Magazine Agent

167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 F. W. Bromley Master
 Daniel Marshall Secretary
 H. J. George Collector
 Mark Dashiell Receiver
 G. B. Avery Magazine Agent

168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 129 Rose St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 Frank Krause, 924 Rose st. Master
 Richard Hurley, 229 Sumner st., La Crosse Secretary
 Patrick McBride, 522 Mill st Collector
 Thos. Cawley, 522 Mill st Receiver
 H. V. Fehnelider, 1024 Avon st., La Crosse Magazine Agent

169. H. G. BROOKS; Morrisville, N. Y.

Meets in Washington Hall, Broad St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. H. Burt, 25 Jane st Master
 V. C. Randolph, 81 River St Secretary
 A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St Collector
 A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St Receiver
 C. S. Kimball, 35 Erie ave Magazine Agent

170. PRAIRIE; Huron, S. Dakota.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
 G. E. Briggs, 454 Utah st Master
 J. R. McNickle, Box 873 Secretary
 T. C. Lauters, 520 Utah St Collector
 Wm. Whalen, 419 Beech st Receiver
 Ed. Sampson, 1038 6th St Magazine Agent

171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.

Meets in Hall 1st Saturday and 4th Thursdays.
 T. W. Hennessey, Box 167 Master
 F. M. White Secretary
 Wm. McLean Collector
 Fred Geddes Receiver
 Wm. Hanway Magazine Agent

172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.

Meets alternate Sundays in Manchester Hall, cor. Sparks and Wellington Sts.
 F. W. Morrison, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont Master
 W. S. Blyth, 285 Nicholas St Secretary
 Edw. Woode, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont Collector
 Hugh Handyside, Hintonburg, via Ottawa, Ont Receiver
 Wm. Ellis, Hintonburg P. O., via Ottawa Magazine Agent

173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 G. W. Greenwood Master
 W. J. Wagoner Secretary
 H. R. McGowan, Albuquerque, N. M. Collector
 W. C. Glover Receiver
 G. W. Greenwood Magazine Agent

174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.

Meets cor 3d and Cumberland Sts., Sible's Hall, 2d Sunday at 1 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 B. F. Hubert, 1715 Fifth st Master
 H. S. Gingrich, 1418 Wallace st Secretary
 E. J. Seitz, 1616 N 81st st Collector
 Wm. Blessing, 422 Riley St Receiver
 H. C. Sarch, 1129 Wallace st Magazine Agent

175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.

Meets in O. R. C. Hall at 12½ N 2d St., every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
 E. J. Coffman, 257 Race st Master
 Edgar Heacock, 58 Mills st Secretary
 E. J. Coffman, 105 Buena Vista st Collector
 Brad. Toben 228 Indiana ave Receiver
 Wm. Moesner, 27 Spencer st Magazine Agent

176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.

Meets in Warner's Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings.
 S. J. McFall, Box 200 Master
 C. H. Porter, Box 41 Secretary
 G. L. Clark Collector
 S. J. McFall Receiver
 R. J. Simpson, Box 335 Magazine Agent

177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, every Thursday at 7:40 P. M.
 Jas. Finks Master
 W. G. Mason, Jr., Box 184 Secretary
 C. C. Leach, Box 184 Collector
 C. W. Bedell Receiver
 H. H. Edwards Magazine Agent

178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Main and 1st S. Sts., Tuesdays, at 8 P. M.
 A. E. Koonts, 561 W. 4th So. st Master
 J. F. Kilm, 26 Sullivan ave Secretary
 G. C. Woodruff Collector
 G. H. Brown, 118 S 3d st West Receiver
 J. E. McCarty, 552 West Fourth So st Magazine Agent

179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M.
 J. W. Barber, University Place Master
 J. K. Robinson, 718 H St Secretary
 J. W. Barber, University Place Collector
 J. K. Robinson 718 H St Receiver
 A. C. Berry, 851 N. 12th St Magazine Agent

180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.

Meets cor. 12th St. and Washington Ave., 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 M. J. Kiley, 602 Jefferson Ave Master
 Wm. O'Connell, 2,017 Poplar St Secretary
 G. H. Shaw, 2007 Commercial Ave Collector
 M. J. Kiley, 602 Jefferson Ave Receiver
 H. Siefke, 1231 Broadway, Paducah, Ky Magazine Agent

181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Wilson Munro Master
 Jas. Nicholson Secretary
 Alex. Dunbar Collector
 Jas. Nicholson Receiver
 Alex. Dunbar Magazine Agent

182. MAGIC CITY; Roanoke, Va.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Salem ave and Jefferson st., 2d and 3d Sundays at 9 A. M.
 C. M. Gray, 629 3d ave, N. W. Master
 W. R. Thrasher, 625 3d ave, N. W. Secretary
 E. S. Vaughan, 418 1st ave, N. W. Collector
 C. M. Gray, 629 3d ave, N. W. Receiver
 C. M. Gray, 629 3d ave, N. W. Magazine Agent

183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers' Hall alternate Thursdays at 7 P. M.
 G. C. Redhead Master
 W. H. Cross Secretary
 J. B. Calvin Collector
 H. I. Miller, Box 154 Receiver
 W. H. Cross Magazine Agent

184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in Irish Hall.
 T. J. Finley, 728 S Elizabeth St Master
 M. R. Lacy, 780 W. Wayne st Secretary
 A. L. Wyatt, 747 S Elizabeth St Collector
 Laurence Giebel, 628 S Main St Receiver
 Magazine Agent

185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.

Meets in Beyer's Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 C. T. Hogarth, Box 153 Master
 A. L. Young, Box 311 Secretary
 W. F. Lumy Collector
 A. T. Hogarth, Box 153 Receiver
 Harner Cramer Magazine Agent

186. CHAMBERLAIN; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Walther's Hall, 3884 State St., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 W. K. Phelps, 4748 Dearborn st Master
 Jas. Manning, 711 W. 47th St Secretary
 W. H. E. Green, 3741 La Salle st Collector
 Jas. Everitt, 4219 School St Receiver
 J. W. Rogers, 4034 Wabash ave Magazine Agent

- 187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.**
Meets in Federation Hall, every Sunday at 7 P. M.
G. W. Durell Master
W. W. Donaldson Secretary
S. S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Collector
R. T. Cassidy Receiver
S. S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Magazine Agent
- 188. S. S. MERRILL; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Miehle Hall, cor. Western Ave. and Indiana St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Dell Miller, 83 Artesian ave Master
C. H. Wheeler, 838 Indiana st Secretary
Fred Myers, C. M. & St. P. engine house, Western ave Collector
L. L. Gay, 90 N. Sacramento Ave Receiver
L. P. Smith, 644 Fulton St Magazine Agent
- 189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.**
Meets in Narris' Block, Green Bay, Wis., 2d and 4th Sundays.
Martin Sheehy Master
R. H. Thompson Secretary
G. E. Wallace, Green Bay, Wis Collector
Martin Sheehy Receiver
Jno. La Hole, Grand Rapids Magazine Agent
- 190. FREGUSON; Mitchell, S. Dakota.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Emmet Wentworth, Box 102, Sanborn, Ia., Master
F. L. Powell Secretary
O. W. Merwin (Box 189), Sanborn, Iowa Collector
O. W. Merwin, Box 189, Sanborn, Iowa Receiver
Thos. Helman, Sanborn, Iowa Magazine Agent
- 191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.**
Meets in Thompson's Hal every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Henry McCue, Box 394 Master
Forrest Bullard, Box 302 Secretary
Walter Jellison Collector
A. M. Geichell Receiver
Forrest Bullard, Box 302 Magazine Agent
- 192. MT. TACOMA; Tacoma, Wash.**
Meets in Danish Brotherhood Hall, cor. East D and 24th sts., every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Wheeler, Box 488 Master
Jno. Cartwright, Box 1387 Secretary
Jas. Doran Collector
F. S. Stevens, Box 1088 Receiver
J. E. Connolly, 1122 Pacific ave Magazine Agent
- 193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.**
Meets in Ross's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2 P. M.
D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Master
Jno. Valche, Box 287 Secretary
E. J. Stroud, Box 287 Collector
D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Receiver
D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Magazine Agent
- 194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
T. J. Burke Master
W. T. Dickenson, Box 385 Secretary
L. D. Sterne Collector
Geo. Slade Receiver
Thos. Wilkins Magazine Agent
- 195. RE-ECHO; Montpelier, Idaho.**
Meets in Montpelier Hall, Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Hammond, Box 6 Master
Jno. Hale Secretary
Owen Buckley Collector
L. H. Lubben Receiver
R. W. Cunningham Magazine Agent
- 196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 125 E 6th St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
Fred Hyde, 321 E 12th st Master
M. H. Flynn, L. Box 607 Secretary
W. B. Goff, 122 W 3d st Collector
H. C. Newell, Box 414 Receiver
H. S. Smith, 508 Poplar St Magazine Agent
- 197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.**
Meets 1st Sunday at 9 A. M. and 3d Sunday at 1:30 P. M. in B. of L. E. Hall, Law's Building.
Jas. Bailey Master
H. C. Kiler, Box 449 Secretary
W. H. Young Collector
Jas. Bailey Receiver
S. A. McCormac, Box 309 Magazine Agent
- 198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
E. A. Crane, 38 Cortland st Master
W. W. Drury, 50 Foster ave Secretary
E. C. Somers, 44, Pleasant st Collector
W. Y. Dennis, 31 W. Seminary St Receiver
Jos. Herron, 16 Courtland st Magazine Agent
- 199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.**
Meets in B. of R. B. Hall, over First National Bank, 21 Federal St., 2d Sunday afternoon and 4th Thursday evening.
W. J. Reese, 1238 Emma st Master
R. R. Jenkins, 1023 Orange St Secretary
Michael Hallisy Collector
Receiver
M. J. Welch, 25 Darrow St Magazine Agent
- 200. FAITH; Meridian, Miss.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M.
Henry Schlager, N. O. & N. E. shops Master
J. L. Stutz, 807 21st ave Secretary
J. E. Mitchell, 313 N. 41st ave Collector
S. F. Baker, 423 41st Ave Receiver
B. J. Mitchell, 5th st and 37th ave Magazine Agent
- 201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.**
Meets every in K. of P. Hall Saturday at 7 P. M., J. D. Bledsoe Master
J. W. Briggs Secretary
Wm. Quinn Collector
J. T. Gaffney Receiver
U. G. Chilton Magazine Agent
- 202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.**
Meets in Clough's Hall, 1st Sunday at 2:30 P. M., and 3d Monday at 7 P. M.
S. A. Barker 485 2d St Master
Lewis Gettle, Jr., 86 N Sugar St Secretary
W. H. Cutter, 272 E Main st Collector
Receiver
W. D. Mathewson Magazine Agent
- 203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. N. Lamb, Box 233 Master
L. B. Hart, Box 28 Secretary
G. E. Campbell, Box 198 Collector
C. F. Reneman, Box, 96 Receiver
G. W. Artis, Box 103 Magazine Agent
- 204. COTTON BELT; Jonesborough, Ark.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, Main st, every Saturday at 2 P. M.
William E. Dixon Master
W. E. Morris Secretary
C. P. Bond, Box 258 Collector
W. E. Dixon Receiver
F. W. Riga Magazine Agent
- 205. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Christ. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st Master
Olmstead Hollister, 630 Jefferson st Secretary
E. H. Powell, 1601 E. 4th st Collector
Christ. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st Receiver
J. L. Spalding, 310 Hancock st Magazine Agent
- 206. FORT PICKERING; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets in Miller's Hall, Cor. 5th and Jackson Sts. every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Thos. Cosgrove, K. C. M. & B. round house Master
D. L. Forsyth, 471½ Georgiast Secretary
J. J. Quinn, K. C. M. & B. Round House Collector
D. L. Forsyth, 471½ Georgiast Receiver
G. A. Robinson, 121 Rayburn ave. Magazine Agent
- 207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.**
Meets in Corinthian Block, 912 Water st., every Wednesday evening.
Thos. Newberry, 357 E Center st Master
E. L. First, 1018 Market st Secretary
G. T. Patton, 371 North st Collector
G. A. Oster, 347 Poplar St Receiver
P. E. Morrison, 823 Liberty St Magazine Agent
- 208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.**
Meets in Doran's Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Daniel Cregan Master
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Secretary
John Hile Collector
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Receiver
C. W. Anderson, Box 237 Magazine Agent

- 309. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 3d story Old National Bank building, alternate Sundays 2:30 P. M.
H. E. Gaines Master
J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Secretary
J. H. Nelson, Box 151 Collector
Walter Johnson Receiver
J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Magazine Agent
- 310. 18-X; Schenectady, N. Y.**
Meets in Mohawk Valley Lodge Room every other Thursday
Julius Zeller, Box 497 Master
J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Secretary
J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Collector
J. E. Van Vranken, Box 497 Receiver
Wm. Hogan, 429 Hamilton st. Magazine Agent
- 311. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.**
Meets in Bragg's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M.
Wm. Gausline, 1056 Butler st., Easton Master
C. L. McKee, 208 S 5th St., Easton Secretary
J. S. Smith, 912 Wilkesbarre st. Collector
A. J. Mickle, 725 Berwick St. Receiver
D. W. Henry, 445 Wilkesbarre St. Magazine Agent
- 312. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.**
Meets in Good Templars' Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. T. Ames, 96 Arsenal St. Master
Willie Graham, 80 Meadow St. Secretary
Van. C. Bockus, 27 Cross St. Collector
F. C. Nichols, 28 Meadow St. Receiver
F. E. Root, 27 Orchard St. Magazine Agent
- 313. WEST SHORE; Syracuse N. Y.**
Meets in Doolittle Hall, Pine St., alternate Sundays.
C. E. Blanchard, 142 Oak St. Master
M. J. Melroy, 140 Oak St. Secretary
C. W. Prime, 339 Elm St. Collector
Edward Davis, 140 Oak St. Receiver
Jno. Sullivan, 108 Henderson St. Magazine Agent
- 314. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets in Beruyn Hall, on 1st St. 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. L. Stewart, 141 Falls Road Master
J. W. Akehurst, 442 Federal St. Secretary
A. F. Gibbons, 415 Fifth st. Collector
G. C. Yeagy, 448 Federal St. Receiver
W. H. Martin, 2025 Oak st. Magazine Agent
- 315. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
N. M. Burch, 457 Broadway Master
J. W. Reed, 105 2d St. Secretary
W. A. Buckbee, 52 Pine St. Collector
C. J. Wriker, 21 Glenn St. Receiver
V. D. Rhodes, 439 Broadway Magazine Agent
- 316. BLACK RIVER; Lorain, Ohio.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Benson Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 12 o'clock noon.
J. C. Crouch, L. Box 1134 Master
F. L. Cutting, Box 353 Secretary
H. A. Eddy Collector
Thos. Burns Receiver
J. B. Liggitt, Uhrichsville Magazine Agent
- 317. HEADLIGHT; Brazil, Ind.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons.
Henry Schade Master
M. T. Wilson, Box 5 Secretary
Elza Ax Collector
C. A. Gilmore, Box 126 Receiver
Henry Schade Magazine Agent
- 318. Pikes Peak; Colorado City, Colo.**
Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.
Geo. Hopkins Master
Richard Griffith, Box 263 Secretary
J. H. McIntyre Collector
Richard Griffith, Box 263 Receiver
Chas. Snyder Magazine Agent
- 319. SMOKY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.**
Meets cor. Bidwell and Pennsylvania Aves. every Monday at 2:30 P. M.
J. L. Phillips, 263 Franklin St. Master
G. R. Fletcher, 368 California ave Secretary
J. S. Martin, 213 Bidwell st. Collector
H. B. Shaffer, 307 Allegheny Ave. Receiver
E. F. McCarty, 2 Refuge st Magazine Agent

- 320. PROVIDENT; Sanbury, Pa.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 3d St. 1st and 3d Sundays, at 1 P. M.
A. V. Raup, Box 212 Master
J. F. Malick, Box 212 Secretary
H. W. Shoffstall, Box 212 Collector
C. C. Bowen, Box 212 Receiver
C. F. Kline, Box 597 Magazine Agent
- 321. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 31 Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
W. K. Forbes Master
Wm. Holmes Secretary
Geo. Crawford Collector
Jno. McMillan, Jr. Receiver
Wm. Holmes Magazine Agent
- 322. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. D. McKinlay Master
O. G. Anderson, Box 49 Secretary
Fred. Peterson Collector
C. E. Snook Receiver
C. L. Carter Magazine Agent
- 323. POTTAWATOMIE; Junction City, Kan.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Kane, Box 555 Master
W. A. Easterday, Box 555 Secretary
Frank Good Collector
W. A. Easterday, Box 555 Receiver
B. S. Quick, 114 Porter St. Kansas City, Kan Magazine Agent
- 324. T. C. BOORN; St. Cloud, Minn.**
Meets in K. of L. Hall 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Saturday at 7 P. M.
E. J. Farrell, 220 11th ave N. Master
H. B. Harding, 317 Thirteenth ave N. Secretary
John Mouran, 323 Ninth ave N. Collector
Walter Bach, Box 150 Receiver
Jas. W. Uptygrove, Box 432 Magazine Agent
- 325. SUPERIOR; Fort William West, Ontario.**
Meets in Smith's Hall every Monday night.
I. N. Maxwell Master
W. T. Reid Secretary
M. A. Bryant Collector
Joseph Fregeau, Fort William East Receiver
Joseph Fregeau, Fort William East Magazine Agent
- 326. MAGNOLIA; Ennis, Texas.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall 2d and 4th Wednesdays. 2d at 1 P. M. and 4th at 7 P. M.
J. M. Brown, H. & T. C. Shops Master
W. M. Nicoll, L. Box 136 Secretary
John Barry, H. & T. C. Shops Collector
W. M. Nicoll, L. Box 136 Receiver
O. J. Jones, H. & T. C. Shops Magazine Agent
- 327. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.**
Meets in Mudge Hall, cor. Eldredge and Chango sts., 2d and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. H. Fennell, 53 Griswold st. Master
T. W. Campion, 42 Robinson St. Secretary
R. C. Rothrock, 11 Cemetery st. Collector
Theo. Haskins, 25 Frederick St. Receiver
U. G. Weaton, 30 Vendrel St. Magazine Agent
- 328. ACME; Scranton, Pa.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, No. 332 Lackawanna Ave. 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
H. A. Coglier, 2.0 Linden st. Master
W. H. Brutzman, 329 Franklin Ave. Secretary
A. J. Thomas, 317 S Hyde Park ave. Collector
E. H. Belden, 395 Forest St. Receiver
Arnold Welsendue, 329 Franklin ave Magazine Agent
- 329. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.**
Meets in Post Bacon Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
J. J. Quirk, cor. Mary and Albany Sts Master
C. A. Pease, 102 Broad St. Secretary
J. A. Weigand, 32 Hubbell st Collector
C. A. Pease, 102 Broad St. Receiver
Fred Ebenasperger, 159 Catharine Street Magazine Agent

- 230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.**
Meets at Lehman Hall, 206 Washington Ave., 1st, 3d and 5th Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Bagley, 541 Clinton Ave. Master
Courtland Maher, 11 Prospect Ave. Secretary
L. F. Kelly, W. Albany Collector
J. J. Gill, 289 1st St. Receiver
Edw. Van Epps, 32 Hunter Ave. Magazine Agent
- 231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner 3d and Market Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. F. Fagan, 407 So. Jackson st. Master
G. H. Larimore, 1019 Poplar St. Secretary
G. H. Larimore, 1019 Poplar st. Collector
J. J. Shields, 214 N Franklin st. Receiver
Harry Mask, 1006 Lombard st. Magazine Agent
- 232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.**
Meets in A. O. H. Hall 2d Monday and 4th Wednesday nights.
T. F. Farrell, 19 West st. Master
Thos. Duffy, cor. Prince and Cottage sts. Secretary
H. B. Weeden, 281 North St. Collector
C. E. Ward, 79 Wisner Ave. Receiver
M. J. Quinn, 291 North st. Magazine Agent
- 233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.**
Meets in Victoria Hall 1st and 3d Sundays.
John Stewart, Jr., Box 376 Master
F. A. Sitchell Secretary
Frank Gibson Collector
Alfred Wood, Box 376 Receiver
G. W. Speer Magazine Agent
- 234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, alternate Tuesdays.
H. J. Reid Master
J. A. Lynch Secretary
J. T. Lindsay Collector
John Clemenson Receiver
Jno. Lyons Magazine Agent
- 235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburg, Pa.**
Meets in Welsh Bros.' Hall at cor. 26th St. and Penn Ave., alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M.
J. G. Gray, 38th, above Penn ave Master
John Bewick, 3005 Penn ave Secretary
John Bewick, 3005 Penn ave Collector
C. G. Parshall, 3105 Penn Ave. Receiver
E. F. McKee, 2,906 Penn Ave. Magazine Agent
- 236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.**
Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
G. W. Lilly Master
T. E. Cobbs Secretary
W. E. Lyons Collector
J. F. Smith, L Box 33 Receiver
R. P. Boyd Magazine Agent
- 237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.**
Meets in Tilton School Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Horace Brink, Box 168 Master
E. H. Brown, 119 So. Green st, Chicago, Secretary
David Leavitt Collector
Thaddeus Chew Receiver
G. J. Rowbottom, 211 Harding Ave., Chicago Magazine Agent
- 238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.**
Meets in Rogers Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Lloyd Grimes, 1301 Broadway Master
J. W. Brust, 1013 Broadway Secretary
John Diviney, 820 Kentucky st, Louisville Collector
Ambrose Mercer, 1320 15th st, Louisville. Receiver
J. P. Wesley, 1105 Broadway Magazine Agent
- 239. BUCKETEY; Delaware, Ohio.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 51 N. Lake St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
T. F. Parker, 281 E Central ave. Master
F. E. Jaynes, 18 N. Liberty st. Secretary
Ed. Baker, 23 So Union st. Collector
T. E. Moloney, 219 E Central ave. Receiver
C. O. Norton, Mauds Magazine Agent
- 240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.**
Meets 1st and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Monday at 2:30 P. M.
E. J. Coy, 523 E Main st. Master
M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St. Secretary
E. J. Black, N. Elm Ave. Collector
M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St. Receiver
F. K. Perrine, 106 Pringle ave. Magazine Agent
- 241. LAKE ERIE; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 421 S. Division St., Alternate Fridays, at 7:30 P. M.
D. E. Barry, 552 Swan St. Master
P. W. Springweller, 145 Monroe St. Secretary
P. W. Springweller, 145 Monroe St. Collector
I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Receiver
F. H. Goodenough, 653 Eagle St. Magazine Agent
- 242. LIBERTY; Elmira, N. Y.**
Meets in Redmen's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
John Finlay, Jr., 505 Fulton St. Master
H. F. Millins, 1008 Pratt St. Secretary
L. E. Gillespie, 871 Norton st. Collector
H. F. Millins, 1008 Pratt St. Receiver
P. P. Davies, cor. Fulton and South Ave. Magazine Agent
- 243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M., in B. of L. F. Hall, Ghio Block
C. J. Neef, Box 64, Texarkana, Ark. Master
Geo. Desborough, Box 2 Secretary
I. N. Mayer, Box 326, Texarkana, Ark. Collector
C. J. Neef, Box 64, Texarkana, Ark. Receiver
W. F. Rowe, Box 210, Texarkana, Ark. Magazine Agent
- 244. T. P. O'Bourke; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Schwerdt's Hall, 14th and Jefferson Sts. 1st Thursday at 8 P. M., and 3d Sunday 2:30 P. M.
E. W. Atkins, 66 Fastings st. Master
Jno. O'Malley, 14 O'Brien st. Secretary
Jno. Larkin, 110 Newberry ave. Collector
C. J. Lynch, 602 Robey St. Receiver
B. E. Ament, 208 1/2 8th st., Brighton Park, Chicago Magazine Agent
- 245. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, Sorrell Building, cor. of Bull and Bay Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
G. L. Kempf, 44 Sims st. Master
I. R. Stelts, 209 Perry St. Secretary
M. J. Barrett, 193 Charlton st. Collector
Fleming Goodaby, 81 Montgomery st. Receiver
Adam Hutton, 271 Bull st. Magazine Agent
- 246. MACON; Macon, Ga.**
Meets in M. & W depot every Sunday.
J. A. Morris, 1421 Third st. Master
W. H. Lofley, 704 Third st. Secretary
T. E. Jordan, Cor. 3d and Boundary Collector
Edw. Almy, cor. 3d and Boundary Sts. Receiver
C. E. Stone, 1440 4th St. Magazine Agent
- 247. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.**
Meets in Red Men's Hall, 6 1/2 W Mitchell st., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. F. Hetsel, 192 S Forsyth st. Master
J. M. Barrett, 151 Davis st. Secretary
W. A. Woolbright, 92 Walton st. Collector
G. W. Manning, 59 W Simpson st. Receiver
J. C. Burnett, 78 Davis st. Magazine Agent
- 248. WESTERN RENEEVE; Ashtabula, Ohio.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. B. Brown Master
H. S. Redhead, Box 236 Secretary
W. L. Davis, Box 454 Collector
C. C. Lockwood, L. Box 17 Receiver
Jas. Coutts, West at Magazine Agent
- 249. CALUMET; South Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, South Chicago 2d Sunday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
Daniel O'Connell Master
F. C. Rapp Secretary
P. F. Roach Collector
Wm. Muldoon Receiver
W. J. Price, Box 118 Magazine Agent
- 250. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkesbarre, Pa.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, So. Main st., 1st and 3d Sunday, at 2 P. M.
J. E. Gay, Kingston Master
J. W. Deets, Forty Fort Secretary
E. O. Hale, Kingston Collector
Chas. VanWhy, Box 73 Ashley Receiver
E. O. Hale, Kingston Magazine Agent

251. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Meets in Stahl's Hall, Upper Mauch Chunk, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Lafayette Wildoner, L. Box 385 Master
 N. E. Reimart, L. Box 324 Secretary
 L. H. Yetter, L. Box 365 Collector
 Charles Roberts, L. Box 365 Receiver
 Wm. Spencer, Box 365 Magazine Agent

252. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.

Meets in Fendrich's Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. G. Pets, 508 Chestnut st. Master
 H. G. Klough, 242 New Second st. Secretary
 Jos. Dennison, 640 Chestnut St. Collector
 M. M. Hinkle, 711 Walnut St. Receiver
 J. D. McBride, 246 New 2d st. Magazine Agent

253. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.

Meets in Stradling Building, 181 N. Green St., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 J. W. Horn, 41 Wall st. Master
 Robert Stockhouse, 697 Broad St. Secretary
 T. H. Decator, 45 Hart Ave. Collector
 F. P. Parsons, 175 Brunswick Ave. Receiver
 T. H. Decator, 45 Hart Ave. Magazine Agent

254. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. D. McKinney Master
 Frank McGinnis Secretary
 Thos. Hainer Collector
 D. J. Kennedy Receiver
 Pierce Welch Magazine Agent

255. CANAL CITY; Arkansas City, Kan.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday nights.
 J. E. Drennan Master
 A. O. Nicholson, W Adams ave. Secretary
 Andrew Craig Collector
 S. S. Small, 1005 S. 1st st. Receiver
 W. S. Ballou Magazine Agent

256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.

Meets in Slater's Hall every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M.
 F. K. Rudolph Master
 M. D. Finn, Box 118 Secretary
 J. B. Clark Collector
 M. H. Lintz Receiver
 G. N. Chadwick Magazine Agent

257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, on 1st St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 J. R. Smith Master
 Ray Harvey Secretary
 A. E. McCredy Collector
 J. M. McPherson, L. Box 60 Receiver
 A. R. Cullen, Box 60 Magazine Agent

258. KENO; Nickerson, Kansas.

Meets in K. P. Hall, over Eagle Drug Store, every Thursday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. W. Bunton Master
 C. W. Arnold, L. Box 30 Secretary
 F. E. Hendrickson Collector
 O. M. Newland Receiver
 W. F. Smith, L. Box 472 Magazine Agent

259. D. J. CHASE; Ashland, Wis.

Meets in Good Templars' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Wm. Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave. Master
 J. J. Orrick, Commercial Hotel Secretary
 Fred Godfrey, Box 829 Collector
 Wm. Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave. Receiver
 T. A. Hubbell, Ellis ave. Magazine Agent

260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, Masonic Building, 6th and K Sts., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Jno. Hurley, Box 107 Master
 R. E. Nobel, Box 107 Secretary
 Richard Hintze Collector
 D. A. Smith, Box 107 Receiver
 A. G. White, 731 F St. Magazine Agent

261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Sunday and 3d Tuesday.
 Wm. Scotham Master
 W. H. Webb Secretary
 D. S. Gantz Collector
 W. R. Fisher Receiver
 T. J. Burns Magazine Agent

262. QUEEN CITY; West Toronto Junc., Ont.

Meets in Campbell Hall, Dundas St., alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Jas. Mahoney, 322 Dufferin St. Master
 F. G. Drewitt Secretary
 Jno. Donaldson Collector
 Wm. Hyndman, Box 366 Receiver
 Ernest McConnell, 12 Clark st., Parkdale Magazine Agent

263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.

Meets in Alamo Hall 1st and 3d Thursdays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
 Geo. Surkey, Box 68 Master
 J. R. Stedman Secretary
 Louis Francis Collector
 W. H. Pipkin, L. Box 249 Receiver
 L. L. Clark Magazine Agent

264. J. K. GILBREATH; Butte City, Montana.

Meets in Ozark Hall, South Butte, Mont., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. A. White, South Butte Master
 G. A. Cross, L. Box 3, S Butte Secretary
 G. A. Boomer, South Butte Collector
 E. E. Sweeney, L. Box 11, South Butte Receiver
 Jos. Crunican, South Butte Magazine Agent

265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 8 Division st., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 G. W. Dalley, 199 Wallen st. Master
 L. A. Ogden, 247 Centre st. Secretary
 H. L. Brown, 427 Cass st. Collector
 L. A. Ogden, 247 Center St. Receiver
 S. D. Heath, 232 11th ave. Magazine Agent

266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kankana, Wis.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M., in Dugan Hall.
 Chas. Daley Master
 J. M. Golden, Box 324 Secretary
 R. B. Nichols, Box 120 Collector
 Albert Schrader Receiver
 J. J. Palmer Magazine Agent

267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.

Meets in Castle Hall 1st and 3d Thursdays at 1:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. F. Donner Master
 J. E. Coyne, 88 1/2 Pacific Ave. Secretary
 P. J. Coyne, 121 Pacific ave. Collector
 Jno. Mitchell, 107 1/2 Chestnut st. Receiver
 S. P. Vallette, 28 Vallette st. Magazine Agent

268. CLIFTON EIGHTS; New Albany, Ind.

Meets in Hadden's Hall, cor. State and Market Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. T. Dillard, Box 74 Master
 G. L. Stein, 34 W Third st. Secretary
 B. B. Barbee Collector
 J. S. Keane, 106 W Main St. Receiver
 W. Bloor, 238 E Oak st. Magazine Agent

269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.

Meets in Chapel Hall, S. E. cor. Genesee and Central Ave., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. S. Sheehan, 25 Storrs st. Master
 Harrison Crank, 437 W 5th Secretary
 Harry McGarry, 85 Pendleton St. Collector
 J. S. Sheehan, 25 Storrs St. Receiver
 J. S. Sheehan, 25 Storrs St. Magazine Agent

270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets in K. P. Hall, corner Bloomington and Franklin Avenues South, 1st Sunday at 1:30 P. M., and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Oliver Johnson, 821 11th Ave. S. Master
 Patrick Purusse, 118 Cedar ave S. Secretary
 J. D. Shewmaker, 2109 18th ave So Collector
 G. S. Cavanaugh, 2426 Fort Ave Receiver
 C. D. Sharrah, 325 5th Ave S. Magazine Agent

271. BYRAM; Port Morris, N. J.

Meets at Union Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent

at 3:30

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
AgentClark
7:30Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent

Weddays

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent

n Sls.,

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver

Agent

at 4:30

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent

Jack-

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agentlays at
P. M.Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
AgentMaster
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent

nd 4th

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent

at 7:30

Master
Secretary
Collector
Receiver
Agent**282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.**

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St., between 4th and 5th Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

Calvin Minniear Master
J. D. Devore Secretary
W. C. Christian Collector
Harry Standing Receiver
F. H. Orland Magazine Agent**283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.**

Meets in Red Men's Hall, 2d Sunday at 9:30 A. M., and 4th Sunday 3 P. M.

Jas. Hanrahan, Hallstead Master
Elwood Edinger, Box 67 Secretary
W. B. Trowbridge, Hallstead Collector
S. H. Wells, Hallstead Receiver
A. M. Shiker, Hallstead Magazine Agent**284. ELM CITY; New Haven, Conn.**

Meets in Elk's Hall, 853 Chapel St., 1st and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.

L. R. Watrous, 184 Rosette st Master
E. A. Ferrill, 83 Spring st Secretary
E. J. Kenney, Box 1124 Collector
R. A. Bishop, 189 Shaw ave, New Lon-
don ReceiverG. E. Caldwell, 83 W Court st., Spring-
field, Mass Magazine Agent**285. CHARTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.**

Meets in Bliss Hall, cor. Pratt and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.

H. L. Stearns, 45 Bancroft St., Spring-
field, Mass Master
A. M. Porter, Box 101 East Hartford
Meadow Secretary
J. H. Osmond, 55 Allen Place Collector
H. L. Stearns, 45 Bancroft st., Spring-
field, Mass ReceiverA. M. Porter, Box 101, East Hartford
Meadow Magazine Agent**286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.**

Meets in Lester Adams Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

John McGaffigan, 903 N. 6th st Master
W. F. Carle, 608 N Washington ave Secretary
W. J. Tibbits, F. & P. M. Engine
House Collector
B. M. Curtis, 508 Potter st, Saginaw, East
Side Receiver

W. W. Cook, 303 Carroll st Magazine Agent

287. ALTOONA; Altoona, Pa.

Meets in Couch's Hall, cor 11th ave, and 13th st., 2d and 4th Sundays.

C. H. Ross, 416 Fifth Ave Master
J. C. Kochenderfer, 1814 Union ave Secretary
J. I. Anthony, 1815 Eighteenth st Collector
Alex. McGaughey, 1812 Eleventh ave Receiver
J. C. Kochenderfer, 1814 Union
ave Magazine Agent**288. EMMET; Estherville, Iowa.**

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Tuesday and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.

A. L. Houlthouser, Box 5 Master
P. J. Sullivan, Box 48 Secretary
A. L. Houlthouser, Box 5 Collector
B. S. Robinson, Box 102 Receiver
F. C. Little, Box 35 Magazine Agent**289. MT. LOOKOUT; Chattanooga, Tenn.**

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Third National Bank, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

Raiman Segasser, 220 Montgomery ave Master
J. C. Gilbreth, 618 Cowart st Secretary
Garrie Vanarsdale, 153 Cowart st Collector
M. W. Manker, Box 268 Receiver
Garrie Vanarsdale, 153 Cowart St Magazine Agent**290. MARION; Hannibal, Mo.**

Meets in Emmet Hall, on Broadway bet. 7th and 8th Sts., 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.

J. T. Hart, 416 Washington st Master
C. E. Lowe, 640 Clay st Secretary
B. E. McClain, 148 Riverside st Collector
Michael Reardon, 416 Washington st Receiver
B. E. McClain, 148 Riverside st Magazine Agent

291. ATLANTIC; Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meets in Schiellain Hall, 26th Ward. 2d Saturday evening and 4th Sunday morning.

Edw. Locke, Sackman st. and Liberty ave Master
J. J. McClintchey, 80 Alabama ave Secretary
Wm. Young, E New York ave near Sackman st Collector
T. H. Smith, 760 Monroe St Receiver
T. H. Smith, 733 Monroe St Magazine Agent

292. POCAHONTAS; Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8:00 A. M.

C. M. Kidd Master
F. H. Richards Secretary
C. M. Kidd Collector
M. C. Andrus Receiver
J. R. Phelps Magazine Agent

293. LAFAYETTE; Marion, Iowa.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1st Sunday at 6:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

J. H. Riley Master
H. A. Heberling, Box 646 Secretary
F. H. Bernhardt Collector
H. A. Heberling, Box 646 Receiver
Jas. Thomas Magazine Agent

294. OHIO RIVER; Huntington, W. Va.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor 3d Ave. and 8th St. 1st Saturday and last Saturday. 1st Thursday after 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M.

J. C. Leake Master
L. A. D. Tate Secretary
L. A. D. Tate Collector
L. A. D. Tate Receiver
H. A. Wells Magazine Agent

295. U. S.; Davenport, Ia.

Meets in workmen's Hall, cor. 4th and Brady Sts. 1st and 3d Sunday.

J. J. Sheahan, 522 Esplanade ave Master
F. W. Duncan, 110 W 5th st Secretary
F. W. Duncan, 110 W Fifth st Collector
Martin Gillin, 813 Switz. St Receiver
G. H. Austin, 804 W. Locust st Magazine Agent

296. IRON RANGE; West Superior, Wis.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Ritchie Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

M. T. Osborne Master
Alex Stewart, Box 293 Secretary
F. L. Benedict Collector
T. B. Taylor, 1025 Banks ave Receiver
D. F. Lantry, Box 107 Magazine Agent

297. CLARK; Jeffersonville, Ind.

Meets in Beck's Hall, every Sunday at 9 A. M.

B. M. Bennett, Box 182 Master
C. K. Buehler, 119 Broadway Secretary
T. M. Vawter, 1713 Rowan st., Louisville, Ky Collector
B. M. Bennett, Box 182 Receiver
M. B. Bennett, 86 E. Court ave Magazine Agent

298. SNOW FLAKE; Glasgow, Mont.

Meets 2d Saturday at 7 P. M., and 4th Saturday at 8 A. M.

D. L. Hardaway, Glasgow, Mont., Box 85 Master
Geo. McLain, Glasgow, Mont Secretary
C. T. Doctor, Glasgow, Mont Collector
Frank Miller, Glasgow, Mont Receiver
John Gooss, Great Falls, Mont Magazine Agent

299. CENTRAL OHIO; Crestline, Ohio.

Meets in Jenner's Block every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

G. W. Reed, Box 88 Master
W. H. Zink, L. Box 80 Secretary
J. W. White, Box 308 Collector
B. W. DeHaven, Box 692 Receiver
J. L. Davis, Box 688 Magazine Agent

300. HARBOR CITY; Michigan City, Ind.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall alternate Mondays at 2 P. M.

L. A. Wilson Master
W. H. Roe, L. Box 644 Secretary
Frank Smutzer Collector
C. W. Brown Receiver
P. J. Cassidy, Box 183 Magazine Agent

301. GREEN MOUNTAIN; Lyndonville, Vt.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st Sunday at 10 A. M., and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.

J. C. Oakley Master
W. M. Weeks Secretary
T. G. Averill Collector
W. C. Baldwin, McIndoe's Receiver
R. O. Renaud, Newport, Vt. Magazine Agent

302. YOUGHIOGHENY; Connellsville, Pa.

Meets in Reisinger's Hall, Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

J. P. Smith, Box 261 Master
Geo. Dull Secretary
S. A. McPhee, Box 337 Collector
Geo. Dull Receiver
Jno. Tooland Magazine Agent

303. VILLA PARK; Streator, Ill.

Meets in Schlits' Hall, cor. Main and Vermillion St., alternate Sundays at 7 P. M.

Moses Cantlin, 709 N. Park St Master
J. M. Rathbun, 804 Jackson St Secretary
H. B. Mumaw, 208 S. Park St Collector
Thos. Jefferson, 311 S. Illinois St Receiver
J. M. Rathbun, 806 Jackson St Magazine Agent

304. THREE BRANCH; Argenta, Ark.

Meets in Faucett Hall every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

Wm. Johnson Master
C. J. Jacks Secretary
J. S. Sharp Collector
J. J. Hicks, Box 165 Receiver
G. F. Barry Magazine Agent

305. UNWIN; Rat Portage, Ontario.

Meets in Garfield Hall every Wednesday evening.

Russell Woods Master
J. B. Baxter Secretary
J. J. Sheridan Collector
John Bosman Receiver
Geo. Robinson, Box 181 Magazine Agent

306. GRANITE STATE; Concord, N. H.

Meets 2d Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 4 P. M., in Temple Hall, Sanborn Block.

C. S. Woods, West Lebanon Master
H. N. King, 8 Warren st Secretary
N. J. Miller Collector
H. W. Morrill, West Lebanon Receiver
J. C. Mumsey, Box 117, W. Lebanon Mag. Agent

307. HAMPDEN; Springfield, Mass.

Meets in Crescent Hall, 218 Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays.

G. H. Leikam, Box 127, Merrick Master
C. A. Chapin, Box 255, Merrick Secretary
John Fenton, 585 Chestnut st Collector
F. B. Child, 87 Main st Receiver
F. B. Child, 87 Main St Magazine Agent

308. SANTA ROSA; Porfirio Diaz, Mexico.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

Emory Spradling, L. Box 121 Eagle Pass, Tex Master
W. A. Moffatt, L. Box 121, Eagle Pass, Texas Secretary
Jacob Scheyer, L. Box 121, Eagle Pass, Tex Collector
E. T. Manning, L. Box 121, Eagle Pass, Tex Receiver
W. A. Moffatt, L. Box 121, Eagle Pass Mag. Agent

309. BARTHOLOMI; Long Island City, N. Y.

Meets 2d Mondays and 4th Saturdays at 8:00 P. M. in Schwallenberg Hall.

Wm. Carroll, 184 Eighth St Master
A. J. Walker, Mineola, L. I Secretary
J. J. Galvin, 46 Clay St., Green Point, L. I Collector
A. H. Rauffle, 70 East ave Receiver
W. J. Rooney, 129 East Ave Magazine Agent

310. CHESTNUT RIDGE; Derry Station, Pa.

Meets alternate Mondays and Third Sundays in Chosen Friends' Hall.

W. J. Toole Master
H. C. Martin Secretary
J. T. Cole Collector
McK. G. McKelvey Receiver
T. S. Krepps Magazine Agent

- 311. BELLE PLAINE ; Belle Plaine, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. F. Hall.
J. M. McPeak Master
Ed. Zimmerman Secretary
J. W. Miller, Box 841 Collector
Robt. Rippin, Box 288 Receiver
C. M. Goodrich Magazine Agent
- 312. MOUNT SHASTA ; Dunsmuir, Cal.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Monday night.
G. E. Schuler Master
W. P. Haskell, Box 9 Secretary
Leo Martin Collector
H. L. Walther Receiver
Archie De LaMontanya Magazine Agent
- 313. KAW VALLEY ; Armourdale, Kansas.**
Meets in Melville Hall, alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
Oscar Kengott, 606 Colorado Ave., Kansas City Master
J. M. Frain, Box 263 Secretary
J. A. Fike Collector
W. J. Myers, 381 So. 8th st. Receiver
W. J. Myers, 381 So. 8th st., Kansas City Magazine Agent
- 314. GRAND FORKS ; Grand Forks, North Dakota.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Kelson ave and 4th St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Sebastian, Box 366, Crookston, Minn Master
L. J. Kenney Secretary
Albert Hutton Collector
J. M. Hamm, 1101 Broadway Receiver
Wm. Watkins, Barnesville, Minn. Magazine Agent
- 315. TROY CITY ; Green Island, N. Y.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd Fellows Hall, 101 Hudson Ave.
Wm. Riley, 436 Tenth st., Troy Master
H. P. O'Neil, 434 Tenth st., Troy Secretary
W. J. Spafford, 488 Ninth st., Troy Collector
J. M. Williams, 490 Ninth St., Troy Receiver
E. D. Brisee, 472 8th Ave., Troy Magazine Agent
- 316. OMEGA ; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets in Siebert's Hall, cor. Jefferson and Bristol Sts., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
J. E. Rumley, 20 Jones st. Master
W. H. Walsh, 1908 Broadway Secretary
Allen Nicol, 848 Eagle St. Collector
J. J. Kinney, 31 Walter st. Receiver
J. J. Hardin, 539 Perry St. Magazine Agent
- 317. WELCOME HOME ; Henderson, Ky.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M.
G. A. Brown Master
Arnold Ingersoll, O. V. Ry shops Secretary
P. J. Newman, Morganfield Ky Collector
P. J. Kramer, O. V. Ry shops Receiver
Dennis Glenn, 109 Olive st., Evansville Ind Magazine Agent
- 318. IRON CITY ; Glenwood, 23d Ward, Pittsburg, Pa.**
Meets on 2d avenue near Vespucci st., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Wills, Glenwood, 23d Ward Master
W. R. McMinn, Glenwood, 23d Ward Secretary
W. H. Frasier, Glenwood, 23d Ward Collector
J. F. Wills, Glenwood, 23d Ward Receiver
P. W. King, 2d Ave., 23d Ward, Magazine Agent
- 319. MOUNT MORIAH ; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Miller's Hall, 6215 Woodland Ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
Thos. Helms, 224 Barney St., Baltimore, Md Master
J. E. Sentman, 62d and Woodlawn Ave. Secretary
C. C. Craig, 60th above Woodlawn Ave. Collector
B. W. ace, 6201 Woodlawn Ave Receiver
J. A. Mouldale, 62d St. and Woodland Ave Magazine Agent
- 320. ARBITRATION ; East St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets in Wilde's Hall, cor. 7th and Bradley Sts., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Dennis Lordan, 967 Edgerton St., St. Paul, Master
D. C. Morrison, 541 Minnehaha st., St. Paul Secretary
H. A. Young, 113 Arch st., St. Paul Collector
C. L. Work, 811 Lawson St., St. Paul Receiver
Adelbert Gillette, 345 Minnesota st., St. Paul Magazine Agent
- 321. SNOW DRIFT ; Chapleau, Ont.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Monday at 8 P. M.
H. D. Gay Master
G. B. Nicholson, Box 113 Secretary
Fred Macy, Box 117 Collector
E. W. Hilliar, Box 110 Receiver
Barney Patterson Magazine Agent
- 322. JULIEN ; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets in United Workmen's Hall, cor. 13th and Clay Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
M. D. Denmore, 280 Broadway Master
J. F. Welsh, 2884 Coulter ave Secretary
H. F. West, 280 Broadway Collector
Thos. O'Brien, 3287 Jackson St. Receiver
J. H. Murray Magazine Agent
- 323. Muscogee ; Columbus, Ga.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st ave., bet. 10th and 11th, 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 A. M.
G. E. Wilhelm Master
C. A. Smith, 218 Fifth st. Secretary
D. L. Adams Collector
W. J. Proctor, care Central R. R. shops Receiver
W. J. Proctor, Central R. R. shops Magazine Agent
- 324. SOUTHERN CROSS ; Gainesville, Texas.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall 2d and 4th Thursdays at 8 P. M.
E. R. Curl Master
Frank John, 606 Moran st. Secretary
W. A. Hinds Collector
C. E. Winther, L. Box 420 Receiver
August Goike Magazine Agent
- 325. SATILLA ; Waycross, Ga.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Barnes Master
D. B. Coughlin Secretary
A. C. Nail Collector
W. L. Knox Receiver
E. E. Clark Magazine Agent
- 326. FOLWELL ; Bradford, Pa.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
G. E. Lovelace, cave Model Restaurant Master
A. J. O'Hara, 15 Davis st. Secretary
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison st. Collector
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison St. Receiver
J. H. Fenner, Cory House Magazine Agent
- 327. SILVER MOUNTAIN ; Needles, Cal.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Saturday evening.
Owen Edwards Master
Chas. Diefenbaugh Secretary
Jos. Schutt Collector
Edmund Krausse Receiver
W. J. Condon Magazine Agent
- 328. SPANISH PEAKS ; La Junta, Colo.**
Meets in Grand Army Hall, Mondays, at 2 P. M.
J. C. Cole, Box 32 Master
W. H. Bragg Secretary
Archibald Russell Collector
Lealie Jones Receiver
L. W. Gilbert, Box 156 Magazine Agent
- 329. BELVIDERE ; Belvidere, Ill.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner State and Pleasant sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Garis, Spring Valley Master
C. C. Smith, Box 771 Secretary
M. P. Planc, Box 77 Collector
H. R. De Puy, Box 87 Receiver
J. D. Kellogg Magazine Agent
- 330. RIVER VIEW ; Kansas City, Kansas.**
Meets in Melville Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
T. J. Birch, 251 Tremont st. Master
C. H. Smelser, 568 Park ave Secretary
J. F. Casey, 617 W. 7th St., Kansas City, Mo Collector
Lester Rodea, Armourdale, Kan. Receiver
G. W. Smith, 11 N. 7th St. Magazine Agent

331. CHICAGO BELT LINE; Auburn Junction, Ill.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Cor. 79th st, 1st and 3d
Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
A. F. Lance Master
J. D. Flood, Box 156 Auburn Park Secretary
Timothy Hogan, 714 Englewood Ave. Collector
J. D. Flood, Box 156, Auburn Park Receiver
W. T. Cloglio, S. Chicago Magazine Agent

332. STONE MOUNTAIN; Augusta, Ga.
Meets in Library Building 1st Sunday and every
Wednesday at 7 P. M.
W. H. Young, 1238 Marks st. Master
J. W. Wright, 528 Walker st. Secretary
J. T. Roney, 932 Taylor st. Collector
Arizona Rivers, 425 Fenwick st. Receiver
W. E. Barnes, 434 Telfair st. Magazine Agent

333. FAIRMOUNT; Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets in in Erickson's Hall, 3947 Lancaster St.,
alternate Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
G. W. Reynolds, 3775 Aspen st. Master
R. L. Tomlinson, 3837 Linwood st. Secretary
C. H. Maul, 830 N 40th St. Collector
J. A. Boehm, 3915 Wallace st. Receiver
J. A. Boehm, 3915 Wallace st. Magazine Agent

334. LONG DOUBLER; East Syracuse, N. Y.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Rooms every Monday night.
E. S. Freeman Master
G. M. Shaffer Secretary
E. S. Freeman Collector
J. H. Fitzgerald Receiver
C. H. Gould Magazine Agent

335. SAINT ADOLPHUS; Hochelaga, Canada.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 111 Moreau St.
Patrick McFall, 78 Chatham st Montreal. Master
Jas. C. Currie, 168 Mountain st., Mon-
treal Secretary
Alfred Pring, 89 Marlborough st. Collector
J. G. A. Brasseur, 83 Moreau St. Receiver
H. C. Pye, Smith's Falls, Ont. Magazine Agent

336. FALL RIVER; Neodesha, Kansas.
Meets in Pierce's Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at
8:30 P. M.
R. C. McClellan Master
A. E. Hildebrand Secretary
Chas. Koehler Collector
R. C. McClellan Receiver
Geo. Harman, Box 45, Monett, Mo. Mag. Agent

337. BIG FOUR; Kansas City, Mo.
Meets in Summerwell's Hall, 21st and Bellevue
ave., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
Frank Dickens, 1311 Reservoir ave. Master
C. T. Largent, 1673 Madison ave. Secretary
D. R. Jones, 2331 Terrace st. Collector
Homer Hows d, 1210 Reservoir ave. Receiver
J. W. Leonard, 1641 Bellevue Ave., Mag. Agent

338. WEST BRANCH; Renovo, Pa.
Meets in Spangler's Hall, cor. 6th St. and Huron
Ave., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
C. E. Coleman Master
Fred Kerby Secretary
Fred Kerby Collector
G. B. McManigal Receiver
A. Marolf Magazine Agent

339. RED MOUNTAIN; Birmingham, Ala.
Meets in Erswell Building, every Tuesday at 8
P. M.
J. G. Carr, care K. C. M. & B. R'd House. Master
W. G. Bailey, Box 703 Secretary
E. C. Wright, 800 N. 16th st. Collector
W. G. Bailey, Box 703 Receiver
H. M. Turner, Room 19, Hood Building Magazine Agent

340. STAR OF THE WEST; Newton, Kansas.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 2d Thurs-
day at 7:30 P. M.
Thos. Breen, L Box N Master
W. H. Whitehead, 109 Allison ave. Secretary
W. S. Dix, L Box N Collector
C. E. Jackson, L Box N Receiver
W. N. Breen, 129 W. Broadway Magazine Agent

341. GOLD RANGE; Donald, B. C.
Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st and 2d Wednesdays,
and 3d and 4th Sundays.
Jas. Geddis Master
Jos. Callin Secretary
Wm. Tomlinson Collector
John Simons Receiver
W. J. Armstrong Magazine Agent

342. CASCADE; Medicine Hat, North West Terr.
Meets in General Hall, 3d Wednesday and 4th
Thursday.
Wm. Lowe, Box 66 Master
Chas. Wagstaff Secretary
Wm. Rutherford, Box 66 Collector
Wm. Veal, Box 54 Receiver
Wm Veal, Box 54 Magazine Agent

343. NEW STATE; Spring Hill, Montana.
Meets in Engineer's Hall every Wednesday at 2:30
P. M.
M. L. Phillips, Lima Master
W. B. Dean, Box 9 Lima Secretary
S. W. Nugent, Lima Collector
T. J. Low, Lima Receiver
J. E. Mathews, Lima Magazine Agent

344. LAS ANIMAS; Trinidad, Colo.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, N Commercial St.,
1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. V. Dailey, 324 Park St Master
J. E. Durden, Box 531 Secretary
J. V. Dailey, 324 Park st Collector
D. M. Lewis Receiver
E. E. Perry, 381 San Pedro st Magazine Agent

345. FRONT END; Paris, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
W. R. Clark Master
J. E. Nelson Secretary
Jos. Gerard, Box 24 Collector
Jas. Lyons, Box 24 Receiver
Meddle Phegley, G. C. & S. F. Shops, Dal-
las Magazine Agent

346. FLOWERY LAND; Pensacola, Fla.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Monday at 8
P. M.
R. F. Metts, L. & N. R. R. Shops Master
T. J. Williams, L. & N. R. R. Shops Secretary
W. H. Stearns, Jr., L. & N. R. R. Shops Collector
J. B. Ross, 408 E Belmont st Receiver
S. C. Donaldson, 822 E. Wright st. Magazine Agent

347. OLD FORT; Dodge City, Kansas.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Thursdays at 3 P. M.
W. A. Williams, L Box 21 Master
B. F. Oldham, Box 315 Secretary
Augustus Falkner Collector
B. S. Williams, L Box 21 Receiver
J. B. Carothers Magazine Agent

348. BLUE MOUNTAIN; La Grande, Oregon.
Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M. in K. of P. Hall.
D. M. Neidigh Master
O. M. Abel, Box 142 Secretary
H. M. Wall Collector
H. W. Henson, Box 311 Receiver
C. G. Holmes Magazine Agent

349. HUDSON RIVER; Union Hill, N. J.
Meets in Concordia Hall, 2d Saturday at 8 P. M.
and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.
Wm. Pronto, New Durham Master
J. M. Wisker, 114 Humboldt st Secretary
J. M. Wisker, 114 Humboldt st Collector
Harry Poynton, Box 12, New Durham Receiver
Geo. O'Marra, New Durham Magazine Agent

350. JAMES DONNELLY; Perth Amboy, N. J.
Meets in K. of P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.
T. R. Merts Master
C. J. Coley Secretary
L. M. Landis Collector
W. J. Ditzler Receiver
John Jones Magazine Agent

351. HOME; White Haven, Pa.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays
at 2 P. M.
C. F. Packer Master
J. N. Deterline Secretary
J. N. Deterline Collector
Chas. Pruttsman Receiver
J. S. Purcell Magazine Agent

352. CHAMPLAIN; St. Albans, Vt.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:45 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. L. Sweeney, 9 Fairfield st. Master
 J. W. McGaraghan, 9 Fairfield st. Secretary
 H. P. Hill, 73 Main st. Collector
 C. P. Kelly, 89 Foundry st. Receiver
 H. E. Broadhurst, 14 High St. Magazine Agent

353. MARBLE CITY; Rutland, Vt.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, corner Merchants' Row and Center sts., 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Jno. Corcoran, 57 River st. Master
 W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St. Secretary
 D. J. McGuire, 9 Hopkins st. Collector
 Dennis Toner, 6 Pine st. Receiver
 W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St. Magazine Agent

354. HOBOKEN; Hoboken, N. J.

Meets in Burnett's Hall, cor. Bloomfield and 1st Sts., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 J. H. Parker, 102 Orange st., Newark Master
 J. S. Kennan, 64 Jefferson st. Secretary
 Patrick Ash, South Orange Collector
 J. H. Lord, 136 Morris st., Morristown Receiver
 J. J. Welsh, 16 Olephant Lane, Morristown Magazine Agent

355. STONE CITY; Joliet, Ill.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 223 Jefferson St., 1st Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 T. B. Smith, 105 St. Louis st. Master
 Jos. McGrath, 405 South Chicago st. Secretary
 Jos. Cassidy, 405 E. Joliet st. Collector
 Thos. McHugh, 809 N. Chicago st. Receiver
 Thos. McHugh, 809 N. Chicago st. Magazine Agent

356. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW; Albany, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 D. L. Ingalls, 75 Perry st. Master
 R. J. Lilly, 57 1st St. Secretary
 R. J. Lilly, 57 1st St. Collector
 M. E. Hogan, 98 2d St. Receiver
 M. E. Hogan, 98 2d St. Magazine Agent

357. JUSTICE; Vanceborough, Maine.

Meets in Plummer's Hall, Vanceboro and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. E. Shea Master
 Whitfield Noble Secretary
 C. J. Tabor, Woodstock, N. B. Collector
 R. A. Kennedy, St. Stephens, N. B. Receiver
 D. W. Lounder, St. John, N. B. Magazine Agent

358. COOKE; West St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Fairfield and Dakota ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., 3d Sunday 2 P. M.
 Maurice Leahy, 391 Greenwood ave. Master
 W. R. Perrin, 8 1/2 St. Pierre Terrace Secretary
 Peter Ralston, 127 Isabel st. Collector
 Peter Anderson, 388 South Wabasha st. Receiver
 Robt. Kennedy Magazine Agent

359. BIG FLINT; Wellington, Kansas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 2:00 P. M.
 H. A. Hammond Master
 S. H. Barner, 529 So 4th st. Secretary
 Chas. Weddle, E Harvey ave. Collector
 W. F. Mahan, Chanute Receiver
 Jno. Allen, Panhandle, Tex. Magazine Agent

360. COLD SPRING; Springfield, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers and Firemen's Hall 1st and 3d Sundays.
 S. R. Pursel, 1821 Manrow St., Sandusky, O. Master
 A. W. Binns, E High St. Secretary
 J. J. Jordan, 27 Scott st. Collector
 A. W. Binns, E. High st. Receiver
 O. O. Tremp, O. S. R. R. shops Magazine Agent

361. TRIED AND TRUE; Washington, Ind.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. at Sand Hill Hall.
 W. H. Cunningham Master
 W. E. Ensign, O. & M. Shops Secretary
 Timothy Leyhan, Seymour Collector
 F. L. Nimnicht Receiver
 G. E. Gibson, Seymour Magazine Agent

362. CATARACT; Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Meets at Colts' Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
 David Healy, 57 3d St., Niagara Falls Master
 J. C. White, Box 325 Secretary
 R. J. Pitts, 56 4th St., Niagara Falls Collector
 Chas. Baker, 243 4th St., Niagara Falls Receiver
 R. J. Pitts, 56 4th st., Niagara Falls, Magazine Agent

363. METROPOLITAN; New York, N. Y.

Meets at Suburban Hall, 518 E. 140th St., 1st and 4th Sundays.
 J. M. Reilly, 824 Mott Ave Master
 F. R. Elliott, 640 E 139 St. Secretary
 A. W. Eggleston, White Plains Collector
 M. J. Lynch, 545 E. 139th St. Receiver
 M. J. Lynch, 545 E. 139th St. Magazine Agent

364. SOUTHERN STAR; Sanford, Fla.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Hotchkiss Block, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 C. S. Perry Master
 C. T. McDaniel, Palatka Secretary
 A. A. Holland Collector
 A. J. Harvey Receiver
 Jonas Seely Magazine Agent

365. VIOLET; Bellows Falls, Vt.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 J. W. Stack Master
 A. E. Wells, Box 568 Secretary
 F. L. Darling, Windsor Collector
 A. G. Firman, Windsor Receiver
 F. E. Keach, L. Box 525, Windsor. Magazine Agent

366. OASIS; Ogden, Utah.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 24th St., Fridays at 1:30 P. M.
 G. J. Burleigh, Box 372 Master
 M. P. McMillan, Box 372 Secretary
 Jas. Tomasek, Terrace Collector
 C. H. Bishop, Box 372 Receiver
 Henry Ward, Terrace Magazine Agent

367. MORGAN CRANE; Somerset, Ky.

Meets in Johnson's Hall, 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 G. L. Peffer Master
 G. D. Dikeman Secretary
 M. J. McCabe, Box 200 Collector
 J. P. Brown, Box 200 Receiver
 J. T. Hughes Magazine Agent

368. DEEP WATER; Springfield, Mo.

Meets in K. of H. Hall on Booneville St. (Headly Bk.) 1st and 2d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., and 2nd and 4th Mondays at 2 P. M.
 D. H. Diller, 558 W Pine St. Master
 Jno. Gallagher, 343 Brower St. Secretary
 J. R. Hambley, 824 Olive St. Collector
 F. B. Squires, 787 Lincoln St. Receiver
 P. F. Cahill, 786 N. Grant st. Magazine Agent

369. WALNUT VALLEY; Eldorado, Kan.

Meets corner Main St. and Central Ave., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 E. F. Carroll Master
 G. P. Mettler, Box 18 Secretary
 L. O. Leimbach Collector
 J. C. Wickham, Box 304 Receiver
 Edward Turner Magazine Agent

370. NEOSHO VALLEY; Council Grove, Kan..

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 A. H. Benson Master
 W. C. Ferguson, L. Box 26 Secretary
 C. Leeman Collector
 Chas. Torrence Receiver
 C. G. Stone Magazine Agent

371. COVENANT; Nevada, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 R. B. Reardon Master
 M. F. Hedrick, Box 123 Secretary
 W. L. McBride Collector
 A. H. Page, 407 E Hickory st. Receiver
 Chris Carpenter Magazine Agent

372. SIGNAL MOUNT; Big Springs, Texas.

Meets in J. M. Walker Hall, 1st Wednesday afternoon and 3d Wednesday evening.
 W. D. Pettibone, Box 135 Master
 L. C. Soldan, Box 33 Secretary
 Jas. Berry, Box 33 Collector
 W. D. Pettibone, Box 135 Receiver
 W. J. Crawford, Box 33 Magazine Agent

373. PAWNEE; Fairbury, Nebr.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 1 P. M.

Jas. McQuaid, Box 217 Master
F. L. Young, Box 217 Secretary
H. F. Courtway, Box 217 Collector
Frank McAdams, Box 217 Receiver
R. T. Smith, Box 217 Magazine Agent

374. McALLISTER; Herington, Kan.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Thursday at 1:30 P. M., and 3d Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

H. A. Decker, Box 85 Master
O. L. Collier Secretary
J. W. Hutchinson, L. Box 87 Collector
H. A. Decker, Box 85 Receiver
E. W. Waring, Box 222 Magazine Agent

375. FRIENDSHIP; Dayton, Ohio.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 17½ E. 3d St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

Horace Hopkins, 465 May St Master
John Stevens, 324 Linden St Secretary
W. W. St. John, 28 Simms st Collector
J. W. Rose, 19 Galloway St Receiver
Jas. Haney, 2 Center st Magazine Agent

376. J. H. KIRK; Horton, Kan.

Meets in Mitchell's Hall every Saturday evening.

R. J. Sandidge, L. Box 2 Master
H. B. Havland, Box 253 Secretary
H. B. Havland, Box 253 Collector
H. B. Morgan, Box 383 Receiver
Jno. L. Slater, Box 209 Magazine Agent

377. NICKEL PLATE; Coscaant, Ohio.

Meets in Harrington & Wildmar's Block, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M., and 2d and 4th at 8:00 A. M.

J. L. Schreiner, Box 597, Bellevue Master
E. E. Brock, Box 461 Secretary
O. F. L. Wilkins Collector
C. A. Wilcox, Box 301 Receiver
Jos. Montigny, 45 Brown st Cleveland Magazine Agent

378. HOLBROOK; Chartiers, Pa.

Meets every Sunday in Christian Hall, McKees Rocks, Pa., at 1:30 P. M.

W. A. Newman, McKees's Rocks Master
O. A. Pope, McKees's Rocks Secretary
W. F. Morgan, McKees's Rocks Collector
C. L. Hinsdale, McKees's Rocks Receiver
T. J. McCormick, McKees's Rocks, Magazine Agent

379. WEAVER; Sayre, Pa.

Meets in K. of E. Hall, Cornell's Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

W. E. Preston, 181 Providence St., Waverly, N. Y. Master
J. S. Denton, Box 290 Secretary
W. J. Stewart, Box 216 Collector
Johnson Walt Receiver
H. C. Beam Magazine Agent

380. HUB CITY; Aberdeen, S. Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

A. A. Zimmerman, 123 Lincoln St Master
Frank Cox, Box 691 Secretary
A. A. Zimmerman, 123 Lincoln St Collector
W. J. Aggus, 208 Seventh ave. E Receiver
Frank Cox, Box 691 Magazine Agent

381. J. W. WALKER; Cosomauagh, Pa.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

J. L. Williams Master
E. E. Pringle Secretary
J. A. Kelper Collector
F. B. Custer Receiver
J. W. Walker, L. Box 15 Magazine Agent

382. BETHESDA; Waukegan, Wis.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

Alex. Turner, Box 630 Master
J. J. Purcell, Box 1150 Secretary
W. Doyley Collector
J. M. Dowd, Box 1150 Receiver
W. H. Cutting, L. Box 1247 Magazine Agent

383. PETROLEUM; Oil City, Pa.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, cor. Seneca and Sycamore Sts., alternate Sundays.

J. H. Quirk, 1 Jefferson st Master
S. C. Lowrey, 18 Warren st Secretary
John Davis, 314 Seneca st Collector
A. G. Sittig, 89 Chestnut st Receiver
A. W. Jude, Petroleum House Magazine Agent

384. E. H. WILBUR; Lehighton, Pa.

Meets in Reaber's Hall, 1st and Bank Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.

A. T. Henry, Box 122, Weissport Master
W. H. Freyman Secretary
Alvin Rex Collector
Alfred Dreisbach, Weissport Receiver
Alfred Dreisbach, Weissport Magazine Agent

385. BOWER CITY; Janesville, Wis.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Milwaukee st., 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

R. F. Kay, 162 Locust st Master
O. F. Schicker, care European hotel Secretary
Lonie Proper Collector
M. A. Heath, 208 S Academy st Receiver
J. F. Spohn Magazine Agent

386. RAMONA; San Diego, Cal.

Meets in Young Men's Institute Hall, 723 5th St., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.

J. L. Stearns, National City Master
W. J. Stanford, Box 312, Coronado Beach, Secretary
J. L. Stearns, National City Collector
E. V. Dodge Receiver
J. M. Davis, Box 573 National City Mag. Agent

387. RED ROCK; Schreiber, Ontario.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

W. T. Norris, Box 111 Master
Alfred Bilbe Secretary
Wm. Fixter Collector
Hugh Gwynne Receiver
Henry West Magazine Agent

388. PHIL. H. SHEERIDAN; Milwaukee, Wis.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 170 Reid St, 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.

Wm. C. Gates, 443 So Pierce st Master
P. R. Fay, 845 Van Buren st Secretary
Jno. Pierre, 264 Madison St Collector
Wm. Gibson, 232 Cass St Receiver
John Pier, 264 Madison St Magazine Agent

389. LIVINGSTONE; Chillicothe, Mo.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

M. J. McCarthy Master
Wm. Black Secretary
Wm. Black Collector
A. H. Tucker Receiver
Jerry Shea Magazine Agent

390. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.

Meets in Engineers' Hall Tuesday evenings.

J. H. McBride Master
J. C. Doughty Secretary
F. P. Doughty Collector
C. H. Oliver Receiver
Wm. Winfrey Magazine Agent

391. NAUVOO; Ft. Madison, Iowa.

Meets in Hedges Hall, 2611 Santa Fe ave, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

W. Lawrence, 2725 Kansas ave Master
E. H. Pattison, 2622 Kinsley st Secretary
J. C. Burner Collector
Jas. Low, 1916 Second st Receiver
Fred Murdaugh, 2520 Hamilton st, Magazine Agent

392. WEST PENN; Blairsville, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall 1st and 3d Monday evenings.

M. B. Anderson, Box 219 Master
J. D. Davis, Box 20 Secretary
L. H. Martin, Box 39 Collector
W. R. Ransom, Cokeville Receiver
J. A. Rowe, Box 123 Magazine Agent

- 394. PLEASANT VALLEY; Beatrice, Nebraska.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Cor. 4th and Court Sts.,
2d Saturday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
E. K. Cole, Riverside Hotel Master
E. K. Cole, Riverside Hotel Secretary
C. E. Harris Collector
C. E. Harris Receiver
D. A. McCarter, Riverside Hotel, Magazine Agent
- 395. MILLARD FOSTER; N. Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall every Thursday at 2
P. M.
J. T. Cuff, 1314 N. Topeka ave., Topeka . . . Master
Henry Tamblin, L. Box 129 Secretary
Thos. Quinn Collector
Chas. Wilcox, L. Box 129 Receiver
S. J. McFarren, Shorey Magazine Agent
- 396. TIP TOP; Goodland, Kansas.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Monday at 2:30 P. M.
P. J. McBride Master
A. F. Keith Secretary
C. C. Hanlin Collector
G. W. Seybert Receiver
Amos Claxton Magazine Agent
- 397. LONG DIVISION; Holington, Kansas.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesdays,
at 10:00 A. M.
J. B. McCauley Master
L. W. Crutcher, Box 82 Secretary
J. M. Gleadall, Horace Collector
F. J. Parnell, Call Box 108 Receiver
J. M. Gleadall, Horace Magazine Agent
- 398. CONSTANT; Olean, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays at A. O. of A. M. Hall.
J. H. Brinkerhoff, Nunda Master
J. W. Cook, 155 State st. Secretary
A. F. Johnson, 182 Sixth st. Collector
C. F. Anderson, 81 8d st. Receiver
A. F. Johnson, 182 6th st. Magazine Agent
- 399. CRESCENT CITY; New Orleans, La.**
Meets in Teutonia Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at
7:30 P. M.
J. M. Gordon, Jr., cor. Rampart and Port
Sts. Master
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. Secretary
B. J. Meyer, 168 Clara st. Collector
J. M. Gordon, Jr., cor. Rampart and
Port Sts. Receiver
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. Magazine Agent
- 400. MARLIS DES CYGNE; Osawatomie, Kan.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday at 2
P. M.
W. C. Barker Master
E. L. Davis Secretary
G. P. Reed Collector
Daniel King Receiver
J. F. Westfall, L. Box 72 Magazine Agent
- 401. ITASCA; Two Harbors, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at
10 A. M.
G. M. Banfield Master
J. R. Shea Secretary
Geo. Glydenskog Collector
J. H. Olson, Box 278 Receiver
P. J. McGuire Magazine Agent
- 402. WATER LILY; Water Valley, Minn.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays
at 2 P. M.
J. E. Gaffney, Box 65 Master
J. W. Diesel, Box 81 Secretary
W. G. Guess, Box 65 Collector
J. P. Bengtson, Box 111 Receiver
J. E. Gaffney, Box 65 Magazine Agent
- 403. ELIZABETH; Portsmouth, Va.**
Meets in K. P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddle St. Master
O. W. Gaskins, cor. County and Pearl sts., Secretary
J. F. Sullivan, 103 Crawford st. Collector
W. M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddle St. Receiver
C. B. Moore, cor. County and Pearl
sts. Magazine Agent
- 404. GRAVITY; Danmore, Pa.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. W. Swartz Secretary
C. E. Collins Collector
J. W. Stuart Receiver
D. G. Wescott Magazine Agent
C. E. Collins
- 405. VANDALIA; Elmhurst, Ill.**
Meets in K. H. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. H. Crise, Box 251 Master
Jacob Schmitt, Box 301 Secretary
W. H. Crise, Box 251 Collector
August Underbriner Receiver
M. R. Jones Magazine Agent
- 406. THANKSGIVING; Foxburg, Pa.**
Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays
at 8:30 P. M.
Robert Jones, Jr. Master
W. F. Keefer Secretary
P. J. Lancaster Collector
J. E. Dunlap Receiver
D. E. Thurston Magazine Agent
- 407. PUGET SOUND; Seattle, Wash.**
Meets in Brunswick Hall, cor. Madison and Front
Sts., every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Blackman, C. & P. S. Shops Master
C. E. Houston, C. & P. S. Shops Secretary
J. H. Gilluly, care C. & P. S. Shops Collector
C. E. Houston, care C. & P. S. Shops Receiver
W. F. Durkee, 524, cor. Eighth and
Weller sts. Magazine Agent
- 408. CRYSTAL; Jacksonville, Ill.**
Meets in S. of V. Hall W. State St., every Sunday
at 2 P. M.
Gus. Vieira, 754 W. Lafayette ave. Master
F. E. Morrison, 131 Hardin ave. Secretary
Wm. Watson Collector
O. P. Hairgrove, 1302 S. Main st. Receiver
F. E. Morrison, 131 Hardin ave. Magazine Agent
- 409. AIR LINE; Huntingburg, Ind.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
Frank Thalmuller Master
Frank Bowen, Mt. Vernon, Ill. Secretary
G. W. Prout Collector
J. A. O'Neill Receiver
W. V. Miller, 95 W. Market st., New
Albany Magazine Agent
- 410. HERBERT P. LITTLEJOHN; Fitchburg, Mass.**
Meets in G. A. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
F. L. Johnson, 21 Winthrop st. Master
W. A. Clements, 57 Lauenburg st. Secretary
A. F. Mason, F. R. M. Round House Collector
J. D. Gleason, Williamstown Station, Mass. Receiver
F. L. Johnson, 35 Maple st. Magazine Agent
- 411. WOLVERINE; Marshall, Mich.**
Meets in G. A. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. H. Bourke, Box 615 Master
J. P. Mahoney Secretary
Thomas Butler Collector
G. W. De La Vergne Receiver
Joe. Faulkner Magazine Agent
- 412. MT. BAKER; Ellensburg, Wash.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, Sixth st., 1st and 3d Mon-
days and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
Hugh McCabe, Box 308 Master
J. A. Patchett, Box 308 Secretary
Ernest Stewart Collector
A. W. Brummitt Receiver
E. L. Brant, Box 685 Magazine Agent
- 413. TWO REPUBLICS; San Luis Potosi, Mexico.**
Meets in Hall 5, Calle De Morales No. 28, 1st and
3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
John McBride Master
W. L. Patrick Secretary
L. L. Hopper Collector
F. O. Brantley Receiver
Louis Kuntcher Magazine Agent
- 414. ADAMANT; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Chouteau ave. and Old
Manchester Road, 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
W. W. Reed, 3998 Chouteau Ave. Master
A. A. Portney, 827 Old Manchester Road Secretary
L. A. Wilson, 1045 Old Manchester Road Collector
A. A. Portney, 827 Old Manchester Road Receiver
J. G. Hynes, 3718 Chouteau ave. Magazine Agent
- 415. MAYFLOWER; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets in Market Hall, Shelby St., bet. Market
and Jefferson Sts., Wednesdays at 2 P. M.
B. W. Blue, 736 E. Washington St. Master
W. M. McKenna, 638 E. Jefferson St. Secretary
G. P. Knoch, 916 Spring St. Collector
W. M. McKenna, 638 E. Jefferson St. Receiver
W. M. McKenna, 638 E. Jefferson St. Mag. Agent

- 416. RADIANT; Mahoningtown, Pa.**
Meets in Smith's Hall, 1st Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
F. N. Truesdale Master
J. H. McIlvenny, New Castle Secretary
G. P. Jones, 416 So Mill st., New Castle Collector
F. M. Churchfield Receiver
Jacob McClain, Box 207 Magazine Agent
- 417. DIAMOND; Champaign, Ill.**
Meets in Druids' Hall, corner Neil and Church sts., every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
E. C. Sablin, 405 W Clark st Master
G. A. Faro, 604 S Randolph st Secretary
G. A. Faro, cor E Clark and 5th st, Collector
G. A. Faro, 604 S Randolph st Receiver
N. D. Moran, N Fifth st Magazine Agent
- 418. BALD EAGLE; Jersey Shore, Pa.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Allegheny and Wiley Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
H. T. Moffet Master
C. H. Wyant Secretary
H. T. Moffet Collector
D. E. Messner Receiver
W. H. Johnson Magazine Agent
- 419. STEPTOE BUTTE; Tekoa, Wash.**
Meets in Warner's Hall, Main street, Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
D. S. McDonald Master
Geo. N. Smith Secretary
J. J. Winslip Collector
Wm. Hair Receiver
H. K. Taylor Magazine Agent
- 420. ANN ARBOR, Owosso Mich.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Cor. Ball and Exchange Sts, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
G. W. Crinklaw Master
J. W. Hurst Secretary
G. C. Corey Collector
F. E. Harrington, 408 Michigan ave Receiver
Ransom Antes, 312 Green st Magazine Agent
- 421. WINDSOR, Windsor, Ont.**
Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Finnie Master
J. E. Hall, Walkerville Secretary
T. H. Yates Collector
C. B. Finley Receiver
Thos Noble, G. T. R. depot Magazine Agent
- 422. LAKE VIEW, Ashtabula, Harbor, Ohio.**
Meets in E. A. U. Hall, Harbor, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
R. J. Mills, Box H Master
E. J. Barnard Secretary
Maynard Schram Collector
W. A. Strong Receiver
J. E. Fitzgerald, Harbor Magazine Agent
- 423. MOUNT HELENA; Helena, Mont.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Main and Jackson St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30. P. M.
Thos. McCarty, 1517 Gallatin St Master
F. W. Lenzle, 1566 Phoenix Ave Secretary
Jos. Wagner, care J. C. Stobbs, Depot Collector
O. F. Whitehead, 1429 Helena ave Receiver
J. J. Grant, 1566 Phoenix Ave Magazine Agent
- 424. FLEETWOOD; Covington, Ky.**
Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Madison Ave. and 5th St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. A. Brewer, 1312 Scott st Master
C. E. Bass, 1008 Scott st Secretary
J. W. Kincaid, 1305 Russell St Collector
J. C. Green, 1008 Scott st Receiver
B. O. Chalkley, 1115 Washington St Magazine Agent
- 425. PETER BURNS; East Nashville, Tenn.**
Meets in Wingrover's Hall, North First st., every Monday at 8:00 P. M.
Wm. Green, 23 North Second st Master
L. L. Enoch, 241 Foster st Secretary
J. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st Collector
Wm. Vananen, 309 Berry St., Northeast, Nashville Receiver
L. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st Magazine Agent
- 426. TOMBIGBEE; Columbus, Miss.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
J. A. Cheatham Master
G. W. Carson Secretary
P. W. Gardner Collector
J. W. Beale Receiver
G. L. Jones Magazine Agent
- 427. CONGAREE; Columbia, S. C.**
Meets in Phonix Hook and Ladder Fire Co. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
T. M. Glenn, 249 Henderson st Master
M. J. Bolling, 164 Laurel st Secretary
C. A. Bigby Collector
F. L. Outlaw, 164 Laurel st Receiver
W. S. Fetner, 12 Richmond st Magazine Agent
- 428. CHEROKEE; Van Buren, Ark.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
E. S. Dickerson Master
Jas. Beay Secretary
J. H. Brock Collector
Richard Henesey Receiver
F. S. Johnson Magazine Agent
- 429. MOUNT PLEASANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Kane's Hall, 3155 Archer ave, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
Patrick Murphy, 3801 Marshfield ave Master
Chaffey Devana, 938 31st St Secretary
Jos. Smith, 3551 Marshall st Collector
Daniel Canney, 3029 Pitney ave Receiver
M. O. Ricksacker, 1513 35th st Magazine Agent
- 430. WINCHESTER; Martinsburg, W. Va.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner Rawley and Martin sts., 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
Jas. Cornelius Master
Michael Sharon Secretary
J. W. Yost Collector
W. O. Sutter Receiver
W. O. Sutter Magazine Agent
- 431. MUSKEGON VALLEY; Muskegon, Mich.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Clay and Tenace sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
T. A. Neville, 83 Ottawa st Master
Henry Harvey, 36 Ottawa st Secretary
F. J. Hayward, Big Rapids Collector
W. A. Lincoln, Big Rapids Receiver
W. D. Ryan, T. S. & M. Ry Magazine Agent
- 432. PATAPSCO; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets at Mechanics Exchange Hall, South Charles st and Port ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Cassell, 1743 Hanover st Master
D. W. Eiker, 114 Gidd ngs st Secretary
H. H. Hildebrand, 1261 Johnson st Collector
W. T. Simms, 1325 S Charles st Receiver
W. T. Simms, 1325 S Charles st Magazine Agent
- 433. ENGLEWOOD; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Jackson's Hall, cor. Cloud Court and State st., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Chas. Naylor, 5520 Wentworth ave Master
H. F. Brooks, 5423 School st Secretary
J. C. Simons, 6650 Atlantic st Collector
J. B. Thompson, 5718 Wentworth ave Receiver
T. J. Moran, 438 W. 63d st Magazine Agent
- 434. WILLOW GROVE; Bennett, Pa.**
Meets in American Mechanic's Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M.
P. H. Swartout Master
Frank Laughlin Secretary
C. O. Sprague Collector
Joseph Lee Receiver
J. F. Kearney Magazine Agent
- 435. NOTTOWAY; Crewe, Va.**
Meets in Masonic Hall 2d and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Albert Potts Master
T. J. Andrews Secretary
W. T. Wilson Collector
T. J. Andrews Receiver
W. W. Guy Magazine Agent

- 486. JAMES I. WATTS; McComb City, Miss.**
Meets in Marion Hall every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
C. B. Munn Master
J. P. Campbell Secretary
F. B. Heldenreich Collector
J. D. Ellsworth Receiver
J. A. Larson Magazine Agent
- 487. ENEKHALD; Leavenworth, Kan.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Fourth and Delaware sts.,
2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Simon Collins Master
Jas. Garvey, 721 Dakota St. Secretary
A. J. Field Collector
Jas. Garvey, 721 Dakota St. Receiver
Jno. Conlin, 715 Dakota St. Magazine Agent
- 488. COMFORT; Cheyenne, Wyo.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 212½ Sixteenth st., 1st
and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
Ernest Heenan, 1010 Central Ave. Master
T. O. Jones, Box 639 Secretary
J. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St. Collector
T. P. O'Neill, 607 E. 16th St. Receiver
J. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St. Magazine Agent
- 489. APACHE CANON; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d Saturday at 2:30 P.
M. and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
Daniel Scully, E. Las Vegas Master
L. A. Henschen Secretary
F. D. Sweeney, E. Las Vegas Collector
A. P. Day, E. Las Vegas Receiver
G. B. Easterwood, L. Box 2 E. Las
Vegas Magazine Agent
- 490. CHERISH; Monett, Mo.**
Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
L. L. Carmin, Box 64 Master
Robert Gardner Secretary
C. W. McKinnon Collector
W. H. Smith, Box 60 Receiver
Michael Ketchum Magazine Agent
- 491. MIAMI; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
Meets in Spencer Hall, Eastern avenue, between
Willow and Main sts., 1st and 3d Sunday after-
noons.
M. G. Ely, 1079 Eastern ave. Master
B. F. Hayes, 102 Walworth ave., Sta. C. Secretary
W. J. Brennan, 1343 Eastern ave. Collector
W. H. Barr, 108 Walworth ave., Station C. Receiver
Thos. Mitchell, 19 Worth st. Magazine Agent
- 492. BARRIE BAY; Allandale, Ont.**
Meets in Orange Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Jas. Brunton Master
W. J. Church, Box 114 Secretary
T. C. Bradford Collector
Jno. Logue, Box 4 Receiver
J. McCabe Magazine Agent
- 493. VIRGINIA; Danville, Va.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
1 P. M.
B. B. Marable, 850 Pine st. Master
R. L. Pierce, Pelham, N. C. Secretary
S. A. Myers, 322 Franklin st. Collector
C. H. Morse, Box 409 Receiver
C. E. Dofa, N. Danville Magazine Agent
- 494. MISSION RIDGE; Knoxville, Tenn.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Central Avenue
and Broad st., every Monday at 2 P. M.
C. C. Waddle, 147 Clark st. Master
J. T. Berry, 18 Chamberlain st. Secretary
C. M. Ford, 74 Hannah st. Collector
J. T. Berry, 18 Chamberlain st. Receiver
W. L. Logan, 7 W. Park st. Magazine Agent
- 495. MOUNTAIN GEM; Glenn's Ferry, Idaho.**
Meets in Schroder's Hall, every Tuesday at 7:30
P. M.
E. L. Biggs Master
R. J. Walsh Secretary
C. H. Madden Collector
Ed Coady, Box 76 Receiver
Jno. Taylor Magazine Agent
- 496. BLUESTONE; Bluefield, W. Va.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, Bland st., 1st and 3d Sun-
days at 9 A. M.
W. E. Brown Master
J. S. Mastin Secretary
J. S. Mastin Collector
David Morrissett Receiver
H. E. Peery Magazine Agent
- 497. FRENCH BROAD; Asheville, N. C.**
Meets in R. & D. Freight Depot, 2d and 4th Sun
days at 2:30 P. M.
Irvin Allison Master
F. A. Burghin, 29 Woodbine St. Secretary
M. B. Smith Collector
F. A. Burghin, 29 Woodbine St. Receiver
R. L. McLelland, 18 Rector st. Magazine Agent
- 498. ALTA MONT; Keyser, W. Va.**
Meets in Good Templars' Hall, 1st and 3d Mon-
days.
A. W. Stanhagan Master
W. M. Perry Secretary
J. J. Carney Collector
Louis Burkhalter Receiver
J. M. Grimes Magazine Agent
- 499. NOLAN RIVER; Cleburne, Texas.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, west side of square,
every Friday at 8 P. M.
A. J. Schmidt Master
R. G. Hinds Secretary
G. M. Worley Collector
A. L. Whitenack Receiver
- 500. CLEVELAND; Cleveland, Ohio.**
Meets in Harding Block, corner Pearl and Lorain
sts., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. A. Flood, 78 Erin ave. Master
F. B. Hennessey, 29 Mechanic st. Secretary
O. J. Cotton, 239 Burton st. Collector
Edward Mahoney, 498 Hamilton st. Receiver
C. N. McGuire, 43 McLain st. Magazine Agent
- 501. BOIS d'ARC; Bonham, Texas.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. D. Barnes Master
T. L. Cox Secretary
Henry Heck Collector
T. L. Cox Receiver
H. D. Barnes Magazine Agent
- 502. SEVEN HILLS; East Rome, Ga.**
Meets in K. P. Hall, Rome, Ga., 1st and 3d Sun-
days of each month at 2:30 P. M.
Terrence Metzger, Arlington Hotel Master
Jacob Winn, 108 Howard ave. Secretary
J. K. Donnelly, Arlington Hotel Collector
Jacob Winn, 108 Howard ave. Receiver
W. A. Hattin, 101 Spring st. Magazine Agent
- 503. RADFORD; Radford, Va.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2
P. M.
W. E. Marlon Master
F. W. Robinson Secretary
Chas. Roby Collector
S. F. Allen Receiver
S. C. Smith, Bristol Tenn., Magazine Agent
- 504. MOUNTAIN LAKE; Ashley, Pa.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main St., 2d and 4th
Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. L. Riley, Box 120 Master
Frank O'Donnell Secretary
Jno. Ruhf, Box 147 Collector
J. W. Richards Receiver
Jno. Flanery, 22 Andover St., Wilkes-
barre Magazine Agent
- 505. JOHN BRANDT; Roseburgh, Ore.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, alternate Tuesdays at
7 P. M.
E. J. Stroud Master
V. C. London, Box 107 Secretary
Fred. Richardson Collector
V. C. London, Box 107 Receiver
J. L. Mott Magazine Agent
- 506. SUN RIVER; Great Falls, Mont.**
Meets in Minot Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30
P. M.
C. E. Smith, Box 172 Master
W. G. Locher Secretary
C. E. Smith, Box 172 Collector
F. E. Fey Receiver
F. R. Cunningham Magazine Agent
- 507. MECKLENBERG; Charlotte, N. C.**
J. E. Killian, 22 W. Trade St. Master
J. E. Curlee, 13 N. Poplar St. Secretary
Z. V. Black, 901 N. Graham St. Collector
Adolphus Robinson, 17 E. 7th St. Receiver
T. D. Haynes, 411 N. Poplar St. Magazine Agent

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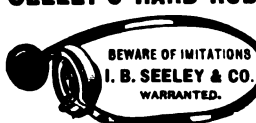
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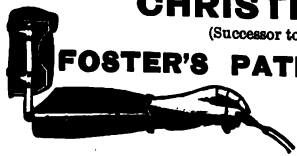
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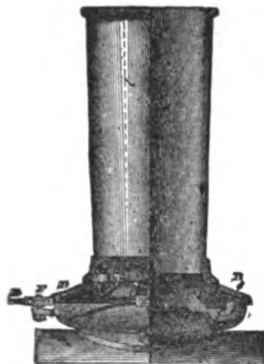
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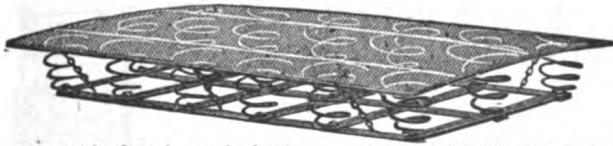
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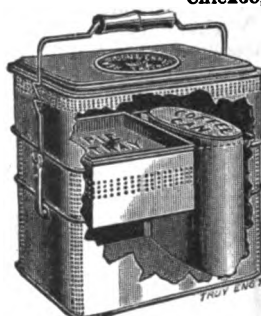
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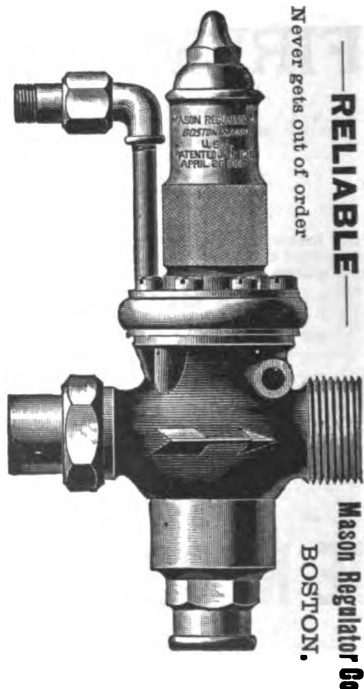


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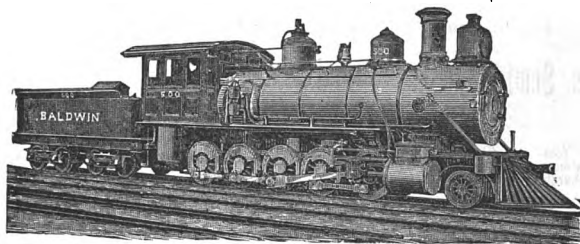
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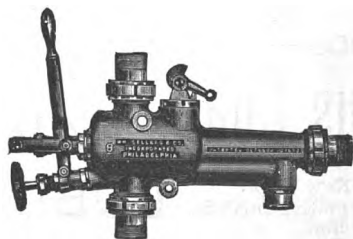
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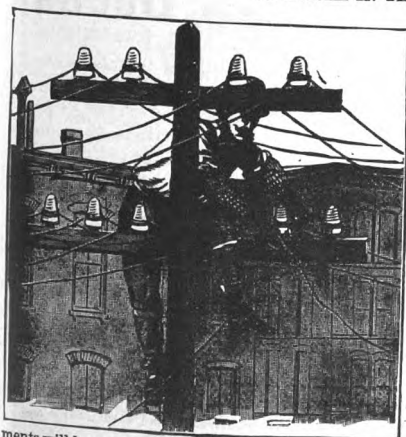
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Nothin' like VAN
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And water.
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To drop him in the
Water—but after
All, Samuel."

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EUGENE V. DEES, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

PRO AND CON OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

In the *North American Review* for June, Gen. Rush C. Hawkins has a paper, captioned, "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant," followed by Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, who, inquiring, "Is Avarice Triumphant?" seeks, as best he can, to modify the statements and conclusions of Gen. Hawkins.

The General does not deal in ancient history. He thinks the motto in our national coat of arms should be removed and in its place inserted, "Plundering made easy," remarking that "our contribution to the world's history for the last thirty years, sustains the recommendation for such a change." That is to say, that the distinguishing features of our civilization, for the past thirty years have been brutality, savageness and cruelty, and that species of avarice which, treating laws human and divine with contempt, adopts methods for securing wealth which are scarcely a remove from piracy.

Gen. Hawkins begins with the war of the rebellion and cites instances in which soldiers who went forth to save the Union were defrauded in *shoes*, and the success of the army imperiled by worthless *rifles*—two instances which came under his observation—and he mentions also, a case where certain parties sold old hulks to the Government for \$650,000 which were worth only \$35,000. It is surprising that Gen. Hawkins, since he deemed it advisable to say anything at all about such acts of scoundrelism, if not more properly termed treason, should have been content to close the arraignment with a loss to the Government of about \$1,000,000—a mere drop in the bucket, an amount so small, compared to the sum total of such piracies, as to be utterly contemptible. How does it happen that while he refers to the *shoes*, the *rifles* and *worn-out vessels* as "typical examples of gigantic frauds perpetrated by knaves upon a confiding and patriotic people whose sons were pouring out their life's blood for the preservation of the country," that he omits the patriotic (?) bond buyers who, in league with other patriots (?) in Congress, required the soldiers to take depreciated greenbacks, while they obtained gold—an exhibition of avarice and a disregard for the rights and welfare of the soldiers, who were "pouring out their life's blood," unparalleled in the history of the world.

Gen. Hawkins arraigns the Government for its land-grant acts, which he avers were "bribed through Congress," and which resulted "in the gift to corrupt private corporations of a territory larger than the

whole of France" an area of more than 200,000 square miles. These "corrupt private corporations" were not a millionth part as corrupt as the "bribed" Congressmen who played into the hands of the corporation—who, fresh from the people, betrayed the people, and had the impudence to ask for a re-election, and, in numerous instances, whipped into line by the party lash to which they bend their backs without protest, condone the scoundrelism, and called it statesmanship.

The General pays his respects to another class of scoundrels who engage in railroad wrecking, which he says, "is another favorite American industry which has enriched a set of individuals whose presence would adorn penal institutions." The writer with some detail, points out the methods in vogue to wreck a railroad and pocket fortunes by swindling innocent parties; and yet, these railroad wreckers constitute a part of what is known as our "best society"—often pillars in our fashionable churches, where their piety is made a cloak for their piracies, and where their christianity is measured by their bank accounts.

Reference is made to the "colossal offence against public policy and honest commerce" by "stock watering," which "has assumed gigantic proportions." Continuing, General Hawkins says:

"According to the last *Poor's Manual*, we had in operation on December 31, 1890, 161,396.64 miles of ordinary steam surface railroads, which cost on paper, \$9,931,453,146. These are very startling figures, and it is perfectly safe to assert that two-fifths of that amount, viz.: \$2,972,581,258 represents "water." The street railroads of the country, horse, cable and electric, could not have cost, including equipment, over \$110,000 per mile, but they are stocked and bonded up over \$400,000 per mile; and the elevated roads in New York City, which cost less than \$17,000,000 are stocked and bonded for more than \$60,000,000."

According to the figures from *Poor's Manual*, submitted by Gen. Hawkins, it is seen that the railroads of the United States cost, on an average \$61,534 per mile. There is not an honest man in the country, capable of forming an opinion upon such matters, who places the average cost of railroad building and equipment in the United States at more than \$35,000 per mile, hence

the difference between the actual cost and "watered" estimate—\$26,536 per mile, makes a grand sum total of \$4,281,481,364, a sum total of fraud, of scoundrelism, of piracy, so stupendous—as would make government, law, religion, civilization, truth and justice, could they be animated with life, the most repulsive of all the vermin that afflict the world.

It is not surprising therefore, that Gen. Hawkins would have the motto "in our national coat of arms" read, "Plundering made easy." Legislatures, Congresses and courts, contribute their full share to the achievements of the plutocratic class. True, it may be said that occasionally laws are passed warranting the conclusion that the nation is not quite "dead in trespasses and sins," but the kicks are so feeble that the greatest possible composure is maintained in the ranks of the plunderers.

In view of all the facts so easily at command relating to the degradation of workmen and working women in the great cities of the country, and in its mining and coke regions, we confess that the General's reference to the "unprecedented destruction of moose and deer, coons and gray, red, black and flying squirrels" appears trivial, if not ridiculous. Reference is made to the disappearance of the "bear and elk"—as also the American bison, of which he says: "During the years 1872-73-74 there were killed of the southern herd 3,698,130 and about 1,000,000 of the northern herd, and the sympathetic General also refers to the destruction of the fur seals in the waters of Alaska, the song bird in our forests and the salmon in our rivers. The lobster is going as also the oyster. The General also refers to the "wanton and wicked cruelty in the monstrous destruction of domestic stock west of the Mississippi river," in that no proper protection is afforded the animals in winter. In all of these things, avarice predominates to an extent that defies exaggeration. Not only does the large-souled General refer to beasts and birds and fishes, but he deplores, as is proper, the treatment of American savages. Surveying the panorama of avarice and brutality from his lofty elevation, the General says:

"We may, in my belief, search in vain through all

history for a parallel to match that gigantic scheme of cruelty. It continues from year to year, and has continued in an unbroken stream for more than a quarter of a century, without even a protest from law-makers or the christian clergy."

As we read the General's arraignment of cruelty towards animals and savages, we wonder how it happened that no mention is made of the exhibition of "avarice and brutality" as practiced upon American workmen and working women, by the plutocratic knaves and scoundrels of the period, who "water" stocks, wreck railroads, hunt bear, elk, moose, deer, squirrels, bison, birds, cod and salmon, and cheat savages. In discussing such things the General's indignation rises to scalding heat, but he has no word of denunciation for the damnable devices practiced by those who degrade men and women who toil, whose "avarice and brutality" knows no limit and who contemplate their own infernalism with entire composure.

It is possible that Gen. Hawkins contemplates writing another article, on "Brutality and Avarice Triumphant," in which he proposes to give statistics relating to the destruction of men, women and children by the avarice, cruelty and brutality of employers. Should he do this, should he be industrious in securing facts, should he state them without embellishment, his first paper relating to the destruction of coons and squirrels, salmon and cod, will be doomed to merited oblivion, and should he indulge in word painting—should he tell the story of the "sweating system" as practiced in New York and other large cities, should he refer to the Pennsylvania coke and anthracite coal regions, and ornament his picture with an evicting scene; should he describe child labor in New England factories; should he portray scenes in which lustful scoundrels seek to ruin unprotected girls, as serpents charm birds, then his recitals might arouse such storms of indignation as would lead to reform. It would be showing the world the wounds plutocrats inflict upon toilers, and it would be putting "a tongue in every wound" well calculated to move the great heart of the nation to indignant throbings, for we hold that the "avarice and brutality" inflicted upon any son or daughter of toil is

of more consequence than the destruction of all the coons and cod in the universe.

POPULATION AND RAILROAD BUILDING.

The probability is that many locomotive firemen of an investigating turn of mind will ask, what is to be the future of railroad building in the United States? Possibly, some one may suggest that to know what it has been in the past, will indicate what it is likely to be in the future.

The subject possesses special interest and is worthy of investigation. At the outset of the discussion, what are the chief factors to be considered? Manifestly, area, population and products, agriculture, mining and manufacturing. With such premises, it is seen at once to what breadth the subject expands. Reliable data must soon give place to conjecture, and yet there is much to be said, having the past as a basis of argument and conclusion, which will give deductions and inferences so much the character of facts, as to redeem them from vagary or idle dreaming.

It is stated that railroads were introduced into the United States December 28, 1829—sixty-two years ago—when our population was about 12,500,000, or, as the census figures of 1830 state it, 12,866,020. Practically, railroading was introduced, say January 1, 1830, and at the close of that year, there were in the country 32 miles of railroad, and it will be interesting to show the increase of population and railroad mileage by decades since that time, tabulated as follows:

Year.	Population.	Increase.	Per cent. of Increase.	Railroad Mileage.	Miles of Increase.	Per cent. of Increase.
1830	12,866,020			32		
1840	17,069,453	5,203,433	32.67	2,302	2,270	709.33
1850	23,191,876	6,122,423	35.87	9,021	5,719	248.61
1860	31,443,321	8,251,445	35.58	30,635	21,614	238.81
1870	38,558,351	7,115,030	22.63	52,914	22,279	72.69
1880	50,155,783	11,597,432	30.08	91,944	39,031	77.35
1890	62,623,250	12,466,467	24.85	161,306	69,432	75.94
			Average 30.56	Average		237.32

It will be observed that while the average increase of population during the six decades named has been 30.56 per cent., the average increase of railroad mileage has

-been for the same period 237.32 per cent. and that the number of miles put into operation for the decade between 1880 and 1890 was 29,538 miles in excess of the number for the decade between 1870 and 1880.

With such reliable figures in full view the question forces itself upon the attention of the reader, what is to be the future of railroad building in the United States? It is in replying to such questions that conjecture becomes prominent in calculations, and yet it may be practicable to obtain data upon which conclusions may be based more or less satisfactory to the student of such problems.

It is regarded as a conservative estimate that within the next one hundred years the population of the United States will reach 200,000,000. Would it be prudent to assume that if a population of 62,622,250 require 161,396 miles of railroad, 200,000,000 would require say, 515,000 miles of railroad? The figures are staggering, still, if railroad building for the next ten decades should be equal to that from 1880 to 1890—the total would be 694,456 additional miles, but we could deduct from the estimate, 179,456 miles and still have an increase during the century of 515,000 miles.

Dismissing calculations based upon population alone, what can be said about area, as a factor in railroad building in connection with population?

Great Britain and Ireland contain a population in round numbers of about 38,000,000, with an area of 121,571 square miles—and at the latest data at hand, had 19,578 miles of railroad. The people of Great Britain and Ireland are in all regards similar to the people of the United States. They were the first to have railroads, having begun their building in 1825. The United States has an area of 3,602,990 square miles. If, therefore, Great Britain and Ireland, with an area of 121,571 square miles, requires, say 20,000 miles of railroads, is it prudent to estimate that the United States should have 592,000 miles of railroad? Most certainly, such a proposition could have no standing until the population of the United States, per square mile, bears some approximate relation to that of Great

Britain and Ireland, which is now about 300 to the square mile. But, as that country is dependent upon importations for food, during half of the year, 150 to the square mile may be considered the prudent limit of population. Assuming such a limit, 440,448,500, for the population of the United States, the railroad mileage of the country as compared with the present mileage and population, would be about 755,000 miles.

If we dismiss area and population, and consider products of forest, field, mine and factory, and the demand for transportation from centers to circumferences, from the interior to seaboard—facts of the present, which statisticians are trying to grasp, at once expand to such proportions as to subject conclusions to the suspicion that they are creations of the imagination. But when it is understood that not more than one-third of the arable acres of the United States is under cultivation, and that little of this is subjected to scientific treatment, some idea may be had of products when the land shall be cultivated as in England and Belgium. Our manufacturing enterprises are yet in their infancy, and our stores of iron and coal, the minerals of civilization, defy computation. Nor is our knowledge of other deposits of valuables more accurate. This knowledge is to come as population increases and the years go by, and proclaim, even now, that railroading in the United States is in its infancy.

Possibly, the question arises where is the money to come from to build the railroads which the future may demand? This we regard as the least perplexing of the questions under discussion.

It is held that during the decade from 1880 to 1890, the wealth of the country increased \$22,000,000,000. Should the same speed be maintained for ten decades, the nation's wealth would be \$262,000,000,000 and 500,000 miles of railroad, as at present estimated, including water, would amount to about \$28,000,000,000.

With such facts and conclusions in full view, the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen may feel assured that they are to be in demand until electricity shall take the place of steam.

THE UNITY OF LABOR.

The *Farmers' Voice* in a recent issue says:

Philosophic thinkers now recognize the essential unity of "the labor movement" in all civilized nations. Its pleas and manifestations may have divers local peculiarities but all draw their force and receive their impulse from the same deep reservoir of power, which lies far below the surface in the great "substratum of humanity."

All labor is interdependent. If, for the sake of illustration, grades of labor are introduced, it will at once be seen that the highest is absolutely dependent upon the lowest grade—that the vital nerve extends from the foot to the head—from the lowest depths to the most exalted heights, and that this nerve, subjected to injury anywhere throughout its length, will be productive of disaster more or less serious.

Do such propositions require proof? Are they not self-evident? In the very nature of things is there not a law of union, an irrevocable law, a law as eternal as that of gravitation, binding all classes, all grades of labor into one interdependent whole? a brotherhood, which, discarding signs, grips and passwords—voices, trumpet-toned, a truth yet to be recognized, that labor in all of its labyrinthian ramifications, high and low, whether it is bestowed at 25 cents a day or \$10.00 a day—whether rendered by slave or freeman—is united, having the same end in view, to produce, to build, to preserve, to carry forward all enterprises and to bless the world?

There is not, we surmise, in the world of mind, a broader, deeper or a more commanding truth in all the sciences and philosophies than the one we have suggested, that labor, in all of its divisions and subdivisions, in all of its branches and classifications, constitutes a oneness, a unity, which no power in earth or heaven can change. If so, it follows logically that any attempt to change the irrevocable law, must be productive of confusion and injustice.

The aristocracy, not of labor, but in labor, or more properly, in labor circles, is an exhibition of mental deformity and infirmity, explainable only upon the hypothesis that labor has copied the most repulsive characteristics of the men who debase labor—the men who rob workingmen and grow rich by the tribute money they extort.

If labor could see and comprehend the eternal truths of its mission in the world, the \$4.00 or the \$10.00 a day man would take the profoundest interest in the \$1.00 a day man, or his more unfortunate brother who toils for a less sum than \$1.00 a day.

In this highly favored (?) land we talk much of the "sovereignty of the people," we shout in lofty periods about the "power of the majority." Occasionally, to embellish a stump speech, some demagogue injects into his "flapdoodle" the Latin phrases, "vox populi, vox Dei"—"the voice of the people is the voice of God," while at the same time the majority, the working people of the country, because they will not unite, are the victims of the minority, and the few who are united beat down the many, and make them hewers of wood and drawers of water—that is to say, divide them into castes, set them to wrangling, and thus crush and rob them, silence them in courts and in Congress and impose upon them degradations and humiliations not one remove from serfdom.

If workingmen were united in sympathetic bonds; if the skilled laborer was broadened rather than dwarfed as he advanced in knowledge until he, if a bricklayer, could comprehend the fact that he is dependent upon the hod carrier; if the locomotive engineer could grasp the fact that he is dependent upon the locomotive fireman, descending to or ascending from the humblest laborer the aristocratic idea in labor circles would disappear, the interdependence of labor would at once constitute a bond of union, a chain whose links, forged and fashioned to hold workingmen in harmonious alliance, would girt them about as a defense in every time of trouble and resist invasion, though assailed by all the plutocrats that ever cursed the earth.

This desideratum, this one thing needful, has not been secured, and because it has not been obtained, the plutocrats are treating millions of workingmen as "dumb driven cattle."

Will this sort of thing go on forever? Men will answer just as they have confidence in the intelligence of the people, as they have confidence in the intelligence of workingmen.

The plutocrats have confidence in the people, based upon Jay Gould's theory of their integrity. When he wants a judge or a legislature, he ascertains the price and pays it. The plutocrats pursue the same policy, though their may be less directness in their methods of subjugating workingmen, and in every instance money or its equivalent—employment, is made to talk. It can coo like a dove, or utter decrees with the fierceness of a Nero. In either case workingmen cower and tremble. Will it be thus forever?

Divided, estranged, quarreling, forever conducting a guerrilla warfare upon each other, building up little aristocracies based upon wages, discarding fundamental principles, they will be in the future as in the past, animals to be slaughtered. But should the time come when workingmen fraternize and recognizing the inter-dependence of all, rally to the standard of right and justice, determined to be heard, then the millenium of labor will dawn. The plutocratic Satan will be chained for at least a thousand years, and the unity of labor being recognized there will be peace in the earth.

It is a question of faith in man, or faith in money. The world is taking sides. Let the debate go forward.

PRESIDENT CROCKER, of the Southern Pacific, travels in a private car costing \$15,000. It is supurbly finished in mahogany and has two large state rooms, a dining room in the center of the car, an observation room at one end and a sitting and smoking room at the other. The windows are large and at the ends extend down to the floor. We congratulate President Crocker, and we doubt not that he sometimes sings:

"O, bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail."

A YOUNG blacksmith being a candidate for the office of mayor, of Owego, N. Y., some one thought he could be *downed* by referring to him as the "leather apron" candidate. The workingmen at once responded and Mr. Kehoe's leather apron become the banner of the campaign and "leather apron" won. That's the talk. If workingmen will it, the badge of labor will down the plutocrats.

PARTIES AND PLATFORMS.

Don't be alarmed. The caption of this article does not mean that the *Magazine* is going into partisan politics. We have said on former occasions that "politics is the science of government," and we assume that locomotive firemen have as much interest in good government as any other class of citizens. They have as much interest in wise and just laws, honestly administered, as any other men, and should study politics and be as familiar with governmental methods as any other class of citizens.

This *Magazine* cares little for men, cares little for party shibboleths, but it does care for measures, for laws, for policies and for methods of administering the government.

In the matter of laws and their administration this *Magazine* is opposed to anything and everything that directly or remotely militates against the rights and interests of workingmen, totally regardless of what man or party indorses the iniquity—and the *Magazine* will uphold any man or party that seeks to enact just laws by virtue of which, if honestly administered, workingmen can go into court and have their cases adjudicated, under all the requirements of law, as certainly and as satisfactorily as a millionaire.

In mere party creeds the *Magazine* takes no stock, but as to deeds it will eulogize or anathematize just in proportion as such deeds, or measures, or laws deal justly by men who wear the badge of labor, or disregards their right.

Just now the discussion relates largely to the new party, or "third party," and the platform upon which it stands has been published and which summarized, is as follows:

In its first resolution the platform declares that "in view of the great social, industrial and economic revolution now dawning upon the civilized world, and the new and living issues confronting the American people, the time has arrived for the crystalization of the political reform forces of the country and the formation of what should be known as the People's Party of the United States of America." Premising that the right to make and issue money is a sovereign power, to be maintained by the people for the com-

mon benefit, the platform demands the abolition of national banks as banks of issue, and as a substitute for national bank notes demands that legal-tender Treasury notes be issued in sufficient volume to transact the business of the country on a cash basis, without damage or especial advantage to any class of calling; such notes to be legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, and such notes, when demanded by the people, to be loaned to them at not more than 2 per cent. per annum upon non-perishable products as indicated in the sub-treasury plan, and also upon real estate, with proper limitation upon the quantity of land and amount of money.

The platform further demands the free and unlimited coinage of silver; the passage of laws prohibiting alien ownership of land; that Congress take prompt action to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by alien and foreign syndicates, and that all land held by railroads and other corporations in excess of such as is actually used and needed by them be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only; the taxation, national, state or municipal, shall not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another; that all revenue, national, state or county, shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government, economically and honestly administered; a just and equitable system of graduated tax on income; the most rigid, honest and just national control and supervision of the means of public communication and transportation, and, if this control and supervision does not remove the abuses now existing, government ownership of such means of communication and transportation, and the election of President, Vice-President and United States Senators by a direct vote of the people."

Such reading cannot fail of being interesting to the great body of workingmen, independent of all former party affiliations, and is well calculated to arouse reflection upon the "science of government."

The conclusion will be, we doubt not, that there are many declarations in the platform which, to use a common phrase, are "chestnuts;" that is to say, they have often appeared in platforms of parties, but

have served no other purpose than to secure the votes of the confiding multitude, and when success was achieved, the men who formulated the platform deserted it, treated it as of no consequence, emphasizing the conclusion that the platform was originally designed as a net to catch gudgeons, by which we mean that a good platform is worse than valueless, that it is a sham and a snare unless honest men are elected to crystallize its declaration into laws.

Workingmen, with rare exceptions, have been the victims of scandalous deceptions. Their credulity, their confidence has almost uniformly been betrayed. As a result, having determined upon a policy, workingmen should seek for the men to carry it out; men capable of defending it against all assailants—men who can neither be bought, nor bribed, nor intimidated; men of courage and of capacity—men whose antecedents are known, and who in shine and storm will stand by their pledges.

Such men can be found, and whenever workingmen unite to enforce a righteous policy in legislature and in Congress and in municipal councils the work of reform will begin and go forward, and not till then.

It were supreme folly to inveigh against political parties. They result from free speech, untrammelled expression of thought, and this being true, workingmen, as certainly as plutocrats, have a right to be heard, have a right to formulate platforms, have a right to catechise candidates, put forth their claims for just laws and their honest administration, and having found out what they want, demand it by the fiat of the ballot.

MR. RUSSELL SAGE knows all about Mr. Jay Gould and recently remarked:

There is not a man in America or in the world at large, who absolutely owns and controls and has registered in his own name as many stocks as Mr. Jay Gould. It is no exaggeration to say that he draws more money from his invested capital than does any other living soul. In order that some idea may be had of his wealth, it is simply necessary to take three of his stocks: Manhattan, of which he owns and has registered \$10,000,000; Missouri Pacific, \$12,500,000, and Western Union, \$25,000,000. Of these three he draws for dividends over \$2,000,000 a year. His income from other sources, of course, amounts to four or five times as much.

And yet it is said that the Rothchilds are frequently found shedding tears over the sad financial condition of Mr. Gould.

THE MONEY POWER.

Lycurgus, it will be remembered, had a dread of the money power, and virtually banished money from Sparta. In the remote time, when Lycurgus flourished, the "money power" must have been as corrupting as at any succeeding period, as debasing as now in the United States, where, if it does not contaminate all men who wield it, it confessedly defiles more or less the great enterprises which it creates and vitalizes.

It would be highly instructive for some one who has leisure and aptitude for the work of investigation to engage in the task of designating in what department of human effort requiring money the money power is not exerting a debasing and debauching influence.

There may be such enterprises. We do not doubt that an earnest and industrious investigation could find them, but when found, we think they would not be rated as of national importance, nor of sufficient prominence to serve as illustrations of the depraving influences of the money power.

The term "money power" invariably suggests a train of ideas in conflict with the *power of the people*, the power of all the virtues embodied in constitution and laws; in a word, the money power is plutocracy.

No one in his senses denounces money *per se*. Like fire under control, it is the friend of all, and to none in a greater measure than to the poor. The workingman's dollar means all things desirable. It is food, shelter and clothing. It brightens home and blesses all beneath the humble roof. It is like the sunshine and the rain. It gives life and joy and hope. But the accumulated millions in the hands of Goulds, Vanderbilts, Astors, Corbins, corporations and syndicates constitute a power that sweeps along like a tornado, overwhelming the weak, or it builds impregnable fortresses from behind which plutocrats conduct a ceaseless warfare upon the poor, those whose money must go day by day to procure the necessities of life.

The money power can build a railroad and equip it at a cost of \$100,000,000, and then this money power can inject into the cost (?) of the road \$100,000,000 of water

and collect dividends upon \$200,000,000—compel the people to pay tribute for the use of *water* in stocks and bonds, and having perpetrated the infamy the money power can subsidize the press and make it defend the scoundrelism. The money power can debauch courts and make the ermined judge the most despicable thing that pollutes the atmosphere. The money power can corrupt legislatures and congresses and make such bodies stink in the nostrils of the world. The Hon. Edward J. Phelps, in the *North American* for May, speaking of "Money in Politics," more properly, the money power in politics, says:

There is a much greater iniquity of wealth which attacks the general public and even threatens the national life. It is the employment of vast sums of money for the purchase of high places of political trust and the control of the results of important elections. Places that should be of the highest dignity, as they certainly are of the largest influence, are pretty well known to be obtained by direct bribery of the electors in whose gift they are. Posts of much distinction are more than suspected to be the consideration of enormous contributions to electioneering funds. Great sums are generally believed to be raised to carry elections by those who are accumulating excessive fortunes through a system of revenue which not only casts the burden of taxation upon the industry of the country, instead of its property, but far beyond the legitimate requirements of government, burdens the many for the benefit of the few. And these sums, which could not possibly be requisite for any proper election expenses, are well understood to be employed in the direct purchase of votes in the market to a decisive extent. The political power of the country is thus in danger of passing into the hands of a plutocracy, composed not of the best class of the rich, but of the worst, to be used not for the general welfare, but for the still further aggrandizement of those who have bought it, and for the elevation to high places of men who are not fit to be there. These are plain words. But it is time plain words began to be spoken on this subject. Here is not the place to pursue it. Thoughtful men can consider it for themselves, and can satisfy themselves how far the general understanding is supported by the facts. They who believe that the business of government can be thus demoralized, and the general mass thus oppressed, with fortunate and peaceful results, have read the history of mankind to small purpose. The longer the storm broods before it breaks the more dangerous it becomes. Already clouds much larger than a man's hand have risen above the horizon. How portentous they may prove no man can tell. Forces move rapidly in these days. There is nothing in government or institutions under our system that is not within the ultimate reach of the numerical majority. We are in danger, not of revolution or bloodshed, but of the not less destructive power of

frantic and ruinous legislation, controlled by demagogues, and involving in its consequences the just as well as the unjust.

Such words are fitly spoken, they are opportune. They give the alarm and ought to arouse the nation. They tell us that even now the ship of state is approaching a whirlpool; that a storm is near at hand; that while the sun of our physical prosperity is shining, and we are counting our gains by billions, the liberties of the people are decaying; that lying along the horizon everywhere the "lightning's red glare" is seen, portending social and political convulsions which, if not speedily averted, the Gibbon is born who will write the decline and fall of the great American Republic.

If these be idle words then the best thought of America is at fault, and the day of the billionaire has arrived, and brains and integrity, equity and all things the Father glorified must stand bowed and abashed in the presence of bullion.

Does history repeat itself? Verily, and in spite of winds and tides the mills of the gods grind on.

THE *Chicago Express* remarks that "All hens that do not show some particular merit or evidence of thrift should be fattened and marketed," so says a poultry exchange. Well, we think so, too. And what is true of hens is also applicable, in a measure, to monopolists of this country. They have not one redeeming trait. They ought to be made to 'root, hog, or die!' " That is to be the verdict in the near future. All the labor organizations in the land are teaching the doctrine that the drones must go. Labor is getting tired of supporting them and of being robbed by them. A new era is dawning. We are to have at no distant day a new declaration of independence.

THE undertakers are immensely pleased when told that in every three seconds of time two persons die. True, it is only under the influences of the christian religion that an undertaker can palm off a poplar plank for rosewood, and thus carry fraud into the grave; but the fact shows the sublimating influences of the pulpit on business.

FROM AMERICANS TO SLAVS, AND FROM INDEPENDENCE TO SLAVERY.

The New York *World* is entitled to a vote of thanks from every labor organization in the land, for its exposition of the coke curse of Pennsylvania.

When the representative of the *World* visited the coke region, there were 15,000 men on a strike, "of whom," says the *World*, "it is a fair estimate to say, 12,000 are Slavonians, 1,500 are Germans, and the other 1,500 are composed of Irish, Scotch, negroes and native white Americans. Not over 1,000 of the strikers, including the negroes, were born on American soil, and not over 2,000 of them can speak the English language. The great mass of the strikers, and especially the Slavs, are ignorant of our manners, customs and language, and mean to stay in this country only long enough to save a few hundred dollars, when they hope to return whence they came, there to live in comparative ease on the money they have taken with them. They are the Chinese of the coke region." This condition of the population of the coke region, was brought about by the H. C. Frick Company, a twin monstrosity of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, the history of which the *World* gives as follows:

Years ago the mines and coke ovens were worked by native Americans, most of whom were born in the vicinity, and many of whom owned their little homes on the hillside and tilled a little plot of ground and kept a cow or two in connection with their work about the mines. As late as 1880 there were only about 3,000 coke ovens in this 400 and more square miles, which make up what is known as "The Connellsville Coke Region." Now there are nearly 16,000 ovens. But with the growth of the industry the native American has almost disappeared, and the work he used to do is now done by the imported "pauper labor of Europe."

In the foregoing, the reader has a word picture pleasing to the American ear. An artist could reproduce it on canvas and it would please the eye. The H. C. Frick Company has transformed this rural, this industrial district, where a few years since the people were contented, thrifty and virtuous, into a hell, "where blood and carnage clothes the ground in crimson"—where Pinkerton thugs stand ready to kill—where men, women and children are

evicted from their hovels and made to take their chances with rats and reptiles, foxes and ground hogs, to live or die, not even Frick nor the devil caring what calamities overtake them.

About 1880, so says the *World's* account, there was a boom in the iron industries of the United States; an era of prosperity had dawned, but not for American workingmen; the men who should have reaped their full share of the prosperity, were, instead, impoverished. From 3,000 coke ovens the number was increased to 8,000, and now to 16,000. With the demand for coke and the increase of ovens, came the absorption of the small concerns by the larger ones, and now of the 16,000 ovens, the Frick monstrosity owns 10,000. With the boom in the iron industry, came the increased demand for coke, and it was then that the christianized H. C. Frick began the importation of European cheap labor. The *World* says:

The Frick Company sent to various employment agencies in Baltimore and Boston for laborers, and through these agencies the first installments of Slav immigrants were secured.

When these Slavs arrived in the coke regions they were set at work at wages which, while far below those which the company was paying to its native employes, were still greatly in excess of the wages which the Slavs had been able to earn in their own country. The agents of the company induced many of them to send for brothers, cousins or friends whom they knew at home to come to this greatly-favored land where so much could be earned in so short a time, and where what was, to them, a fortune could be saved in a few years.

But these Slavonians, almost before the operators were aware of it, had been induced to join the labor organization, and in 1886 there came a strike—a strike which at that time proved the largest and the longest that the coke region had known. The Slavs went out with the rest of the workmen and stayed out till the strike was won. The operators then as now tried every means to fill the places of the strikers. Then as now families were evicted by the scores, in the hope of frightening the others back to work. Then as now this refinement of coercion failed and the operators cast about for new men to fill the vacant places. The employment agencies had helped them before, why not again? And so to the agencies they went, with the result that within a few weeks hundreds of newly-imported Slavs came swarming into the region to take the places of the men who were fighting, as they said, for bread for their wives and babies.

These Slavs, or Slavonians, are, if possible, more degenerate than the Chinese. They are as distinct a class of foreigners as

ever invaded American shores. Trained to work for wages upon which an American would starve, to live in dens that an American dog would bark at, and to live upon scavenger food that would make an average hog turn up its snout, they could not stand Frickism. The degradations and robberies inflicted by Frick under the laws of Pennsylvania were so infamously worse than they had ever known in Slavonia, that the miserable creatures struck for their rights, struck against robbery, against further degradation, and what is the result? Some of them have been shot down like dogs, some of them are writhing in the agonies of their wounds, some are starving and all are mad. There are at least 12,000 of these idle men in a strip of country eight miles wide and fifty miles long, an area of an ordinary sized county in a western State.

The H. C. Frick Company found cheap labor. It exiled American labor. It imported Slavs. It has secured strikes, and first and last has been damaged to the amount of about \$4,000,000—and the miserable Slavs have doubtless lost half that amount. The *World* says that the present price of coke is \$1.90 a ton; that an oven every other day will produce four tons of coke—and that the net profit is \$1.00 a ton. This is equivalent to supplying the H. C. Frick Company with 2 tons of coke from its 10,000 ovens daily or a net profit of \$20,000 a day, for say 315 working days of the year—a yearly profit of \$6,300,000.

From this work Americans were driven to make room for Slavs and now the Slavs are driven out by Italians and negroes—but to enable these creatures to be robbed and still further degraded Pinkerton thugs with shotted guns must constantly stand guard. The policy is Satanic, altogether infernalism. Why talk of a future hell? Here is one right under the nation's nose.

FRANCE has 5,224,856 savings bank depositors, with an aggregate sum to their credit of 5,906,000,000 francs, an average of about 1,130 francs.

SOME one asserts that the average human scalp is adorned with from 90,000 to 120,000 hairs. Some bald headers will wish the assertion were true.

THE WHOLE IS GREATER THAN A PART.

General Master Workman Powderly of the Knights of Labor says: "We hardly have time to pay attention to the wage-question at present; the other three questions—the land, the railroads and the currency—are occupying every officer's time." And yet workmen are more interested in the wage-question than anything else. The Knights of Labor were organized to deal with the wage-question specially. Mr. Powderly is becoming too much of a statesman.—*Memphis Appeal Avalanche*.

And the man who sees in the labor question merely a struggle for wages is either too much of a fool or too much of a demagogue. It would be interesting to know where our Tennessee contemporary obtained the information that the Knights of Labor were "organized to deal with the wage-question specially." The Order was organized because attempts to secure justice for labor by pottering about wages had always failed and must in the very nature of things forever fail, and for the all-sufficient reason that the causes of the injustice lay deeper than the question of wages. The Knights of Labor were organized to attempt a remedy of the evil by attacking it at its cause, not to continue the old futile fight with the effects. There are men still "lingering superfluous on the stage" of the labor movement who think that the evils can be righted by tinkering between employer and employed, rearranging the wages, the hours of labor and the conditions of work, just as there are men who persist in the use of antiquated and clumsy machines and implements. But no one would think of saying of one of these that he was becoming too much of a statesman. There are workmen who are more interested in the question of wages than in anything else, more of them than for the prosperity of the labor movement there should be; more of them than there would be were it not for the talk of men whose minds are too contracted to grasp the truth that, while the robbery of labor by land, money and transportation monopoly continues, no raising of wages or amelioration of conditions can effect a permanent betterment. Knights of Labor will not neglect the wage question, but they will not mistake this incidental part of the labor problem for the problem itself.—*Journal of the Knights of Labor*.

The foregoing, from the organ of the Knights of Labor, is, in some of its expressions, exceptionally novel.

The "labor question" has its auxiliary questions, its collateral issues, but the pivotal, the central issue of the labor question is wages, all else is subordinate, and comparatively inconsequential. A man, therefore, may see "in the labor question merely a struggle for wages, and be neither "a fool" nor "a demagogue."

It may be, as the *Journal* intimates, that the Knights of Labor never engaged in "pottering about wages." It may be true

that they have regarded wages of little concern, as compared with questions relating to "land, money and transportation" but we have met a great many Knights of Labor who accorded the matter of wages unquestioned supremacy.

It may be true that the question of fair wages is ancient—indeed, we admit that it is old, but it is not obsolete—on the contrary it is as vital as when the first wage robber subjected the victim of his greed to hunger, nakedness and death. This being true, it is becoming, in this age of morals and money, knowledge and knavery, plutocracy and poverty to secure such honest wages as would give a workingman a surplus of *two cents* a week with which to pay for the *Journal* of the Knights of Labor and enable him thereby, to study the "land, money and transportation" questions.

Such questions we concede are important, but to understand them a workingman should have the leisure that an "eight hour day" would afford him, and wages that will give him a surplus with which to purchase books.

EX-SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS, of Kansas, when retired from the United States senate by the Farmers' Alliance cyclone, congratulated himself immensely as follows: "For the first time in eighteen years I now draw the breath of a private citizen. It is a gratefully peculiar feeling. I am free to do as I please and to say what I think. I feel relieved of a great responsibility. I am disenthralled. The chains have fallen off. I am no longer shackled." What a prison pen the United States senate must be. The victim always enthralled and shackled. No wonder when the chains fall off, and the imprisoned citizen breathes an *honest breath*, that he should feel disenthralled. Some more of the plutocrats should be emancipated from their thralldom and turned out to grass as was old Nebuchadnezzar.

THE making of new States and the consequent increase of legislatures and judges is becoming a great annoyance to railroad magnates. Prices, in spite of competition, have advanced and range way up. Passes no longer answer the demand and *spot* cash has to be provided.

Labor in Society and in the Wilderness.

TAKE two nations, A and B, each with 1,000,000 population, 200,000 average family groups. Nation A occupies a belt of country containing 2,000,000 of acres. About half of the population live in towns that vary from 1,000 to 10,000 each. The rest are grouped around those towns on well cultivated, garden-like farms. Nation B spreads itself over 400,000,000 of acres. About one-third of the population live in little villages, the rest on large farms of about 500 or 1,000 acres per each family group. In which of the two nations shall labor be more productive, all other conditions being the same except density of population? In nation A industries shall be extremely diversified; in nation B very little so. In the latter, most workers being pretty far from each other, and every little group very far from all other groups, most workers will have to be jacks of several trades, which means jacks of low efficiency in all trades. It stands to reason that if I have to divide my energy and powers of observation in several trades or occupations I shall not become half as efficient in any of them as if I could pour all my energy and powers of observation in one trade or occupation, as every worker in nation A shall be able to do. Then, if 3,000 miles of road are sufficient in nation A to place all workers in direct contact with each other, nation B will need 200 times as many miles, since nation B spreads itself over 200 times the area of nation A. This means great economy in the transportation and handling of all goods in nation A, and great expense in those of nation B. Hence a very limited commerce in the latter and a very large one in the former, by which increased commerce production is stimulated for general comfort, while limited commerce in nation B implies limited production and limited comforts to all.

B-sides, have we ever taken into consideration the personal magnetism that every one of us can more or less diffuse over those around us in our daily activities, in our conscious or unconscious aspirations? This personal magnetism or emulation accounts for the almost miraculous works that an army in the field can accomplish in a short time in all the emergencies incidental to great campaigns, face to face with an equally enterprising enemy. The success of industrial battles also depends a great deal on that personal magnetism or emulation that men can impart to each other when in sufficiently close contact with each other. The writer had for long years been in favor of sparsely settled social groups, but a somewhat long visit to some of them totally changed his views on the subject. In sparsely settled groups a species of inertia

takes hold of most men because of insufficient natural or spontaneous cooperation with each other, because not enough of them to accomplish much. I call it natural cooperation to distinguish it from that forced one suggested by all socialistic schools, they all resting on industrial militarism, on machine-like combinations.

To be sure, I am not in favor of colossal cities where we pack men like sardines in tin boxes, but we do need a certain degree of compactness in social organization for men to impart to each other what is best in each one.

In forms more or less emphatic or mixed up, the two civilizations, A and B, that we have been contrasting, can be seen in every nation spreading over large areas. We have them yet under our flag. About two-thirds of our farmers live practically in the wilderness. Their average earnings per family group are not much over \$400, while the average net earnings per family group over the whole nation are not less than \$800. We can then assume that if our nation A is capable of an average annual net production of \$1,000 per family of five, nation B will not exceed \$500. This does not mean that the mass of workers in nation A will be much better off than those in nation B. Under monopoly rule most of the advantages of an advancing civilization go into the monopoly fund. The labor fund gets mighty little from the increased production of a compact social group. In a sparsely settled group, disconnected from large centers of population, the power of monopoly is low because of limited competition for land. The power of monopoly increases in proportion as increased population increases competition for land. The power of monopoly is intense in London and New York city because competition for land is intense in such centers of population. This competition for land evolves what we call annual land values or land rents.

In nation A the annual land values will be about \$100 per average family group, as they are in Great Britain. The general density in nation A is approximately that of Great Britain. Only nation A, unlike Great Britain, has not made the mistake of piling up 60 per cent. of the population in large cities, and cultivating but one-fifth of the area susceptible of cultivation.

In nation B, with 200 times the relative area of nation A, land competition shall be, not necessarily 200 times less than in nation A, but certainly not over one-tenth that of nation A, say, \$10 annual land value, land rent, per family of five, against \$100 in nation A. Therefore the average net labor product, less rent, shall be \$490 in nation B and \$900 in nation A. There we have it. Land values are the result of land supply and land demand, the result of quantity of

land, of given conditions, and quantity of population with given aspirations. Let the 200,000 families in nation B decide tomorrow to leave their wilderness of 400,000,000 acres and compress themselves in 2,000,000 of acres, as in nation A, and the annual land values of nation B shall jump from \$10 to \$100 per family of five, although the people shall only occupy one-half of 1 per cent. of the land they occupied before. It is the inexorable law of land supply and land demand that creates land values, not the specific result of individual labor. If anything, the workers in the wilderness of nation B worked harder than in nation A, and yet the latter evolved land values ten times larger than those of nation B.

Now let us suppose that the two nations, A and B, concentrate all taxes on land values. What benefit would labor derive from the change in the two nations, A and B, the latter yet in the wilderness? The benefits in nation B would not be large, because of low average production and low monopoly power as we have seen, owing to large area and scanty population. In nation A the benefits to labor would be large. The total annual production being there \$1,000 per family of five and the annual land value \$100, there would be \$900 total net product left to labor instead of not much over \$500 under monopoly rule, general average per family, with a tax fund for public needs of \$20 per capita of population.

And that is not all. Who can fix a limit to production under conditions of freedom such as we would develop through the suppression of all taxes on production and commerce, through the suppression of monopoly in all forms?

Because land monopoly virtually says to the mass of workers: "You shall live and work on one half, one-third, one-fourth of the land worth having that you could use or develop, therefore you shall produce but one-half, one-third, one-fourth of what you could produce, and out of what you do produce you shall get but what can keep you all with strength enough to go on working for the benefit of monopolists, and you all shall live on the basis of a mere animal existence, so that you may never obtain intelligence enough to redress social wrongs on ethical principles, in permanent forms." Is not that human history so far?

Under the conditions of freedom we have indicated we would leave no earnings to any one attempting to restrict the land supply that labor may need. Who can doubt that in a few years labor would double its net product? We would then have say, \$1,800 per family group, after deducting the \$100 annual land value which could not increase but through increased density of population, as we have seen, land values being simply the expression of competition for

land of given conditions, land supply and land demand, most especially without land monopoly. And year after year the increase in production would go on, not necessarily on principles of equality, but always on principles of justice, through a normal distribution of wealth because of a normal distribution of land, the source of all wealth.

Let me remark in passing that it is childish for some critics to say that men could invest in personal property and thus escape taxation on land values. Who can use, enjoy or handle personal property or any kind of property unless he occupies land worth having? Only the anchorite, living clear into the wilderness. He will not owe anything to the social organism because he has run away from all the increased earnings and higher joys that society can impart when organized according to God's laws, and not on the principles of the gambling house. And let all critics remember that men can only be wealthy in proportion to the land values they control through deeds or mortgages; private, corporate or public. Taxation on land values would not let any of them escape.

The alternative before labor is, has always been and must always be, as follows: Shall labor pay taxes and monopoly earnings, or taxes alone? Shall labor be forever left in the wilderness of poverty because under monopoly rule, or shall labor suppress monopoly and incorporate to itself the advantages of an advancing civilization? If the latter is desirable then labor, the producer of all wealth, must have free access to the source of all wealth, to the land in and around all centers of population not in use or improperly used. How? By applying all land values, land rents to public needs. The taxes that labor shall then pay, those taxes shall not represent robbery of labor as our taxes do now represent. Taxes then shall represent the emancipation of labor from all monopoly, the manhood of labor, labor under absolute freedom of contract, labor assimilating and enjoying all the benefits in the advance of human societies, labor as the only legitimate power in the fabric of civilization, as God means it should be.

Why is it that all despots, conquerors, aristocracies and plutocracies have forever devised and perpetuated taxation on labor products and never on land values? They have seen that with the former they would be rich without labor, and through the latter they would only be rich through honest work.

And just as long as taxation fails to rest on principles of righteousness, just so long shall civilization be what it has always been, for most men, anyhow, a dream of despair!

Jose Gros.

The Single Tax Defended.

THE essay of Mr. Wm. Weiler in the June *Magazine* reminds me of the gentleman who noticed an old silk hat in his path, which he gave a vicious kick, intending to land it somewhere in the middle of next week; but instead, the hat remained where it was. If the gentleman had been more careful to ascertain the contents of the hat before kicking he would not have got hurt half so much.

Mr. Weiler poses as a critic, but without giving evidence to show that he has first given the question of taxation sufficient consideration to become qualified to criticize. As he objects to the single tax he must have some idea of what is the proper way to raise public revenues, and let us examine what his method is, so far as it is brought to light by his essay.

He says that property should pay its share of the burden of taxation in equal proportion. His idea seems to be that if one man industriously builds two houses and his neighbor is so indolent as to build only one, the industrious man should bear twice as much of the burden of government as the lazy man.

This foggy notion that men should pay taxes in proportion to their wealth seems to be based upon the belief that some men get more wealth than they are justly entitled to and should therefore bear the burden of government in proportion to the wealth they have unfairly acquired. But if this theory be sound, then we should at once abolish laws against thieving, and then compel the most prosperous thieves to pay the most taxes. The only sensible course to pursue in the premises is to readjust those laws which put it within the power of some men to get an undue proportion of the wealth produced by others; and if Mr. Weiler had seriously looked into the single tax idea he would have seen that it would have precisely this effect. Since he, however, favors a tax law that will discriminate against the rich, will he tell us if it is any more right for the law to favor the poor man than it is for the law to favor the rich man? If a man starts poor, Mr. Weiler wants the law to favor him until he becomes rich, and then he wants the law to discriminate against him.

But it seems that Mr. Weiler has some misgivings that his theory is not perfect, so he qualifies it. He takes the case of six young men who buy six adjacent lots. One erects a \$3,000 building, another does the same; another puts up a \$2,000 house, another puts up a \$1,000 home; another does not build, but makes a flower garden of his lot, and the last man plants vegetables on his. Mr. Weiler thinks each of these six young men ought to pay taxes in proportion

to the income or enjoyment he receives. So, then, property should not pay taxes in proportion to its market value, but in proportion to the income or enjoyment it affords its owner. If one man has a \$1,000 home which affords him \$10,000 worth of enjoyment he should pay taxes on \$10,000; while if another man has a \$50,000 home which affords him no enjoyment at all, he should pay no taxes. Or if a man owns a valuable vacant lot in the heart of a city, he should pay no taxes so long as he had neither income nor enjoyment from it. If he should become hilariously happy because he owned such a valuable lot, he should pay high taxes; or, supposing he became sad about it, thinking that perhaps it would not sell for as much as he wanted for it, then according to Mr. Weiler's theory the city should pay him something to compensate him for his misery. Or if one man should build a house and use it, while his neighbor built a similar house but not use it, then the owner who uses his house shall pay both his own taxes and the taxes of the man who failed to use his house.

Still another discordant element does Mr. Weiler introduce into his inconsistent ideas by favoring the tariff method of taxation, which he seems to approve. Now, so long as national revenues are raised by a tariff just so long does substantially all the property in the country escape the burden of national government. If Mr. Weiler is to stick to his theory that it is right for all property to bear the burden of government in just proportion, by what rule of logic can he favor the tariff method of raising revenues? Or if he takes the position that the proper method to raise a revenue for the support of government is to levy a tariff tax, what is to become of his proposition that all the property in the country should bear the burden of government in just proportion?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

B. C. Stickney.

Retribution.

THE word "retribution" has a number of synonyms, as for instance, repayment, requital, recompense, reward, compensation, return. But it is held that the term "retribution" is specially used with respect to divine government, and means, in that connection, reward or punishment to be distributed at the "final judgment," the great "Judgment Day."

Our purpose is not to discuss any theological dogma. It is not in our line. But it may be said that the idea of postponing the distribution of rewards and punishments to the "final judgment" is eminently satisfactory to a very large number of miscreants who regard such delay as equivalent to acquittal, and they continue business at the old stand without change of methods.

In the April *Arena*, George William Winterburn, M. D., has a paper on "The Future of Philosophy," in which he says "All philosophy originates in the human propensity to ask questions."

It is well understood that the asking of a question presupposes that an answer will be given, and when the question is deemed important an answer of some sort is usually forthcoming, and it is just here that the difficulties begin. Simple questions are easily answered, and there is general agreement, but when the question relates to a matter complex or recondite then answers become contradictory, and as the questioning and answering proceeds confusion becomes worse confounded, mysteries multiply, and instead of light deeper darkness prevails. Says the *Arena* writer:

Philosophy is a permanent necessity of the human mind, and its history is the story of an ever-evolving, ever-developing process. The present intellectual and moral ideas of the race are the results of ages of gradual growth, elaboration and rectification: a development from within modified by influences from without. The moral and intellectual ideas now dominant are the heritage which has come down to the present generation from the beginning of humanity with the sanction of the immeasurable past; the prestige of remotest antiquity.

We agree with the writer. The thing we call philosophy has come down to us from the remote past, and the "ever-evolving, ever-developing process" hasn't helped the philosophy to an extent which requires special felicitation. The evolving and developing process has not established a reign of peace on earth; "good will toward man" is still nothing more than a glittering ideal. The age of simple honesty is as remote as ever. With the age of steel we have the age of *steel*. Instead of the nations "learning war no more," there is more war preparation than ever before in the entire realm of fact or fable.

What has the world learned by the ever-evolving, ever-developing philosophy from the "beginning of humanity?" What error has been abandoned that a still more vicious one has not taken its place? Here is the "human propensity" to ask questions, the origin of philosophy.

What were the superstitions of the past ages? What are the superstitions now? If advanced philosophers can find time to catalogue them they will find numerous changes; while some are buried others have been born, and all things considered, the superstitions of the present are the more glaring, and among them, the one postponing retribution maintains its rank and conspicuousness.

Why should it be assumed that rewards and punishments should be postponed to a time so remote that no arithmetical calculation can approximate the day? Are there not moral laws as active and as irrevocable as any other laws of which philosophy has

any conception? And what are the laws, aside from human statutes, the penalties of which do not at once follow their infraction? Is it not written, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law. * * * For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

What law? The law of right, justice, truth, equity, honesty, fair dealing. Moral laws, laws as eternal as the laws of gravitation and attraction. Violate any of them and the penalty follows. It is inevitable. If the laws are obeyed the reward is not postponed to some remote period so far distant that contemplation becomes bewildering, and if the reward is immediate, why should the penalty be remote?

A man meets a beggar and responds to his necessities, gives him food and shelter. He obeys a law. What is the reward? Who sees it? What outward demonstration is there that any reward has been bestowed? No trumpets are blown. No one goes forth to herald to the world that the law was obeyed. The reward is the consciousness of having obeyed the law. A new joy comes to the one who helps his fellow man.

On the other hand, suppose the beggar is turned away. He asked for bread and was given a stone. The man denied the beggar's request, violated the law. Why postpone the penalty till heaven and earth pass? Why not inflict it at once? Echo eternally answers, why? There is no reason why it should not be inflicted at once, nor is it true that there is delay. In the case of giving, the reward was joy; in the case of refusing, the penalty was remorse.

It may be said that the man who gave the stone instead of bread was incapable of remorse; that he had no conscience, that the last vestige of humanity had disappeared and selfishness had taken full possession of him, and that he was as barren of pity as a hungry wolf. Admit it, and what is the conclusion? Is it not that the man had been transformed into a beast? Is he not the victim of penalties, the description of which defies exaggeration? Has he not gone forth with a Cain mark upon his life? In the name of all the maledictions what penalty rivals the curse of being bereft of those faculties of mind, heart and soul which delight in thoughts and deeds that glorify humanity, and which in defiance of centuries of degradation, savagery, ignorance and superstition, have survived, and without reference to revelation proclaim man's divinity.

The idea that retributive justice is delayed annoys many people, while it is a source of comfort to others. It was Shakespeare's philosophy that

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will,"

and this has led to the conclusion that a man's destiny is fixed beyond his control. In other words; it is fatalism, and at once and forever dismisses the theory of retribution, of rewards and punishments. At this human nature is eternally in revolt. It will not have it so. Human laws are in conflict with the proposition. The intention is that rewards and punishments shall promptly follow deeds. That is the central idea of statutes in so far as they can be made to reach the subject, but as such laws cannot reach all wrongs the "final judgment" theory is brought into play to overcome what otherwise is supposed to be insuperable.

It is well understood that many and flagrant wrongs are perpetrated upon working men by corporations and by certain employers said to be as soulless as the corporations. To punish these wrongs by human statutes it is admitted is out of the question. The corporation having no soul has no compunction, no remorse. It never repents. There is for it no "final judgment," and the employer, supposed to be soulless, is adjudged equally exempt from all consciousness of guilt.

In all of this there is a total disregard of the principles of all things worthy of being called philosophy. It is in direct antagonism to the teachings of history. Neither nations, communities nor corporations escape just penalties any more than individuals. The process of trial and condemnation is slow, but the penalty is certain to come. The law in such cases is to be fulfilled. Heaven and earth may pass, but no penalty or reward of the law shall pass.

We are disposed to supply illustrations as demonstrations of the proposition. If we consult history it will not be difficult to see retributive justice in the decline and fall of empires traceable to the violation of certain irrevocable laws, conspicuously the Jews, the Assyrians, Medes and Persians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, and if the reader cares to descend to particulars and credit the record, the "Cities of the Plains" furnish further corroboration of the theory. The splendid empire erected by Napoleon fell about his head and he was permitted to contemplate the ruins while in person enduring retributive justice in exile.

To those desirous of grouping facts Spain to-day is an object lesson, and Chili, now in the throes of rebellion the most bloody and savage of the century, is paying the penalty of her cruelties inflicted upon Peru. Turn which way we may and the fact looms up in towering majesty that penalties are not postponed to a "final judgment day" to be set apart after the proclamation that "time shall be no more" has been made.

What is true of nations and communities is equally true of corporations and individ-

uals. The reader, familiar with current events, need not be told that retributive penalties are inflicted, certainly and continuously; not only in courts but outside of courts, beyond and independent of human codes. The mills of the gods are forever grinding, and the wrong-doers supply the grists.

Take the condition of Pennsylvania, and as a state its condition bears haggard testimony that the law of retribution is taking effect now. Civilized savagery, however paradoxical the term may appear, is giving to the state a character black with infamy, a reputation of unparalleled disgrace, while certain individuals and firms, corporations and associations are wearing marks of abhorrence compared with which the mark which omnipotence placed upon Cain was a decoration to be coveted.

Retribution comes in the present. It is not postponed. The facts are on every hand. There need be no solicitude about the matter. It is the eternal war between Right and Wrong, Truth and Error. If the individual adheres to the right, if he is a votary of truth and virtue, he wins. This is true of the organization of the Brotherhoods of Labor. Those who are supine, who are wanting in courage, who submit, trusting to a day of judgment when the stars are blown out, will suffer the penalty of degradation, and bequeath their degeneracy to their children. If, on the contrary, they champion the right fearlessly, regardless of consequences, their reward is certain, and their reward means the punishment of their oppressors.

C. L. Parker.

REVERIE.

I am sad and lonely now.

My heart is filled with sorrow;
The circle of our home is broken,
Another sad farewell is spoken,
In darkness deep we bow,
Lest darker be the morrow.

For our father's hands grew weak.
His trembling limbs grew weary,
Till the grim and silent reaper
Led him deeper, deeper, deeper
Neath the shadows cold and bleak,
By the river dark and dreary.

And I'm watching now alone
By the bedside of my mother;
And the low and feeble breathing,
Like some distant waters seething,
With a low and sullen moan,
Seems my fondest hopes to smother.

Oh, the weary, anxious hours,
As I watch the fearful changes!
Now seeming almost taken,
Her trembling figure shaken
By the awful, deathly powers,
As the dread affliction ranges.

Oh, that He were here to heal
Who spake to Peter's mother,
And the fever's throbbing, burning
Passed away! My heart is yearning
And hoping, as I kneel,
For His power to heal another.

STANBERRY, Mo.

Geo. W. Hall.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month.

Current Notes and Comments.

Compound Over two years ago the Pennsylvania railroad imported a compound locomotive, built after the designs of Mr. Webb by Beyer, Peacock & Co., at Manchester, England. The locomotive was tested by Mr. Webb before it was shipped to this country, and in order to insure it fair play an experienced engineer was sent over with it, and staid here some months to give such information about it as might be required. From time to time during these two years statements in regard to its performance have reached the press through unofficial sources, but the management of the Pennsylvania railroad is evidently not conducting these experiments for the benefit of the public, and hence no official accounts of its performance have ever made their appearance. Enough information has, however, been collected from different sources to establish the fact that the locomotive was not imported with the idea that it could do more work, or that it could develop more speed than any other locomotive of its size, but simply to test its claimed superiority in the saving of fuel, which, if proven, would amount to a large item in the expense account of a system such as the Pennsylvania railroad; for if the 2,560 locomotives of the system could be made to do the work with a saving on each of only one ton per day, at \$3 per ton, it would in one year amount to a grand total of over \$2,500,000, an item certainly worth considering.

From the various statements obtained it is evident that the claim of economy in fuel has been well sustained, the percentage of fuel saved ranging from 20 to as high as 33 per cent.; the latter figure would mean that it only required two pounds or two tons of coal in the compound to do the work that required three pounds or three tons in the ordinary engine. While this seems to be a very favorable showing for the compound experiments before alluded to in these columns as made on the Brooklyn elevated Railroad, and some others recently made on the Mexican Central railroad, all indicate that the compounds save at least 25 per cent. of fuel. On the Mexican Central, where coal costs about \$11 per ton, a saving of one ton in every four heretofore used would count up

even more quickly than on other systems having coal of their own or not so expensive. While the subject of economy in coal does not receive any attention on some roads which permit their engines to draw coal from their chutes without any check, or any account being taken of the amount consumed by any engine, the introduction of the English compound has caused considerable attention to be given to the matter, and thus we find that during the last eighteen months more than seventy compounds have been built in different sections of the country, and all have been more or less economical in the use of fuel. As employes of the railroads we are naturally interested in any economy to be introduced, and especially so in this instance where it is proposed to turn what would go up in needless smoke, into money for the benefit of all concerned.

There is another feature in connection with this matter which it seems to me should be regarded as of vital interest to our order, and that is the fact that the handling of a vast amount of coal might be saved to our membership, thus helping to preserve the strength and vigor of each individual. Many a man in the East has burned from fifteen to twenty thousand tons of coal during his apprenticeship as a fireman, and even with the short periods required in some sections the general average of coal shoveled will not fall far from eight thousand tons by one man during his service of fireman, and if we can by any means have this pile reduced by two thousand tons it would mean that much wear and tear saved to the human machine, which like all other things of earth will only stand a certain amount of work before becoming disabled and worn out. Anything like this, tending to preserve the vitality of its members, is certainly of interest to an association which has a monetary interest in the strength, health and life of its members as ours has, and it thus becomes an open question whether we should not try by every fair means to encourage the introduction of means so well calculated to prolong vigor.

Aside from the question of economy in fuel, it seems that the English or Webb compound has several other features which deserve commendation. In recent articles extensively circulated by the mechanical press it is proposed to attain high speed by discarding connecting or side rods and running by one pair of drivers. A great deal of stress is laid in this article upon the strain imposed upon locomotives by the coupling of the wheels together, nor is this without some good reason, for it is a well known fact the wear of drivers is very unequal, and that after a few months' use engines will have wheels of such uneven size that if compelled to make an equal number of

revolutions to the mile one or the other will have to slide part of the time. That much power is wasted in this way and that much unnecessary strain is imposed on the pins and rods cannot be denied, and yet our American practice of heavy trains demands more adhesion than can be obtained by one pair of drivers, and compels locomotive men to couple two or more pair of drivers to pull the loads. The Webb compound has no side rods but has two pairs of drivers, and ought thus to be the very engine required for our heavy trains. The high pressure cylinders are attached to the rear drivers by the usual main rods and pins set at the usual (90 degrees) angle, and the low pressure cylinder is located in the center, right under the smoke arch, its rod being attached to a crank in the center of its front driving axle. This virtually gives a combination of two, or rather of three, engines to produce motion in one locomotive. It will be seen that either axle can turn without regard to the other, and entirely independent of it, hence there is no binding or friction between the two pairs of wheels.

Another feature of the Webb is that it is so arranged that in order to help the small (14 inch) high pressure cylinders start the train, steam can be let into the low pressure cylinder direct from the boiler, until speed is obtained, when the exhaust steam is used in the low pressure cylinder. As this arrangement can be used as long as required engineers will appreciate it, for it would enable them to run their engines even with two cylinders disabled, as either of the three or any two of them could be used without interfering with the disabled one. As breakdowns will happen sometimes, it is surely good policy to have "two strings to your bow," and will, no doubt, be found exceedingly handy in a pinch.

* *

Pulling Her Fire. I see Friend Tucker explains what he calls pulling the fire with soft coal which differs from what we are used to call "hauling her fire" here, which I supposed was what was meant by the inquirer. In firing hard coal at times we get a so-called light coal burning very free (nearly like wood) and if there are any thin places in the fire and the engine is being worked hard, it is apt to pick holes at these thin places and draw the coal to other heavier parts of the fire and pile it up there, thus making bad worse, for the trouble before was that the air was stopped by the thick places and thus forced through the thinner parts of the fire to its detriment, and if it helps to make the fire still more uneven it is certainly getting worse. Some engines by a faulty adjustment of the draft-pipe are very liable to do this and need constant watching and sometimes in spite of the utmost care will get

started at it and when once started it is a hard matter to get it under control, except by knocking out a part of the front end of the fire toward which the coal is being drawn by the exhaust. This is sometimes a very hard job as often the fire is over two feet thick and being only partly burned very solid, but unless it is done there is little hope for steam with such a fire.

* *

Examinations. The annual meeting of the Master Mechanics' Association was held at Cape May, N. J., in June and about the only matter of more than a passing interest to us was the report of the committee on examinations of firemen for promotion. The committee sent out a circular of inquiry among the members and from the answers they drew the following conclusions.

1. That the majority of the roads considered it best to make their own engineers from the firemen in their employ in preference to hiring them as such from other roads, except on new roads or isolated systems where the demand for engineers was greater than the supply of material at hand, and in such cases the engineers have to pass through the same examination as firemen for promotion.

2. That applicants for promotion were examined, but could not give any general form.

3. That the majority favored over 21 and under 28 years.

4. That there appeared to be a nearly even division about firing on a switch engine the first year.

5. That the almost unanimous opinion seemed to be in favor of a three years service as fireman before being eligible to promotion.

The committee showed their appreciation of a good thing by presenting, incorporated with their report, a synopsis of the "Progressive Examination," which John A. Hill has been publishing in the *Locomotive Engineer* for the past three months and of which another installment is to come in the August number. The association also showed their wisdom by adopting the report without debate, as they no doubt felt that it could not very easily be improved. The four numbers of the *Engineer*, containing these chapters, are worth more than a whole year's subscription to the paper, and we hope that all progressive firemen, and even engineers, will obtain and study them for themselves as it is worth their while to do so.

At some other time we may take up some of the other subjects that were discussed at the convention.

Wm. Weiler.

Dr. W. L. Breyfogle, late president of the L. N. A. & C., has purchased the forge rolling mill at New Albany, Ind., for \$100,000.

NEW ALGER, IOWA, June 20th, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to know through the medium of this department how to disconnect an intermediate connected engine (ten wheeler) when she has a broken eccentric rod, or when the links have to be taken down for any reason. Would the rod that connects the rocker-arms have to be taken down? The arm that is at the links may not be called rocker-arm; if not, I should like to know by what name it should be called. I had a chance the other day, (while my engineer was away for lunch) and thought I would try Alexander's Ready Reference example for setting eccentrics. I placed the engine on the forward centre, with the reverse lever in the back notch, and marked the valve stem. I then put the lever ahead in the forward notch and found that the mark on the valve stem had not moved a hair. Maybe it did not set me to thinking, but I should like to see the reason put down in black and white, why that valve stem did not move, and how much it would have moved if the eccentric had been slipped one-half inch.

I hope you will not think these questions too simple to publish; I belong to the B. L. F. and am proud of it. I will not tell you how long I have been firing or running, but I have made the black smoke roll until the farmers' chickens went to roost at noon.

Yours truly,

Wm. Peirce.

The Wheel Question Once More.

MR. EDITOR:—In spite of the fact that I have heretofore said that I would not have anything more to say to Mr. Lockwood on this question, the rules of ordinary courtesy demand that I should break this resolve, and to acknowledge the receipt of the table and attachments which he has taken the trouble to send me by your hands, for my enlightenment and instruction, and also the card of invitation to the special train to be pulled by the "Shaw Locomotive" from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on Thursday, May 28th, and to express my regrets that owing to the roundabout way in which the invitation was sent it did not reach me until it was too late to attend; a circumstance which I greatly regret, as my acquaintance with Mr. Lockwood dates back to the convention of our order held in Philadelphia in 1885, at which time Mr. Lockwood insisted on making several of us the proud owners of a number of shares in a Cemetery Association for the sake of our votes. But this is really straying from the subject, for I simply intended to allude to my presence in Philadelphia at the time to assure Mr. Lockwood that I was present at the Institute, listened to his lecture, and carried away and have up to this time preserved

the rack wheels, which were so freely distributed to us at that place. It was therefore hardly worth while to send me another set, as I believe I have referred to my other ones pretty often; it is true, however, that they have never convinced me that "Twice nothing or even four times nothing" can ever be anything.

Since receiving Mr. Lockwood's table and attachments, I have studied it, taking it at the starting points as laid out by Mr. Lockwood and rolling the rack wheel along the rack rail with the other rack rail on the top of the wheel, and noted the result. I find that the bottom of the wheel is at rest. (I never disputed that fact.) In rolling it along one revolution I find that every part of periphery of the wheel in its turn becomes the bottom, and that at the end of the revolution the same point is again in contact with the rail. The center of the wheel is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the starting point; so, indeed, are the top and bottom, because the wheel has remained entire in spite of the various motions it has gone through, each part having been up and down in its turn. "But," says Mr. Lockwood, "what of the upper rail?" It has gone along so much faster." Very true, so it has; because it has only received its motion from the top of the wheel and has never in any manner felt the effect of the slower motion and the stop at the bottom of the wheel.

My reply in regard to the motion of the parts of a wheel would be that the bottom is at rest; that the top moves twice as fast as the center, and Mr. Lockwood will find that this is proven by his own wheels, for when the wheel has made one revolution we find that it has moved $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the top rail 19 inches, thus clearly showing that the top moves twice as fast as the center. Now if Mr. Lockwood wishes to know the exact spot whose motion is to the top as four to one, he will find it not at the tread, but just half way between the tread and the center of the axle, and this proposition is capable of demonstration by any of a series of examples, either by arithmetic or by the wheels so freely furnished by Mr. Lockwood. On a four foot wheel the point moving at one-fourth of the speed of the top would be one foot from the bottom and not so close to the bottom as to be beyond our skill of measuring as Mr. Lockwood intimates. This is all I can grant in the controversy, and I do not see that this will materially assist Mr. Lockwood in its application to locomotives, for as all well know, the locomotive does not carry its load on top of the wheel like this rail, but on the axle. In Mr. Lockwood's apparatus friction is entirely eliminated, as no part of the arrangement need nor does slip on the other; the wheel rolling on the rail and the rail on the wheel create no friction. In the locomotive, however, to

keep the upper works in their place it is found necessary to saddle them at some point, and the best place to do this appeared to be the axle; hence we have the boxes riding on the axles, by means of which the load is kept in one place and by which the train behind the engine is also pulled along. This brings me back to my old point of regarding the work to be done by a locomotive, as the pull of the axle against the box to overcome the resistance offered by the train.

I hope that Mr. Lockwood will fully understand me now and that it will not be necessary to go over this ground again.

Vulcan.

Something about Engineers and Firemen.

In the *Locomotive Engineer* for June, we notice two communications which contain such "good reading" that we make a few extracts.

T. B. Purvis, Jr., writes from Albany, N. Y., prudently, we think, complaining because of the frequent allusion in "railroad publications" to the "ignorance of engineers." The writer, who claims to know much about engineers, is of the opinion that they are "superior in intelligence to any class of skilled laborers" he is acquainted with, and adds, "we do not, nor do we expect to find many of them who are scientists, mathematicians, or graduates of the higher institutions of learning, but we do find men of good common sense, sound judgment, quick perception and excellent reasoning faculties—men who are perhaps able to give points to writers who are afraid to be known in print." The writer does not deny that there are in the ranks incompetent engineers, and adds:

No doubt some roads do, even in this advanced age, employ men as firemen who scarcely have the rudiments of an education. They learn intuitively how to perform their various duties, and in time how to start and stop a locomotive, how to regulate the water feed, and how to "tie up" in case of a breakdown. They have never given the matter any special thought or study, because they have not the mental ability to grasp it. They could enlighten themselves on many subjects if they would devote a small portion of their leisure time to reading suitable books; but to these men reading is distasteful and irksome. They have no use for book knowledge; they feel their weakness, but cannot apply the remedy. Invariably, in every case, they can be blamed for their ignorance, but can you blame them for being engineers? I should say not.

There is one very dangerous shoal for the young engineer to pass. To illustrate: A young man is graduated from college as a physician or lawyer, and receives his sheepskin; but if he would succeed in his chosen profession he must not rely wholly upon his college record, he must keep up with the times, and still devote much time to study and research.

A young man is graduated from a technical school and writes three or four letters after his name, but if he stops here he will get left. He must keep abreast with our nineteenth century hustlers or be relegated to the rear of the procession with the drones.

Again: A young man has been firing a number

of years, has an excellent record, is bright, intelligent, and quick to "catch on." He at last reaches the height of his ambition, through merit, and becomes an engineer. As a fireman he was of an investigating turn of mind, would ask to be enlightened on subjects that he did not understand, but now that he is an engineer he is above asking questions, because an engineer should know almost everything. This young man has ceased to be progressive. "Got there," as it were, and now he is going to take things easy.

He has lapsed into a sort of a comatose state, and, if he does not awaken, some one will pass him, and in a few years he will find himself in the rear rank.

Clinton B. Conger writes from Grand Rapids, Mich. His subject is "coal burning." He had a fireman who seemed to take special pride in his ignorance, so he "shook him," and then says:

My regular fireman will keep her hot all day, and she never makes any smoke to hurt—just a little each fire that he puts in. I see to keeping a good arch in her, and he attends to the rest. He puts in one to three scoops at a time, and don't fire any oftener than the fellow that puts in twice as much at a time. When he first came on with me he used to spend about half of his time cracking coal, and would not put a chunk bigger than your fist in to her. I asked him why he did it; he said the engine would not keep hot on coarse feed. She used to burn eight ton on the round trip, and never was what you could call a good steamer; now she takes five and half to six ton, and I have made up more time on the fast run since I got him than anybody else; he ought to have the credit of it. She is always within about five pounds of blowing off, and stays right there, so I can hook her up in six inches, and whale the stuffing out of four cars, or nine inches with the night express, which has nine cars mostly, whenever we are late, which seems to happen every day; some of the fellers on the other division don't seem to care about getting in on time.

"But that boy of mine is a dandy. I begin to believe what you told me last fall—that knowledge always helps out muscle. He ain't got much muscle, but he is away up on knowledge. Our traveling engineer is always asking the boys hard questions. I guess he don't know how hard it is to answer some of them. I told him so a while ago; he laughed, and said it didn't hurt anybody to have to rustle around and learn about his trade. Well, as I was saying, when they run up against a hard question they come over to my boy, and he gets out his books and talks about combustion, leverage, expansion, lap and lead, till you can't rest. I never knew but one other fellow just like him. He is master mechanic of a big road now, and I am a common plug puller. It is curious how some men take an interest in such things, and get good soft jobs out of it."

Such views from practical men ought to be regarded as valuable and exert a good influence. The fireman is the coming engineer. If he is a student of his work he will rank high—otherwise he will either not get there at all, or will rank low if he should become an engineer. Ignorance don't pay now, and as the years go by the penalties it invites will increase in severity. There is no excuse for ignorance on the part of a locomotive engineer or fireman. They can fully master everything required. It is simply a question of *will*—all else is at hand.

The governor of New York has signed the bill giving the railroad commissioners full authority to compel railroad companies to properly ventilate and light railway tunnels.

Queries and Answers from the "Locomotive Engineer."

J. H. R. Huntington, Ind., asks:

Please tell me how to determine when the cylinder packing is blowing and also tell when the valves are blowing, and how to determine which side, without opening the front door of smoke arch: I have often heard my engineer say the valves were blowing. I could not see any difference between the valves blowing than when he said the packing was blowing. A.—When the valves blow, the sound of escaping steam to the exhaust nozzle is more nearly continuous than it is when packing blows, especially when links are hooked up. By moving engine slowly you can tell on which side packing blows, as when one side is using steam the other is not. To be sure a valve blows, place the suspected side on or about the center, put reverse lever in center notch, open cylinder cocks, and give engine a little steam. If steam shows at cylinder cocks, the joint between valve and seat is not tight. If you place and block the engine so that the piston of the suspected side is in the center of the cylinder, put the reverse lever in the corner and open cylinder cocks and give her steam. A strong blow will take place from the cock in the end taking steam. If any steam appears at the other cock, the piston packing is not tight. There are half a dozen ways to hunt for blows; think about them and reason them out. Once you get the difference in sound between these blows in your head, you will be able to tell them by the sound alone.

Is it true that when one side is using steam the other is not?

G. E. R., Westown, Pa., asks:

Does the pressure on the crank-pin of a locomotive have the same leverage to move the engine when the crank is on the upper side of wheel as on the lower? The fulcrum appears to change from the axle to the top of rail, and it appears to have more power when the crank is moving toward the cylinder. A.—There is no difference in the leverage when pin is above or below the axle, and the fulcrum does not change.

The answer is respectfully referred to Mr. Lockwood as to a location for the fulcrum.

J. H. C., Jersey City, writes:

Will you please answer the following questions, to settle a dispute between several locomotive engineers on the New York division. P. R. R., and oblige: 1. At what point in a locomotive boiler can be found the greatest pressure? Some say the steam dome is under the greatest strain; others say not. I claim that if two pressure gauges be placed, one at top of dome, the other at leg of fire-box, the lower one will show the greatest pressure, owing to the height of water. A.—At the bottom, on account of weight of water. 2. Why are check valves placed below the water line? A.—Because it is generally considered best to feed below the water line. Some locomotives are fed above. 3. Will an injector work with compressed air in place of steam? A.—No.

M. C. G., Durham, N. C., writes:

To settle an argument between some brother engineers and myself, please say if a locomotive's drive wheels slip in rounding a curve. And if they do slip, please explain how, and oblige. A.—The outside rail on a curve is longer than the inside one, and in going around it, one of the wheels in a pair must slip on one rail or the other unless the face of the wheels are coned enough to compensate for the difference in length of rail.

Helpless, Charleston, S. C., asks:

1. What is a locomotive? A.—Anything capable of moving from place to place, but now universally considered as a wheeled machine, driven by a boiler and one or more steam engines. Look in your dictionary. 2. What is lead given a locomotive for? A.—To fill the ports early and reduce the shock of the engine in passing the centers. 3. What is the wheel base of a locomotive? A.—The distance from

the front to rear wheel on locomotive is the total wheel base, and that from the forward to rear driving wheel the rigid wheel base. 4. What is the wheel center? A.—As usually spoken of, it means the diameter of driving wheel center—not counting the tire.

We have received from Geo. E. Ferris, of Nashua, N. H., a photograph of a Boston & Maine engine, that is accused of alighting ahead when shut off, and running down hill, the same one of our correspondent, Jas. Nute, wrote about. We will give a beaver overcoat to the man who will give us a ride on an engine that will do this trick in our presence.

Go it, friend Hill! We'll back you.

How About the General Meigs wants the tenders Enginemen? of locomotives pulling postal cars made sloping at the back end, so that in case of collision the postal car will slide up the back of the tender and escape being crushed. In an interview with a reporter General Meigs expatiated at great length on this subject. He held that the end of a tender, as at present constructed, acted like a ram on the car next to it in case of accident. We must differ from the views of this big military man, and humbly express our conviction that the present form of tender is weaker in a concussion than the ends of most postal cars, and that a sloped tender would make a wedged weapon of offense that would be much more effective in crushing through a car than the present shape.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder*.

And it might be added with justice that, even if neither car nor tender would be crushed, as the General apparently believes, that such a proposition shows an entire disregard for the safety of the enginemen. Possibly the General would consider it quite entertaining, when sitting in a locomotive cab, to have a postal or baggage car occasionally slide up on top of him.—*Railway Review*.

That is the question for us.

The Ten-Thousand- The successful completion, without a balk or accident, of the trip of the President of the United States, several

Presidential Trip. members of his cabinet, their wives and friends, and numerous transient guests, including high political dignitaries and prominent railway officials, over a railway route of 10,000 miles, about evenly divided between the northern and southern portion of the country, in thirty days, and in accordance with an announced programme, under the skillful management of Mr. George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is an event that justly attracted much attention, and it reflects credit upon the railway service of the country.—From a railroad journal.

[And why not? Is the railroad service of America so poor that several people cannot travel for three or four weeks, 333 miles per day and 333 miles on Sunday, without attracting attention to the journey on account of its being completed without accident? If this be the case, it is time that railway service in the United States be improved. How about the engineers and other trainmen who travel 400 miles per day for 350 days each year, and take their chances regarding accidents? These men do not always have the company of an "assistant G. P. A." These men travel 140,000 miles per year, and they are human beings, built on the same plan as the President and his friends who accompanied him.]

Which reflects the most credit upon railroad management, 10,000 miles of safe travel for one party, or 140,000 miles repeated year after year, carrying safely thousands of people?

Truly may the editor of the *American Journal of Railway Appliances* ask: Why not? for certainly the lives and limbs of railroaders are as precious to them as the life and limbs of the President are to him. Vulcan.

The Faith of Inventors.

Unshaken faith in their ideas and a determined perseverance to overcome obstacles are gifts with which inventors have been endowed, or, in common parlance, they have their inventions "on the brain"—mount their hobbies and ride them continually. If they were influenced by rewards, or hopes of reward ultimately, it would seem, in the eyes of the world at large, that there was a "method in their madness," and that the tangibility of wealth was the terminus of the "hobby" race. But we find a large proportion of inventors unbiased and uninfluenced by any hope of wealth, money or reward. They labor and experiment as though their existence depended upon it; they labor with the hope only of ultimate success in accomplishing what they propose to perform, and that labor is with them a labor of life and love. This labor is ever constant to their minds, ever uppermost in their thoughts, ever exerting itself in every movement and every action. They are determined in overcoming every resistance. It is an example of the power of mind over matter—of intelligence over the powers of nature.

And what does the world owe to inventors? Civilization, arts, and commerce are the fruits of the inventors' "hobbies," and the greater part of these fruits have been the product of toil, many years of labor, at a cost of life, privation, and poverty; yet such was the inventor's faith that all obstacles have been overcome, and often after the results are obtained the fruit is left for others to mature and gather. Galileo declared the world "did move," and a prison was the result. Columbus, on the eve of his discovery, was nearly being thrown overboard by his discontented mariners. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Jenner, who first practiced vaccination, may be cited as examples of how great discoveries may be treated by the world before their discoveries are appreciated. Among the mechanics of a later day, Fulton, who was declared crazy; Colt, who had to mortgage his little stock of tools to obtain money to make his pistol; Goodyear, patiently toiling to obtain his results in the manufacture of rubber; Howe, bravely meeting all adversity to finish and introduce the sewing machine, may be cited as a few—very few—examples of struggling but afterward successful inventors. The list might be extended almost *ad infinitum*. Yet when success is achieved and the true value of the invention appreciated, the tardy meed of praise is tendered to the persistent faith of the inventor who accomplished the results.

Nor are poverty and adversity all that tries the inventor's faith in his projects. The ridicule of the masses and the sneers of the ignorant are perhaps as great discouragements as the former. Want of appreciation

must be the only excuse for such undeserved and unmerited echoes, which rebound upon the faith of the inventor.

We might say that all workers are inventors, few in the extreme, but all in a degree. He is an inventor who produces a cheaper product or goods of a better quality—who brings about a better result; he who simplifies a process—who modifies proportions of ingredients, or he who excludes an unnecessary portion from a machine, producing like results with fewer parts and motions. Anything of benefit to humanity is invention, and the author or producer is an inventor. A test of invention is the faculty to adapt means to an end without complexity, and an ability to advance human knowledge. Faith in this ability is omnipotent and tantamount to success, and this success is purchased with self sacrificing and energetic action, and a zeal to introduce the blessing of the results of their inventions and labors.

It is well the inventor has faith in the project of his brain, and the prospect of ultimate success is ever before him, and the dream of each night is that the morrow will produce the brilliant results which his dreams have depicted. It is well that it is so; for were it otherwise—were there no inventions—the world would be even now a barbaric chaos.—*The American Engineer.*

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, room 26, Atlantic building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of July, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone: viz.:

Car coupling, W. B. Barnes.
Electric signal apparatus, H. W. Spang.
Rail chair, S. Huber.
Heating and ventilating apparatus, T. H. Mott.
Coal car elevator, P. H. Lamey.
Rail joint, J. Bishop.
Railway switch, F. P. Hanchett.
Railway tie, G. R. Richardson.
Railway frog, T. J. and G. M. Clark.
Electric railway signal, H. W. Spang.
Track lifter, G. J. Kinzel.
Ventilator and cinder and dust guard for car windows, O. C. Rife.
Car wheel, A. Atwood.
Dumping car, J. G. Payson.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

The fourth locomotive belonging to the New York Elevated Railroad to have facets milled on the driving wheels according to the Swinerton prescription has been put in service, and the facets wore off during the first trip. Traveling Engineer Rauch, who is reported to have become the foster father of the invention, is said to spend his nights on the structure looking for the spots lost by the engine.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

DRESS AND ITS VOTARIES.

The subject of dress seems to be attracting considerable attention from our correspondents. It may be remarked, in passing, that it is an absorbing subject in many other directions. The show windows in our large stores, the crowds of eager shoppers, the many dress-making establishments, the numerous fashion magazines published, the great manufacturing establishments for women's apparel, all prove that the question of dress is one of wide spread interest and importance. It is the life of a very large portion of trade and keeps an immense amount of money in circulation. It is right and proper that every woman should give a reasonable amount of attention to dress. The danger lies in carrying it to extremes, but this is equally true of many other things. Money is a necessity, we could not do without it, and yet we are told that "the love of money is the root of evil," referring to the avarice that takes possession of men and to the attempts to obtain money by unlawful means. Religion is highly desirable, and yet some of the greatest crimes on record have been committed in the name of religion, and it is carried to such extent by many persons as to degenerate into fanaticism. Temperance and all kinds of charitable and reformatory work are necessary for the uplifting of humanity, and yet people become so carried away by their zeal in this direction as to neglect business and home duties. We need to beware of excess. The essential thing is to preserve an evenly-balanced and well-regulated temperament and to be moderate in all things.

The extravagant love of dress is considered to be an exclusively feminine weakness. While there is ample foundation for this charge, yet all of us have known men with an overpowering vanity, whose shirt fronts and ties and collars and cuffs and shoes were the object of life. Unpaid dress-makers are the exception, while unpaid tailors are the rule. Women do not run up bills without a prospect of the money to pay them, and the number of those who get this money by questionable means is

exceedingly small compared to the great masses of women who toil early and late for the bare necessities of life. But it is so common a thing for men to "stand off the tailor" that the latter is obliged to charge his paying customers an exorbitant price to make up his losses from the "dead beats," although men in all kinds of business get proportionately larger wages than women. However, we will admit that a fondness for dress prevails to a greater extent among women than men. What does this prove? Simply that women, as a class, love everything that is beautiful and refining, better than men do, as a class. They are desirous of surrounding themselves with pretty things in the home, curtains and pictures and bric-a-brac and fine linen and china; while men are more interested in being comfortable and having enough to eat. Women are fond of music and poetry and flowers, while the vast body of men care very little for any of these things. Women will make almost any sacrifice to put fine clothes on their children. Men will furnish the money but they do not see any particular reason for them.

There is in woman an inborn love of the aesthetic which does not exist in man. So long as this finds expression in the manner referred to above, it is approved and encouraged. Men would not have it any different. They depend upon woman to preserve and perpetuate all these refining and beautifying elements of life, whose necessities they recognize in a vague sort of way. It is only when she applies these principles to the adornment of her own person that they feel called upon to scoff and censure. This is undoubtedly because women have carried this matter to extremes, going beyond their means, devoting too much time to it, injuring their health and making themselves ridiculous. That this is done we will be obliged to admit, sorrowfully, regretfully but truthfully. In discussing the question from a sensible standpoint, we will have to leave such women out of the question. Nothing that could be said here would convince them of the error of their ways. A rational fondness for the adornment of the person is commendable. Our body is our self, not the immortal part but that temple of the soul which is to go with us through this life, and it is a sacred duty to care for it and beautify it. The rules of health in regard to eating, drinking, bathing, sleeping, etc., should be scrupulously observed, not alone because it makes us more comfortable but because it renders us more attractive and agreeable to others. No beauty, no accomplishments can take the place of sweet cleanliness. The hair should be frequently washed and brushed, the teeth and nails attended to, the skin kept soft and clean, all the little details carefully observed. These

things indicate refinement of character quite as much as or more than any graces of speech or action. There is a great temptation to neglect these requirements of the toilet after one is married and the demands upon the time and strength increase, but so far as it is possible to do so, every woman should hold fast to them.

We are told that the lilies of the field take no thought wherewith they shall be clothed. Fortunate lilies, that may stand forth in the purity and simplicity of the garb which nature bestows! Women must add to the gifts of nature garments of wonderful and complicated fashion. There has been a misconception of the curse pronounced upon Eve; it was in reality, Henceforth shalt thou wear clothes. But as the penalty of labor imposed upon man has proved a blessing instead of a curse, so this command has brought pleasure as well as trouble upon women. To be well dressed makes a woman feel at peace with all the world. It is an art which must be studied. Men have a great advantage in this respect. They have only a few styles from which to choose and the tailor does the rest. The shapes and colors and fashions of women's clothes are infinite and, as many are compelled to make their own, the task of selecting what is suitable and becoming and making it properly is most difficult. Every woman should thoroughly study her good and her bad points and learn to increase the former and hide the latter. For instance, the present clinging style of dress should only be adopted by the few who have perfect figures. The studies in anatomy that are afforded by a walk down street on a pleasant afternoon are enough to make a sensible woman hide her head in mortification.

One who is excessively thin should wear draperies whether they are the height of fashion or not, and the extremely stout woman should have her skirts made with long pleats and folds that will partly conceal the form. Both should leave something for the imagination. The present much puffed and shirred and wrinkled and trimmed style of waist and sleeves, while very becoming to persons of slight physique, makes fleshy women look ridiculous and should be greatly modified. The attempt to introduce trailing skirts should be repudiated at once and emphatically. For evening dresses to be worn only in the house, they are graceful and pretty, but for the street they are an abomination. The indications are that the old-fashioned panier is to be with us again. If so we may expect the majority of women to look like caricatures. Dress according to your figure and do not be dominated by fashion. Much of the harmony of the appearance depends upon the hat or bonnet. Study carefully the style of your head and

face and select a shape that is becoming, no matter whether or not it is the very latest thing out. Be governed by the same rule in arranging the hair. Take a hand glass and examine the contour of your head, face, ears and nose and adopt an arrangement that is best suited to all. It is really wonderful how greatly a woman's appearance may be improved by a close attention to all of these points. There was never a time when the dress was more light and comfortable than at present. Underwear has reached perfection. It fits like a glove and has no superfluity of useless and cumbersome trimming. It may be varied in thickness so that a single scant skirt is sufficient for any season. The steels and bustles and heavy linings of the dresses have disappeared and women should resist their introduction again. The corset we have always with us. It has its merits and demerits. If it must be worn let it be merely for support and not to decrease the size of the waist.

It is too much to hope that woman's clothes will ever be as comfortable as men's, but there is an improvement. As women get into business and realize the necessity for convenient garments, they will find some way to obtain them without entirely sacrificing beauty to utility. The Woman's Council, that immense body of representative women who met in Washington last year, appointed a committee to devise and report a "business dress" for women. While, of course, they cannot dictate in this matter, their suggestions will undoubtedly contain much that is valuable. Meanwhile let women bring their judgment and good sense to bear upon this question. Give it a reasonable amount of attention. Select as good material as you can afford, do not go to extremes in style, and never purchase beyond your means. Having made up your dresses and purchased your bonnets, bestow upon them no more care and do not discuss them. The old rule is a good one: Give a great deal of thought to your toilet while before your mirror and not any after you leave it.

We trust our readers will receive kindly any criticisms that may be made, and not cease to write on that account. There is no reason why the editor should be compelled to correct the same mistakes in from thirty to fifty letters every month, when they can be avoided by a little care on the part of the writers. There is no intention to "lecture." The directions and suggestions are made for the purpose of improving the standard of our department in which all of our contributors have a mutual interest.

Mrs. D. J. B., Santa Rosa, Cal., your letter was forwarded to the proper address.

PLEASE do not consume any space in your letters by expressing numerous doubts and fears lest they may not be published. If there is anything in them worth reading, they will go in. If there is not, they can not be used even to gratify the writers. Say something and you will be heard.

"A FIREMAN'S FRIEND, ROSE," of Terre Haute, writes appreciative words of the *Magazine* and the *Woman's Department*. She compliments No. 16.

KEITHSBURG, ILL., June 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The *Fireman's Magazine* is a welcome visitor at our house. Every page has good reading. Of late, as I have read the letters from different parts of the United States, I have thought, why not write one myself. Perhaps it is my duty to do my part in this department.

Each writer seems like a new acquaintance. They give variety to the generally monotonous thoughts of a woman confined at home with little folks and housework. I am "only a fireman's wife," but I am proud to say it. I have great respect for a man who will take hold of any honorable business and do it right for his own and his family's support. I believe in a woman making her home neat, attractive and pleasant. Surely woman's sphere is home-making. If your husband must smoke, let him feel free to smoke in his own home; if he wants to play cards let him do that also at home. I know I would allow these even if I were opposed to them. A man can't do everything just to please his wife, neither can a wife exactly suit her husband. We must expect to bear with each other's feelings. There seems to be a wide strata of contrariness in human nature. If we know we are not allowed a thing, that is just what we want. If the well is dry, we were never so thirsty. Let us teach our children to be honest, industrious, kind, affectionate and thoughtful. Give them a good common education. Let the boys learn a trade, and teach the girls the science of housework and sewing, for it is a science to do it right. I believe in a practical education. If I had spent the time I did over Latin and algebra practicing cooking a good meal, my cares would be less to-day.

So I say, girls, learn to cook well. I honestly believe a man thinks more of something good to eat than he does of where he will go when he dies. Nine years ago I stepped from the school room into my own kitchen, as inexperienced in housework as the word can mean. Five little ones have been added to the family. I have had everything to learn and do at the same time. If my girls have my experience I shall feel to blame for it.

Mothers are too apt to want to make ladies of their girls. I think men are inclined to think that they earn the money and have a right to spend it. Well, perhaps they do, but if a girl is taught economy she will not spend her husband's hard earned wages foolishly.

I think a woman should have an aim as well as a man. I am bound to be a good housekeeper and cook before I die; that is if I live my allotted time. I could die happy if my epitaph could read: "She was a good wife and mother and the boss cook."

Well, well, this won't do. The only apology I can make for this lengthy epistle is that I am a woman, and you know a woman never knows when she has said enough. Kind wishes to all.

See Em.

[An excellent letter. Should not the girls learn the Latin and algebra and the cooking also? If a woman should be thrown upon her own resources to make a living, she would find an education indispensable.—Ed.]

GOODLAND, KAN., May 18, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Now mayn't I please tell you "our boys" are going to have a ball the 21st? If you will let me, I won't say a word about R. wanting M. so badly, but can't get her.

Does it not look too bad to see a young man buy a house, plant trees and fix things up generally, and then have to get his mother to keep said house for him? But "good things come slow."

There is quite a wonderment who writes to the *Magazine* from Goodland. I am sure if they knew they would take up a "penny collection" and buy me a good pen, for if it were not for poor lone me you would not hear from Goodland often.

How refreshing the evergreens for decorating the opera house look, after seeing nothing but this "vast sea of prairie" for so long, and when I read of people cultivating cacti I feel like going out in the yard and filling a barrel to send them, such a nuisance as they are here, they are so thick.

Some one said to talk about our neighbors and let the "boys" rest. Just wait till I give you my most excellent soap receipt and I will: One box Lewis' lye, 4 pounds suet and 3 gallons water. I use double this amount at once. Put the lye, grease and 2 gallons of water in until the grease is "set," and then add the other 4 gallons of water. You never will buy any more soap after giving this a fair trial, and it makes the dirt and those nasty overclothes part company at once. My hands are quite tender, but this soap never chaps them. Gasoline is good to get the dirt out of overclothes. Put a little in the washing machine.

Tell "T. E. D." Arkansas City, to try this bread: One pint yeast (made from one cake of yeast), 1 quart of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of lard; beat this up with 1 quart of flour, and beat it hard, and then mix in enough flour to make a good, smooth dough. Mix this up at night and you can bake your bread before breakfast. It don't take as long for this kind of bread to bake as some other. Don't mix it much when you loaf it out.

Here's my cake receipt and then I must go to bed: 4 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, 3 cups of flour, 1 cup of butter, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Season to suit. *Phillips.*

[Don't you use any milk?—Ed.]

HOUSTON, TEX., June, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

My husband has often asked me why I didn't write something for the *Magazine*, but we have been married very near two years now and we have always boarded, so you see I have not the pleasure of telling the sisters how I manage my work, so I can go out whenever my husband wishes, make a garden, make my dresses, put up tempting lunches (for I am an engineer's wife), or any of the many little things women can do to make home happy. I have been willing to stand back and let other ladies write who can write something interesting as well as improving to all. I have not seen a letter from Houston since I have been here, so I'll tell you what little I know. Houston is a very pretty place and it is growing and improving rapidly, but I do not like it as well as I do my former home, Mobile, Ala. It makes no difference where we go we will have a tender spot in our hearts for our old home. My husband is a member of the B. of L. F.; he always attends the meetings when he is not on the road. I think it is their duty to go, but nothing puts me in a bad humor so quickly as for him to say after he comes in and gets the smut off and clothes changed, after being gone several days: "There is a meeting this evening; I must go," and when men get together they talk so long; they think very little about the minutes slipping by that we think are hours. I would like to exchange music with some of the ladies. I have some very pretty duets and plenty of other music. I have some crochet patterns; I will be glad if some one will exchange with me. Wishing success to the Brotherhood and Woman's Department, I am an engineer's wife.

I. Elizabeth.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been thinking of the letters from the young prospective brides. I picture before me their young, happy faces, their bright prospects of the future—for who ever saw a young couple without bright prospects—their nimble fingers preparing dainty wardrobes, or pretty furnishings for the future home. To each one would I say a word. You have known your intended husband long enough to learn his habits and disposition as well as possible until you live together. Both of you have been raised by different parents and have had different surroundings, different teachings and different influences; the little things in each one which make up the different characters, you will neither one notice until you are thrown wholly together. At first you will be completely wrapped up in each other; the novelty of the great change, the newness of the possession, the excitement of the trip, the happiness of furnishing the house, the calling of friends and their congratulations; all these will occupy a certain amount of time, long or short, as circumstances may permit, but at the end will come the settling down to real life. Hitherto you have been the pet of your family; you have been shielded from all the cares and troubles of life; as nearly as possible your every thought and wish has been anticipated; raised from the cradle in the bosom of your family, all you do is right; they are accustomed to your moods, know your likes and dislikes, and as much as possible guard against the latter; love is the basis of all.

When you go out into the world as a bride and wife all is changed. Love still goes with you—your husband's love—but with it new cares, new duties and new responsibilities; your age will not save you, whether sixteen or sixty all will be the same; you will at once become the mistress of the house; thrown completely together, new traits will be developed in each other's character which before were not seen; then will come the necessity of self-restraint and self-denying, but with pure love for each other, to bear and forbear will be your aim and pleasure, for love makes a pleasure of all duties.

It has been an easy thing for you to gain your lover's love, but it should be your constant care and thought to keep your husband's love. In many ways you are stronger than your husband. You will carry your religious training zealously into your daily life, you will strive to keep up the little loving acts of your courtship days, the good bye kiss, the happy words of welcome, and the small courtesies which add so much to the home happiness; all these things depend upon you. If you have had good home training you will under no circumstances let yourself retrograde. No slang phrases will pass your lips; you will watch your grammar and not let yourself fall into grammatical errors in common conversation, and by so watching yourself you will counteract the influence which bears on your husband in his intercourse with the outer world. You will not only keep yourself up with your present attainments, but improve yourself, making yourself in every sense of the word a companion to your husband and preparing yourself in the future to be, not only a mother to your children—if you are so blessed—but a friend and companion, renewing your youth in them, entering into their pleasures, helping them with their studies and making their joys and sorrows your joys and sorrows.

You will not let yourself go backward in your personal appearance. Your dress may not be as fine after the first year, and you may not have as many ribbons and laces, but you will have just as much soap and water and as good a comb, and in this day of cheap dress goods and cheap muslin there is no reason—if you are so inclined—why you cannot always have your clothes sweet, and with a clean apron, clean skin, well combed hair and a little something to make your neck tidy, no matter what your work may be, you will always be a neat, clean wife in your husband's eyes and respected by your neighbors. You, as an American born woman, have the same advantage as the American born man. As the plough boy and the rail splitter have sat in the president's chair, so can you, by striving, become a lady amongst ladies and cultured amongst the edu-

cated. America can boast to-day of as many self-made women as self-made men.

To all our correspondents I would add, let us each one strive to improve our letters, for our own sakes as well as to please the editor, who, I am sure, finds some of us rusty, and is most patient with our shortcomings. A fireman's mother.

W. L. W.

[It is a very great pleasure to publish such a letter as this. We hope to hear often from our correspondent.—Ed.]

OMAHA, NEB., June 17, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

This is my first attempt to write a piece for the *Magazine*, though my intentions have been good for some time. I see there is a little complaint. Some seem to think that the older and married folks are monopolizing too much space in the *Magazine* and that the young people are neglecting it. Well, I think that the young folks ought to take more interest in the welfare of the *Magazine* than they do, especially the young ladies and gentlemen who have fathers and brothers connected with the locomotive department; not omitting the young men who are firemen and belong to the B. of L. F. I am a young man and a fireman of four years and have belonged to the B. of L. F. three, so I think I have a right to say this. I don't think that the older and married folks ought to be rejected as they are the ones who have had experience and can give advice to the young people. I see there are a great many good suggestions made in the letters of the *Magazine* and some if lived up to would be of much help to us in the future. I agree with the editor in regard to the managing husband business: it is like a warped and weather-beaten board, it is worn out. The sayings and doings of a married man have been well discussed.

The future letters I hope, and I guess most of the readers do too, will be on some good subject, or a variety of subjects, that will give information and instruction. The Future is a splendid subject to write on, and there is a good deal in it. A man or woman, no matter how unhappy or unpleasant his or her past has been, should be looking ahead to see what the future will bring forth, and figuring all the time how they can bring themselves on an equal or higher plane than their neighbor. As I have no more time to write on this subject now, and I think it a good one, I hope that some of the other writers will say something of it; I will try and say more next time.

Now Mrs. Editor, if this don't go where the managing husband letters go, I will write again. Prosperity to the *Magazine* and the B. of L. F. is my wish.

Yours respectfully,

Young Man.

["Young Man" will get in once without giving his name, but he must bring his card next time.—Ed.]

CHANUTE, KAN., June 22, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

My husband has been taking the *Magazine* only since Xmas and it would be superfluous for me to say that I have read and enjoyed not only the space allotted to us, but the whole.

I haven't seen any letters from Chanute as yet, but there might have been some before we commenced taking the *Magazine*.

Our city is a very pleasant place to live. The inhabitants are very social—there are not enough of us to be formal.

Just at the present time the Neosho river is occupying a great deal of our attention. It has overflowed its banks and last night it rose ten (10) feet and it is pitiful to see the wheat that is being destroyed. The trains are all delayed by the unsafe bridges and water-covered tracks.

My first letter is quite a long one so I will close in wishing all railroaders a long life and God speed in all their trips.

An Engineer's Daughter and a Fireman's Wife.

DENVER, COLO., May 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Through the kindness of a friend I receive a copy of the *Magazine* every month. I was never aware of its existence until last January, when I was fortunate enough to receive my first copy. It is interesting and I think it very nice, especially the Woman's Department. I think the letter in the April number signed "Mary," is just splendid. It's a pity there are not a few more homes like hers. I will say nothing concerning my own, as it is anything but a pleasant one, but the old adage says "Live in hopes if you die in despair." So I am living in hopes of having a home some day that I can call my own. When such does happen I will do all in my power to make it a pleasant one. I can give a receipt for anything in the line of cooking or managing a house, but when it comes to managing a husband I know very little more than mere hearsay, as I am rather inexperienced in that part of the business, but look forward to the day when I can write you ideas myself, and then I will tell you what the fate of a fire-boy's wife is.

Why do we never see a word from 77? Being acquainted with several of its members, and feeling as though I had an interest in it, I would like to see a line from some of its members. As this is my first attempt I will close. Promising to do better next time, I remain

Very Respectfully,

A Fireman's Girl, Little.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As my brothers take your *Magazine*, I frequently read some of the leading articles in it and many of the letters. As my brothers are both railroad men I have become interested in all that pertains to the work. It seems to me a very happy idea which suggested this medium for the men and women, whose interests are much the same, to become somewhat acquainted and thus to encourage the "fellow-feeling" which makes the whole world kin.

Last week the firemen formed a new lodge here, and as it is in the centre of the renowned Bluegrass region they hope to have a successful one. It seems that if at some future time the men should wish to have a holiday and royal good time they should bring their wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers and cousins and visit our beautiful little city, which can be easily approached from all points by railroad, and when here, one of the most suitable spots ever formed by nature is at their disposal. Our park, where "Chautauqua" is held every year, from the 2nd of June through July, where the pretty white tents dot the unkept grass, where all the oaks which rustled their leaves and formed a shade for Henry Clay are still remaining in their own natural grandeur. Then, of course, there are all the stock farms which can be visited, and again, there is the old true Kentucky hospitality, which would bid them welcome.

There are many characteristics brought out in the different letters. Among the interesting ones is that magnanimity displayed by "Charlie," who would let his wife manage herself. I am not married, but it seems to me if a man has sufficient belief in the intelligence, purity, refinement, and affection of a woman to choose her for his wife, then he should have sufficient respect for her ideas of what constitutes right and wrong to leave her sole power of self-control.

As the idea of this department seems to be mutual good and improvement, I have concluded to give a little hint which has occurred to me. Railroad men are not generally thought of as a refined, but on the other hand, a very rough and uncultivated class of persons. Why this should be, I do not know. Assuredly it is not necessary to have one's heart and soul and manners as black as his hands and face become. After all, it is not the clothes nor the polish except that which every true gentleman's instinct teaches which makes him really a man. It is the thoughts, the heart which dictates them, his actions, his conversation, his manner of life, which must distinguish the truly noble, whether he be

fireman or any other railroad official or whether he be the greatest professional man or aristocrat of the times. There is no reason why the men cannot be looked up to and thought of as refined gentlemen. By this I do not mean the duds of to-day, but well informed, gallant and abreast of the times. Let them, if possible, form reading rooms in connection with their society, where they can go when their "run" is made, where are all the leading magazines and best newspapers, some of our real "heart poets," and if possible, have a regular lecture course of best lecturers. There is nearly always a sufficient number of men with their wives in any town where there is a lodge to form an audience, and this would act as a recreation to their tired minds and bodies. I do not know of any class of men who really have less time, because their work is so hard and rest so short and yet if a great effort is made a little time for self-improvement can be found. Now is a time when men of sound mind and judgment are needed. If the federations are to prosper and reach the needs they are intended to supply, then men of high principle, of strong will, yet approachable, reasoning faculties, and men sufficiently acquainted with all the great issues of the day, and those who are capable of judging between what will ultimately be for the best under given circumstances, are the men who ought to form the Brotherhoods. The homes and boarding houses of the men have much to do in forming their characters, and so the wives and mothers should be careful what kind of influences they bring about the home life of these men who form so large a portion of the present population.

Hoping I have not made you all tired with this, my first letter, will close with many kindly wishes for the *Magazine* and its readers. *Olive.*

[A very good letter, containing many commendable suggestions. Let us hear from you again, and sign your name.—Ed.]

CADDO MILLS, TEX., June 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having received the *Firemen's Magazine* through the kindness of a friend for the past few months, I have become very much interested in them.

I have thought several times after reading the nice letters in the *Magazine*, that I would write, but as I never before ventured to write for any paper or magazine I felt rather timid in making a start.

I think the *Magazine* splendid, especially the Woman's Department.

I live somewhat in the northern part of Texas. This is a very beautiful country. Farmers are all very busy laying by their crops.

As "Card Playing" seems to be the principal subject now in the *Magazine*, I will give you my idea about it. I think card playing by all means should be kept out of the home circle. We can find plenty of other amusements and much nicer than card playing for the young at least. But as I am quite young yet I am not worthy of giving advice. I will close with my best wishes for the B. of L. F. and the *Magazine*. I remain a fireman's best friend.

Fannie.

STANBERRY, MO., June 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As we have seen nothing in the *Magazine* from Stanberry, Mo., we thought we would write a few lines. Stanberry is a beautiful city in northwest Missouri, has a fine normal and a splendid public school. There are a good many railroad men living here and we think they are the bravest and truest men that there are, especially the firemen. Our fathers are firemen and we are not ashamed to own it.

We take the *Magazine* and like it better than any *Magazine* published and always read the Woman's Department first. We are but school girls, age 16 and 18 years, but we thought we might encourage some of the older sisters to write. As this is our first venture into your charming circle we will close with best wishes to the *Magazine* and firemen, especially Banner Lodge, No. 56. If this is accepted we will write again.

Mary C. Marsh,
Alta B. Campbell.

TO MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

Dear Madam, don't think I am growing
Regardless of friends I admire,
Whose eloquent pens are bestowing
Sweet praise on my meritless lyre;
It was my intent to have written
A rhyme to yourself long ago,
Until you threw at me the mitten,
Last fall for a chap whom I know.

You kept singing of love and affection,
Sweet nightingales, ring doves and such,
Till you got my poor heart in subjection,
And held it secure in your clutch.
I supposed that I was your best fellow.
And often felt pride in the boast,
Until your false bosom grew mellow
With Sargent and Debs on the coast.

Ah, well; it is just the old story
I've read of and heard of for years;
You ne'er thought in the height of your glory
Of how I was sad and in tears.

I've written soft nonsense in volumes,
Dictated with sentiments true.
For the *Magazine's* eloquent columns,
Inscribed and transmitted to you;
I've toiled like a beaver to win you,
And have you love none but myself;
But, Lord! I've an action agin' you
For stowing my hopes on the shelf.

I've heard you looked robust and hearty—
Altho' you have written you're thin—
And flirted around with the party
Almost to the borders of sin.
How your eyes were most brilliantly gleaming—
You told me were scalded with tears—
Oh! madam, beware of such scheming,
And spare me your coquettish jeers.

Old sweetheart, my faithless and cold love,
While I have been constant and true,
"Be sure you are off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new;"
Or maybe you'll fail to console me
Until I sink deeply in gloom,
Indeed it was wrong to cajole me
In the way which you did, Mrs. Bloom.

Shandy Maguire.

NOVEL READING.

Novels are fictitious narratives, giving us false ideas of human life. They are flimsy productions of those who write for bread or mere idle fancy of a chimerical brain, highly embellished with love, chivalry and adventure. They palliate the vices and follies of mankind and underrate the sober refining virtues. An inveterate novel reader might be said to be analogous to an opium fiend, for the continual perusal of the novel and the continued use of the opium derange and poison the brain.

Crime is often attributed to liquor, but how much folly and wickedness can be traced to a dime novel? I pause for a reply, while you enumerate the many incidents that led to crime through a novel.

Novel reading leads to neglect. A novel in a novel reader's hands and there is no doing of any manual work until it is finished. The attraction of the magnet, or the influence of the moon over the tides is weak compared to the attraction that the novel wields over its victim. A wife neglects household duties, and often the little ones, given as a blessing, share the neglect, while the latest dime novel is being perused. The man allows ten fold the number of weeds to spring up into his garden while he is reading his much admired literature. Novels vitiate the taste, just as strong, adulterated liquors vitiate the stomach and constitution. Inspect the penitentiaries and you will find those there who put into execution the crime that the hero of a dime novel perpetrated. Go to the lunatic asylum and again you behold the effects of the dime novel, for there you will hear the ravings of a maddened brain which many times can be traced to the love for novel reading.

Is it by reading novels that the renowned lawyer,

the able statesman or the great orator has attained his eminence? Your answer is emphatically, no! cast a cursory glance at the pile of books that the young collegian has to study and you will readily see that the novel is excluded from the list. Books are true levelers and if we confine our perusal to the trashy we degrade our mental and moral faculties; so, by reading that which is good we may enrich our intellectual ability.

It is said that the sorrowing and troubled heart receives consolation from books; then we reiterate it must be pure, untainted literature to lighten the cares. Books are the voices of the dead and the distant and if they be good they inspire us with esteem and reverence for the author, but if they are deficient in elegance and truthfulness the sentiments set forth find no credence and the author's name, as well as his works soon pass into oblivion.

'Tis said that "reading maketh a full man," and we conscientiously believe that that reading should be literature far superior to that which we find in the majority of novels. How ridiculous, should our modest young lady of to-day be guilty of the same atrocious impropriety that the heroine of a dime novel figures in, and we would say "Fie!" denounce her and shun her society as we would a poisonous viper.

It is said that some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some to be chewed and digested. But we say the novel isn't one of those, for if you taste it you will be greedy enough to swallow it; consequently, it would have to be digested according to physical laws. We read books with pride, while we look on the novel with prejudice.

Emma E. Smith.

MILLVILLE, CAL.

[The writer sustains her side of the argument upon this question with much ability but there is something to be said on the other side. We should like the opinions of our readers upon this point. Have they been helped or harmed by novels?—Ed.]

ROCHESTER, MO., June 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Jas. A. Perry's host of friends in Illinois, Missouri and Texas, will remember with aching and sad hearts his untimely death in a train wreck in Mexico. He had won for himself the love of one of Missouri's dark haired maidens, and instead of the anxiously looked for letter containing the happy tidings of his coming to claim her for his bride, came a silent message: he is dead.

Her heart is now breaking under the dark cloud of sorrow that o'erhangs her weeping life!

While he sleeps softly and sweetly far away in the blessed mansions the loving Saviour has prepared, her fountain of grief flows in the silent grave yard: the pansies and roses, geraniums and weeping willows that wave o'er his new made grave, only remind her, as they are awakening from the winter's long reign of the glorious resurrection.

He has made his last trip, all danger is over, for he has crossed the deep waters with the angel boatman and now triumphantly chants the song of victory amid the glories of the evergreen shore.

The Lord gave—He took him, now, my dear sister, let him rest in the Saviour's bosom—and ere long he will sweetly linger 'neath the celestial shadows of the pearly gates, waiting and watching for you, and his dear, sorrowing sister now so sad and lonely, since he bidden you all a final farewell!

May God's sweet grace sustain and comfort you. Let his precious body moulder in peace, under the flowers, while his sweet loving spirit rejoices forever in the glorified realms above. May the Lord comfort your sad heart and grant you a happy meeting in the sweet bye and bye.

Mr. Perry's admiration for the *Woman's Department* was great, and he sent the *Magazine* to his intended wife.

Christianly,

Adelia Bygfield.

ELDERVILLE, TEXAS, May 27, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have neither father, brother, nor sweetheart belonging to the lodge, but I have some very dear friends that do, and it is through one of them that I get to read your valuable *Magazine*. He is also one of dear little cousin's best sweethearts, which makes his success in life doubly dear to me. Here in the South we have a great deal of amusements, such as fishing, pic-nicking, literary society, debates, and last but not least, preaching, which is a source of enjoyment.

To those that dislike card playing, I say don't play nor allow it in your house. I think it would be a sin, but there are some that enjoy it better than any other amusement.

I think it the difference in the nature of the boys when they go astray and not altogether the influence around them. I have played many games of euchre with my father and brothers and enjoyed it very much, and I have never heard of one of them being seen to indulge in any game at a gambling hall yet; but that don't make it right to play cards.

As for housekeeping I ought to be experienced in it, for I have been superintending household affairs for ten years or more, and find it very confining at times, especially when I have a great deal of company and want to go fishing or to a pic-nic, and want extra work and can't find any one to depend on. Sisters, own up now and say that at such times your homes are not as tidy as they should be, or are at any other time. I mean the sisters who attend to their own affairs in the kitchen.

I am an east Texas girl and can engage hired help much cheaper than the western sisters.

Some of you hurry and send in some real good receipts for plain, every day cooking, as well as Sunday eating. You see I fix up more on Sunday than any other day, and so do the rest of you I know.

Success to you all is the wish of

Doodle.

CARROLLTON, MO., June 15, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As it has been some time since I wrote a letter for the *Magazine*, I will employ my time this morning in writing a few lines. Undoubtedly the majority of my sisters who perused our Montpelier friend's letter, read it with flashing eyes and sneering lips, and unhesitatingly pronounced the writer a crank. Perhaps the verdict was just and right. But borrowing imagination's keen eyes, I read between the lines, finding there a far different meaning than that which he sought convey to us through his sarcastic pen, and with your kind permission I will paint a pen picture of Brother Richmond and his life. I see before me a man whose form would be fine if it were not for a stooping, shambling way that he has acquired by constantly peering into his neighbor's back door. His face, too, is rather handsome, but as we observe it closer we see that the eyes have an unpleasant sharpness, caused by watching for flaws in his brother's wife's manner of discharging her household duties, or her conduct in society. His lips are parted with a scoffing curl, so as to give his acid tongue the opportunity of revealing whatever faults he may discover in the weary wife, the harassed mother or the thoughtless girl. But for all this I can see that this man has a heart, that if it had been subjected to different influences, would have caused eyes and lips to glow, and smile with kindness and good fellowship, and his tongue would utter naught, but praises for those he so ungraciously abuses now. It is evident that he never knew a mother's tender care or love. Had he ever known such a love he never would make the foolish assertion that "earth would be heaven without women." No bright eyed sister has ever met him with a caress, and with soft hands affectionately smoothed from his brow the lines of care and made him forget, in her innocent presence, that the outside world was full of sin and snares.

Sweethearts? Ah, yes, the tone of his letter convinces me that he has had several too many, and moreover he has chosen them from a class of women who care only for a man's pocketbook. Unfortunately for us his views are so contracted that he can-

not discern the true from the untrue—the good from the bad, but makes the sweeping statement that one-third of the wives of to-day do not keep their homes as they should, but go (as he elegantly expresses it) gadding about with other men or gossiping with their neighbors.

The conclusion is readily reached that Mr. Richmond has passed the greater part of his time in a third rate boarding house, with a landlady who has worn herself out trying to please old disappointed bachelors, and the trial has proven too much for even a woman to bear and she has developed into a scold. Now that I have shown you this man in his true character, as judging by his letter I believe I have read him aright do you not think that he is deserving of pity rather than censure? Truly that man is to be pitied who has never had the benefits of a pure home. He is like a boat without an oar—drifting, drifting with the tide of unbelief, until he is wrecked on the rocks of dissipation. How many young men are saved from such a fate by the prayers, the words of warning spoken by true women? They are as numberless as the sands of the seashore. How often when men are tempted, the thought of mother, sister or wife gives them the strength to resist the temptation. Then let us learn a lesson from this poor man's letter—that a woman's influence is great, and God help us to use our influence in elevating man to such a height that he never more will say "that the snares of vile women have dragged him down to Hades." Let this influence so fill his heart with respect for women that there will not be room for thought of those who have fallen from purity. It is a great pity that Mr. R. did not marry before he became such a fault finder. Now I think it would require a woman with angelic temper to live with him.

With my best wishes for the *Magazine* and good luck to the firemen, I will close.

I remain yours truly,

Grace B. Cutler.

[Mr. R. will certainly be touched by this letter which no doubt verges upon the truth. Possibly some one woman is responsible for his bitterness of feeling but he makes the common mistake of judging all by one sad example.—Ed.]

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN., June 19, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Now when I tell I am not a fireman's wife, mother, sister or sweetheart, will you give me a corner in your department? I have been reading the *Magazine* and think it just splendid, except—no I will not say it. I do not know very much about railroad people, but I want to ask all of you who praise the railroadmen: Are there not as bad men on the railroad as elsewhere? I pity all the rest of mankind, for if they ever read the Woman's Department they must think they are "nowhere" in the mind of those contributors. Now I am glad I am not near any of the correspondents, as I would probably be so frightened at the "thunder clouds" on their brows that I would want the earth to open and swallow me.

I like "Charlie's" letter in the June number very much. He expresses my sentiment exactly. I, too, say: "Be what you are;" and if you have habits that you do not want known, try earnestly to give them up.

Charlie, why not take the maxim, "A good son makes a good husband," and apply it to the daughters. I think that the best way. Let us hear more on this subject; also how to judge a good husband. I am more interested in the latter.

As this is my first letter to any paper I will close.

Yours,

Maggie Miller.

[As the vast majority of our correspondents are connected by domestic ties with railroadmen they very naturally and properly admire them above all others.—Ed.]

AN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

The following lines written by request of Miss Mrs. Harris, are respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Fisher in memory of their daughter, Emily W. Jenkins, who died at Newark, Ohio, January 15, 1890, aged 15 years:

She sickened and died while the roses
Were abloom on her cheek young and fair;
And she whispered these sweet words at parting:
"Trust in God and you'll meet me up there,
In that heavenly home, celestial,
Whose pearly gates stand ajar,
For the pure in heart to enter—
Where sorrow ne'er comes to mar."

Oh! the anguish and sorrow at parting,
From the one we loved fondly and dear;
Grief-stricken we wept for our darling,
While death was approaching so near;
Yet she calmly awaited the summons,
That would call her from earth far away,
And it came as the last beams of sunlight,
Were foretelling the close of the day.

We laid her to rest with hands folded,
While mute were the lips, cold and white;
Each heart-throb was freighted with anguish,
When our loved one was hidden from sight;
And the future looms darkly before us—
All happiness in life is now o'er,
While our hearts are filled with deep yearning,
For her, who will come nevermore.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

COLORADO CITY, COLO., June 23, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

While not presuming to criticise your methods in any manner, it seems to us that you were a little harsh in the way in which you poured cold water on the literary effusions of "M. I. P." of Leadville, in the June number. We have no doubt that the young lady would have improved had she been given the slightest encouragement, and in time, perhaps, become one of your most valued contributors, but, after the scourging which she has received, it will be something strange if she ever again takes up her pen to write to the *Magazine*.

You express a wish that the correspondent will tell you something about Leadville. Now, we could tell you very little about that interesting city, so will leave it for her to describe if she chooses, and will endeavor to write about our little town and the country we traverse in making the trip from here to Leadville.

Colorado City lies nestled at the foot of Pike's Peak, (every city, town or village within a radius of one hundred miles is described that way,) and is said to have once been the capital of the State. It now has a population of between 1,500 and 1,600 people, and has still lots of room to grow. The principal shops of the Colorado Midland Railway are located here. The offices of the Superintendent, Master Mechanic, Roadmaster and the Dispatcher's office for the first division are also here. There are also a large glass factory, running night and day, their principal industry is making bottles for the famous Manitou Mineral Water; the Ute Pass Paint Company's works, where the crude minerals are converted into paints, mixed ready for use; a stucco and cement factory; and large quarries, from which are gotten out immense quantities of beautiful red sandstone, which is shipped to all parts of the continent.

We could give you a much better description of Colorado City, but here comes the caller to tell us that we are wanted for "No. 45, on time," so we take our "pie-box" and follow him to the round-house, where the engines are standing, ready to go. We glance into the fire-box, see that the supplies are all right, and when the engineer is ready, we move slowly out of the house and into the yard, where the train of ten loaded freight cars stand waiting for the two big engines. A few minutes more, and the engines are coupled on, the conductor

brings up the orders, the whistles sound "off brakes" and the fireman, grabbing the scoop and fire-door, commence a four handed duet of immense proportions.

Three miles from the start we reach Manitou, which you have heard of, or perhaps, visited. We have scarcely time to glance down at the beautiful little village before we come to the tunnels. Passing through them, we are almost directly over the wonderful Manitou Iron Springs, where so many invalids seek to regain lost health. Here we reach the 211 feet grade, and while the engineers give their engines the benefit of a few inches more valve travel, the slow, labored exhausts show that the monsters are loaded to their full capacity. Onward and upward we go, passing through six more tunnels, in close succession, creeping between overhanging rocks and over abysses, where derailment would mean a fall of hundreds of feet into the Fontaine Qui Bouille, which can be heard far below, sprawling over and quarrelling with the rocks which impede its progress.

Presently, Cascade Cañon is reached. This is a lovely little nook in the mountains, which attracts a number of visitors during the season. Here we side-track to meet the suburban passenger train, which runs between the numerous resorts and Colorado Springs. "Dad" comes along, just four minutes late, then on we go again, passing Ute Park, Green Mountain Falls, another pretty little resort, Woodland Park and Summit Park, and just two hours and twenty minutes from the start we are at Divide, twenty-five miles distant. Wasn't that a fast run?

Here the helper is cut off, one engine handling the train for the remainder of the trip. Looking far on to the westward we can see the white capped peaks of the Snowy Range, seventy miles distant.

Starting down from Divide, the train runs along fertile farming tracts, through grazing lands and past numerous saw mills, into the Four-mile or Florissant Cañon, at the mouth of which lies the little village of Florissant, noted chiefly for its proximity to Crystal Peak, the wonderful Petrified Stump, and the Cripple Creek mining district, which is attracting so many gold hunters at present.

In a few minutes we are ready to leave Florissant, and we glide swiftly down the valley till we reach the mouth of Granite Cañon, sometimes called the Eleven-mile Cañon of the Platte. Here we begin the ascent again, rushing through tunnels and seeking first one side, then the other of the narrow cañon, with its precipitous walls, sometimes almost shutting out the sunlight. At last we reach Idlewild, and are soon rolling over the South Park, whose broad acres of grazing and hay-land are the strongest possible contrast to the rock-bound gorge we have just come through.

The run across the Park is uneventful, and presently we are climbing the Musquitto Range, by ponderous curves and zig-zags, until we reach the summit and begin the descent into the valley of the Arkansas. At Buena Vista, (rightly named, for no one will deny that it is a "pretty view,") we look across and down the broad valley, where the land is so fertile and productive during the short summer season, and think we could be contented to live there always. Beyond the valley rise, in majestic proportions, the College Peaks, Princeton, Harvard and Yale, grim, heavy-headed and silent sentinels, seemingly keeping an unceasing and vigilant guard over the city and valley so far beneath them.

Reluctantly we leave the contemplation of this magnificent scene, and are soon running along the turbulent Arkansas, but the valley has become narrow, almost a gorge, and has lost its charm. However, this doesn't bother the fireman much, as the grade is heavy, and he hasn't much time for looking at the scenery. But right here we will stop a minute to say that no pen can describe the beauties of a trip over these mountains, and if you will only come out to see for yourself, we will take as much pride in showing you over the road as we would our best girl.

Well, just up there, around the curve, is Leadville. And fearful lest we should encroach on the domain of "M. I. P." we lay down our pen and bid adieu to the hotel, there to snooze until the caller comes to

warn us that it is time to take up the wearying burden of life again. He hands us the book and we inscribe our name.
Patsy Houltham.

[This is a charming letter and we trust our correspondent will favor us again. There was no intention of being "harsh" with M. I. P., but for nearly nine years we have tried by every gentle means to persuade our correspondents not to write such letters, and yet they are persisted in by those who declare themselves "constant readers." As this letter had no name signed, it was decided to make an example of it. The writer is undoubtedly capable of doing better and we hope to hear from her again over her own signature.—Ed.]

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, JUNE 20, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I supposed "Kicker" to be a woman because "Main Rod" said so in his letter to Woman's Department in the February number.

Speaking of books, I have just been reading "Thirty Years of Labor," by T. V. Powderly. I hope you will all read it and I assure you after doing so you will have more respect for the various lodges that your husband no doubt attends. You will also feel more sympathy for humanity.

There is so much to say of and about books I must not begin or I will overrun my space. Can any one tell me where I can obtain the life or biography of "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," through this department? I think it would be so nice to live in a large city where there are free or cheap libraries.

Mrs. Harper gave a lovely description of her new home; I know it is a pleasant one to live in.

Looking out from my window as I write just now, I see the cottage home of the Secretary of the B. of L. F. lodge, here at the foot of a lovely green knoll, above which are growing green trees, and a rustic fence is just visible through the foliage of vines and branches, all reminding one of the pictures of an old castle so often seen on the front of old-fashioned clocks.

Through an open door I see a large school building on an apparently high eminence, towering over the tops of cottages and leafy, low trees. Through another window a leafy woodland, where the forest birds are holding a musical concert. My home is quite in the suburbs and when I care for a walk in the woods or a swing in the hammock, I have them. This is all beautiful this lovely June weather, but like Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "I like to live entirely in the city," to see people and be among them. The most lonely and desolate feeling I ever experienced was once in the Texas Panhandle country, when we went for a drive of eighteen miles from Clarendon to Col. Goodnight's. He owns thousands of acres of land and stock both on foot and in banks, is a big cattleman and has everything earthly that man can enjoy except youth and happiness perhaps. For a time we were entirely out of sight of any human habitation or sign of life of any kind, only a large gray prairie where you could apparently see all over the world. O, how lonely, desolate and helpless I felt. Those with me did not seem to mind, but in a moment more carriages and people on horseback were passing, chatting and exchanging compliments, making things cheerful again. There were droves of cattle and the cowboys with their big hats and chivalrous hearts, the large tanks of cool, clear water splashing from the pumps at the windmills that are scattered every where over these syndicate lands. What a lot of lovely homes those lands would make if the Knights of Labor had their wishes and rights, and those lands were again restored to the public domains, and every man who wished could go there and have a home if he cared to undergo the privation that every pioneer must endure for a time.

Belle writes a practical, sensible letter. A few more like the one in the June number will likely

bring you an offer to take charge of a fashion department in some household paper; meanwhile give us the basque receipt you promised.

Margretta, you are right. There is nothing keeps a woman young, her ideas bright, her life interesting to herself and those around her like going from home at times; associating with others whom you like or whom you do not like so much probably. A free concert or lecture is well enough, but I see no especial reason why it should be free. There is a great gain made in man's happiness by the health and cheerfulness of his wife and children, and men never seem to begrudge money spent for their own pleasure. Why can't they see that a visit of their wives to the theater or concert, even at full fare, is cheaper than going alone. She is made cheerful and happy; has something pleasant and interesting to talk to you of when you are home, and you need not try so hard to keep back the pleasant memory of something that "just struck you" till you go out with the fellow who was there. You can have your little thought in common with your wife, who is your best friend, and who will have all these little things to keep her heart pure, her life brave, her thoughts pleasant, and her welcome home to you the most genuine pleasure on earth. It will keep your own thoughts of home and loved ones fresh and green while off on a dreary trip. Even when a woman does not care to go, and feels as if she cannot possibly spare the time to go, she will enjoy it if you can once coax her off, and she will feel better for it. You will find it is the very tonic she needs and will not cost you more probably than you now spend for sarsaparilla for her, from which she derives no benefit whatever, because she is not sick, but nervous and over-worked—over-wearied of the everlasting round of home duties.

Irene.

[Irene's letters are always welcome and helpful. If she will re-read the editor's letter she will find a description of pleasant rooms, but not a "home." Come again.—Ed.]

SEATTLE, WASH., June 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Among the many magazines having correspondence departments which I have taken, yours is the only one to which I have had any desire to write. Some of the letters have been very interesting and made me wish I knew the people who wrote them.

Until my only brother, who is a fireman, began working, I knew very little about railroad men, and thought them rather rough and unpleasant people. But, of course I could not think that of my brother, and, since reading your Magazine, I confess that I think I may have been very much mistaken. My brother has, since childhood, been deeply interested in everything pertaining to railroads and would not think of doing any other work. Consequently, we, too, are much interested, especially in the firemen, since he is one, and always read the Magazine with much pleasure. I would be glad to know some of the writers of the letters if it were possible to meet them.

You subject, so far, has made me hesitate about writing to you. I do not expect to be anyone's wife so, of course, have nothing to say about husbands and wives. But in spite of this fact, and although I am a stenographer, I like housekeeping and cooking, and hope to get some new recipes from the Magazine.

If I may I should like to ask the gentlemen who I notice often write to this Department, a question. What books on engineering, etc., would you recommend for a young fireman to read? I shall be very glad to get an answer to this question.

Hoping that you will admit me to your circle, I remain yours very sincerely.

Marie F. W.

[We hope this question may be answered. The other letter will appear next month.—Ed.]

A MYSTERY.

I went off to work this morning,
With a very queer longing for noon:
It was all explained when I came to dinner
And found the *Magazine* for June.
From the 8d or 4th day of April,
Till the same days of this month:
I have watched and waited for the *Magazine*.
Hoping it would soon come.

It has come at last and with gladness,
I've rendered its pages o'er,
And now I see my little poem,
Which I had seen never before.
Its title is "Our Firemen,"
And is not each word in it true,
For these dear men are so loving,
So loyal and kind to you?

Well many firemen have read my lines,
And wondered who it could be;
They thought of every one they knew,
But never a thought of me.
Some one say "'Tis Jack's mother or sister."
Others again would say,
'Tis away off in Mexico, not in California,
Is this San Jose.

Well, yes, it is in California,
And don't misdoubt my word.
For if it was not, not a word of that poem,
Not a line would you have heard.
'Tis the first that ever I did compose,
But will not be the last,
And now not composing to me
Will be a thing of the past.

No, I'm not a fireman's intended,
I'm not his darling wife;
And I'm sure I am not built the way
To enjoy a fireman's life,
I'm not a fireman's father,
I'm not a fireman's mother.
And I can say with honest truth,
I'm neither his sister nor brother.

I'm only a girl in the bloom of youth.
Yes, have always lived in this place,
I'm quite a big girl and would be good looking
If it wasn't for my face.
Now, firemen, wonder and guess again,
Who I am, you may guess right,
But I think I will stop writing
For it is half-past ten at night.

A Fireman's Friend,
E. H. L.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

HOPE, IDAHO, June 23, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Of late I have been an interested reader of the Woman's Department. I think the most of the subjects have been pretty well discussed. The all important question, "How to manage a husband," seems to be the one attracting the most attention. It has been quite ably handled by the "fair sex," who have been kind enough to favor us with their opinions and in most cases with more justice to the "lords of creation" than they deserve. There is room for a reasonable difference of opinion on both sides. But there can only be one opinion on the subject that our progress and advancement in this enlightened age are attributable to woman as much as man, notwithstanding the attacks of cranks and chroniclers to the contrary. Our Montpelier friend paints a very lurid picture of married life; one that the average man don't hanker after. He attacks the question with evil intent; he comes with evil in his eye and he fails to make clear one redeeming feature in woman, married or single. Such instances as he speaks of are exceptions and not the rule comparatively speaking but in this Western country it is fast becoming a howling evil; but why cite us an instance where a woman is unfitted to be a wife and make use of it as a standard from which to judge all woman kind? Where there is domestic infelicity it is pretty evenly divided; both have a story to tell. How many husbands, especially in this Western country, soon as pay day comes around and they

draw their pay, go around with the "boys" and in many cases they put down a dollar on the high card just for luck? The final of the matter is, to quote an old saying, "A fool and his money are soon parted." He goes home after staying out with the "boys" as long as he can till he has to seek rest. Probably his wife asks him for a few dollars to procure a certain article she has set her mind on when pay day comes. It is very easy to imagine her feelings; if she is of a peaceful and loving disposition (and in most cases such women are so unfortunate as to link their fortunes with such unworthy specimens of the higher order of animals, called man), the result is a peaceful one. If, on the other hand, she is of the opposite from what I have described the result is a stormy one, and who will blame her? Such men are usually faultfinding, exacting and unforgiving; aloofly in their dress, unfinished in their speech, uncouth in their manners and coarse in the treatment of others. These two great evils, drinking and gambling, and their associate vices, are in the main the source of much trouble in married life. The wives are the unwilling victims through the weakness and wicked tendencies of their husbands. Many husbands have not the courage to resist gambling or of having a time. Then why raise a howl if they set the example and their wives follow? They find fault if their wives gad about gossiping and scandal mongering among the neighbors. If he has no respect for his wife—and he hasn't when he drinks and gambles and stays out nights—why expect her to have any for him? Our loquacious friend also speaks of reform in woman's dress. From a sanitary point of view there is room for a reasonable reform, I will admit, but is public opinion ripe for the question of reform in dress? That question has been kept before the public for years by quite an army of angular maidens of uncertain years and questionable understanding—Dr. Mary Walker for instance. He has the effrontery after all his attacks on the fair sex to want some experienced person to tell an unfortunate fellow how to procure a wife. Why not try the Dr.? She suits his taste in dress, why not in all questions? As this is my first letter to the *Magazine*, I will close with best wishes for the Woman's Department and unusual prosperity for the *Magazine*.

Respectfully, Bystander.

[Our Montpelier friend seems to get a worse drubbing from those of his own sex than from the ladies. We hope "Bystander" will come again and give us his ideas upon other topics.—Ed.]

LEXINGTON, KY., June 19, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

After reading some very interesting letters in the June number of the E. of L. F. *Magazine* I decided to write a few lines. I am not a constant reader of the *Magazine*, as my fireman friend sometimes forgets to bring it, and quite often throws it off to one of the young ladies along the line.

Our city is considered one of the prettiest in all Kentucky. The places of most interest are the race-track, where we have the spring and fall races; the court house, where can be seen the lovely Hart Memorial Statue; Ashland Stock Farm proves to be the place of most interest to visitors that like to see some of the finest horses in the United States.

The park is the gayest place now as the tents are being put up for the Chautauqua, which commences to-morrow. Our cemetery is a beautiful place, having many lovely monuments; that of Henry Clay stands higher above the rest as if keeping guard over the silent dead. The boys of the W. W. & M. V. R. R. organized a new lodge here a few weeks ago, with B. W. Row as grand master, and a good one he will make if he manages the boys as well as he does the young ladies.

They say Bro. Robinson and several others have not gotten over their initiation yet. I would like to tell you more about the boys, but as I am not lucky enough to be a fireman's sister, sweetheart or wife, I am not well posted. Wishing success to all, I remain a fireman's friend.

Virginia Foley.

JACKSON, MICH., June 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Once more the *Magazine* has found its way to us, and brought with it the desire to accept the invitation to call again, received so long ago.

As our editor tells us that we may write upon every subject, I would like to ask: What shall we do with our tramps? That remnant of humanity who earns his living by asking for it at the doors of his more fortunate brothers.

My husband says that were I to see a dozen or so of them tumbling out of box cars I would not encourage tramping by giving them anything to eat when they are too lazy to lift a finger to honest work.

Perhaps not. But what little they receive seems poor enough, and shall we give them a stone when they ask for bread?

Somehow I cannot say no. There comes to my mind a time when they were well cared for and innocent. They all had mothers who dreamed of golden days in store for them, who kissed away the hurt of a hammered finger, and who cast as loving glances over the cradle of the future tramp as ever were cast on the slumbers of the future president.

We do not know what has caused their downfall. Some may enter tramping from choice, while who knows the soul storms others may have passed through to cause them to lose hold of all that life should make dear and drift hither and thither with no thought for the past, no glories for the future, beyond that of getting enough to eat to keep life in that travel stained, world weary body.

There seems to be no help for this evil. Shall we refuse, or shall we give to the homeless wanderer a share out of our abundance?

Prue.

[There are two sides to this question and we will ask the opinions of our correspondents.—Ed.]

BOULDER, COLORADO, June 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

When my son informed me that he had ordered the *Firemen's Magazine* sent to me, I concluded that, as I was neither fireman nor engineer, it was a very stupid place of business and I had no sort of use for such a journal, but later I found he had builded better than I knew, and now there's little in it that escapes my attention. The articles on the labor troubles, taxation, distribution of wealth, etc., are all mostly new to me, entertaining and instructive, but being no deep thinker on such abstruse subjects I see little signs of a passable road through the African forest tangle of labor difficulties of the country, although I sincerely hope it will be found peacefully and without a revolution. Notwithstanding Bellamy has drawn such a rose colored picture of a paradise on earth for the world a few years hence, yet I doubt the way lies through his doctrines, by reason of the inordinate greed and selfishness of the world in general and of those who are so acquisitive in particular.

But what I started to write about was to take some exceptions to the strictures on woman's dress by W. B. Richmond, of Montpelier, Idaho, who hails from the same locality as my son. I cannot quite determine from W. B. R.'s letter whether he is a woman or whether she is a man, but, because she appears to be so intimately acquainted with the details and esoterics of women's dress, I assume that she is of the feminine persuasion. Doubtless she is eminently correct in all or nearly all of her remarks, if she were writing from the standpoint of a plutocrat or for the edification of the wealthy; but if, as I much suspect, she be a workingman's wife or sister, she is, in my humble opinion all at sea, and I would like to ask her how many of her Montpelier sisters are burdened with low necks and invisible sleeves to say nothing of pads, cushions and bustles—which though fiction themselves are certainly founded on fact—and a dozen or two of quilted petticoats. That there may be a good deal of long hair among the ladies of Montpelier, I have no reason to question, and for my part, I hope there is—the longer the better—to enhance their own loveliness;

but why such coils should be productive of brain stupefaction is more than I can comprehend, as I read such a bright, brainy letter emanating from W. B. R.'s cranial gray matter (except that her subject is ill chosen) unless perhaps she herself may be short haired. Now, I wouldn't be afraid to wager a dollar to a peanut that there is not one woman in ten in Montpelier, but can robe or disrobe, on all ordinary occasions, much more expeditiously than can her husband, especially if the poor fellow has a short haired wife and has to stop and swear about his lack of shirt buttons; and if the peanut is won, as I believe it would be, why it seems to me, it is sufficient proof without further argument, that their bodices are not "buttoned in all manner of odd places—under the arm, at the side, on the back and on the shoulder." True enough it is, that men have greater physical strength than women, but it not on account of the difference of dress but because nature has arranged it so and because women themselves prefer to have it so; and W. B. R. may be assured that women might wear the breeches, all their lives, with no other effect upon their constitutions than to make them less captivating and less lovable. So then, W. B. R., if you will please let the women alone, I imagine I can safely guarantee that they will not go very far wrong in managing each for herself; and if she wants and must have her head banged in both hemispheres, or build little Eiffel towers onto her shoulders, or wear abortive but cunning little coat tails, or stick a little bit of ribbon, fur or feather here and there where it will do the most good or pull down her ears with ten karat diamonds till they are as long as a Jack rabbit, (and how much I wish they could afford it)—why it's all right! The men like to see it all and that is what the most of the women are after—praise be to the Lord that it is so. But have I not said enough? I observe it is proposed that the question be mooted—Is Marriage a Failure? It can be answered just as the difference in fungus can be determined. If you think you have eaten mushrooms and live, then you have eaten mushrooms; but if you think you have eaten mushrooms and die then you have eaten toadstools.

The length of this letter may possibly consign it to the ignominy of the W. B., but if it does I can't help it. As the Frenchman would say "Quand vous voulez désescher un marais, vous ne consultez pas les grenouilles." (In draining a swamp, the frogs are not consulted.) Neither do I suppose that my permission will be sought.

Yours respectfully,

C. E. R.

[Come again.—Ed.]

SACRAMENTO, CAL., June 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Enclosed is a beautiful clipping I found in an old paper. It is so full of the *higher thought*, which should govern the young (or old) when contemplating marriage, I thought it would reach the greatest number of that class perhaps, could it be published in the *Firemen's Magazine*.

For eight years this *Magazine* has come to our home every month and it seems to bring a cordial hand-clasp and "how do you do" from the entire army of workers it represents. We have six years in blinding and they are a nice addition to our little library.

The correspondence seems to bear almost entirely upon matrimonial topics, but surely married life is not so much that the unmarried should think there is, or can be, no happiness in *single* life. Until there are more soul marriages divorce courts will be crowded and suicides frequent.

Hoping my "scrap" is not too lengthy and that it may prompt even one to consider well and not be "bewitched" by his or her "physical beauty." I remain yours for pure lives, high thoughts, clear heads, true hearts and willing hands.

G. G.

[The selection referred to—True Human Love—is good, but would fill three columns of the *Woman's Department*. Possibly space may some time be found for it in the *miscellany*.—Ed.]

The I. & G. N. have shops here, and we are sanguine enough to believe the M. K. & T. will put up shops too. If so, Taylor will "boom" as only a railroad town can.

Burnett and Mulkey, traveling state Evangelists, have just closed a ten days' meeting. A number of "the boys" professed and joined the different churches in this city. They gathered in about 165 wanderers. Especially did we enjoy the sermon to the railroad men and their families.

Alamo Lodge, No. 263, of this place, is in a flourishing condition, having about sixty-seven members. Quite a jolly set of boys, I am sure, from what I can hear about initiating a member. At the last meeting my husband was elected Secretary. He agreed to accept if I would do the work that was attached to the office. How much like a man! Yet I am glad I can assist him, and I believe if every wife would take an interest in all the husband's affairs there would be more domestic harmony, besides elevating them to higher aims and nobler deeds.

Perhaps some of the ladies would like to know how to bleach clothes after they have been stained or yellowed by remaining too long unwashed. After washing them, spread the garments on some green grass in the yard and by the time they are dry you will be surprised how white they are. Especially is this a help to those that have to wash for husbands who work on the road or in the shops. It is simple, but try it.

Mothers, wives and sisters, you who have dear ones out on the road exposed to the dangers peculiar to their profession, let your heart go up to the God of all, asking for a safe trip and a safe return, not only here on earth but may his engine be run with a steady hand, a clear mind and an honest heart, so that when his last run is made he can meet the pay car, the Lord Jesus Christ, with a full check and a "lay off" for the banquet that Christ has prepared for all faithful ones.

May God's blessing rest upon us all is my prayer.
Mrs. Jno. Steadman.

[Congratulations from the Woman's Department. Let us hear from you again.—Ed.]

NORTH BAY, ONT., May 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a very interested reader of the *Firemen's Magazine*. I think it very instructive and wish it the success it deserves. As yet I have never seen a letter from this part and I will try and write, but as it is my first attempt it may be a failure. The B. of L. F. here is a flourishing lodge and they are a noble lot of young men and are a credit to the town as well as to the order itself. How about the town. It is situated on the edge of Lake Nipissing. It is only seven years since there were only a few log huts. At present there are 1,500 inhabitants and some splendid buildings, and besides the C. P. R. R. work-shops there are two saw mills, planing mill, sash and door factory, and separate and public schools and four churches. There are three steamers running on the lake. Quite a summer resort is one of the large islands. It is eight miles from the town—just opposite. There is a large hotel on it and a ferry boat makes two trips in the day. I see there is a good deal said in the *B. of L. F. Magazine* about how to manage a husband, but I cannot say much as I have never had any of it to do, although I am an engineer's wife, but we have the utmost confidence in each other. However I must say I do not think that when a man comes in off of the road that he comes home to be managed. He comes home for rest and for a happy time with those dear to him, and if a woman manages her house properly he will not need managing for he is only too glad to be at home when he can and help all he can, but enough has been said on this subject. I think how to manage a house could be discussed with more profit to all. As for card playing, my husband brought home cards and I play with him every time he asks me to, but I can safely say he never plays with anybody else, so that I do not mind it at all.

Wishing the B. of L. F. prosperity,

Mrs. C. E.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., May 31st, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I come and ask for admission into your charming circle. I am a constant reader of the *Magazine* and have thought several times of writing, so I forward you the following, hoping you will find space for it in your valuable columns:

No word in the English language calls up so many pleasant or unpleasant memories as the word Home. Pleasant memories of home are what ought to be and unpleasant if it is a mere stopping place. You may ask a dozen different persons what is home, and will receive as many different answers. Each one will give a definition in accordance with that which is uppermost in his mind. To one it means simply love in the heart, to another a loaded table, to a third industry in the affairs of his trade or occupation. Home may mean devotion at the altar, intelligence at the books, a wall covered with pictures and rooms richly furnished, dress and appearance or a splendid mansion. Our home should be cheerful; innocent joy should reign in every heart. There should be domestic amusement, fireside pleasure, quiet may be, but such as shall make home happy and not that irksome place which will oblige youthful spirits to look elsewhere for amusement and happiness. Home is the place of refuge and rest. We may find joy elsewhere, but it is not the joy, the satisfaction of home. Of the world the heart may tire, but of home never. With home there is a mother's watchful love and a father's sustaining influence and a circle of loving brothers and sisters. I remain yours,

B. L. H.

FLORENCE, ALA., June 10, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have never seen anything from this part of the world, so I will tell you all something about Florence. It is situated on the Tennessee River, eight miles south of Muscels Shoal Canal. It is a town of 12,000 or 14,000 population. Among some of its manufactures is F. H. Foster hardware company; stove works, bucket factory, wagon factory, and two large blast furnaces. We have one of the finest public school buildings in the South. Florence has three railroads, the N. F. & S. M. & C., and F. M. It has a delightful climate and plenty of good spring water. In fact, it is one of the nicest towns in Alabama.

Pansy, of Tusculumbia, your poetry in the June number is so nice. Write again, and let us know your true name, for I think I know you. Why don't you all tell us about where you live and what kind of a town or city you live in, for I am like the editor, I think this wife and husband managing business has been run in the ground.

I would write more, but I am afraid of that little talk from the editor, I see at the bottom of several letters this month.

I remain, as ever, a fireman, true to the B. L. F.

E. T.

ELDERVILLE, GREGG CO., TEX., May 17, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Through the kindness of a friend in No. 263, Alamo Lodge, I am permitted to read your much appreciated *Magazine*.

I have often thought I would write a letter, but that is something almost out of the question for me. Though some one should always be ready to say a word of praise to the boys of justice. I have heard girls say they don't like railroad men. Of course we are not all alike, but I think some of them hardly know themselves. As to myself, I have always been partial to them.

Laying all this aside, I have a warm feeling for all the firemen and engineers. I do not live very near the railroad, but have the pleasure of visiting friends and relatives who do, also have a dear friend who is an engineer, and I think one of the best men anywhere.

It seems that card playing is the favorite subject just now. I frequently indulge in such myself, but think there are many nicer ways to entertain your company and self. With best wishes for the success of the B. of L. F., especially Lodge No. 263,

I am very respectfully,

Erasmus's Girl Cora.

NEVER MIND.

What's the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway,
Travel on and never mind.

Travel onward, working, hoping,
Cast no lingering look behind
At the trials once encountered,
Look ahead and never mind.

What is past is past forever,
Let all fretting be resigned,
It will never help the matter,
Do your best and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken,
When the feeling is unkind;
Take them for their real value,
Pass them by and never mind.

Fates may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined,
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you, never mind.

And I think the brave, honest, true
Firemen that run on the M. & C. line,
Will never give way to misfortune,
But bravely work on and never mind.

Pansy.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., June 30, 1891.

[Does "Pansy" intend this as an original poem?—ED.]

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.

It is never too late to do a kind deed,
It is never too late a wrong to repair;
It will bring to our lives a pleasure serene
If we have the courage to do and dare.

It is never too late to forgive and forget
An injustice done us here;
Forgiving a wrong will bring no regret,
If the suppliant be truly sincere.

It is never too late, it is never too late,
To avoid contention and strife,
It is never too late for youth or man,
To lead an upright life.

It is never too late a kind word to speak,
An error to forgive, an offense to condone,
For there's no one in life quite perfect I ween,
Each and all have their faults, were they known.

It is never too late to eschew the path
Of sin, where temptations abound;
For it is only in seeking to attain the good,
That true happiness is found.

The way through life is a thorny path,
And our progress tedious and slow,
Yet it is never too late to extend a helping hand
To others, as journeying onward we go.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

LEADVILLE, COLO., June 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of your valuable *Magazine* for some time past and I assure you it is very highly appreciated by me. Having just finished reading the June number, and being much pleased with it the thought came to me: Why can't I contribute something to the *Woman's Department*? It is my first attempt to write, but I will risk it. I have several

friends among the firemen and therefore I am interested in their welfare. They are a set of noble boys. I also have a brother who is a fireman and I am proud of him, as firemen or railroad men of any kind are a noble class of men in my estimation. That letter signed "Charley," in the June number, left quite an impression on me. If he is like a Charley I knew once he does not know how to judge a good wife when he sees one. I agree with him when he says: "Young men, be just what you are and do not appear to be what you are not." I think that is a grand speech. If we would just practice what we preach we would be all right. Young ladies nowadays have to look sharp. I am a young lady, but I have learned not to believe all a young man tells me. If this Charley is like the one I knew, the girl that gets him will have to be robed in her wedding costume and have the minister close at hand when he poses the question or he will change his mind before all is ready. Young girls, if you have an engaged sweetheart, don't let him get out of your sight or he will be gone. Well, I hope this "Charley" will receive some good advice through the *Magazine* and get a good wife also. Wishing God speed to all railroad boys, with pride I sign myself a fireman's loving sister,

Uta.

[If a girl cannot trust a young man out of her sight, she could not do a more foolish thing than to marry him.—ED.]

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, MO., June 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I have seen but one letter from this place I thought I would try my hand at letter writing. I am sure there are a great many firemen and their wives who might write very interesting letters if they would only try. My husband is a fireman, though not a B. of L. F., but hope he will be some day as I think it is a splendid order. We have only been reading your valuable *Magazine* since the first of this year, but like it very much.

I think there are many good letters in the *Woman's Department*. The one signed Margretta in the June number is very sensible; also Belle, a fireman's wife, gives some good advice. We all know that it is necessary for a fireman's family to economize, especially if there is much sickness and rent to pay. I wish someone would tell us how to fix a nice lunch with little expense. I have a splendid receipt for Chocolate Cake, which I will send:

One cup butter, two of sugar, one of sweet milk, five eggs, leaving out the whites of three; four cups sifted flour, two teaspoons baking powder, or one small teaspoon soda and two of cream tartar. For icing, whites of three eggs beaten stiff, one and a half cups of powdered sugar, six tablespoons grated chocolate, two teaspoons vanilla.

As the editor has kindly allowed us so much space I think we should try to instruct as well as amuse each other.

As this is my first letter I must not make it too long. With best wishes to all firemen and for the success of the *Magazine*, I sign myself

*Musical.***THE FASHIONABLE HANDKERCHIEF.**

The maiden fair of olden time who used to wave her white handkerchief to the knight departing to fight her battles, would open her eyes very wide if she could see the handkerchief of to-day. The most fashionable are made of *crepe lisse*, with an embroidered edge and in every color imaginable, from brilliant scarlet to pale Nile green, and from jet black to clear white. Some very unique effects are produced by contrast of color. The black handkerchief is usually a square of silk muslin, with a full frill of fine black lace about it. Any girl can easily make one of these for herself. For everyday use the white handkerchief of lawn, with a narrow hemstitched border, a very narrow one, and a fine frill of lace—Valenciennes—not half an inch wide about it is preferred. Elaborate monograms are no longer fancied, but instead, the initials of the owner in small letters, and in what is known as running-fashion, are chosen.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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THE SWITCHMEN'S MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION, THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRAINMEN, AND THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE UNITED ORDERS OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

The caption of this article indicates very clearly that we propose to write history, to place the facts relating to the troubles existing between the S. M. A. A. and the B. of R. T. before the readers of the *Magazine* in their true light, and as free from bias as if every word was written under the sanctity of an oath.

To say that we approach the task reluctantly is to mildly express our feelings, but a sense of duty and obligation forbids that silence should be maintained a day beyond the opportunity which the *Magazine* affords for publishing authentic records, that the rank and file of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen may be in possession of every detail of an affair which has been fruitful of profound regrets.

At the outset it becomes proper to reproduce the following from the July *Magazine*, page 627:

The Supreme Council met at Chicago in annual session June 15th, and continued in session until noon, June 17th, when adjournment was had to meet at Terre Haute, Ind., in adjourned session. The principal subject before the Council was the matter of the trouble on the Northwestern Railway, a full report of which was given in our June issue. The notification of the S. M. A. A. that they had withdrawn from the Council was ruled out of order on the ground that no petition or request for withdrawal had been filed, and that no organization could withdraw from the Council except by consent of that body.

Charges were preferred against the B. of R. T. by the representatives of the S. M. A. A. for conspiring with the officials of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway to discharge all the switchmen in their employ. These charges were referred to a committee consisting of John J. Hannahan, of the B. of L. F., and D. J. Carr and J. W. Martin, of the B. of R. C., who were directed to secure all available testimony and report the same together with their finding at the adjourned meeting of the Council. As we go to press the Council is in session. What the outcome will be is purely a matter of conjecture, but it is hoped that the Council will in all regards be equal to itself, that prudent counsels may prevail, that the wrong may be rebuked and the right may be enthroned.

The foregoing simply shows what initial steps were taken by the Supreme Council as preliminary to a full investigation of all the facts upon which the charges were based.

The Supreme Council reconvened in the city of Terre Haute, Ind., on June 25th, to hear the report of the committee and take such other action as in its wisdom should be required.

The committee appointed by the Supreme Council to whom the important duty was assigned to take testimony to substantiate or disprove the allegations made by the S. M. A. A. was constituted as follows:

John J. Hannahan, B. of L. F.

D. J. Carr, B. of R. C.

J. W. Martin, B. of R. C.

And the full text of the charges submitted was as follows:

SWITCHMEN'S MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION
OF NORTH AMERICA.
OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE,
CHICAGO, ILL., June 17, 1891.

To the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employees:

GREETING:—The Supreme Council having refused to accept the withdrawal of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association from membership in the United Orders of Railway Employees, it therefore becomes our duty, as the representatives of the above Association, to prefer charges before this body against the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

We charge that the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, on and prior to the 14th day of May 1891, entered into a conspiracy with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, whereby the switchmen in the employ of the company were discharged and their places filled by the members of the Brotherhood of Trainmen.

The act of conspiracy we regard as a violation of the recognized ethics of labor organizations, as well as the letter and spirit of the laws of each of the organizations which compose this federation.

[Signed]

FRANK SWEENEY,
JOHN A. HALL,
WM. A. SIMSBOTT.

Representing the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America.

The report of the testimony taken by the committee was exhaustive and so voluminous that the Supreme Council deemed prudent to have it put in print, for the accommodation of those who would be called upon to record their votes. It makes a book of 148 closely printed pages, in brevier type, and contains about 73,000 words. Pending the printing of the testimony and in order to enable the members to read it carefully, an adjournment of the Supreme Council from Thursday, the 25th, to Monday, the 29th, was had.

It is seen that it is utterly impracticable to reproduce the testimony here, but the verdict of the committee was as follows:

To the President and Members of the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employees:

GENTLEMEN:—We, the undersigned committee, appointed by the Supreme Council June 17, 1891, to investigate and report to this body on the charges of conspiracy preferred by the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association against the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, beg to render our report in pursuance of

the instruction given. Your committee went into session at 2 P. M., June 17, 1891, at the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, Ill., in room 201, and adjourned June 20, 1891. As a result of our labor we herewith present to the Council a full and complete stenographic report of the evidence given. After a careful deliberation on the evidence as submitted we find the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen guilty of conspiracy as charged. And would, therefore, recommend that the Supreme Council impose such penalty on the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen as they in their judgment may deem prudent.

JOHN J. HANNAHAN, Chairman.
DANIEL J. CARR, Secretary.
J. W. MARTIN.

It will be observed by the foregoing that the committee found the charges preferred against the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen fully sustained.

The Supreme Council having received the report of the committee, a motion to accept the report, equivalent to approval, was made.

This motion was exhaustively discussed. Its gravity was not underestimated. If the report was accepted it was equivalent to approval, to an unequivocal indorsement. It was condemnation. Every member of the Supreme Council fully comprehended the seriousness of the situation and deliberated and voted with becoming decorum. The vote resulted as follows:

YEAS.	
Frank Sweeney,	} S. M. A. A. 3 votes
J. A. Hall,	
W. A. Simsrott,	} B. of R. C. 3 votes
G. W. Howard,	
J. W. Martin,	} B. of L. F. 3 votes
D. J. Carr,	
F. P. Sargent,	} Total 9 votes
J. J. Hannahan,	
E. V. Debs,	

NAYS.

S. E. Wilkinson,	} B. of R. T. 3 votes
P. H. Morrissey,	
W. A. Sheahan,	

It will be observed that, except as to the representatives of the inculpatated Brotherhood, the vote on the motion to accept the report of the committee was unanimous; there was not a dissenting voice.

The next thing in order was to decide upon a penalty for conspiracy to do the S. M. A. A. a grievous wrong, which had been proven to the satisfaction of a majority of the Supreme Council.

A motion was made by Bro. Frank Sweeney that the penalty should be expulsion from the Supreme Council.

The motion produced earnest discussion and the vote as cast was as follows:

YEAS.		NAYS.	
S. M. A. A. 3 votes	B. of R. T. 3 votes		
B. of R. C. 3 votes	B. of L. F. 3 votes		
6 votes;	6 votes		

It is seen that the vote as cast resulted in a tie, 6 yeas and 6 nays.

At this juncture, an objection was made the vote of the President, the objection being based upon the fact that Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice forbids

the vote of the presiding officer except when there is a tie, and according to the constitution of the Supreme Council, Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice is made authority, as will be seen by Section 24 of the constitution, which reads as follows:

SEC. 24. All questions, unless otherwise provided for, shall be decided according to Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice.

The objection, after consulting the Manual, was sustained by the President of the Supreme Council, who withdrew his vote, which left the result as follows:

YEAS.		NAYS.	
S. M. A. A. 3 votes	B. of R. T. 3 votes		
B. of R. C. 3 votes	B. of L. F. 2 votes		
6 votes	5 votes		

The final vote being 6 to 5 for expulsion, the B. of R. T. was declared expelled from the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employes.

In perusing the foregoing the reader will doubtless notice the fact that the B. of R. T. was given some unusual privileges by the Supreme Council.

The B. of R. T. was on trial. It was charged with a grievous offense, nothing less than conspiracy. That it should be heard in its own defense was its right, beyond that any concession was extraordinary. Notwithstanding this, on the motion to accept the report, which, if accepted, carried with it condemnation, the B. of R. T. was permitted to vote; but more extraordinary still, on a motion affixing the penalty after condemnation, it was permitted to vote. If the question of liberality, concession, brotherly kindness, is ever raised, the record will demonstrate that such consideration was never before extended to any party on trial for a wrong. It was an exhibition of regard which at once hushes to silence any intimation that up to the last and to the uttermost limit, every right that could possibly accrue to the order by virtue of membership in the Supreme Council remained, or was allowed to remain intact. It was permitted to have a voice and a vote upon every proposition, even to affixing a penalty upon its own offending.

The *Magazine* expresses the conviction that the penalty was injudiciously severe.

Such a declaration must not be misunderstood. It involves no intimation that the verdict of condemnation for the great wrong proven against the B. of R. T. was not strictly just. Upon that point the testimony was conclusive.

The verdict of the committee, approved by the Council, touched the B. of R. T. who conspired to perpetrate an astounding wrong upon members of the S. M. A. A.

But the penalty reached beyond the inculpatated parties, and visited condemnation upon the entire Brotherhood of Trainmen, thousands of whom, honorable, courageous,

self-respectful and loyal to law and obligation, had they been apprised of the contemplated outrage upon the switchmen, would have put forth their utmost efforts to have arrested the flagrant wrong, and would have rescued their noble order from impending obloquy.

As an organization of workmen the members of the B. of R. T. abhorlike conspiracy and scabbing, but being unadvised, they were powerless. They had no voice in the matter. Those who should have been loyal to the interests of their order, swayed by motives of revenge, led them astray.

It is such facts known and admitted, that prompts us now, as when the motion to expel the B. of R. T. was pending before the Supreme Council, to declare that the penalty, which falls with equally crushing weight upon the innocent and the guilty, was injudicious and wanting in the element of justice which should have governed the final vote in the case.

The *Magazine* at no time intimated a doubt of the fealty of the rank and file of the B. of R. T. to duty. In the June *Magazine*, page 538, the following declaration will be found:

Just here the question arises, are the two great organizations, the S. M. A. A., and the B. of R. T. opposed to each other? Is it to be believed that the Brotherhood of Trainmen is committed to the relentless policy of exterminating the S. M. A. A.? Has the unfortunate episode I have related wrecked the Supreme Council? I do not hesitate to answer in the negative.

I do not underestimate the gravity of the situation—nor do I underestimate the broad common sense of the rank and file of the men who constitute the membership of the federated orders. They are men who comprehend right, justice and fair play. There is in their ranks an abiding faith in fraternity, fellowship, good will, in the blessings of organization and in the strength of federation.

Such declarations are totally devoid of panegyric, of pyrotechnic laudation. They are simply expressions of confidence in the integrity, the cool-headed common sense of the great majority of the men who compose the membership of the S. M. A. A. and the B. of R. T., an estimate based upon years of acquaintance, and as true of the orders named as of any other orders of railway employes.

Under the laws of the various orders of railway employes, certain officers and committees are clothed with important powers and prerogatives. Responsibilities of great weight are imposed upon them. The rank and file, having, as they believe, conferred these powers, prerogatives and responsibilities upon their *best* men, trustfully go about their work. They are not in a position to know what is going on, hence it is seen how easily they may be led astray and nominally be made responsible for things which are revolting and abhorrent.

Here the question arises: If in the investigation it is found that the rank and file

of an organization are absolutely innocent of wrong doing, should they be punished with those whose guilt is proven beyond a peradventure? We answer, No. Emphatically, No.

This brings us back to the vote of the Supreme Council on the motion to expel the B. of R. T. from that body, and we reiterate the declaration that it was an extrajudicial decision, because it punished the innocent with the guilty.

We dwell upon the subject because it is vital; because we are hopeful that passion, personal enmities, the unmanly idea of "getting even," of "doing up," and the like, may disappear forever from the councils of the orders of railway employes, whether acting singly or in a federated capacity.

Suppose the grand officers of an order were to misappropriate its funds? Would the membership be held guilty of embezzlement or theft?

Was Washington and his army adjudged traitors when Benedict Arnold conspired to deliver them into the hands of their enemies?

In the same line of inquiries, were the entire rank and file of the B. of R. T. alike reprehensible with those who plotted to perpetrate an astounding wrong upon the switchmen?

The laws of the Supreme Council did not require expulsion. The Supreme Council never supposed that such a wrong as the B. of R. T. on the Northwestern Railway perpetrated was possible.

Organized enmities are infinitely worse and more to be deplored than disorganization, whatever may be the ills that flow from it. Organized enmities is organized bigotry, ignorance and viciousness. It has not, nor can it have so much as one redeeming quality. It is blindness, stupidity and malevolence combined, and can be productive only of disaster.

In all of this the principle of federation remains untouched by any shaft, untarnished and as immaculate as truth. Here we refer again to and reproduce our views as expressed in the June number of the *Magazine*, page 534:

No one, I assume, has entertained the idea that any organization of men, however guarded by declarations of principles and the enactment of wise laws, could fully overcome man's fallibilities. No such claim by any sane man was ever advanced, but it has been assumed, based upon self-evident truths, that in "unity there is strength," and, therefore, that organizations of workmen having interests in common—mutual interests—could promote the welfare of their members by federation; that in federation the largest possible power of human effort could be exerted; that by federation the wrong could be cloven down, and the right enthroned; that by federation, principles of justice could be established and maintained; and that not only the welfare of workmen would thereby be promoted, but the prosperity and happiness of society as well.

Such propositions have never been denied. The opponents of federation have simply made objec-

tions, but have offered no arguments, because there were none at their command. The principles upon which federation is based are as eternal as any axiom in mathematics. In every arraignment they can stand any test that enmity or ignorance can devise. If, in a contest, victory comes—as come it has in the past, and is destined to come in the future to men who are capable of comprehending the power of federation—its advocates and defenders may of right be jubilant; and when defeat comes—as come it has in the past when the right has been overpowered and crushed, the eternal truth that “In unity there is strength,” and that in federation that strength can be secured in the largest measure, has never lost a fraction of its claim to recognition. On the contrary, it stands as the rallying point of workmen, and will remain as immovable as the eternal hills as long as heartless plutocrats devise methods of cruelty and injustice to labor.

We reproduce the foregoing from the *Magazine* because it may be assumed in some quarters that had system, instead of general federation, been adopted, such things as have occurred in the Supreme Council would have been avoided.

We are not unmindful of the “we told you so” logic. But we are not aware that pseudo prophets ever intimated the possibility of occurrences such as we have chronicled.

No seer, soothsayer or astrologer in all of the ranks of those who delight in predicting disaster, ever intimated the possibility that any one of the orders of railway employes would ever or could ever conspire with railway officials to visit wholesale disaster upon the members of another order of railway employes. Such treason as that never cast its dark shadow across the pathway of any advocate of any sort of federation. Hence any assumption that system federation would have been better than general federation is sheer folly.

That such conditions were never so much as dreamed of, is in the highest degree creditable to those who have favored federation of any kind.

Here let it be said and remembered, because it is the *naked truth*, that the troubles existing between the S. M. A. A. and the B. of R. T. were outside of and independent of the laws of the Supreme Council, violative of its principles, its laws and its teachings, growing out of mere personal wrangles, which, discarding law and rectitude, would have occurred under any system of federation. Had the laws of the Supreme Council been regarded the occurrences, which all laboring men deplore, would have been averted.

It is scarcely required to discuss such propositions.

When passion holds sway, reason is dethroned, and all laws are disregarded.

The strength of organization and of federation does not lie in the laws enacted, but in the integrity, the honor, the moral courage of the membership. If in those elements of strength the membership are wanting, the wisest and best laws could not give the organization power. Where there

is a lack of fealty to principles, there is weakness which no code can overcome.

It may be worth while to illustrate the idea. As for instance: Here are two classes of employes working on the same road side by side, known to each other, having mutual interests at stake, and one class concludes to take the places of the other class, as the facts in the case under discussion disclose. The question arises: What system of federation, what form of obligation, what law or decision could have prevented the action of those who, under the influence of personal animosities, premeditated and perpetrated the wrong?

We do not anticipate that any one in the future, any more than in the past, will inveigh against the principle of federation, and yet we anticipate philippics against the Supreme Council.

It has had its enemies from the first, and to see it in trouble, battling against adverse winds and tides, will be to them a source of gratification. And yet, every offensive word will be gratuitous. The worst enemies of the Supreme Council have been within, not without.

The one thing to be deplored is man's fallibility, his frailty, his liability to err. In these regards, let those who boast, remember they too are human, and that the afflictions of others, over which they indulge in flippant comment, may, all too soon, be visited upon them.

We abate not one jot or tittle of our devotion to the principles of federation. They are vital and eternal, and are the hope of workmen of America.

The ordeal through which the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employes is passing, ought to be of incalculable service. Hitherto whatever trials have beset its operations have been trivial. The present trial is well calculated to test all its resources of tenacity and fortitude.

Admitting that the outlook is gloomy, it is not as dismal or as cheerless as when under the federation of the Colonies, Washington, with his half-starved, half-frozen, ragged and hungry Continentals, camped in the snow at Valley Forge. Not as forlorn, as when Greene with his naked troops upheld the cause of independence in the Carolinas.

Does some one predict wreck and ruin? Wherefore? Do they estimate correctly the fiber of the men who remain on the deck of the federated ship?

Admit that a cyclone wave swept her decks. Call the roll—only one has been lost, and even that one may be rescued. Admit that the storm is still raging, does any one predict that a calm will never come? Possibly. But such has not been true in the past.

Experience teaches us that there are

"mistakes in the best regulated families;" that there is a "skeleton in every house." If the Supreme Council anticipated exemption from trials, it has found out its mistake and may profit by the lessons of experience.

We expect to see the time when under more favorable conditions, passion, enmity, malice, selfishness and the entire brood of infirmities will be banished. When broad, manly views will be in the ascendency—when such an organization as the O. R. C., well equipped, and under the guidance of broad-minded men now at the helm, will be identified with federation—when the two orders of Railway Conductors will be one great order, marching under one banner, pledged to protection and all the blessings which flow from federation.

In this gratifying outlook we include the organizations of Railroad Telegraphers, and still other orders of railway employes.

In this, we group, not only possibilities, but probabilities. We bank not only on the common sense of officials, but of the rank and file. Should the estimate be less worthy of organized labor? Should the *Magazine*, because of a storm, join the carping crowd, and confess all is lost? Should it throw up its hands and surrender—give its hopes to the winds, and stamp its faith into the dust?

We have not been trained in that school. On the contrary, our motto is that of the immortal Hull, "Don't give up the ship."

It is given out that that the B. of R. T. will soon meet in convention. We hope the intimation is correct. Should the convention be called, the subject we have discussed in this article will doubtless receive the attention its consequence merits. We have full faith in its ability to deal with it as the facts warrant, and to solve the problem which the facts force upon the attention of the world.

In conclusion, may we not hope that out of all this trouble good will come? If not, even the school of experience might as well close its doors, since students will have been found incapable of improvement by the lessons it teaches.

Regardless of what others may say or do, the *Magazine* will stand by the principles of federation as embodied in the Supreme Council.

Is it a forlorn hope? Not more so than was the federation of the Colonies from 1774 to 1784. In that period that "tried men's souls" gleams of hope were few and far between. Despondency took possession of the minds of the masses. The Tories were prolific of predictions of ultimate disaster. The few fought on, hoped on and hoped ever. The road to Yorktown was circuitous, dark and dangerous, but resolutely the few, regardless of sacrifices,

marched on until the sun of victory, so long obscured, burst forth in noonday splendor and those who believed in federation found at last they had cherished no vagary, but had been true to a principle that gave them liberty and independence.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

In a May issue of the *New Nation* we find the following:

Serious questions, growing out of the relations of individuals in society, are up for consideration, if not for solution. The name of "Jesus" was cheered, not irreverently, at a workmen's meeting in New York not long ago, but the "church" was hissed. Why was this? Surely it was not because of the mere personality of the man Jesus who lived nearly two thousand years ago, but because of his teachings, and the splendid church was recognized as being out of harmony therewith. No one thinks that the modern clergy will ever become Christians to the extent that they will imitate the example of the Master, who mingled with the poor to bless them; who solemnly appealed to the conscience of his followers; who laid down the Golden Rule as the platform upon which Christians must stand; who mingled with publicans and sinners to save them; who uplifted the Magdalenes, utterly indifferent to the false imputations his conduct called forth from the fashionably religious of his age and generation; and who preached righteousness—right conduct—to the world. Speaking to his followers, of the hungry and poor and naked and sick, he said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

To applaud when the name of Jesus is mentioned, and "hiss" when the "church" is mentioned is strangely suggestive. Do Christians ever ask the reason why? Do the clergy, who hold forth in palatial edifices stop to inquire, what's the matter? Yes, once in a while, but seriously—because the facts would not be complimentary.

Thousands of churches are run on the theatre principle. The seats in the sanctuary are sold out annually. The rich Christians get the most fashionable pews. An observer, at all critical, can pretty nearly tell the size of a communicant's bank account by the seat he occupies as he takes his share of the "bread of life" handed over a richly upholstered pulpit. As the bidding proceeds, and the auctioneer goes toward the doors, prices decline, until somewhere the "pauper's bench" is found. But the rank and file of the people are not there. Once in a while the kind of people Jesus loved are present, and when His name is mentioned they "cheer." Why not? When the church is referred to they "hiss." Why not? It may not be agreeable to ears attuned to costly music, trained and salaried choirs, but it is perfectly natural, and is likely to be done more frequently in the future.

SLOWLY but surely the Robinson Monument Fund is increasing, and will continue to increase until a monument worthy of the grand old man marks the spot where he sleeps his last long sleep.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RELIEF EXHIBIT.

We have on our table a circular issued by S. R. Barr, Esq., Superintendent, showing receipts and disbursements of the B. & O. Relief department for the month of February, 1891, as also a "statement of benefits paid from May 1, 1880, to February 28, 1891."

The receipts for the month of February, 1891, are placed at \$33,066.72, and the disbursements at \$37,001.84, and that there may be no mistake in the figures we reproduce the tables contained in the circular, as follows:

DISBURSEMENTS.

	Main Line.		Philadelphia Div.		Trans-Ohio Div.		Pittsburgh Div.		AGGREGATE.	
	No.	Cost.	No.	Cost.	No.	Cost.	No.	Cost.	No.	Cost.
Accidental Death	9	\$8,300 00			2	\$2,000 00	2	\$1,500 00	13	\$11,800 00
Accidental Injuries	247	3,329 86	27	\$537 40	105	1,681 20	59	856 82	438	6,405 28
Surgical Expense	122	464 53	7	50 75	29	80 60	23	104 10	181	699 96
Natural Sickness	303	4,344 21	25	357 50	69	1,287 75	73	1,031 75	470	7,021 21
Natural Death	9	4,500 00	1	750 00	2	1,000 00	2	1,250 00	14	7,500 00
Benefits	690	\$20,338 60	60	\$1,695 65	207	\$6,049 55	159	\$4,742 67	1116	\$33,426 47
General Expenses										3,143 04
Expenses Medicine										34 30
Contributions refunded										398 13
Total										\$37,001 84

STATEMENT OF BENEFITS PAID FROM MAY 1, 1880, TO FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

671 Cases Accidental Death	\$698,167 28
32,681 Cases Accidental Injuries	437,148 36
20,243 Cases Surgical Expense	122,868 28
54,375 Cases Natural Sickness	808,796 25
1,260 Cases Natural Death	505,724 70
109,230 Cases.	\$2,571,704 87

Aggregate

S. R. BARR, Superintendent.

The readers of the *Magazine* and especially members of the various beneficiary orders of railway employes will be interested in a brief analysis of the foregoing official figures. It appears that during the month of February, 1891, there were thirteen (13) accidental deaths, costing the fund \$11,800, and fourteen (14) natural deaths, costing the fund \$7,500, a total of twenty-seven deaths, costing a total of \$19,300, an average of \$714.81 for each beneficiary. In the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen twenty-seven (27) deaths, whether natural or accidental, would have required the payment of \$1,500 each, or \$785.19 in excess of the amount paid by the B. & O.; a total of \$40,500, or \$21,200 more than was paid by the B. & O.

It is seen that the heirs of a dead fireman who was a member of the B. of L. F. receive more than double the amount paid by the B. & O., and being a member of the B. of L. F. he retains his self respect and independence, and does not become a part of the *live stock* or the *watered stock* of the corporation; can go where he chooses and work where he chooses, without being subjected to any penalty whatever.

It will be noticed that during the month of February there were 438 accidental injuries, of which only 181 required surgical attention, 257 being of such little consequence that the injured employe was left to take care of himself. These 181 accidental injuries required a surgical expense amounting to \$699.98, or an average of \$3.86 each.

Is it to be presumed that of 181 cases of "accidental injuries" requiring surgical attention, not one was totally disabled? Is it not presumable that at least five (5) of them were totally disabled? Take any of the brotherhoods, and it will be found that out of 438 "accidental injuries" more than five (5) are totally disabled, probably three times that number. Assuming that five were totally disabled, if they had been members of the B. of L. F. they would have received each \$1,500, or a total of \$7,500, whereas it is shown they received on an average in surgical attention the sum of \$3.86, or for the five totally disabled employes \$19.30.

The next thing we have is what is called "natural sickness," to distinguish it from unnatural sickness we suppose. Well, there were in the month of February 470 cases of natural sickness requiring the expenditure of \$7,021.21, or an average of \$14.94 for each case, and in this connection it will be observed that the expenditure for medicine during the month of February was \$34.20. There were 470 cases, and as a result, the average cost of medicine for each was 7 cents and 2 mills.

To the intelligent employe such statements, when prudently analyzed, must be bitter pills to swallow, but they are swallowed often without a grimace, and in numerous instances with the greatest satisfaction. When all workingmen thus permit the corporation to exact a portion of their wages to be doled out to them as in old

plantation times, when "massa" doctored his "niggers," it will be time for Gabriel to blow his horn.

But we are not yet through with the B. & O. circular, with the marginal injunction, "Please post in a conspicuous position," to which we are responding to the best of our ability.

The statement of benefits paid from May 1, 1880, to February 28, 1891—10 years, 10 months and 27 days—in round numbers say 11 years.

In this statement sum totals swell to dazzling proportions. It is seen that there were 1,931 accidental and natural deaths, costing a total of \$1,202,891.98, or an average of \$622.42. If these deaths had occurred in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the heirs of each would have promptly received \$1,500, or \$877.58 in excess of what the B. & O. paid, and the total expenditure for benefits would have reached the sum of \$2,900,500, or \$1,793,608.02 in excess of the amount paid by the B. & O. The question arises, why should Locomotive Firemen join the B. & O. relief department? since if they die or get killed their heirs receive \$877.58 less than would be paid them by the B. of L. F.; besides, if they get totally disabled they get scarcely anything at all when, were they in the B. of L. F., they would receive \$1,500.

It appears there were 32,681 accidental injuries which required an expenditure of \$437,148.36, or an average expenditure for each case of \$13.46. Of the 32,681 accidental injuries, only 20,243 required surgical attention at an expense of \$122,868.28, or an average expense for each case of \$6.60; an amount so small that the maimed employé may have seen the surgeon once or twice. But we have the figures showing that 54,375 cases of "natural" (not artificial) sickness cost the fund \$808,796.25, an average of \$10.83 for each case. Taking the statement that the expenses for medicines in February, 1891, amounted to \$34.20, or \$410.40 a year, as the average, the expenses for 11 years would be \$4,514.40 for medicines for 54,375 cases, an average of about 8 cents and 3 mills each—not enough to buy a box of pills or a dozen grains of medicine.

Notwithstanding this, surgical expenses and natural sickness cost \$331,664.53; deducting cost of medicine, \$4,514.40, we have a remainder of \$927,150.13. Where did it go? The statement does not show. Did the surgeons get it, or most of it? If it was paid for sick benefits no mention is made of it. All is dark and mysterious, and those who paid in the money, or had it deducted from their wages, are doubtless in the dark concerning the matter.

Add your name to the Robinson Monument Fund list. It's a roll of honor.

THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN R. R.

Some weeks since, Rev. J. Lee Mitchell, pastor of the New Haven Grand Avenue Congregational Church, in the course of a sermon on Christianity and Socialism, referred to the mission of the New York and New Haven Railroad as follows:

"I listened to an address the other night from a director of the New York & New Haven railroad. I learned for the first time that the railroad was built and run solely to please the people, for their moral welfare—in fact, that it was the greatest disseminator of Christian truth since Christ, and that the true apostle of Jesus was the true director of the New York & New Haven railroad. Then a well known man here, with New York & New Haven railroad stock in his pocket, increased in value 400 per cent. got up and brought the New Jerusalem right down among us by proposing to heal the hearts of all laborers by sharing profits with them—the profits to be shared being a tenth of one per cent. to be divided among 10,000 employes. I started home then to tell the deacons to close the church, the New York & New Haven railroad had brought the millennium. Meantime, a widow, whose husband was killed coupling cars for the consolidated railroad, is trying to get \$50 out of them to pay for burying him."

The foregoing is the whole thing in a nutshell. Of all the fakes practiced by corporations this thing of trying to make it appear that they are organized or managed for charitable purposes, embodies the largest possible amount of low, base-born duplicity, and the Rev. Mr. Lee saw it at a glance and effectually exposed the cheat; and yet, there are thousands of railroad employes who seem to be impressed with the idea that railroad corporations are eleemosynary organizations which have souls.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

During the annual session of the Supreme Council, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term of one year, viz:

F. P. Sargent, B. of L. F., President; Geo. W. Howard, B. of R. C., Vice President; J. A. Hall, S. M. A. A., Secretary and Treasurer.

The election of President F. P. Sargent, after two years' service, to succeed himself, by a unanimous vote, was a high compliment and the same is true in the case of Vice President G. W. Howard, and all the officers of the Supreme Council are worthy of the honors conferred upon them.

ELSEWHERE in this issue of the *Magazine* will be found an exhaustive argument by Hon. JOHN DAVIS, M. C., relating to the policy of railroad corporations, in which the purpose is to create and maintain antagonisms between farmers and railroad employes, a contention destructive of the welfare of both, but profitable to the corporation.

This fact Mr. Davis clearly presents and clinches by arguments which ought to convince every railroad employé in the country, and that the readers of the *Magazine* may have the views of the writer, we reproduce the article entire.

DISTRIBUTING THE SURPLUS.

In the estimation of Chief-Inspector Byrnes, of the New York City police, a very dangerous crank made his appearance in that city early in May last, whose mission was to persuade Mr. Jay Gould to relinquish his grasp upon his millions, for "charitable purposes." The crank gave his name and residence as follows, Charles J. Dixon, Pueblo, Col.

Mr Dixon, in his conversations with the officials, did not hesitate to state all the particulars relating to his philanthropic mission—indeed, his first move was to unfold his plans to Mr. Gould's physician, Dr. Munn. As might be expected, Mr. Gould became very much alarmed and promptly sought the aid of the police.

Mr. Dixon was armed with a letter of introduction to Dr. Munn, which he presented in person to the Doctor. The account of the affair begins as follows:

Hardly had the Doctor read the letter when the man stated the object of his call. He said he belonged to the organization of "Christ's Followers," which was very strong in this country at the present time and was steadily growing. The object of the organization, he said, was an equal distribution of the wealth and property of the country. Among the first property to be distributed was that of Jay Gould, and if any difficulty was to be encountered in carrying out that idea, Gould would have to die.

By this time the Doctor's hair perhaps began to stand on end. Then he talked long and earnestly with Dixon, who eventually suggested that perhaps he could prevent the necessity of killing Jay Gould. This could be accomplished providing Mr. Gould gave him \$60,000 cash and \$200,000 for charitable purposes.

Dr. Munn agreed with Dixon, that some such settlement might be arrived at and asked the man to call again the following night (Tuesday,) which he did, shortly before 9:30 p. m. Before that hour Chief Inspector Byrnes, with Detective Sergts. Frink and McCloskey, had been admitted to the Doctor's house and stowed away behind the screens in the parlor.

When Dixon arrived he at once began business, talking in an off-hand manner, and unfolding the whole plan by which Mr. Gould was to sacrifice his untold wealth and thereby possibly save his life. After Chief Byrnes had heard enough to satisfy him of the dangerous character of the man, he gave the signal and the detectives took possession of Dixon, escorting him to Police Headquarters.

It is not astonishing that Mr. Gould was alarmed. If Mr. Dixon, the philanthropist, from Pueblo, had been less diplomatic and considerate, Mr. Gould would have had no use for Dr. Munn, or Chief-Inspector Byrnes. Mr. Dixon, if mad, exhibited the shrewdness of a business man. He wants Mr. Gould to balance his life against \$260,000, of which \$200,000 would go for charitable purposes and the remainder to Mr. Dixon, as some slight compensation for his services as a representative of "Christ's Followers." At the lowest estimate we have seen, Mr. Gould's income is about \$200,000 a week, so it will be seen that Mr. Dixon's assessment was comparatively light, and could have been paid without in any way interfering with Mr. Gould's daily comforts, it being about 4 per cent. of his income—

and it would be a most lucky day for the lambs when Mr. Gould could not secure fleeces double the amount required by the "walking delegate" of "Christ's Followers."

The matter is of such importance that we reproduce the following from the *New York World*, of May 7:

Yesterday, in the quiet of Chief Byrnes' private office, the prisoner laid bare his whole scheme. He said that in 1888 a newspaper man came to him out West and offered him \$25 a month to do certain odd jobs and errands, with a promise of more if he proved satisfactory. This he did for a year, during which time his pay had been sent to him regularly. At the expiration of that time the man came again and raised his pay to \$100 a month, but more risky work was expected of him. After a long time his employer came to him a third time and prevailed on him to renew his engagement, inasmuch as he had performed his duties faithfully, and having received a great deal of money from him he did not hesitate to consent.

Then he was asked to go to "Owl's Head," which he said was on the Canadian border, near Buffalo, where he would meet with a party to give him instructions. Arriving at the appointed rendezvous in the night time he was surrounded by a band of about fifty men, all heavily masked, who compelled him to kneel in their midst, the band forming in a circle around him. While in a kneeling attitude he was compelled to take a solemn oath, which was administered with much pomp and ceremony, and he, from that time forth, was a member of the order of "Christ's Followers."

The object of the Order was explained to him, and after various business transactions, which he declined to explain, he was finally, on April 15, ordered by the Arch Council of the organization to come to New York. His mission was to obtain an interview with the money king, Jay Gould, or with some of his most intimate friends, and through them to lay the decree of the Order before Gould. He was instructed to say to Gould that the Order demanded that \$5,000,000 of his money be set apart and sent at once to the headquarters of Christ's Followers. Then, within the next ten years, \$15,000,000 more was to be sent to the same destination, and at his death the will must be so made that only \$1,000,000 was to go to each of his sons, and \$1,000,000 to the widow. All the rest of the vast property was to be set aside for charitable purposes, or for such other purposes as the Order might decree.

These were the conditions on which Jay Gould could be permitted to live, and if he failed to carry out any of the provisions of the sentence he must pay the penalty with his life. And Dixon was the chosen agent to carry out the sentence.

"That is the only way he can escape death," said Dixon coolly.

He told the Inspector that the Chief of the Order was known as "Adonia," and that he (Dixon) was known as "Vice President No. 71," he being the seventy-first member chosen to carry out the decrees of "Christ's Followers."

"But," he added, with a significant smile, "I feel that I can arrange with the organization to spare Mr. Gould's life, as he is already well advanced in years, providing he will give me \$60,000 in cash and give \$200,000 more to some charitable institution. Now he has either to comply with this order, be killed or I myself must die. The last communication I had from the Order was as follows:

"Mr. Jay Gould has been tried, convicted and found guilty by the Arch Council, and the last Vice President has been directed to carry out the sentence."

"I am the last Vice President, and I know that my life must be given if I fail to carry out the order. If I fail to kill Gould I will be killed by the Order, providing I don't kill myself. All agents of the Order who fail to do their duty are killed. If I am not successful in my mission I have made up my mind to kill myself."

Any one who knows Mr. Gould will see

at a glance that he would fight Mr. Dixon's plans for the distribution of his estate. Nor is it likely that Mr. George Gould would be less inclined than his father to have "Christ's Followers" to administer the great estate, though it may be said that George, with \$1,000,000 hard cash in hand, would not be in danger of going hungry. But badinage aside; the vagaries of Dixon, who is pronounced a crank of the most dangerous type, teaches a lesson of terrible significance. The methods introduced by plutocrats to pile up colossal fortunes are being discussed in the *lairs* of poor oppressed and degraded men who are systematically robbed, as in the coke and anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. These wretched human beings, fighting for their dens—women with scalding water, men with clubs, pistols and dynamite, present horrifying scenes which defy exaggeration. Men and women, dead and wounded—women wailing and children crying amidst scenes of desolation, are pictures for a Raphael to paint or a Dante to describe, and amidst such seething horrors, cranks, human devils are born and nurtured until whole communities go mad.

In the midst of these social volcanoes, vomiting fire and death, Pinkerton thugs, with the citizen soldiery, sheriffs and deputies, shout for "peace." But there is no peace. The cry is not, "give me liberty or give me death." Poor creatures, they know little of liberty, but they shout "give us food, give us shelter, give us clothes, cease robbing us, cease degrading us, recognize us as human beings, and another covenant bow, emblazoned upon the breast of the storm cloud, shall symbolize peace. Till then there can be no peace." They tell the truth, and until then the dangerous cranks will multiply. It is the immutable law of cause and effect, and the nation should take heed in time.

DAME rumor has it that a French and English syndicate has been formed to scoop in all the type foundries in the United States. Capital \$6,000,000.

"And the Star Spangled banner"—*sic transit*—don't rave;
Just hold up your hands like a syndicate slave.

DURING 1890 over 8,000,000 kegs of nails were produced by workmen, and driven home by workmen, and if any one will reflect a moment upon what nails do for civilization, they will have kind thoughts for the men who make and drive nails.

A LAWYER hailing from Erie, Pa., recovered \$48,750 from the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R. for injuries sustained while traveling on that road and the amount is said to be the largest ever received in any similar case.

SLAVERY IN CONNECTICUT.

The New York *World*, under date of Fairfield, Conn., June 16, publishes the following special dispatch:

Encamped in the vile back of the Fairfield quarry is a colony of upward of two hundred Italians in a state of slavery compared with which that of the negro in the Southern States before the war was freedom and independence. They were brought here from New York by contractors to work on the New Haven road. They are in charge of a foreman by the name of Leonard Scinto, a savage-looking fellow who parades about with a revolver in his hip pocket and a knife in his belt. Scinto tells the men, it is said that he is King, and can imprison them forever if he chooses. They are paid \$1.35 per day, nominally, but they claim every dollar is taken from them.

It was formerly the custom to take up subscriptions from them on various pretexts, and each man was expected to contribute \$1. If one refused he was discharged the next day. The men interviewed say they cannot remember all the things for which they were required to contribute. Some of them were to present an official with a gold watch and chain, a bicycle, a diamond ring, a baby carriage, and numerous other luxuries. One day one of the bosses went to the men and said he had lost his pocket book containing \$85, and requested that they contribute the usual dollar as a mark of their esteem. The hat was passed, and \$250 was raised. When Supt. Turner died, it was represented to them that the railroad required them to raise a big sum of money for a memorial, and they contributed \$300 on this occasion for flowers.

When Scinto assumed control he established a storehouse on the grounds, and the men were ordered to buy everything of him, and no person was to go outside the colony to see friends. Any Italian who ventured away would be discharged. As soon as any man learned to talk English he was discharged. Scinto charged four cents for two cent stamps, twenty eight cents a pound for cheese, and for the night use of the shanty, which was compulsory, he charged them \$1.20 a month. Last week a workman who could not find a can in Scinto's stock went to the village store to buy one and was discharged. When the men are sick they are not allowed to have a doctor, but must buy the medicine which Scinto keeps in stock.

Dr. Dickenson said to-day: "During the past six months a dozen Italians have come to me for treatment and said that if Scinto found it out they would be discharged. Shortly afterwards a man named Valentino told me he had been discharged for stopping the purchase of Scinto's medicine. Another named Ricco, who owed me \$2, sent it by a friend, as he dared not come again. I was told that there were four others sick at the shanty who needed treatment, but dared not come."

Stanley discovered nothing so essentially infamous in Central Africa as the *World* shows is transpiring in the State of Connecticut, where our christian civilization is supposed to have long since blossomed on the "thorny stem of time." It is a State of schools and churches, newspapers and libraries, and boasts of the great University of Yale. Connecticut has as much religious creed to the square foot as can be found anywhere; sends missionaries abroad to convert the heathen, and is the home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the book that is supposed to have been the chief factor in emancipating the black slaves of the South, and now the lightning tells of slavery in Connecticut, such as the fancy of Mrs. Stowe never

grasped and such as we doubt if the devil himself ever dreamed of.

In old plantation days the owner's weapon was a whip, while the Connecticut boss of Italian slaves carries a revolver and a big knife as symbols of his authority and power.

So far as the *World* is advised, not so much as a prayer-meeting has been held in Connecticut to petition Heaven for the emancipation of Connecticut slaves; no public indignation meetings have been held, nor has the press of the State said so much as one word of protest against the infernalism practiced upon the enslaved Italians. The New York *World* points out the "damn'd spot," and may possibly do something for the miserable colony if it should keep up its bombardment.

Connecticut is a small State, but, as the *World* shows, has a large crime on its shoulders which it ought to shake off, but we surmise the slavery and savagry of which the *World* tells will continue, because the plutocrats, who are responsible for it, make money out of the degradation which it entails.

Connecticut is notorious in history for its "blue laws," and is now to have another boom, in which the enslavement of Italians will bring it still larger dividends of obloquy.

THE EXPULSION OF THE B. OF R. T.

We have on our table the *Railway Service Gazette* of July 9th, in which reference in numerous ways is made to the action of the Supreme Council expelling the B. of R. T.

The *Gazette* is an ardent advocate of federation, and it commends and applauds the expulsion of the B. of R. T.

We do not question in the least the *Gazette's* loyalty to federation or to the welfare of railroad employes nor are we disposed to enter upon any lengthy criticism of the *Gazette's* position relating to the justice of the penalty visited upon the B. of R. T. In one place the *Gazette* says:

Every reader of the *Gazette* should bear in mind that while the Supreme Council could, under its present laws take no other action than that which was taken in passing sentence upon those who participated in the Chicago & Northwestern conspiracy, it is not intended to intimate that the Trainmen's Association did anything deserving censure, those who participated in the conspiracy alone being responsible.

The italics are ours, and are introduced to emphasize the position the *Magazine* has taken in the matter. The great body of the Trainmen were absolutely innocent but by the penalty are made to suffer with the guilty. This could have been avoided and ought to have been avoided.

As we view the case, the *Gazette* is unfortunate in its illustrations and conclusions, as for instance, it says:

But we are told that in expelling the grand officers of the Trainmen's Association, all the members of the association are punished. This is absurd. Every

one at all acquainted with the laws which govern the federation knows that no other action could have been taken. As well say that when the United States Senate expels the two Senators of a certain State, who have been guilty of treason, that the people of the whole State are punished, because they are left without representation in the Senate. And so, too, they are in a certain measure, for it was their misfortune to be represented by traitors, but no one for a moment intimates that the whole people of the State are tainted by the treason of their Senators.

Here we have the declaration repeated that the B. of R. T. was innocent, and also the declaration that is "absurd" to say the "members of the association are punished." And, again, the admission is made that "in a certain measure" they are punished. But let such things pass; the misfortune of the *Gazette's* illustration and conclusion lies in the fact that the action of the Supreme Council in expelling the B. of R. T. is as unlike the action of the Senate of the United States in the two Senators of the State, as it is possible to conceive.

By the action of the Senate two members are expelled—not the State they represented. By the action of the Supreme Council, assuming the B. of R. T. to represent the State, representatives and State go out together. The B. of R. T. is absolutely out of the federation, and can be represented in that body only by readmission. Does the *Gazette* see the point?

It is not required to pursue the subject, as the *Gazette* has supplied an illustration which upsets its conclusion.

Still, we are inclined to introduce one more of the *Gazette's* illustrations. It says:

Benedict Arnold, previous to his treason, was a general of the Continental army, and enjoyed confidential relations with George Washington. As well say after a court martial found him guilty, that he should continue to hold his commission, and still share the secrets of the commander-in-chief, until such time as Arnold's State had taken action in the matter.

Benedict Arnold, at the time of his treason, commanded West Point. He had troops under him. His treason was discovered, but his troops were not punished by Washington. They were not dismissed from the army.

In the case of the penalty inflicted by the Supreme Council upon the Grand officers of the B. of R. T., the order was also expelled. The penalty fell with equal force upon officers and men. The officers, not alone were expelled, but the men who made up the rank and file of the Brotherhood.

A different course could have been pursued. The verdict could have been transmitted to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, giving that organization an opportunity to seek out the guilty, those who had betrayed their trust, and impose upon them, wherever found, the penalty their treachery merited. If the Brotherhood of Trainmen declined to receive the verdict, or adequately punish the offenders, such action or non-action would be equivalent to an ap-

proval of the conspiracy and the organization as a whole would be inculpated and it would then be time enough to arraign and punish the entire organization.

We must not be understood as entering a plea for the traitors who plotted to secure the dismissal of the switchmen on the Northwestern. From the first we stated that expulsion from the ranks of organized labor was what they deserved, nor have we modified our opinion, so far as they are concerned, in the slightest degree. It is to be hoped that the members of the B. of R. T. will thoroughly investigate the matter, punish the conspirators and again join the federated forces.

GLOOMY.

The *Farmer's Voice*, after taking a survey of the situation, remarks:

A solemn crisis is coming every day nearer when it must be determined whether a government of the people, by the people and for the people can long endure among men.

Free institutions will then be put to a supreme test—and all the men now living in the world, together with the generations which shall inhabit it through coming ages will have a vital interest in the result.

Not a single great statesman of Europe either living or dead ever gave faith to the permanency of the republican idea in earthly government.

In the proudest day of our republic they doubted it and said with courtly cynicism, "Your United States cannot justly claim to have made a demonstration during the few score years it has been in existence—yours is purely an experiment and scarcely even a dubious one, for all the experience of the past is against you.

History makes no record of a republic that did not after a short life vanish into some form of absolutism, either autocratic or oligarchic.

Republics may come and republics may go, but the king goes on forever. He appears in the dawn of time, and tens of thousands of years hence when the final chronicles of this world shall be written—it is not improbable that his name shall be the last one inscribed by the last annalist of the human race."

Now, it may be possible that the great American republic is doomed and that in the not remote future, a king will be enthroned and crowned, and that our children and our children's children will be heard shouting "long live the king." Still, we doubt it. The processes by which a king will be evolved for the American people will be slow in their operation, and before a king will be permanently seated in a land where Washington once ruled by the divine right of the people's fiat, several dozens of necks will be stretched, and several plutocrats, aristocrats and monarchists will have such funerals as the people may award them. And still, such a catastrophe is among the possibilities, as it is that some 40 billions of years hence the sun will roll in space or stand still, as cold as an iceberg.

Just now when intelligent workingmen are organizing to better their condition, and the work is going grandly on, those who favor kingly rule will be prudent if they keep remarkably shady. The rank and file

are "catching on" to the schemes of plutocrats. League, Union and Lodge fires are blazing; new forces are coming to the front. Capitalists, in many instances, are reading, without an interpreter, the handwriting on the wall, and the first thing they know they will be eating grass like the old Persian king.

The American people will prove patient and long suffering, they will drink the cup of their misfortunes and woes to the dregs, and when they surrender the ballot, when they accept brands and chains, every river that rolls its floods to the sea will be a crimson tide. Possibly troubles are near at hand, possibly the conflict is soon to begin, but we conjecture it will be postponed for a century or two. Be that as it may, we would unhesitatingly stake a town lot against a cigar that no insurance company would risk *ten cents* on the life of the first king of the United States of America.

COMMENTING UPON THE CONSPIRACY.

The *Farmer's Voice*, in a recent issue, referred to the sweeping discharge of switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, as follows:

A special dispatch to the *Evening Journal*, of Chicago, reads as follows:

CLINTON, IOWA, March 14.—[Special].—There were a surprised lot of switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern here this morning when, like other places on the road between Chicago and Omaha, on coming down to work at 7 o'clock they were handed their time checks and informed that they could get them cashed at the office. No reason being given for this action.

So it seems from the foregoing item that there was "a surprised lot of switchmen" at Clinton, Iowa.

That is surely a very frigid way of indicating the state of feelings of a lot of humble workmen, who see the daily bread snatched out of the mouths of their wives and children without a moment's notice. This infamy on the part of a gang of lawless railway despots should of a verity give a big surprise and a large measure of indignation to the great plain people of this nation, and it will do so if the bold patriotism of our citizens has not rotted out of sight in a general cringing lackeydom, that would welcome the destruction of democratic institutions and imperialism of the republic, if accompanied by a champagne supper and fifty dollar bill.

The *Farmers' Voice* is to be commended for its outspoken denunciation of the C. & N. W. infamy, but when the indignant paper learns that the railroad corporation was aided in perpetrating the monstrous wrong by another organization of railroad workmen, who entered into a conspiracy with the corporation to snatch the daily bread out of the mouths of switchmen, their wives and children, it may come to the conclusion that such conspirators are deserving of anathemas ten fold more severe than should be visited upon the corporation officials.

The *Farmers' Voice* is a publication splendidly edited. It takes a wide survey of the economic field. It sizes up the infamies perpetrated by syndicates, trusts, and the various plutocratic combinations to rob

labor of its just returns, and we are anxious for it to know that the treason and duplicity of the members of a great labor organization of railroad employes made it possible for the officers of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway corporation to strike down about four hundred switchmen and rob them of employment. We want to say to the *Farmers' Voice* that the men who were guilty of entering into this conspiracy to down switchmen were guilty of treason to obligations as sacred as were ever imposed upon mortal man. These members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen over-leaped every barrier between honor and infamy; struck down the principles of their own organization and of the federation which they were bound to respect, that they might vent their pent up malice against a few men, whose offending was utterly insignificant as compared with the penalty that conspiracy and treason compelled the unfortunate switchmen to pay.

What hope is there for labor? What hope for oppressed workingmen when one organization of workingmen use their power to crush another organization? Why should organized labor continue to denounce *scabs* when the members of a labor organization perpetrate the most colossal scab enterprise in the history of organized labor?

The *Farmers' Voice* can now, if so inclined, tell its readers what it thinks of this conspiracy to "*snatch the daily bread out of the mouths of switchmen, their wives and children without a moment's notice.*"

RYHME AND REASON.

The poets (?) of the period, the namby-pamby-wishy-washy—the drooling crowd, who have the faculty of rhyming without reason, who ride goats instead of the "winged horse," and who slake their thirst in tad-pole mud holes, rather than at the inspiring fountain of the muses, are multiplying with the rapidity of rabbits in Australia, and what is singular about the business, appears in the fact that those who control the press of the country, not only print the insufferable doggerel but pay for it—and compliment the author—as a consequence, the flow of the nauseating stuff steadily increases.

From a literary point of view such doggerel has no merit whatever. It is a display of ignorance throughout. It ranks infinitely below the lowest production of "Mother Goose." As poetry, it has no more merit than the belchings of a sour stomach. It is too insipid to be used in nurseries, and would demoralize a kindergarten. It is astonishing to note the quantity and quality of such bosh as gets into labor papers. If the rhyme *stingers* would look around, they could find themes for their fancy, which

however poorly treated, would embody redeeming facts worth at least the space required for printing them.

As an instance of this, take the following, "Business is Business" from the Boston *Transcript*:

Eh? "Business is business?" Sheer cant, sir! Pure gammon?

Of all the inhuman, sham Maxims of Mammon,

This one is the worst.

For under its cover lurks cruelty callous.

With murderous meanness that merits the gallows.

And avarice accurst.

Oh, well, I'm aware, sir, how ruthless rapacity Loves to take shelter, with cunning mendacity,

'Neath an old saw;

But well says the scribe that such "business" is crime, sir,

And such would be but for gaps half the time, sir,

'Twixt justice and law.

Starving is bad enough, but to starve and to work too is altogether too bitter for any human creature. If there is no actual starvation at the doors of those who read this there is plenty of privation, and everybody's business is no longer nobody's business concerning the fate of those in the next streets. The same arguments are put forth in support of industrial slavery that were once offered in defense of personal slavery in the South. Work is a good friend, but a poor master; surely the poor who work from candle-light in winter should have a chance.

A phrase takes the place of an argument often.

And stomachs go empty, and brains slowly soften.

And sense sick with dizziness,

All in the name of the hosh men embody

In one clap-trap phrase that dupes many a noddy.

That—business is business.

Business? Yes, precious bad business for them, sir,

Whose joyless enslavement you take with such phlegm, sir,

Suppose, to enhance

Their small share of ease, such as you, were content, sir,

To lower a trifle your precious "per cent." sir

And give them a chance.

The poet who wrote the foregoing is evidently a "kicker," and his rhymes have the ring of reason which gives them value.

The *People*, published in the City of New York, has the kindness to say:

One of the finest labor publications in existence is the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, edited by Eugene V. Debs, and issued at Terre Haute, Ind. It contains exhaustive essays upon the labor question, from which profuse quotations are made by labor papers in all countries where the English language is spoken.

Such complimentary words by a publication which does not speak at random we appreciate, and they cannot fail of being encouraging to the great Brotherhood of which the *Magazine* is the official organ. But the *Magazine* has sought to be something more than an "organ." It has taken an interest in all labor organizations, and as best it could cheered them on in their good work.

ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The following subscriptions to the *Robinson Monument Fund* have been received since our last report;

J. H. Cunningham, Pan Handle, Tex.	\$1 00
Thos. Sheehan, Pan Handle, Tex.	1 00
Thos. Mullhall, Pan Handle, Tex.	1 00
J. E. Barney, El Paso, Tex.	1 00
O. O. Stoner, Garrett, Ind.	1 00

The following collected by A. E. Rief, Pana, Ill.:	
Wm. Wolf	25
A. E. Rief	50
M. Fry	25
Chas. Roley	25
Chas. Morrison	25
D. Shinfelt	25
W. J. Miller	25
Andrew Smith	25
A. C. Schovill	25
Jno. Borders	25
N. Bonner	25
J. Beckensto	25
J. Gregg	25
N. Clark	25
A. F. Dutton	25
F. T. Clark	25
A. E. Jordan	25
J. Aduddle	25
J. Carder	25
E. W. Irwin	25
Jno. Hawkins	25
Jno. Beatty	25
H. Sturdivant	25
Ed Hendrichs	25
T. J. Downey	50
Stanton Frisbie	15
Dallas Tilton	25
Geo. File	25
N. Barrett, Pan Handle, Tex.	\$1 00
Harry Lippey, Pan Handle, Tex.	1 00
A. C. Seger, Pan Handle, Tex.	1 00
Previously acknowledged	25 70

Total \$41 10

Remittances should be directed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Going the rounds of the press we note the following:

In Cincinnati thousands of pairs of trousers are made for 5 cents a pair, and overalls for 3 and 4 cents. Under the sweating system hundreds of women are earning from \$1.25 to \$3 per week. Children are working for 6 cents per day, and are subject to fines that often equal their wages.

Now, suppose a proposition be made to boycott the establishments in Cincinnati and elsewhere that pay such murderous prices, and it should succeed and break up the business of the monsters? What would become of the women and children whose lives are made up of pangs and groans?

There is an immense amount of burning literature circulated against the moon-calf monstrosities, who care no more for the lives and happiness of women and children than a wolf cares for the innocence of a lamb, and they would still further reduce prices were it possible and keep up their business.

But is there not another side to the question? Take a cut-throat Shylock who sells trousers and overalls cheap, because he pays murderous wages, and a white man who pays fair wages, and therefore must have an advanced price, and which one will secure the trade? Is it required to state that the cut-throat would prosper while the white

man would be left with his goods unsold? What is the moral? This—the public cares no more for the enslaved women and children than do the monsters who defraud them. “Cheap” is the battle cry and it seals the doom of the victims of the “sweating system.”

FOURTEEN MILLIONS GONE.

The *New York World*, of recent date, contained the following editorial reference to a big steal:

A day or so ago there was a mysterious meeting of capitalists in New York. These people represented the majority of \$40,000,000 worth of stock. They declined to say anything to the newspapers that would satisfy either the public or the shareholders.

The corporation was the Construction Company of the Northern Pacific Railroad, an institution into which many millions of dollars have mysteriously disappeared. Not many months ago the assets of this very Construction Company shrank from \$30,000,000 to \$6,000,000, and no one knew whither the \$24,000,000 had gone.

Perhaps it will be said that the public has no concern in these private affairs; that even if men are so imprudent as to pour their money into rat-holes it is wholly the business of those who are proverbially easily parted from their money.

But this is not true if the rat holes owe their existence to law, and it is the duty of the State that enables corporations to secure the money of investors to compel their creatures to do their business in the light of day. Sudden and mysterious disappearances of money into corporation coffers create public scandals.

Blind pools and the secret management of corporate funds are contrary to public policy.

All the millions of dollars which “mysteriously disappeared” in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad were stolen, and at the same time were made to appear as having been expended in the construction of the road, a case, not unusual, of stealing being reduced to a science but entirely within the law, made for the special accommodation of plutocratic thieves.

THE *Cologne Gazette* of June 15th has an account of a railroad accident at Basle, Switzerland, in which an excursion train was precipitated into a river and a number of lives lost. That the entire number of passengers was not lost is due to the Westinghouse air brake. The account says: “The unfortunate train was filled with passengers, because many people from Basle were going to visit the singing festival at Moenchenstein. The new bridge close to the station spans the River Birs above rapidly flowing waters. The train consisted of two engines, two fast freight cars and ten coaches. The bridge broke in two. The entire first part of the train was precipitated into the river, but six of the coaches remained on the track held there by the tearing apart of the couplings which brought the Westinghouse automatic brake into action and resisted further progress. Up to the present sixty-five bodies have been found. Forty-one seriously injured passengers are lying in the Basle Hospital. The work of clearing away the debris is being performed slowly.”

WM. D. ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the *Magazine* we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallows ground
where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured
pillars you heap!
In dew that heavens far
distant weep.
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the
deep
Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?
'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls
of worth!
Peace! Independence!
Truth go forth.
Earth's compass round
And your high priesthood
shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the Brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods will be constituted to take charge of the fund and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.



WM. D. ROBINSON.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices, the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in poverty

that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, Terre Haute, Indiana*, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* day of each month.

WHY IS IT?

There are things in this life I don't understand,

You meet with them everywhere,

Why many can drive in their carriages grand

And live a *la* millionaire,

While others day after day ever toil

For wages exceedingly small,

Why land-grabbers own the most of our soil,

And poor men ne'er get bonused at all.

Why young men don collars up to their chin,

To stifle and throttle them so,

Why ladies wear corsets so tight that they grin,

When nobody's looking, you know.

Why they buy such *dear* hats of delirious shape,

Causing the sterner sex oftimes to swear,

Why the manners of foreigners so many do ape,

And shop girls must not sit on a chair.

Why a team of base ballists can play a great game,

No errors or muffs, "There's the rub,"

But the very next day, oh! 'tis not the same.

They get beat by some back country club.

Why a night with the "boys" isn't good for the head,

And we thrive on boarding-house hash.

Why the girl we love another fellow does wed,

And the ugliest dude makes the best mash.

Why aldermen free in our street cars can ride,

While poor washerwomen pay fare;

The richer the man the prettier the bride,

You find it the same everywhere.

Why members shirk voting in our Parliament,

Drawing salaries with manners so bland,

Why labor there seldom sends a "represent,"

Are some things that I don't understand."

TORONTO, ONT.

John Tierney, Jr.

Organization.

MR. EDITOR:—Being a reader of your valuable journal, I take the privilege of writing something for publication, hoping to interest your readers and especially members of the brotherhood.

In looking back over a life spent on the rail and on the front end of the trains that move the commerce of the nation, memory carries me back into the 50's, when many of the appliances of to-day had not been thought of. September 17, 1859, I threw my first billet of wood in the old Sam Patch, (named so on account of jumping off a bridge as did the original Sam Patch) on the S. S. R. R., which is now a part of the Norfolk & Western of Virginia.

It is reasonable to suppose that I have seen many vicissitudes in railroading, development going on continually, all tending to perfection.

To one who has been, as it were, in the midst of this great evolution, and noticing factors that have played their part as being the causes which have produced the great-

est and most wholesome effects, none deserves more consideration than organization, from the very fact that by organization operatives in their different vocations are thrown together and discuss matters pertaining to their particular branches of service, thereby educating the membership up to a high standard.

There was a time when railroad officials were opposed to organized labor, but the wise among them have abandoned any such attitude, and now the grievances of organized labor are given a respectful hearing.

This change in the attitude of managers of railroads has been forced upon them not through any greater reverence they have for organized labor, but by the stern law of necessity.

Let any of the old landmarks in railroad service take his stand back in the 50's and draw a comparison with the train service of that day and this. It will be discovered that the improvement is wonderful. As an illustration I will mention an occurrence in which I was a factor—the fireman. There was wanted engineers, and the Master Mechanic hired a steamboat engineer, and sent him out on the engine I fired. We were six days and nights making a run of 408 miles, and put in most of the time on the road; and it was all right—nobody complained; (but the fireman, and he didn't amount to much then) the officials thought probably it was the best that could be done. Now is there a first-class road or even an insignificant branch road that would undertake such an experiment as trying to get trains over the road with a steamboat engineer? verily not, and I don't think the C. B. & Q. would like to try it again.

The reason for my assertion in regard to the attitude of managers is very plain; railroading in all of its departments, and especially the train service, has attained to such a degree of perfection that a high order of skill and training is essential on the part of the men in charge to meet and properly discharge the duties imposed upon them.

Railroad managers have discovered this, and have accepted the inevitable; they do not desire a conflict with their operatives if it can be avoided by an appeal to common sense and reason. Believing this to be a fact, it behooves operatives to make justice the basis of their demands and not to act hastily if there seems to be a grievance, but use Davy Crockett's motto: "be sure you are right, then go ahead," always keeping in view the self-evident fact that all men are created free and equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It has been my aim in life to make the world better by having lived in it, and I

hope yet to live to see the day when every honest citizen will feel that he is the peer of any man; and I believe that organization is the medium through which this is to be accomplished.

I believe that the future historian in making his summary of great benefactors of mankind, will give the faithful leaders of organization of to-day their proper meed of praise; but for the present they must be content with simply the approval of the majority, knowing that they are building a monument to themselves that will stand when bricks and mortar have crumbled to dust. Therefore it becomes necessary to build wisely and use no bad material, such as hypocrisy, subterfuge and a hundred other artifices to take the place of truth, which, if used in the structure, will mar its harmony and in time cause it to tumble to earth.

Before closing I want to speak to the craft: be faithful to duty as members of an organization that you may well be proud of; be faithful to yourself and family in order to make life pleasant and home what it ought to be and be faithful to the company in whose service you may be employed for the reason that justice demands it; but to be faithful to your employers doesn't carry with it the demand that you must surrender your manhood. Be faithful in the discharge of the duties pertaining to the position you fill, and don't say, as my fire-boy does sometimes when I speak to him about economy in fuel, "it don't cost me a cent." We are all what we make ourselves; some of us may have greater obstacles to overcome than others, but organization, will aid us in overcoming them, so finally be faithful to organization.

Axiom.

FAIR WAGES AND SPOT CASH.

BY SWITCH.

MR. EDITOR:—There are motors and there are voters, there are churches, prayers and preachers, There are books by the million, and some hundred thousand teachers; There are snivelling philanthropists, who prate about perdition, Each with a patent nostrum, to improve working-men's condition. Where there are so many doctors there'll be views of great variety, Relating to orthodox morals and gold-lined society— But what I want to know is, and this, twixt you and me, If good wages and spot cash, morally and socially, is 'nt about the idea?

[If the question were put to vote, we should be inclined to vote early and often for spot cash and fair wages.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

MR. EDITOR:—I know that workingmen should be socially elevated— And I know they all desire to be morally sublimated.

If cleanliness is godliness, then just here I want to say, There are workmen who believe in soap, and wash, at least once a day. They don't have to be ordered out, and made to stand in line, And be lectured by the Vanderbilts on the habits of swine; Still, if morally and socially, we are to be altitud-leum, Don't you think good wages and spot cash is the way to kingdom come?

[If by "kingdom come" *Switch* means a good home, with three square meals a day, then, in that case, we advocate "good wages and spot cash." They make labor's ways, ways of pleasantness, and all its paths, paths of peace.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

MR. EDITOR:—Morally and socially, I want to go as high as circumstances permit; I am fighting on that line, and I don't propose to quit. But firing an old engine with anti-combustion coal. While it gives me an appetite, is a little rough on my soul. But heroically I keep at work, and am making some advance— There is nothing else in sight, just now, and I take the only chance. But I am often irritated, this I confess with no delight. Still, hopeful that good wages and spot cash will set me right.

[*Switch* has got the hang of the question, stick to the old engine and make her hot. There need be no fears as long as the good appetite continues.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

MR. EDITOR:—I am anxious to see added to the list of ages, One distinguished for spot cash, fair play and honest wages. And when you see its dawn, bet your boots and old hats, There will be a mighty tumbling of purse-proud plutocrats. Then labor, by its own decree, will be found on top. And though you live a thousand years you'll never see it flop. With fair wages and spot cash—longed for beatitudes— We'll rise, morally and socially, to "400" altitudes.

[We are confident, though somewhat behind time, that the age of good wages and spot cash is coming. Its coming could be expedited by federation, and that, too, is coming, and when it comes, labor will be on top.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

The average small boy of the present day is seldom at a loss for something to say, even in the most embarrassing situations. Bobby, a precocious youth of six summers, had been indulging in profanity and, in order to escape the punishment for which his mother had made preparations, he crawled under a barn and remained there in a state of siege for the greater part of the afternoon. When his father returned at night and learned how matters stood he made his way, with much difficulty, under the barn in search of the boy. "Hello, papa," said Bobby, cheerfully, as his sire approached, "have you been swearing, too?"

A Step from the Rail.

Dedicated to the memory of Percy A. Robinson, a bright and promising young fireman, who was instantly killed in an accident while on duty, May 13, 1891. In frequent conversations with the writer he displayed in a prominent degree that the ruling thought of his life was filial regard for his mother.

David, who slew the lion and bear,
And to battle with Goliath dare.
To Jonathan said, in his despair,
"There's but a step between death and me."
As then said David, so now say we,
For young or old, for the grave or gay,
For the busy man, for child at play,
"But a step between," come when it may.

Precautions seem of little avail
To avoid "the step," while seas we sail
Or journey take on glistening rail.
We are prone to think, if not say it,
For us, somehow, something will stay it.
It matters not how long life is spared
No one seems ever just quite prepared
To take it, though living much have dared.

Upon an engine devouring space,
A fireman stands, with a cheerful face
Helping his steed to quicken its pace.
To him it is "a thing of beauty,"
A joy to help it win and duty.
His pride in it he will not smother
For a sweetheart "he wants no other;"
His heart is filled with it—and mother.

His heart and mind, with the busy brain,
Are filled with mother, while muscles strain
In line of duty, to speed the train.
Mother was the "angel of mercy"
Uppermost in the heart of Percy.
What mattered the surroundings dreary,
The tired limbs and muscles weary,
When talk of mother made him cheery.

Of her he thinks as he works that night,
While so dark without, within is bright,
Thoughts of mother give him inner light.
Alas! alas! there should only be
"But a step between" grim death and thee!
Could mother see, how she would have prayed,
"If possible, let 'the step' be stayed."
Runaway cars are coming down grade!

A blow, a crash, then a jar and shock
With force that causes the earth to rock.
An awful silence which seems to mock
The terrified ones standing aghast.
Who ask "if death has paused or passed?"
Death's gate swung wide for the engine crew:
The engineer only got a view,
While fireman Percy "the step" made through.

"But a step" from the rail, how it thrilled
As over the wire went "fireman killed!"
A loyal heart and cheery voice stilled.
With faces blanched, brother firemen said
In saddened tones, "Young Percy is dead."
"As Jonathan was David's brother,
Was he ours," as they told each other,
"Percy's gone!" they echoed—"his mother."

Those left standing this side of "the gate"
Do feel sometimes like murmuring "fate!"
When a young life goes while old ones wait.
To solve the cause, they wondering try,
While echoes mockingly answer, why?
Since solution here may not be had,
Such steps from the rail must make us sad,
We voice our sorrow in our "too bad!"

S. E. F.

Acknowledgments.

COLORADO CITY, COLO., June 2, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I have this day received a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, the full amount due me on my disability claim from Bro. Griffith, Receiver of Lodge No. 218. I am unable to express my thanks to the noble hearted brothers of No. 218, and the members of Division No. 385, B. of L. E., and others who have assisted me in my misfortune, but it is my earnest wish that when their time comes they may reach their next home without pain or trouble. It is also my earnest wish to remain a member of the order for the short time I expect to be with you.

Yours fraternally,
WM. MICHIE.

DODGE CITY, KAN., June 2, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I desire to return my sincere thanks, through the columns of our worthy *Magazine*, for the payment of \$1,500, being the amount of my disability claim; also to thank the noble brothers of Old Fort Lodge, No. 347, for their uniform kindness and help all through my suffering and sorrow, and may none of them ever have the misfortune that I have had. God bless the noble B. of L. F. and may it ever prosper.

Yours fraternally,
SOUTHEY B. TUNNELL.

WOOD RIVER, NEB., June 6, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Words cannot express the gratitude I feel as I acknowledge the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred dollars for injuries which I sustained on Bear River bridge, on the 16th day of June, 1890. I also tender to the members of Morning Star Lodge, No. 88, my warmest thanks for their kindness. Hoping that the Brotherhood will continue to prosper, I remain,

Yours fraternally,
P. W. MCGUIRE.

SANDUSKY, O., June 15, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—Allow me, on behalf of my mother, to acknowledge the receipt of insurance due her by the decease of my late brother, Leander Gordon. To the gentlemen, Messrs. Miller and Butler, of "Safety Lodge, No. 142," to whom the adjustment of this matter was intrusted, do we desire to express our gratitude. To the officers and remaining members of "Safety Lodge," we are indebted to an extent which we cannot estimate. From the moment those gentlemen were apprised of my brother's illness, till the sprigs of evergreen were dropped from tender hands to cover the spot where he lay at rest, did they do everything in their power to lighten his suffering. Number me among the firm and steadfast friends of your noble order, and my sentiment is representative of mother, brother, and sisters, whose sorrow you so materially lessened.

Yours in gratitude,
GEO. H. GORDON.

LIMA, MONTANA, June 16, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

It is with sincere thanks that I acknowledge, through the columns of the *Magazine*, the receipt of a draft for \$1,500, for the policy held by my dear brother, Myron S. Russell, who was killed in collision at Dillon, Mont., February 1, 1891. I am especially thankful to the members of No. 343 for their kindness and respect shown to my brother while at Lima, also to members of No. 77, at Denver, for their kindness in conducting the remains to the grave at Riverside Cemetery, at Denver. May God bless each and every one of you, and may the Brotherhood prosper and be to others as it has truly been to me and my mother.

Your sincere friend,
ANNIE L. RUSSELL.

KINGSTON, GA., June 7, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I received, through Mr. G. W. Manning, of Kennesaw Lodge, a draft for \$1,500, the full amount due me on the policy held by my brother, C. W. Nevill, who died at Atlanta, April 7. My brother and sister wish to join in heartfelt thanks to the Committee from Kennesaw Lodge who accompanied my brother's remains home. May God's blessing rest upon every member of your order, is the wish of

Yours sincerely,
ADDIE NEVILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 20th 1891.

Editor Magazine:

The members of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, desire to acknowledge their gratitude to Mrs. W. Cole, of Alameda, for the many handsome gifts to this lodge. Mrs. Cole is one of the ladies who have taken an active part in all our undertakings.

J. L. MAYNE, Sec.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 21, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to express my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of \$1,500.00, due me on the policy of my dear husband, Patrick McCabe, through Mr. P. J. McNamara, Receiver of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12. I also desire to express my thanks for the attention paid me, and also to those who accompanied the remains and who so kindly assisted at the funeral. May God ever bless and protect your noble Brotherhood is the sincere wish of

MRS. PATRICK MCCABE.

TRACY, MINN., May 24, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

We desire to extend our most sincere thanks to the B. of L. F., for the payment of \$1,500.00 for the policy held by my beloved son, Charles D. Hennessy, who was injured in a railroad accident and died Dec. 13th, at Needles Calif, through Homer Howard and Charles T. Largent, of Big Four Lodge, No. 337, of Kansas City, Mo.; also for the kind attention shown the brother of the deceased while in their city, a stranger, awaiting the arrival of the remains; for the beautiful floral tribute furnished by the members of No. 337; also to Mr. W. H. Wise, of Kansas City, who accompanied the brother with the remains to his home, and whose kind words of sympathy helped to lighten the burden; and to those who so kindly assisted at the funeral. May God, in his infinite mercy and kindness, protect the noble order throughout the land, is the earnest prayer of

MARY HENNESSY.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 30, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500.00), the full amount due me on the policy held by my son, Tommie J. Lynch, who died in Missoula, Montana. Dear Tommie often spoke about the advantages of being a member of your noble order, in time of sickness or death. I certainly never appreciated its value until his death. I can scarcely express my gratitude for the kindness and attention of the Brotherhood. May God grant that trouble will never come near you, but if Providence has appointed it your lot, I earnestly hope you will have friends who will be as kind to you as you have been to me during my great affliction. My appreciation of kindness compels me to especially return my earnest and heartfelt thanks to the members of Lodge No. 194, of Missoula, Montana, and No. 82, of Minneapolis. I assure you that the Lover of Charity, whose power is unlimited, and whose mercy is unbounded, will liberally repay you for your kindness to me. From the depths of my heart I wish you prosperity, health and all earthly happiness. I earnestly pray that when this painful life is ended you will enjoy the beatific vision of God.

Sincerely your friend,

MRS. MARY LYNCH.

Address Wanted.

PAT. KAVANAUGH.—If the Secretary of the lodge that Bro. Pat. Kavanaugh is a member of will communicate with the Secretary of Mission Lodge, No. 281, Yoakum, Tex., he will confer a favor that will be appreciated.

In our advertising columns of this issue will be found a special offer to our members from the Holman Liver Pad Co. This is an old, reliable house, and has no connection with the devices known as "Electric Belts," etc. Their book of testimonials covers the most reputable persons in all vocations, and will be sent free on application. We append here one of their testimonials.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

Holman Pad Co.:

DEAR SIR:—I have worn the Liver Pad bought of you about the middle of May last, and have received much benefit from it. I had tried a great many remedies for an inactive liver with but little success, and I confess that I did not expect much from yours, but it has done a good work for me.

Yours, etc.

REV. S. G. VISSCHER.

ELEGANT FASHION BOOKS.

The new Fashion Journals, "La Mode," "La Mode de Paris," and "Album des Modes," published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York, are the most elegant of their kind ever brought to our notice. The styles are drawn by the best artists; and the books are produced by rival houses in Paris, each trying to excel the other in the character of its publications. Formerly they were printed only in French; but they are now published in English for the use of American readers. These journals furnish the styles one month in advance of any similar publications; and they have a *practical* department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make dresses, etc. The admirable fashions, the lessons in dress making, and the giving of the styles one month earlier than heretofore, are strong points in favor of these Fashion Books, causing them to be called "The Favorites." These excellent publications can be obtained from all newdealers.

A Close Student.

"Is your son studying the languages?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Bently, whose son George is at college.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Bently replied; "it was only yesterday that he writ home for money to buy a German student lamp and a French clock."

It Was Hot.

[New Haven News.]

We do not say it on our own authority, but a subscriber has just dropped in to tell us that the sun was so hot on State street yesterday that a cake of ice which the ice-man was taking into a store caught fire while he was crossing the sidewalk.

Patriotism Versus Principle.

"This prize fighting business is disgusting," remarked a citizen. "The idea of men pounding each other to pulp. It is a disgrace to the country, and the laws ought to stop it."

"But the coming fight is to be between representatives of England and America," said another citizen. "It will be an international affair."

"Is that so? Then I'll bet \$500 our man wins."

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT.

Farmers vs. Workingmen, Especially
Railway Employees.THE SITUATION VIVIDLY OUTLINED BY JOHN
DAVIS.

Now comes the cry that farmers and laboring men can never unite in one political or industrial organization—for their own common interests, because, it is said, their interests are not the same, but are, on the other hand, opposite and antagonistic. As well say that a man's two hands cannot work together for common purposes, because their positions are opposite and labors different. Each has its own secret pocket, into which the other is not admitted. Each has special functions to perform, many of which the other cannot perform. Yet these same two hands find, in practice, that, though their interests and labors are not identical, yet they are mutual and coöperative. They meet together for common purposes, daily and hourly, and aid each other in the most intimate and necessary duties of life. They wash each other in the most confidential manner. They both seize the same handle of the sledge or ax for a common purpose; and when the right hand would handle a hatchet the left holds the pin to be sharpened or the nail to be driven. All day they coöperate and work together for common purposes, but when work is done, each rests and recuperates in its own side pocket, sub Alliance or secret assembly, without the merest symptom of jealousy.

Yet it is upon this alleged jealousy and imaginary antagonism of interests that the enemies of labor found their hopes of dividing and beating the labor movement which is now everywhere showing its power at the ballot box. It is claimed that the farmers desire to hire labor as cheaply as possible, while laboring men desire to get as high wages as possible, and, that therein lies an antagonism of interests which can never be overcome. If this near-sighted view of the matter covered the whole case, or even any considerable portion of it, it would have weight. But it does not. It might with better reason be said that farmers cannot unite with each other in fraternal organization for common purposes because of their antagonism and rivalry in supply the same markets with the same goods. Every farmer is the industrial competitor of every other farmer, and must, in the very nature of things, be the enemy of the man he is trying to crowd to the wall, and who is trying to crowd him to the wall. Yet, in spite of this narrow and short-sighted view of the case, farmers have no difficulty in uniting and working shoulder to shoulder with each other for their own common interests,

and standing manfully together in a life and death struggle with the common enemy.

It might with much show of reason be said that two lawyers in the same village can never unite in fraternal organization for mutual benefits, because each takes from the other one-half the local business which the other might enjoy were his competitor out of the way. Yet lawyers find no difficulty in uniting for the benefit of their profession. The same statement will apply to each of the professions, to merchants, and to men of all business pursuits and industries where individuals and firms are rivals of each other. Yet, in every profession, in every business pursuit and in every industry, intelligent men find no difficulty in forming unions, guilds, Alliances, associations, assemblies, boards of trade and other fraternal organizations for general purposes and mutual benefits. Moreover, in the matter of politics, their co-operation is not prevented nor even retarded by the least shade of jealousy or antagonism.

In view of these facts, open to the observation of all thinking men, how foolish and absurd it is to say that men who are the consumers of each other, and in no true or general sense rivals or antagonists cannot co-operate for their mutual benefit. Farmers hire a few men on their farms. But for every man hired on the farms many thousands of men, women and children are hired in the mines, factories and shops, on the railroads, and in the great cities at divers occupations, all clamoring for better wages, that they may become greater consumers of farm products. A hundred thousand men, more or less, are employed on and about the railroads of the country. Every one of them and their families, of such as have families, are customers and consumers of farm products in proportion to the means they have to spend in that line. The official labor reports show that a million men, representing perhaps, three millions of people, are idle; unable to earn wages through want of employment, they pay for nothing, while they suffer and drift into crime on their way to the grave.

Now it is only expressing a well-known truism to state that it is to the interest of every farmer that his customers be multiplied and enriched so as to create a larger and better market for his commodities. Hence, the more men there are employed on the railroads, and in the mines, shops and factories, in all the professions, in every line of business, and in all the non-farming industries the larger market the farmer has for his product. The employment of more men means shorter hours for wage laborers in the non-agricultural industries. It is better for the farmers of America that wage workers have short time—that three men be employed ten hours per day instead of

two men fifteen hours. It is better for the farmers, that, in all industries where furnaces must be kept hot and wheels and machines in motion night and day, that three shifts of men be employed eight hours each, rather than two shifts twelve hours each. It is, also, to the interest of farmers that the laboring men, agents and clerks in all the non-agricultural industries and employments receive good wages. All wages thus paid to the workers and operatives in mines, shops and factories, and on the railroads, enrich the farmer's customers and improve his markets for all the products of the farm. In order to show the unity of interests in every normal community, it may be added, that short hours and numerous, well-paid employes, increase the business of merchants, and benefit every line of trade and every mechanical employment, because we are the consumers of each other's wares. No sensible business or professional man nor intelligent farmer can conceive himself benefitted by the oppression of labor, through long hours and small pay. But, on the contrary, the more men there are employed (that means short hours), and the better the wages, the better it is for the farmers and for the professional and business men who have laboring men for customers.

This view of the case is plain and self-evident. But there is another phase of alleged antagonisms which must have further attention. It is claimed by the railroad corporations that farmers on the one side, and railroad employes on the other, have antagonisms toward each other which can never be reconciled. They justly state that the farmers desire lower freights and fares on the railroads, while the men operating the roads as employes are demanding higher wages and shorter hours. These demands, it is claimed by the corporations are, on each side, earnest and persistent, and, at the same time, are incompatible. There is enough of truth in this claim to give it a show of plausibility. Under normal circumstances, it would be serious, provided it did not entirely disappear. It is claimed that lower rates cannot be permitted on the railroads without lowering the wages of the employes on the road. On the other hand it is not possible to grant the employes shorter hours and better pay without raising the freights and fares which the farmers and public must pay. Thus, the corporations have drawn a picture of an irrepressible conflict, with the public, including the farmers on one side, and their employes on the other. They would have us believe that the farmers and all the public are engaged in a war of oppression on the men who operate the railroads, and that this war is merciless and endless. So earnest and persistent are the corporations in pushing

this view of the case that they have commenced organizing their men into "Clubs," with regular newspaper organs to resist the growing unity and power of the "farmers' and people's movement." During the session of the Kansas legislature last winter, men calling themselves railroad engineers met several times with the legislative committee and used their influence to prevent any and all reform in railroad legislation. They boldly claimed that any lightening of the public burdens in the line of railroad charges, would be taken out of their wages, and cited cases in Iowa to prove their statements. It was replied to them that the corporations have abundant margins, under just management, to pay their men better wages for shorter hours, while at the same time granting all the easement that the farmers are asking.

This view seemed new to the alleged "engineers." They apparently had not thought of more than two parties in the case. The more important and dangerous party which has been pocketing its thousands, millions, and hundreds of millions of dollars, while the farmers and railroad workers have been grabbing and quarreling over pennies, were, by these "railroad club men," left entirely out of the account. No problem can be properly and truthfully solved unless all the factors in the case are duly considered. In this case we have the corporations who manage the roads, the workingmen who operate them, and, the farmers and general public who patronize them. The corporations are the ruling power. They work with little noise or friction. They lay their plans carefully and secretly, and, they carry them out with certainty and conscienceless precision. Laws, constitutions, court decisions and public opinion are brushed aside as cobwebs by the hand of a giant. The men composing these corporations are usually millionaires and are spoken of as "Magnates." Beginning business sometimes, on the mouse trap plane, in a very few years their wealth is reckoned by hundreds of millions. The "Coming Billionaire," it is predicted, will soon arrive by railroad, floated in by the floods and forgeries of his own watered stocks. These millionaire corporations are one factor in our railroad problem. They cannot be left out of the calculation. Where did they get their wealth? They acquired it from the men with whom they have been dealing. They acquired it from the other two factors of the problem—from the laboring men who operate the railroads, and, from the farmers and the general public! These magnates crowd their employes down—down—down—into the most merciless slavery, utterly unknown in the annals of our once peculiar institution—chattel slavery. They work men, it is said, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty hours at a

stretch, as suits their own sweet will and pleasure; until in some cases, engineers and conductors are too much exhausted to be proper custodians of a train. Many lives and much property have been sacrificed by the inability of men to keep awake. The corporations do not drive men to their tasks with whips, shot guns and blood hounds, but, through hunger, distress, lack of fair wages for fair work, and threats of discharge. That is the millionaire treatment of employés! On the other hand, as described by Mr. Garfield in June, 1874, "These modern barons, more powerful than their military prototypes [of the middle ages], own our greatest highways, and levy tribute at will on all our vast industries!"

Senator Windom, in an official report to Congress, in 1874, described our present masters and oppressors as follows:

"In matters of taxation, there are to-day four men representing the four great trunk lines between Chicago and New York, who possess, and who not infrequently exercise powers which the Congress of the United States would not venture to exert. They may at any time, and for any reason satisfactory to themselves, by a single stroke of the pen reduce the value of property in this country by hundreds of millions of dollars. An additional charge of five cents per bushel on the transportation of cereals would have been equivalent to a tax of \$45,000,000 on the crop of 1873. No Congress would dare to exercise so vast a power, except upon a necessity of the most imperative nature, and yet these gentlemen exercise it whenever it suits their supreme will and pleasure, without explanation or apology. With the rapid and inevitable progress of consolidation and combination, these colossal organizations are becoming daily stronger and more imperious. The day is not distant, if it has not already arrived, when it will be the duty of the statesmen to inquire whether there is less danger in leaving the property and industrial interests of the people wholly at the mercy of a few men, who recognize no responsibility but to their stockholders, and no principle of action but personal and corporate aggrandizement, than adding somewhat to the power and patronage of the government directly responsible to the people and entirely under their control."

In all cases they act on the robber's rule when he sets out to get rich by his calling. From the laboring men, who operate the roads the corporations require all that flesh and blood can stand (and more) at the lowest living or starving wages! Of the public they require "all that the traffic can bear," regardless as to the financial embarrassment, the loss of homes or the means of life, by the individuals who compose the public!

Now the question occurs about this way: Suppose the farmer and the general public on one side, unite for mutual self protection against the corporate "barons" who operate the roads for the millions and billions they make at the business. Suppose we require that workingmen be paid better wages, and have shorter hours as well, so that there will be more men at work and more money to spend in the channels of business. Then, on the other hand, let it be demanded that farmers and the public be served by the rail-

road at a rate not more than six to ten per cent. above the cost of service; and require that in all cases the charges shall bear some sort of reasonable relation to the cost of service. If a car load of commodities can be carried across the continent, from ocean to ocean, for three hundred dollars (\$300) it surely cannot be just to charge eight hundred dollars (\$800) on the same roads and in the same train for two-thirds of that distance! If a car load of wheat can be carried from points in southern California to San Francisco for twenty dollars (\$20), it surely cannot be just and equitable to charge three hundred dollars (\$300) for a car load of alfalfa seed from the same points to the same market! If newly arrived Europeans can be carried from New York to Chicago at one dollar per head, it must certainly be unfair to charge native born Americans eighteen times as much over the same roads between the same points. Yet these rehearsals are but the common place occurrences under our present robber management. They "have the drop" on the public, and as a rule "levy tribute at will, 'all the traffic will bear,' on all our vast industries!"

Having raised freights on one side, and suppressed wages on the other, until the margin of profits is large, then comes the opportunity to swell "capitalization" by the sale of manufactured or forged stocks and bonds. These are known as "watered stocks." An agent of the company orders printed blank stock certificates and blank bonds. These blanks which cost merely the price of printing are then filled out with large amounts, signed, and sold for cash in the market at the market price—at par, more or less. If sold at only fifty cents on the dollar, the transaction is bold robbery. A bit of paper costing the company only a cent may be sold for fifty thousand dollars (cash to the corporation). Then, after that sale, there will be one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) more "capitalization" for the public to pay interest or dividends upon. To meet this increased demand, freights are crowded a little higher and employés are crushed a little lower, "in order to provide for the obligations of the company!" In this way the railroad burdens of the United States amounted in 1889 to \$9,931,453,146. As the amount is increasing about half a billion annually, it is with-in the truth to call the present total burden ten billions. According to the best railroad authorities one-half of this incomprehensible sum is *fraud*—watered stocks! Five billions of water! If sold at par it brought enough money to make five thousand new millionaires! At four per cent. per annum the income is enough to make two hundred new millionaires each year from this watered capitalization, which represents no honest value.

The proposition that I make, now, is this: Let us cut down freights and fares on the railroads in the interest of the farmers; in the interest of all merchants and business men; in the interest of all the men, women and children in this broad land, who eat victuals and wear clothes; also at the same time let us shorten the hours of railroad workingmen, until about fifty per cent. more men are employed, and raise wages until about one hundred millions of dollars more money per annum, shall go into their pockets, than now finds its way there. I would do this shortening of hours and raising of wages, primarily, in the interest of the laboring men; secondarily in the interest of the farmers, making larger and better markets for farm products; and, thirdly, in the interest of all business men. I would then lower freights and fares, leaving more money in the channels of business; while, through increased sums paid to railway employes, more money would be returned to the channels of business than the laboring men now have to spend on themselves and families. Is it not plain that this would make better times for all of us?

Do you ask who would suffer by this process? I reply, the millionaires of London and New York would collect less money than now on watered stock! What a hardship! I would provide for them less liberally! That is all! When a farm is water-logged the sensible farmer cuts a ditch to the nearest river and leaves the water to exercise its own option, to go or stay. Our water-logged highways might be so managed by means of lower railroad charges to the public and better wages and terms to the men! Two hundred millions of money per annum saved, is an item worth mentioning in any discussion. This leaves five billions of alleged *bona fide* capital in railroads in this country at four per cent. per annum, with nothing for water; or, two per cent. on the whole ten billions, and the corporations can divide their income as they like. We should quit paying two hundred millions per annum on water! When the farmers, merchants, railroad men, and the general public come to understand this subject as the people understood chattel slavery in the sixties, it is safe to say that we will quit turning our pockets inside out upon demand of public robbers!

Under that fraternal state of prosperity, with better markets and cheaper freights, it may be safely predicted that American farmers will cheerfully pay their hired men more wages than now, making them, also, better customers, for all products of the farms, shops, mines and factories. How nice and easy it is to thus have one hand wash the other, when once we show them the way, though on the start it seemed impossible that it could be done! When all

laborers on the farms, in the mines, in the shops and factories, on the railroads and in the business houses, meet at the ballot box intent on justice to themselves and their families, with less respect and care for their common enemies, times will be better here in America! We are all in the same boat, and must sink or swim together. Divided we are helpless. United, our enemies will disappear as dew disappears under the morning morning sun. Their power of resistance to our will when united is as the breath of an infant to the fury of a cyclone! Let us study this problem of three factors from the bottom, and UNITE.

A Great Bridge.

The great steel bridge across the Columbia river at Vancouver, says San Francisco *Wood and Iron*, will be a mammoth concern. It will be 6,000 feet from the Washington to the Oregon shore; it will be double tracked with a roadway on top for teams, and will be erected upon pneumatic piers. The pivotal pier, or draw pier, will support a draw which will give an opening of 200 feet space on either side for vessels to pass, and the span immediately south of the draw span will be 375 feet. Whole structure to be of steel, built 10 feet above the high water of 1876, and 40 feet above low water. On account of the sandy formation it will be necessary to go down 80 feet below low water to get a firm foundation. There it rests on a foundation of coarse gravel similar to that upon which the great bridges across the Missouri river are built. This gigantic structure will cost over \$1,000,000 and employ hundreds of men in its erection. It will be January 1, 1892, before the cars can pass over it. The company are pushing their bridge and also their road as fast as men and money and their present perfected plans will permit. They have now between here and Kalama over 2,000 men and 1,500 teams at work.

Betrayed by his Accent.

[New York Sun.]

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Phat's your name?

Prisoner—Patrick McGoolihan.

Magistrate—Is it an Irishman yez are?

Prisoner—Yes, yer honor.

Magistrate—That's what Oi thought. Yer accent is froightful.

Work of the Modern Ananias.

A Philadelphia editor says he "violates no confidence" in stating that when a band marched past the offices of the United States legation in London on the Fourth of July playing "Yankee Doodle," Ed. Phelps, the American minister, asked a duke who happened to be standing on the front steps what tune it was. .

PASS IT ALONG.

I asked her what paper she preferred,
And warmly kissed her cheek,
Then pressed her for her heart's reply,
"Say, darling, can't you speak?"
She moved a little nearer then,
And answered: "Lovely Sir,
The one of all that suits me most
Is the Wayland Register!"

—*Wayland Register.*

Just kiss her on the other cheek,
See what she thinks of that,
Then press her for her answer,
And she'll say the Democrat!

—*Livingston Democrat.*

Hello! Good sirs! It all depends
On how a girl is taught;
If she's bright, sweet, up-and-up,
'Tis Pomeroy's Advance Thought!

—*Advance Thought.*

For plentiful insurance "points,"
Interior or external,
She surely knows there is but one,
'Tis Our Society Journal!

—*Our Society Journal.*

The one in which they all delight,
Is one that's bright and new,
Chuck full of wit, ingenious, bright,
It's the Endowment Review!

—*Endowment Review.*

There's many lovely girls we know,
In our free Western land,
Who deem it most ecstatic bliss
To read the Helping hand!

—*Helping Hand.*

From Jersey State to Tennessee,
From Maine to California
Our Mutual Benefit leads them all,
As sure as you are born.

—*Our Mutual Benefit.*

But everybody must agree,
However else their thoughts may vary,
That there's no better sheet than the
Ohio Beneficiary.

The Ohio Beneficiary.

Much depends on "the point of view;"
And for scope and sphere and range
There's nothing else quite equal to
The Fraternal Interchange.

The Fraternal Interchange.

O, beautiful maid! O, cooling dove,
If your years are about eighteen,
Come this way, and you'll fall in love
With the *Firemen's Magazine*.

HIS FIRST DOLLAR.**Henry Clews Tells How He Started the Foundation of His Fortune.**

Henry Clews, the banker, financier and author, being asked by a representative of the New York Sun as to how he laid the foundation of his fortune, said:

"I was preparing for Cambridge when I first came to this country. It was the rule in English families not only to dispose of the children in marriage, but also to select for them their occupation in life. My parents had decided upon making me a clergyman. My family had been famous for clergymen for many generations. An uncle of mine, named Tysen, was vicer of Woolstan-

ton, in Staffordshire. He had a number of curacies at his disposal, and it was his desire that I should take one. Now, a curate never received more than £100 per annum. That was to be my fortune. Of course, when my uncle died I might have succeeded him, but there was nothing certain about that. Like most English boys, I had no thought, one way or the other, about accepting the life mapped out for me. There was no question about it. It had been decided, and I did not think of disputing the decision. During one of my vacations, however, I thought I should like to come to America. I had a brother here who was in business, and my father had gone over on some business, also, and I thought I'd like to see the country. I requested permission to come, and it was accorded me. I sailed from Liverpool in the ship *England*, and landed in New York after a passage of thirty-two days. Shortly after my arrival my father returned to England, but as I had seen but very little of the country I requested permission to remain longer, and my father agreed.

"I had not been here long before my ideas broadened and I perceived that here in this country there were opportunities of which I had never dreamed in England. I became very much dissatisfied with the idea of returning to my narrow prospects in England, and after some deliberation I determined to remain. I was at the time in receipt of a small allowance from my father, which I obtained through a banking-house in this city.

"I had no sooner determined to stay here than I looked around for some employment, and secured a situation as assistant book-keeper with the firm of Wilson B. Hunt, at William street and Maiden lane. Mr. Hunt was related distantly to my family, having married a cousin, and it was for that reason principally that I secured employment under him. My first salary was \$250 a year. I was then 14 years of age. I wrote to my father as soon as I had secured the place, informing him that I would not return to England, and that he need not send me any further allowance. My father and mother wrote me to come home, but I refused to do so, and have not been there since."

From this small beginning Mr. Clews has built up a colossal fortune, which is now the backbone of the banking firm of which he is the senior member. Mr. Clews referred with pride to the fact that at his early age he was one of the best penmen in the city of New York. It was his splendid penmanship that made it easy for him to secure his first situation and that won for him shortly thereafter the diploma at the American Institute Exhibition in Castle Garden. That diploma, handsomely framed, now forms one of the decorative features of Mr. Clews' home.

ANCIENT ENGINEERING.

Some Facts that would Prove Too Much For the Modern Engineer.

The hard mechanical training necessary for an engineer of the present day disinclines him to spend his scanty leisure in studies which cannot be turned to account. The result is that he conscientiously believes his art to be the special flower and glory of the age—in which he is not altogether wrong; but beyond that he regards all earlier feats of engineering as unworthy of serious discussion. And the public, as ignorant, with less excuse encourage this view.

It is waste of time to ask him how the bowlders of Stonehenge were conveyed to their resting place, how the walls of Fiesole or Mycene were built; these marvels represent the power which lies in the brute force of multitudes, and there's an end of the question. Engineering now is an art and a science, with which the rude work of the savages has no sort of connection. One must not inquire why he takes it for granted that Stonehenge, for example, was built by savages, where the brute multitudes came from, how they subsisted on Salisbury Plain, or why it is necessary to assume that they were unacquainted with mechanics. All that is chose jugee—beyond dispute. If you cite records of antiquity which tell of works he can not rival that fact alone is proof that the record is a lie; for how can it possibly be that mere Greeks and Romans should have been able to do what the builders of the Eiffel Tower and the Forth bridge can not accomplish? We had an amusing instance of this feeling lately. The ingenious M. Eiffel and the artistic M. Bartholdi have been gravely pondering the Colossus of Rhodes—measuring and weighing it as per prescription; and they conclude that the thing was simply impossible.

It could not have been set up, to begin with, and when set up it could not have withstood the pressure of the wind. This is demonstrated by all the rules of modern science, and he who does not admit the demonstration must be prepared to show that two and two do not make four. Those antique personages who professed to have seen the Colossus were victims of an ocular delusion or flat story tellers, and that greater number who mention it incidentally, as we might mention the ruins of the Colosseum, were credulous gossips. The fact is that Messrs. Eiffel and Bartholdi argue in a fashion usual with engineers. Not all of them would pretend that they know every law of nature which applies in such a case. But very few would listen patiently if it were urged that the ancients knew some laws with which they were unacquainted.

So it appears, however, to the disinterested student, and we can bring forward evidence enough. If it is true that the Colossus of Rhodes is really proved "impossible," according to the best modern authorities, this is a good illustration to begin with, for its existence is as well authenticated as the Temple at Delphi and the statue of Olympian Zeus, or the Tower of London, for that matter, to one who has never seen it. By some means it was set up, and by adaptation of some natural laws it was made to stand until an earthquake overthrew it. One is embarrassed by the number and variety of illustrations to the same effect which crowd upon the mind. Since the Colosseum has been mentioned we may choose examples of this class. Is M. Eiffel prepared to put an awning over Trafalgar Square when the sun shines, and remove it promptly without the aid of a central support or steam engine, or even chains? The arch of the Colosseum is certainly not less. This may seem a trifling matter to the thoughtless because they have never considered it. Roman engineers covered in that vast expanse with some woollen material, and they worked the ponderous sheet so easily and smoothly that it was drawn and withdrawn as the sky changed. The bulk of it must have weighed hundreds of tons, all depending by ropes from the circumference. But the ancients thought so little of this feat that they have left us only one trivial detail of the method.

So Julius Caesar stretched an awning above the Forum Romanum and great part of the Via Sacra in the space of a single night. Have any of our modern engineers pondered the contemporary descriptions of Alexander's dubar tent before Babylon? That, again, appears to have had no central support. It was upheld, says Phylarchus, by eight pillars of solid gold. Of the glorious plenishing within we have not to speak, since our theme is mechanics. Around the throne and the great courtiers stood 500 Macedonian guards; in a circle beyond them 500 Persian guards; beyond these again 1,000 archers. To fix a tent which held 2,000 soldiers on duty, with arms and accouterments, surrounding, in successive circles, the most gorgeous oriental court that ever was, with hundreds of satraps, councilors, generals, eunuchs and slaves, would perplex a mechanician of the nineteenth century. He will reply that the story is false—must be because he could not match it. Happily the awning of the Colosseum stands beyond dispute, and Alexander's tent is a small matter compared with that. But we undertook to deal with the engineering of the ancients in connection with the theater, having chanced on that class of illustration. Pliny tells how Metellus Scavrus, edile, built a wondrous edifice, which stirred his rival, C.

Curio, to frantic jealousy. It may be worth while in passing—since we are all so much interested in the theater nowadays and think so much of our new ones—to tell what sort of a building that was which Curio set himself to outdo. It had 300 marble columns, each 38 feet high and 38 feet apart. About 2,000 bronze statues stood among them. The stage had three floors, as was usual, the lowest paved and fitted with marble, the second with glass, the third gilded, boards and all. It held 80,000 people.

This account will seem so fabulous to steady-going Britons that it is prudent to give chapter and verse. The description will be found, with curious details and passionate reflections on the luxury of the day, in "Pliny's Natural History," xxxiii, 24. Such was the wonder which Curio resolved to beat, and, feeling himself unable to vie in outlay, he summoned the engineers of the period to design something which would "fetch" the public. They built two enormous theaters of wood, each to contain an audience of about 25,000, which stood back to back.

When the spectators assembled in the forenoon Curio was chafed, no doubt, on the issue of the attempt to excel Scæurus. But the audience returned in the afternoon, for these entertainments were devoted to the names of Curio's father, and last a month. In the place of two theaters, back to back, they found an amphitheater, holding 80,000 persons, wherein gladiators and wild beasts contended until dewy eve. The two great buildings had been swung around and united; and day by day for the month following this colossal trick was repeated. The perfiervid indignation of Pliny could not make him altogether indifferent to the ingenuity of the thing. The fact is, in brief, that those who know what the ancient engineers did, with their imperfect means, feel a qualified admiration for the works of the moderns. If Archimedes or Stasicrates had been acquainted with the forces and the laws with which every old woman is familiar in these days they would have changed the face of the earth and the destinies of mankind.

THE LAST SLAVE SHIP.

It Was Not the "Rebecca," as Stated by a Writer in Scribner, but the "Eric."

[Boston Transcript.]

The writer or the very interesting article, "The Last Slave Ship," published in the current Scribner, is mistaken in his assumption that the vessel of which he was surgeon deserves the title he has bestowed upon her. He places the departure of the slaver, the Rebecca, from the mouth of the Congo as early in October, 1859. Near the end of

October, according to his account, the ship was rapidly approaching the Carribee islands. On the 3d of November the ship was close to her destination, an island about twenty-five or thirty miles from the Cuban coast, and within a few hours completed her voyage. These dates are important, as showing the author's error in thinking the Rebecca the last slave ship.

On the 8th of August, 1860, ten months after the Rebecca left the Congo, the United States steamer Mohican captured, fifty miles off the mouth of that river, the slave ship Eric, commanded by Capt. Nathaniel Gordon. The Eric was a small ship of not more than five hundred tons, and in her narrow quarters were confined 897 negroes, men, women and children. Their condition was shocking, as sickness had broken out on board. In addition, Gordon, who was a ruffian just fitted for his infamous calling, had treated the poor wretches with peculiar cruelty. In order to stow the negroes closer, he had torn off the little clothing they wore when they came on board, and in some instances the poor creatures lost for a time the power of locomotion, so cramped was the position they had been compelled to assume. The proceedings against Gordon constituted a cause celebre. After a long delay he was put on trial before the United States Court in New York in November, 1861, convicted under the piracy clause of the law against the slave trade and sentenced to death. Great efforts were made to secure a commutation of sentence, and President Lincoln relieved Gordon for a time. Commutation was, however, positively refused, and Gordon was hanged on the 21st day of February, 1862. He made a desperate attempt to commit suicide, poison having been in some way conveyed to him in prison. It was hinted that some parties of high mercantile standing in New York were interested in the Eric's voyage. Indeed, the New York Evening Post, about the time the Eric was at sea, openly stated that eighty-five slave-ships had been fitted out from that port in eighteen months of 1859 and 1860. The statement does not seem improbable when we reflect that as late as 1856 fifty-eight members of Congress could be found to vote for the repeal of the law against the African slave trade. Slavers are unknown on the high seas to-day, but native craft are caught with negroes on board on the African coast. Only a few years ago the Arab slave-dealers adopted the shrewd device of hoisting the French flag to evade search by the British cruisers. The attention of the French government was called to the trick, and while it declined to allow the right of search of suspected vessels under the tri-color, it sent a squadron of its own to enforce its laws against the slave trade, which soon broke up the practice.

Within a few years our squadron in African waters was instructed to keep a sharp lookout for a schooner under the American flag suspected of being a slaver. A clew to the identity of the vessel was obtained, but when she was finally hunted down in one of the ports of Mauritius, she had changed her flag and apparently her ownership. There was no proof that she was ever actually engaged in the slave trade, and it was believed that she never had an American register, showing our flag only to avoid search by cruisers of other nations. She ran little risk of interruption by our cruisers, as we had few on the station.

Old Chocolate's Philosophy.

[J. A. Waldron in Judge.]

De po' singah allus has de longes' song.

An nod er bettah'n a story toe de man in a hurry.

De hoe-cake er sweetes' w'en de meal-bag er emp'y.

Six days bar'foot, the seventh in boots er mighty long.

De rain say toe de lazy man: "W'y didn't yo' men' dat ruff?"

De 'coon yo' eat might fin' some comfut ef he knew how good he tas'e.

W'at do de Crismus dinna 'mount to 'less yo' got a Crismus appetite?

De prayer ob a man in danjah emp'ies his haht an' unloads his conscience.

Ef foolishness pained dem dat hab it a-mos' ebery one yo' meet ud be gruntin'.

Yo' kin spite yo' animal by not greasin' de w'eels, but yo' er laikely toe spile yo' caht.

A dozen han's an' one head make quick wuck, whar mo' heads dan han's lets de crop spile.

De stranjah dat show yo' mo' mannahs dan yo' deserve may be a gemman an' may be a knave.

De man dat 'specs a mule gwine t' be reas'n'ble an' dat de ox ull nebbah goe w'en de drivah yell "haw" bettah try totin' hisse'f.

A Corporation Catechism.

[F. E. L. in Kate Field's Washington.]

Question. What is a corporation?

Answer. An association founded for the purpose of issuing stock, which the first holders get for nothing and the second holders pay a premium for.

Q. What is a charter member?

A. A person let into a corporation on the ground floor, while the dear public has to climb a ladder and get in at the second story windows.

Q. What is common stock?

A. The kind that is lying around loose when the corporation starts business.

Q. What is preferred stock?

A. The kind everybody prefers to have after the charter members have unloaded all their common.

Q. What are dividends?

A. The small percentages of the stockholders' money which they ever get back again.

Q. What are bonds?

A. Fetters for tying up the money of those capitalists who are too smart to buy stock.

Q. What is a receiver?

A. A gentleman with cool nerves who comes in at a certain stage of the game and takes all within reach.

Q. What is a receiver's certificate?

A. A paper which certifies to stockholders and bondholders that the receiver is a bigger man than all of them put together.

Q. What is a "construction" account?

A. A convenient device for accounting for the money which the dear public knows it has paid over, and which the corporation can't produce on demand.

Q. What is a balance-sheet?

A. A mathematical demonstration that two and two make seven.

Q. What is a report?

A. A legal formula whereby a corporation inquires whether the public authorities can see any green in its eye?

Q. What do the public authorities require of a corporation?

A. That when it bleeds the dear public, it shall do so with as little pain as possible to the victim.

Q. And what redress has the victim if the corporation defies the law?

A. Profanity.

The Germans' Labor Book.

[Irish World.]

According to the revised laws which recently went into effect in Germany persons under the age of twenty-one are only allowed to be employed as laborers on their being provided with a "labor book," which is furnished free by the police authorities. The employer is required to keep the book, to produce it upon official demand, and return it at the expiration of term of service. This requirement does not apply to children who are compelled to attend school. When one book is filled another is furnished. It must contain the name of the laborer, the place, date, and year of his birth and his signature.

When a laborer enters the service of an employer the latter must enter in the book the time of entry and kind of employment. The expiration of service is entered in a like manner and any change of employment. At his departure the laborer is entitled to

demand a testimonial referring to the manner and duration of his employment, and if the laborer desires the testimonial may include behavior. Tradesmen disregarding the ordinance for the purpose of showing the owner of the labor book in an unfavorable light may be fined 2,000 marks (about \$476) or imprisonment for six months—and penalties are attached to every violation of those rules.

This kind of legislation could never be enacted in this country, no matter how philanthropic or fatherly may be the motives of those who may thus seek to make citizens of the commonwealth beneficiaries of any such humiliating system. But certain American magnates who assume to deny the right of the American government to require them to answer legitimate questions regarding their methods of business might profit by noting the summary manner in which other governments might deal with their obstinacy.

Bunko Men And Their Ways.

[New York Herald.]

"Come in here and I'll show you a point. It's a good one and little known. It's beat the best of 'em."

Going into a private room at the rear of the saloon, Mr. "Charmer" carefully closed the door and began his enlightenment in a low whisper.

"You see," he began, "it is in this way. We are all sitting at a table like this—that is, myself as proprietor of the game, the sucker and the steerer. The sucker sits between us. Imagine the time has come when the sucker is obliged to give his check in payment for his losses. The steerer is very much grieved at seeing his friend lose so much, but says it can't be helped. I have pen and ink on the table, and the sucker fills up a check. He either has a blank one in his pocket or I furnish him with one. As soon as he has signed it I pick it up, look at it and begin to fan it about to dry the ink and blow on it. Now, there is a newspaper on the table folded like a flattened letter Z. In the top fold a bogus check has already been placed, face upward. I pull the paper toward me to use as a blotter, slip in the good check in the under fold, face downward, and smooth the paper with my hand to blot it. Here the steerer takes the sucker's attention off for a moment, and quick as a wink the newspaper is turned over and the dummy check comes to the bottom. Picking up the dummy check, I hold it up with the back toward the sucker and say: 'Now, my dear sir, I suppose there is no doubt but this is all right, and that it will be paid?' 'Of course it's all right,' says he. 'Hold on,' says the steerer, grabbing the check out of my hand and beginning to tear it up, 'I'm eternally blamed if my friend

shall give you that check; he's lost enough; I won't see it done. Come on out of here,' he says to the merchant, 'don't write no more checks,' and he flings the torn pieces of the bogus check in the fire and drags the sucker from the room. Of course I make a great row until they are gone, and then I take the good check out of the newspaper and send it off to get it cashed. The merchant once out in the street thanks the steerer for saving him, shakes hands with him and invites him to dine with him and spend the evening, which he does. Supposing the check has been destroyed, he, of course, never thinks of notifying his bank. He is the most festive business man in New York for a few days until he is notified he has overdrawn his bank account, and he is dumbfounded on inquiry to find his check has arisen from the ashes and has been cashed by 'naughty bunko men whom he met in New York City.'"

THE DEVIL'S ARMY.

An Awful Experience in the Wilds of Central America with Tarantulas.

I have just returned from an expedition into the interior of Yucatan and Campeche, during which I met with an adventure so awful and unusual that I think my friends in San Francisco will be much interested in an account of it.

In the latter part of May last I came to Central America from San Francisco at the request of the Munich Society for Prehistoric Research, of which I am a member, to investigate the ancient ruins which cover this country, with a view of obtaining, if possible, some clew to the period to which they belong. I got the clew I sought for from some hieroglyphics among the Conquistador ruins, which, according to my theory, are about 8,000 years old, but, of course, absolute proof is not available. I had as a guide a most intelligent half-breed, Manuel Bebero, and he informed me that, according to the traditions of his Indian progenitors, there were some ruins of still greater antiquity some 110 miles to the northward, near the Rio Seca. Indeed, he said that this dry basin was once the bed of a river that had been turned from its course by the inhabitants of these same ruins. Thinking that I might possibly find some corroboration for my theory among these earlier relics of the lost race, I started to find them, accompanied by my faithful guide. It was very hard traveling through the jungles, and we made hardly fifteen miles a day. The difficulties were multiplied by the enormous number of snakes and poisonous insects that infect this section. We lost one of our pack mules through a bite or a sting of some sort on the third day.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we camped in a little opening, clear, except for grass. This was soon burned off.

We had just finished supper, and I was sitting at the base of a tree smoking my pipe, when an enormous tarantula came out of the grass into the cleared circle. He was positively the largest specimen I had ever seen, and as the slanting rays of the sun caught him I noticed a curious, dull, indefinite reddish line down his back. I regretted that I had not the means to preserve it, but Manuel settled my regrets by crushing it with a billet of wood. It had hardly ceased moving when another and equally large one appeared at the other end of the burned patch. I did not fear them much, as I wore heavy leather-leggings reaching to my hips.

"We have made a bad camp, Manuel," I said, "there seem to be many tarantulas."

"One place is about as good as another," he answered in Spanish, "they usually go by twos."

He appeared more troubled, however, than his careless answer seemed to indicate, and while I killed the second unwelcome visitor he began to poke around in the grass with a long branch. He uncovered more of the great spiders and killed them; when he turned around there were fully half a dozen of them in the clear space. They fastened on to the dead ones and seemed to suck their blood.

"We must get out of this," screamed the Indian.

At this moment our remaining mule began to struggle and kick. He soon broke his picket rope and disappeared. Then I became aware of a steady rustling in the grass. More tarantulas came out.

"I have heard of it from the Indians," cried my guide. "It is a devil's army. They say that the people who lived in the dead cities were killed by them, and that no one can live there. They come by thousands, like red ants, and leave nothing alive where they pass. I thought it was a squaw story. We must fight them with fire."

He seized a flaming brand from the camp-fire, and yelled to me to do likewise. He tried to fire the grass on all sides of us, but where the trees grew it was too rank and wet, and the fires we started would not go.

Meanwhile the spiteful spiders became more and more numerous. I crushed one, at least, of them every step I took. Many of them bit at my leggings, and hung there by their fangs. We turned our fire-brands to crushing the tarantulas, but they seemed to come thicker than we could drive them off.

"I am bitten," I heard the Indian scream. I passed him my flask. I could do nothing more for him, and, dropping my stick, I

started to run. Every step in the grass seemed to bring me into worse quarters. I tried every direction, but they seemed everywhere. I noticed that they were in the bushes and on the grass, so high that my leggings would not protect me, and presently I found myself back at the camp. There, at least, they could not reach me without climbing up. The ground was perfectly black with them. Poor Manuel was down on his knees, and the great insects were all over him. He seemed crazy, and I have no doubt his mind was nearly gone with terror and the pain of the bites.

I could barely keep the tarantulas from getting above my leggings. Suddenly it occurred to me that I might find safety in one of the trees. I knew that I would soon be exhausted if I remained among the black beasts, and that would end it. In a moment I had my arms about a small tree. I crushed the insects that clung to my legs against the bark as I dragged and scrambled up. A dozen feet from the ground there was a branch from which we had hung some small game I had shot. I pulled myself up on to this branch, and got the first moment's rest I had had since the tarantulas first appeared. I had had no time to think before this, but now I began to realize what had happened. It seemed more like a nightmare than anything real. I looked down and almost fell off my branch at the horrid sight below me. My Indian was now fairly on the ground. I could not see him for the poisonous things that covered him, but the irregular black mass wriggled and squirmed like a wounded snake, and I knew he was not yet out of his agony. On every side were more tarantulas hungrily searching for more victims. Their crushed fellows were almost torn to pieces so fierce were they in their hunger. They were all enormous; some of them were as big as turtles, and when the sun struck them I could see the red line that distinguished them from the non-gregarious species that are familiar in other places. They crawled over one another in their desire to find something into which to sink their fangs. Poor Manuel's writhing body was the objective point of most of them. They fought fiercely for a spot of flesh where they could strike, and every movement of the still living man seemed to make them yet more fierce.

It did not take me as long to notice all this as it does to describe it, and I soon saw that I was not yet safe from the horrible fate that had overtaken my guide.

The insects began to crawl up the tree, though not in any considerable numbers at first. I brushed them down with a small branch, and those that were hurt at all were immediately set upon by their fellows.

My recital of these things may seem

tame, but I have no pen to describe the awful horror of it all. There were about two hours of daylight left. I knew this, and I wondered what I could do in the dark. Then I remembered reading that snakes or centipedes would not cross a hair rope, and I thought that perhaps the same rule might apply to tarantulas.

The game was swinging from the branch by a horsehair riata, and it took me a very few minutes to cut the rabbits loose and wind the rope about the trunk just below me. Pretty soon more of the big spiders came up. Manuel was quiet now at last, and they wanted another victim.

My hair rope did some good. They could not swarm over it in such numbers that I could not sweep them back with my branch. How long I stayed there fighting the insects back I do not know.

But the light was fading when I noticed a commotion among the tarantulas. At the same time I observed a number of blue-black wasps darting about. I recognized them as belonging to the hymenoptera family, and realized that they were the tarantula hawks of which I had read. In ten minutes the four or five wasps had become hundreds, and five minutes later there was not a tarantula to be seen, except the numerous dead ones at the foot of the tree.

Manuel's body, swollen and discolored by the venom of the spiders, stared up at me. I waited an hour and then came down.

It took me eight days to reach Nevada, and on the way I did not see a single tarantula.

A Race for a Bride.

[New York Dispatch.]

Along the line of the Santee railroad no trainmen were better known than Billy Perkins and Jack Smith, the only passenger conductors that road found it necessary to employ. Every man and boy along the route watched for the familiar trains, and when the mail passed east in the morning, each station lounge was ready to shout, "Hello, Billy!" while they never missed greeting Jack in the same manner an hour or two later, when he passed in the opposite direction. In the evening when the trains returned the genial ticket punchers again received ovations at each stopping place. Even the passengers were apparently all acquainted with the conductors, for as they went their rounds each traveler would have some remark to make or some sly inquiry about Bob Yocum's Sallie, which would bring color to the cheeks of the officials.

The total length of the Santee railroad was only forty miles, but the natives regarded the conductors with that awe and admiration which country folk always feel for railroad men. No telegraph line ran

along the branch, and the trains were run in the good old way upon the single track; that is, sidings were placed a few miles apart, and when a train scheduled to pass another at a given point did not find the other at the switch it simply waited until the belated train did come, or after an hour or two started on its journey at a snail's pace, a flagman running in front.

In the morning the trains passed at a lonely siding in the woods, but in the afternoon the meeting point was directly in front of Bob Yocum's plantation, and as the farm house, with its shady porch, stood near the railroad, the trainmen had long ago struck up an acquaintance with the owner and daily resorted to the cool garden to while away the time until the opposing train arrived. Sometimes one train reached the point first, sometimes the other would be in ahead. The engineers had no signals to hold them back, and very often the farm would be reached half an hour ahead of time.

The schedule was slow, even for the old style engine, and unless there was something unusual to detain them, or the wood was very wet, the crews could generally manage to spend about twenty minutes at Yocum's, tranquilly smoking or romping with Sallie, the planter's daughter. Now it was this same Sallie who caused so much disturbance in the breasts of Billy and Jack. Each strove to cut a favorable figure in her sight, and she was the loadstone which drew them daily to the garden. Luckily for them, each had an engineer as wild and reckless as the most ardent lover could desire, and when the conductors told the man at the lever to "let her go," he did let her go, until some faint-hearted passenger protested at being bumped into jelly.

Only a reckless man would dare to ride one of the rattle-trap old engines over the uneven road at the rate of forty miles an hour, which speed was occasionally reached in sudden bursts. Forty miles an hour over old-style U rails laid on rotten ties five feet apart and jointed with fish plates is equal to sixty miles an hour on a smooth track, so far as sensation goes. To the observer the Santee railroad was hardly visible, high grass growing between the rails, but where the track could be seen it seemed to be laid upon the ground without any preparatory grading.

Up hill, down hill, tilted to the right, tilted to the left, it pursued its devious way, and the shaking and creaking of trains and track were enough to alarm any one not preoccupied in endeavoring to retain his seat. The engines burned wood, and when running at night resembled volcanos in active eruption. If the reader has ever traveled behind one of these fiery machines he will remember how the sparks and pieces of wood flew when the engine got into good

working order. He will also have a vivid recollection of the long and frequent stoppages when all hands heaved cordwood into the tender until it could hold no more. These were the characteristics of the line over which Billy and Jack made daily trips. There were wood stations on each side of Yocom's, and the trains in the afternoons were required to get a supply of fuel before reaching the passing slide.

The conductors pressed their suit with the fair Sallie for many a day, but, while each felt that the other had no advantage, neither could make any headway. At last the two friends decided to put matters to a test, and together they sought Bob Yocom, and, explaining their desires, asked that he and Sallie choose which, if either, should be the favored suitor. Sallie, with blushing face, declared she could not decide, although she felt she could be happy with either. With that keen instinct for gaming which characterizes Southerners, her father at once suggested that they settle the question by racing their trains for the next three days, the one getting to the switch twice ahead of the other to be the winner. The proposition was eagerly grasped by the conductors, and acceded to by Sallie. All agreed upon secrecy, except that the conductors should make confidants of their engineers.

Anxiously the father and daughter awaited the coming of the trains the next afternoon. Fully twenty minutes before schedule time the familiar whistle rang out, and Billy's engine came to a standstill just as Jack's train came around the bend. Billy was exultantly happy. The next day, however, Jack was sitting upon the porch talking serenely to the prize when Billy's engine came into view.

The following day would decide it, and the morrow found four eager hearts wondering what the result would be. About 10 o'clock a steady rain set in, which apparently settled the question of fast time being made that day. As Billy passed down the lines and saw the soaking woodpiles, he felt exceedingly blue, but while pondering a great thought came into his brain and his countenance cleared in an instant. When he got to the end of the run he took his engineer aside and explained something which caused a broad grin to overspread the features of that worthy. Billy was next seen in a provision store, and ere the train departed an odd looking barrel marked "Sugar Cured" was put aboard the engine.

His train made glorious time that afternoon, and when the passengers asked how the engineer managed to keep up steam, Billy smiled, but said nothing. He felt no forebodings of defeat now. Poor old Jack must be a dozen miles down the road, and right around the curve was Yocom's. Hurrah, Billy said to himself. Hur—, he did

not finish. From the car platform he saw something that made him rub his eyes in astonishment. Was it Jack's train lying there so quietly on the siding, or had his senses deserted him? A wild screech of triumph from the waiting engine made him realize it was indeed true. His rival had won the third heat.

Jack, taking warning from his defeat the first day, had wisely bargained with the wood station man for a special supply of dry pine knots, and these were supplemented on the rainy day with a barrel of pine tar.

Billy danced at the wedding, but the sight of a ham has filled him with disgust ever since.

A Nihilist Trial Scene.

[The Career of a Nihilist, by Stepniak.]

In the gray, dull light of the approaching morning the courtroom looked strangely oppressive. Six candles, in silver candlesticks, glimmering upon the judge's table, gave it a lugubrious, funereal aspect. The closely packed people were almost silent. From the prisoners' box a hum of suppressed voices came. The prisoners knew that after the sentence they would be separated. They tried to profit by the short time they were to be together. Judging by their unbroken, rapid talk, they were in good spirits. But the public could not see any of them, as they sat all six on wooden benches, surrounded by twelve gendarmes with drawn swords on their shoulders. The crowd outside the building, which the sleepy and exhausted policemen now left to take care of itself, was neither so patient nor so calm. They represented the most turbulent section of the population. As a part of the loiterers, tired by the long waiting, withdrew, these were brought into closer contact. A handkerchief was raised at one of the windows. "The verdict!" shouted a voice in the crowd. Instantly all noise ceased, and the crowd pressed forward.

Within, the voice of the usher was announcing the last scene of the shameless farce. The tribunal was about to enter to read the sentence. Rising to their feet as one man, the people stood in breathless expectation. A silence as of death fell upon the many-headed crowd. One could almost hear the beating of so many hearts—some in agony of fear, some in the excitement of dramatic tension. One by one the six members of the tribunal appeared upon the platform behind the long table lit by the six candles. Their troubled, worn-out looks were suggestive rather of a great villainy just committed, with full knowledge, than of a stern though painful duty fulfilled.

All eyes were riveted upon the presiding judge, who, a white sheet of paper in his hands, was about to utter the fatal words.

In a voice raised to an unusually high pitch he read the preamble, which seemed to last an eternity. At last the first words of the sentence were uttered, sending an electric thrill throughout the audience. The name of Boris came first, followed by a long mumbling to which nobody paid attention—it was the enumeration of his offenses. Then a short pause and the sentence—death! Though no one expected him to be spared, the word fell upon strained nerves like the blow of a hammer. Vasily's name followed with a mumbling less irksome, for it was shorter, and then another blow of the hammer—death! The nerves shiver but hold good. The third in the roll is Zina, whose fate had been the most discussed, because the most uncertain. The silence deepened. Life or death? life or death? all asked in their hearts, whilst the mumbling went on. The threatening hammer rises higher and higher, then suspense and again it falls with a crash—death! A sigh, gathering into a groan, ran through the hall. All, even the most prejudiced, turned their eyes with unmixed sympathy and awe upon that young, noble, beautiful woman, standing so calmly and modestly. Most had expected that as a woman she would be spared. The three remaining prisoners were so little compromised, they would be let off with a nominal punishment. The mumbling affixed to Botcharov's name, which came next, was such as to lull the inattentive audience to complete tranquility. Most people ceased to listen altogether, when suddenly a suspicious quivering in the judge's voice, a short pause, and the sentence—death!—resounded amidst universal stupefaction. A wondering "ha!" escaped from all lips. Men looked at their neighbors to ascertain whether they had not misheard. "Many thanks, gentlemen judges!" the voice of the condemned man resounded, sneeringly. The judge had not the courage to call the prisoner to order, and pretended not to hear, and hastened on to the following name. It was that of the elder Dudorov. This time the public followed with strained attention all the circumlocutions and windings of the clumsy summing up of offenses. There was the same treacherous prolixity and abstruseness in the statement of motives. Some phrases sounded ugly—doubts, alternated with hopes, irritating men's nerves to the extremity. The hammer was hanging in the air—now rising, now sinking, and then rising again. Then the blow was struck, it was—death!

The suppressed passion burst forth on a sudden. Shrieks, hysterical cries of women, groans and curses filled the air. People jump upon their seats, shouting and gesticulating wildly, as if they had gone mad on a sudden. It was a scene of disorder such as had never before been witnessed within

those walls. A good lady in the second row—the wife of the chairman of the board—fainted from her excitement. Upon the bench the disorder and confusion were hardly less than among the public. The presiding judge, the paleness of shame on his face, strove to face the storm. He failed completely. He wished that the public should remain and listen to the end of his paper, which trembled in his hand. The sixth of the prisoners, the younger of the sisters Dudorov, in consideration of her youth, was condemned—not to death, as the prosecutor had asked—but to fifteen years' penal servitude. They had offered this sop to their slavish consciences, and they wished their act of courage to be made known. But in the general uproar nobody could catch one word of what was read. A young man opened the window, and, leaning out, shouted to the people in the street: "To death! All sentenced to death!" A threatening yell was heard from the crowd below. Some among the representatives of the "loyal" element thought that the crowd was about to storm the place, and that they would be massacred wholesale. In a fit of panic they began to shriek and yell on their own account. The police officers appointed to watch outside rushed to the judge. They confabulated for a moment, and the policemen ran out by the back way. The president had ordered troops to be called out. The judges had slipped out of sight, hiding themselves in the inner rooms, while the policemen began to clear the hall.

JOHN BROWN'S EXECUTION.

An Eye-Witness Describes the Old Hero's

Last Moments.

[J. T. L. Preston in Southern Bivouac.]

Shortly before 1 o'clock the prisoner was taken from jail and the funeral cortege was put in motion. First came three companies, then the criminal's wagon drawn by two large white horses. John Brown was seated on his coffin, accompanied by the sheriff and two other persons. The wagon drove to the foot of the gallows and Brown descended with alacrity and without assistance and ascended the steep steps to the platform. His demeanor was intrepid without being braggart. He made no speech; whether he desired to make one or not I do not know; even if he had desired it, it would not have been permitted. Any speech of his must of necessity have been unlawful as being directed against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth, and as such could not be allowed by those who were then engaged in the most solemn and extreme vindication of law.

John Brown's manner gave no evidence of timidity, but his countenance was not free from concern, and it seemed to me to

have a little cast of wildness. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinioned, the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted and attached to the hook above, and he was moved, blindfolded, a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet, as if afraid he would walk off the scaffold. The man who stood unblenched on the brink of eternity was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground.

Everything was now in readiness. The sheriff asked the prisoner if he should give him a private signal before the fatal moment. He answered in a voice that sounded to me unnaturally natural—so composed was its tone and so distinct its articulation—that “it did not matter to him if only they would not keep him too long waiting.” He was kept waiting, however; the troops that had formed his escort had to be put in their proper position, and while this was going on he stood for ten or fifteen minutes blindfolded, the rope around his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform, expecting instantly the fatal act; but he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position and motionless. I was close to him and watched him narrowly to see if I could detect any signs of shrinking or trembling in his person, but there was none. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Col. Smith announce to the sheriff: “We are all ready, Mr. Campbell.” The sheriff did not hear or did not comprehend, and in a louder tone the same announcement was made; but the culprit still stood steady, until the sheriff, descending the flight of steps, with a well directed blow of a sharp hatchet, severed the rope that held up the trap door, which instantly sank sheer beneath him. He fell about three feet; and the man of strong and bloody hand, of fierce passions, of iron will, of wonderful vicissitudes, the terrible partisan of Kansas, the capturer of the United States Arsenal at Harper’s Ferry, the would-be Catiline of the South, the demi-god of the Abolitionists, the man execrated and lauded, damned and prayed for, the man who, in his motives, his means, his plans, and his successes, must ever be a wonder, a puzzle, and a mystery, John Brown was hanging between Heaven and earth.

There was profoundest stillness during the time his struggles continued, growing feebler and feebler at each abortive attempt to breathe. His knees were scarcely bent, his arms were drawn up to a right angle at the elbow, with the hands clinched, but there was no writhing of the body, no violent heaving of the chest. At each

feebler effort at respiration his arms sank lower and his legs hung more relaxed, until at last, straight and lank, he dangled, swayed slightly to and fro by the wind.

ALASKA.

Why It Was Purchased.

[From the Denver News.]

“Do you know the real inwardness of the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States?” asked a prominent Eastern gentleman of a circle of friends at the Windsor the other evening.

Everybody gave it up.

“Well, then, I’ll tell you. It’s a singular fact that this remarkable piece of history, though it is a matter of record, is so little known, even among the best posted men. Probably not one in 100,000 knows the real truth of the matter. During the war I held an official position under the government that gave me access to this and many other curious fragments of historical information. You see, along about the latter part of 1862 or the beginning of 1863, England and France were just on the verge of recognizing the South as an independent nation and Germany was wavering. The accomplishment of this step would perhaps have made the South victorious. But by means of some of the most wonderful diplomacy the world has ever known, Mr. Seward averted the crisis, and let me say right here, gentlemen, that Secretary Seward will never in this world receive one-half the credit really due him for his matchless conduct of the State department during the war. I well remember with what hate and ill-concealed longing to be at them, we saw the English men-of-war lying in the offing, for we well knew that they wanted but the word from England to attack us with the utmost pleasure and ferocity. All their soldiers and mariners when they came ashore wore a scornful and supercilious air that well-nigh drove us to desperation. Ah, gentlemen, little you, even those among you who carried a musket, knew of the awful trials and anxieties borne and surmounted by the men on the inside of affairs. With traitors in our midst in all the Northern cities plotting internal disruption, and treacherous friends on our coasts longing for the word to spring upon us, and a valiant enemy on our southern borders, never were men more sorely tried nor a nation more nearly wrecked.”

“You wonder what all this had to do with the purchase of Alaska in 1876? Much more than you think, perhaps. I’m coming to that in a moment. As I was saying, in the dark days of 1862-63 England and France were ready to acknowledge the South, and Germany would have followed their lead. Russia was appealed to by the Powers to join them in recognizing the Con-

federate States. But Russia peremptorily refused, and cast her allegiance once and for all on the side of the North. Fearing an attack on the North by English vessels, Russia sent her finest naval fleet, sixteen magnificent vessels of the most powerful type, to this country and tendered them to the Government at Washington with the Czar's compliments. They cast anchor at first at Fortress Monroe, and there the Russian bear faced his hereditary foe, the British lion, ready to spring upon and rend him at a word from Washington. Fortunately, most fortunately, that word was never necessary. For months the Russian fleet remained in our waters under orders from the United States Secretary of the Navy, and not until the supremacy of the North was fully assured did they turn their prow toward home.

"While they were here Admiral Farragut immortalized himself by his unparalleled victories at New Orleans and Mobile, and in honor of the gallant sailor and the nation they had come to protect, the Russians adopted a new naval flag signal, to be used only in action, as a sort of rallying battle cry: "Remember Farragut at New Orleans!" That signal is now a fixture in the Russian naval signal code.

"The officer in command of the Russian fleet was Admiral Boutchikoff. I knew him and most of his officers well, and several times had the pleasure of dining with the Admiral on board his flagship, the name of which I have now forgotten. A finer lot of gentlemen I never knew than those same Russian officers.

"Well, I must get on with my story. When the war was over one of the first considerations of the Government was the subject of making some adequate recompense to Russia for the enormous expense she had incurred in our behalf. It would never do to make a straight out payment of money to reimburse the Russian treasury for this act of unselfish friendship, for such an act would have immediately precipitated diplomatic troubles abroad that would have involved Russia in very serious difficulties, if not war itself. Some other plan must be hit upon. At last it was found. Russia didn't want Alaska, but she did need money. We didn't want Alaska, particularly, but we owed Russia a big bill. So the matter was quietly arranged between the two Governments, and the bill was introduced. Do you remember that at that time everybody wanted to know, "Where is Alaska?" What does the Government mean by spending such an immense sum for a slice of the Arctic coast, when we are so deeply in debt? But the Government knew what it was doing, and if you will look up the records you will see that in March, 1876, the bill for the purchase of Alaska for

\$7,000,000 passed both houses without a dissenting voice. And it was a pretty good bargain, don't you think? However, that is the real history of the transaction, and the Government archives will substantiate every word of it."

In the Center of the Earth.

Hell, according to primitive conceptions, has usually been located in the center of the earth. Modern science does not accede to this hypothesis, though admitting that the place is plenty hot enough for the purpose. In fact, it is positively known that, as you descend into the bowels of our globe, the temperature rises steadily at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet, until at least four thousand—some say ten thousand—degrees, is reached. Even at four thousand degrees every known substance—metals, rocks and all—becomes fused and liquid. This condition of things is found when a point twenty miles from the surface is reached; from that point on the heat remains about the same all the way to the very middle. To understand this it must be remembered that the earth was originally an incandescent ball of the same temperature all the way through from crust to centre. Now that the crust has cooled sufficiently to enable life to exist upon it, the state of affairs is still the same inside.

The incandescent sphere was formed in one of two ways. Either it was thrown out by the sun, around which it has revolved somewhat like a ball that a small boy whirls at the end of a string, or it was composed of an aggregation of meteors that generated heat by collision. Such are the two theories held by scientific men to-day, though many other very extraordinary ones have been suggested. The celebrated Poisson advanced the idea that, owing to the heat given out by many of the giant suns that bespangle the universe, great variations in the temperature of space exist, some vast regions being cool and others extremely hot. While passing through a hot region, he surmised, the solar system acquired its present store of caloric.

It seems curious that such a great ball of fire as the earth is at present, with a crust ever so much thinner in proportion than the shell of an egg, should not be too hot to live upon. As a matter of fact, however, the crust is so good a non conductor that the radiation is very small. Twenty miles down beneath your feet it is all one vast furnace, and yet not enough warmth escapes from it to produce any appreciable effect upon the temperature of the air. It has been decided that the entire heat which escapes through the surface of the earth in one year would just suffice to melt a layer of ice one quarter of an inch in thickness enveloping the globe. It seems a

pity that some of the warmth from this fire could not be fetched by artificial conduits outward, in order that it might run the machinery of the world and heat the houses. Unfortunately, supposing such a scheme practicable, a conduit might at any time transform itself into an active volcano, which would be unpleasant, especially in cities.

It must not be imagined that the fusion of everything inside the earth implies, as most people conceive, that rocks and metals there are flowing about in a liquified condition. The fact is that this enormous incandescent mass, which would flow like so much water if it were free, is held together by the pressure due to gravitation so mightily as to be as rigid and compact as so much steel. This pressure increasing steadily all the way from the crust, amounts at the center of the globe to not less than forty-five millions of pounds on each square inch. Acting from all sides inward toward the center, it has naturally tended to crowd the materials of which the earth is composed together, so that their density becomes immensely increased. An average piece of the earth's crust weighs a little over two and a half times as much as water. In the middle of the sphere the average weight of things is eleven times as great as water. That means that the innermost mass is as heavy and as dense as lead is.

The next question is, what are the materials spoken of that make up the inside of the earth? Many geologists are inclined to believe that the heavier stuff has tended to gravitate toward the center, and that the middle point of the globe is surrounded by a mighty agglomeration of the heavier metals, chiefly iron. The distinguished savant Edouard Roche says that the earth is probably made up of two distinct parts—an outer crust about six hundred miles thick, and a solid core of metals. Between the two he places a flood of molten substances. But the best informed physicists to-day assert their conviction that this terrestrial ball is made up of the same materials inside as are found outside. They do not think it necessary to assume the existence of a central mass of metals, for the pressure alone is sufficient to account for the great weight of the interior.

Who Are The Law-Breakers?

[Philadelphia Leader.]

Railroad companies which, on account of their property interests, ought to be the stoutest upholders of law and order, are about the only corporations in the country that dare to employ armed bands of men to carry on their work in defiance of law or protest. The fatal affray at Sayreville, N. J., has had its counterpart in many places; in fact "railroad wars" are a recognized in-

stitution. It is not enough to punish the men immediately engaged in such a fracas; the laws should be so framed as to enable the authorities to reach the higher officers who give the orders that lead to such breaches of the peace and dangerous encounters. When a private citizen finds his right of way obstructed by another he seldom takes the law into his own hands, but makes appeal to the proper authorities and has his rights determined in a peaceful way. Railroad companies, however, knowing the value of possession, are too much given to doing their work by force of arms, leaving the aggrieved persons to seek a remedy in the courts. They are artificial creations, however, and it would be no injustice to them if it should be provided that violence of this kind committed by their employes should work a forfeiture of their charter rights. Then they would not be so ready to engage in railroad wars—sometimes, as in this New Jersey case, resulting in murder.

\$10 for Mr. Boffin.

[Chicago Herald.]

It was a clean case of negligence on the part of the engineer. He should have whistled at the crossing and slowed up. He did neither. Farmer Boffin, driving into market with a load of hay, was half way across the tracks when the express struck the wagon. For suddenness it beat electrocution all hollow. Farmer Boffin and the two horses never knew what struck them, and their remains were collected with difficulty.

These facts were laid before Julius Burnett, solicitor to the railroad, and he said, in his pleasant way: "Farmer Boffin will cost about \$5,000 more than he was worth if the case goes to court. We must settle with the widow at once."

So Mr. Burnett adjusted his clerical white tie—a bit of dress he was most particular about in his negotiations with widows—and took the first train for Moon's Rest. It was a hot and dusty walk to the Boffin farm, but when he clasped Mrs. Boffin's hand and murmured a few words of apologetic sympathy the attorney was the cooler of the two. Then he began: "The Atlantic & Northwestern Railroad Company have sent me, madam, to offer their deepest sympathy. No accident that has ever happened on our line has been so deeply regretted, I assure you, madam, and—"

"Them horses was wuth a plum \$200," broke in the widow, rubbing her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Joshua wouldn't take less, he tol' Zeph Hanks las' Aprile."

"As I was saying, madam," continued Mr. Burnett, "our company is deeply grieved—Mr. Boffin was a—"

"An' the wagon's kindlin' wood," interrupted Mr. Boffin's relict.

"That's precisely what I came to see you about," said the attorney, changing his course to catch the wind. "In an hour like this, when the heart is bowed down, a little ready money is often very desirable, and I see you are a woman who believes in doing business in a business-like manner. Now those horses, Mrs. Boffin, I feel sure our company would like to replace them. It can be done for \$150, can't it? Say, one fifty?"

"Two hundred dollars won't buy them horses' equals," said Mrs. Boffin, decidedly. "Then we will pay \$200 for the horses," cheerfully assented the lawyer. "Now for the wagon—we are prepared to be liberal, Mrs. Boffin; we know what it is to lose a wagon in this heartrending way—shall we say \$25 for the wagon?"

Mrs. Boffin nodded her head and murmured, "It's nothin' but kindling wood," adding sharply: "You've forgotten the hay and the harness—they ain't no good to me now—an' that harness war nearly new."

"Certainly, Mrs. Boffin," the lawyer said. "I was coming to that—\$15 ought to cover that—you regard that as satisfactory, of course. Let's see—\$225 and \$15 is \$240. And now, madam, as to that excellent husband of yours, it is my melancholy duty," here he paused, and Mrs. Boffin took up the parable with: "Joshua was a powerful worker—nigh on twenty year he ran this farm—an' hired men so wuthless."

"Precisely, Mrs. Boffin. Let's say \$10 for Mr. Boffin, and I'll draw you a check right now for \$250."

And a check of that size went into Mrs. Boffin's bank account that very day.

A New Anecdote of Lincoln.

General O. O. Howard tells a new anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. When the Merrimac retired from the contest with Lieutenant Worden's homely little craft in Hampton Roads, the last shell fired by the Confederate vessel exploded exactly in the eye hole of the pilot house where Lieutenant Worden was at the moment looking out. His eyes were severely injured, his face was filled with powder, and there was also a slight concussion of the brain. The moment the brave officer recovered his consciousness his first question was:

"Have we saved the Minnesota?"

When told she was safe, he answered, "I am satisfied."

He was taken at once to Washington, and an incident connected with him there, illustrates the character of Abraham Lincoln. A Cabinet meeting was in progress, when it was told the President that the wounded commander of the Monitor was in the city; he instantly arose and took his hat, saying:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I must see this

fellow," and went immediately to his room.

Worden was on the sofa, his eyes bandaged, his face swollen and bloody. The President was announced, and took his hand in silence.

"Mr. President," said the wounded man, "you do me great honor by this visit."

"Sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I am the one who is honored in this interview."

Women as Collectors.

[Kansas City Star.]

The avenues of employment for women are constantly increasing. Already she has proved herself a good clerk, a good housekeeper and a good typewriter, and the latest is a female collector. At least a dozen houses in Kansas City are employing women in this capacity, and their number seems to be constantly increasing.

A woman may be a bookkeeper or a typewriter and yet be the most feminine creature imaginable, despite the business relations, but the female dunner would seem to be another kind of business woman, and she brings forward very promptly the question of how much distinction must be made between a woman and a man in the same business. One thing is certain, one cannot kick a lady collector out of the office.

The female collectors are for the most part young women, and, according to their employers, they are as persistent and as successful in their business as men. Their mode of operation, however, is somewhat peculiar, and they do not seem to go about the collection of a bill the same way as a man. A reporter happened in an office yesterday where fifteen or twenty young men were working. While he was talking with the manager a well dressed young woman walked in and inquired for one of the young men. He was pointed out to her, and while the whole office watched her she walked over to his desk and began a conversation with him in a tone so low that no one could hear. After talking for a few moments she turned to go, and, raising her voice, said:

"If you don't come in and settle I'll be around again on Saturday."

When she was gone the young man came in for an unmerciful guying, and it is safe to say he made a desperate effort to pay the bill before Saturday. She was the collector for a jewelry firm.

A merchant who had adopted the new scheme was asked about it and said: "I find that my lady collector is persistent, faithful and trustworthy, and has great success in making some very bad collections, and I don't see why a lady could not be permitted to ask for the payment of a bill if she can do almost everything else about an office."

KNEELING 'AT THE THRESHOLD.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door—

Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm
and strife.

Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking—my toll will soon be o'er;

I'm kneeling at the threshold—my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand

Oh, would that I were with them, among the shining throng.

Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;

One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;

How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toll is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief or sin,

I see them at the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best;

But I'm wasted, worn and weary; O Father bid me rest!

Economy of Time.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

There is, among our people, a very general and wholesome feeling of contempt for the man who deliberately squanders his time. It is a common saying that time is money, but it is also a great deal more; it is opportunity, skill, ability, character, and to waste it is to waste life itself, with all it holds in store.

Yet the true economy of time is but little understood, even by some of those who are most anxious to save it. Indeed, the very anxiety itself, when unaccompanied by broad views of its meaning, often degenerates into a nervous haste, which is destructive of its own object. It is not only the idler who wastes his time; it is often the busy man or woman whose only idea of its true management is an increasing rapidity of action. Now, rapidity is an excellent thing in its own allotted sphere, but, outside of that, and unguided by wisdom, it may become not only useless, but prejudicial. Then it interferes with due preparation for the work in hand. It rushes into the fray all unarmed and soon encounters defeat. Very much of the inferior work of the world, and many of its most disheartening failures, are due to this cause. People are so eager to begin that they do not make themselves ready; hence, however much haste they put into their work, the results must always be poor.

On the other hand the man who has learned the art of economizing his time knows that he must not stint in the period required for preparation. Whether he pro-

poses to plow a field, to make a road, to build a ship, to conduct a business, to teach a class, to argue a case, to paint a picture, or to write a book, he sees to it that he is qualified for the work. He obtains the requisite proficiency, at whatever cost of time; or, should he find that to be quite impossible, he will resign an undertaking which can have no promise of success. When he begins the work, therefore, he is *ready* for it, a state to which many busy people never attain. He knows just what he has to do and how to do it, and he need not waste precious time in vain experiments, or in looking helplessly around for aid. Beginning thus intelligently, and gaining fresh experience from every effort, he can soon become able to work speedily without sacrificing the quality of the work itself. Now he is able to arrange it with system and method, giving to each part its due attention, and going from one to the other without confusion or loss of time.

One who is thus master of the situation, acquires a calmness of mind which is most essential to the best economy of time. Nervousness, doubt, fear, excitement and hurry are all consumers, not savers of time. They produce irresolution and vacillation, and are fatal to all true despatch. Yet how many workers are there in all the departments of labor who suffer from these distressing feelings, who are lacking in power and efficiency, and who produce poor and meagre results, simply because they have never taken the time and pains to become thoroughly prepared for what they are attempting to do! Their condition is truly pitiable; they try hard and work hard, often wearing themselves out in the vain effort to overcome the disadvantages under which they are laboring. They have made a fatal mistake; in the hope of saving time, they have sacrificed the very thing for which time is chiefly valuable. It is safe to say that, as a general thing, every one enjoys doing that which he can do well, and the spirit and energy that he instinctively puts into it enable him to produce the largest results in the least time and with the least fatigue.

True economy of time also recognizes the limits of human endurance, and the varied needs of human nature. It is a most shortsighted policy that sacrifices health and well-being of the worker to the supposed good of the work. The master who overtasks his men not only injures them, but depreciates the value he hopes to obtain from them. The business man who goads himself early and late to incessant labor and anxious care will find his business suffering as well as himself and his family. The mother who denies her mind and body the rest or recreation they require, for the sake of her children, sacrifices *their* best

good, as well as her own. He who counts an hour lost that is spent in wholesome refreshment of tired energies, has yet to learn the true economy of time. Often what he deemed lost is truly saved, and what he thinks saved is as truly lost. Just as the hoards of the miser are of far less value than the money that is freely circulated and widely employed, so the time that is hoarded up and exclusively devoted to a single object is less productive than that which is intelligently and generously apportioned out to meet the varied needs of human welfare. Bacon says: "To choose time is to save time, and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air."

Home.

[Food.]

Home is another of those beautifully expressive Anglo-Saxon words which indicates, even in its sound, peace and affection. Home in order to be enjoyable must be pure. The word itself forbids all idea of contention and bloodshed. The idea of killing the pets that gather around our home; the cow or ox that looks you honestly and confidently in the face and comes up to be caressed; the birds that hop about your feet to gather the grain or the crumbs; the lamb that gambols with the children—the thought of killing these poor creatures to gratify a morbid taste, is inconsistent with the peace, harmony and love expressed by the word home. And then in its higher sense home is that condition of joy and happiness which is the result of a life of activity in the service of others; heaven is our eternal home. To promote the attainment of home free from the dreadful drudgery and impurity of killing and then handling and cooking slaughtered animals; the establishment of home in its truest sense for both the natural and spiritual man, is the object of this publication.

"What Good is the Railroad?"

That was the question which the *John Bull*, an English paper of the stout old conservative sort, asked in 1835. Witness the following extract from one of the editorials of the *John Bull*, which the *Engineer* printed the other day, and which multitudes of people fifty-five years ago considered mighty sensible talk, however comical it may now appear:

"Does anybody mean to say that decent people, passengers who would use their own carriages, and are accustomed to their own comforts, would consent to be hurried along through the air upon a railroad from which, if a lazy school boy left a marble or a wicked one a stone, they would be pitched off their perilous track into the valley beneath; or is it to be imagined that women, who may like the fun of being whirled away on a party

of pleasure for an hour to see a sight, would endure the fatigue and misery and danger, not only to themselves, but their children and families, of being dragged through the air at the rate of twenty miles an hour, all their lives being at the mercy of a tin pin or a copper boiler, or the accidental dropping of a pebble on a line of the way? The loss of life upon the favorite toy from Liverpool to Manchester has already been terrific. Mr. Huskisson was the first martyr to this favorite absurdity, and the last splendid exhibition took place only on Thursday, on the new tomfoolery to Greenwich, when in the outset, 'by some accident,' one of the carriages, in which a party of noodles ventured themselves, was thrown off the rail, but although it ran a vast many yards no serious accident occurred. How lucky? Nobody killed the first day of trial! Nothing to us can be more ridiculous than a Greenwich railroad. The distance from London to Greenwich is about four or five miles. Get into a Greenwich coach at Charing Cross, and in about three-quarters of an hour you are landed. Go by the railroad, which is to begin at the foot of London Bridge on the Surrey side, it will take indefinitely more time to walk from Charing Cross, to mount the ridge in the borough, and be steamed along at the hazard of your life to get to the Ship, than it would to have gone by the regular stage from the Salopian, and have half eaten your white bait. *Qui bono the railroad?*"

FAMOUS VIOLINS.

Many Advertised for Sale that Never Existed—Paganini's Favorite Instrument.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

In his address to the jury, Mr. Loewy, counsel for violin dealer Fletcher in the suit brought against the latter by Miss Powell, compared the value of old and rare violins to that of the famous peach-blow vase for which Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, is said to have paid so many thousands of dollars at the sale of the Morgan collection in this city. There is no question but this remark has some degree of truth.

There is no absolutely determinable standard by which the superiority of old violins from the hands of famous makers can be established. Miss Powell's is, no doubt, a case in point to show the difficulty of telling by its intrinsic qualities the real origin of an instrument. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the trial of her suit, tending to illustrate the ease with which people can be imposed upon regarding the character and history of a violin, from the uncertainty that must always attach to the great majority of old instruments, was the fact introduced as evidence by the plaintiff, that

Fletcher advertised Duiffoprugcar violins as if there was no doubt of their existence. The fact is that the best authorities are skeptical, almost to conviction to the contrary, of the genuineness of the alleged Duiffoprugcar instruments. Gaspard Duiffoprugcar lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the evidence of contemporary history is that the violin had not yet been developed in its evolution from the viola and violocello. Duiffoprugcar was a maker of the latter two instruments beyond doubt, and his work—perhaps more in the carving of beautiful scroll pieces than in the adaptation for producing fine musical tones—was held in such high esteem that such artists as Leonardo da Vinci and Cellini painted pictures on the back and otherwise added to the decorativeness of his products. The general verdict, in short, is that Duiffoprugcar violin does not exist.

Perhaps Stradivari Nicholas, who lived and made violins in Cremona, Italy, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, should be credited with popularizing the violin as much as any one in history. To be sure, Amati, whose name is one of the famous ones still, was a little earlier, and taught Stradivari the art.

But for the man who did most toward establishing the present rule of values for violins of ancient make the world must look to Louis Tensio, an Italian collector, who was at the meridian in the first quarter of the present century. Tensio was a lover of violins, either for themselves or the money that he acquired by trading in them. He roamed about Europe, buying up old violins and trading new ones for them. In old monasteries he secured many a rare one, which the owner was only too glad to exchange for one of newer finish. This goes to show how little was then appreciated the benefit of age which now is such an important factor in the value of an instrument. Tensio was found dead one day in his house in Milan, surrounded by his collection of violins, which probably could not be reproduced for its rare and fine instruments to-day from all the collections in the world.

The name of Guanarius stands next to that of Stradivari to-day for excellence of make, especially the name of Joseph Guanarius del Jesu, whose trade-mark was I. H. S. A hundred years ago the Amati violin stood higher in the value of the world than those of Stradivari, but they have since exchanged their positions. To-day an Amati must be exceptionally fine to be worth more than \$500 or \$600, while as good specimens of the Stradivari or Guanarius are probably worth, respectively, as many and a half as many thousands.

One of the finest, or at least most precious Guanarius instruments extant is that

which Paganini used, and now preserved in a glass case in the Municipal Palace at Genoa. Paganini's pupil, Sivori, is probably the only one who has played on it since his master's death, and that only once.

In this country, Mr. Hawley, of Hartford, Conn., has an exceedingly valuable collection of rare violins. He has no less than five specimens of Stradivari and three of Guanarius. One of the latter is known as the King Guanarius, that is the finest product of the artist. It is valued at \$2,500.

Theodore Havemeyer, of this city, has a number of rare and valuable instruments, among which are more than one Stradivari and Joseph Guanarius del Jesu, with the I. H. S. brand of excellence.

Mr. Knopf, whose testimony did much toward winning Miss Powell's case, has a Stradivari which he values at \$2,000. It is not one of the larger size produced by Stradivari, or its value would be perhaps one-half as great.

DO CHILDREN PAY?

Sometimes They Seem Imperfect, But They Pay Pretty Well, After All.

[J. L. H. in Detroit Free Press.]

"Sometimes I just think children don't pay," said one of my careworn and discouraged neighbors one day. "What do you think about it?"

"Well, I don't know," I replied, and my conscience smote me even while I spoke. But then I said in mental self-reproach and self-excuse for saying it, "I know I didn't pay," and I don't think I did.

But when it comes to my own bairns—do they pay?

Well, they are "a sight of trouble." Indeed they are, and they cost time and money, and pain and sorrow.

There are three of them and they are little things still, and my friends who have older children tell me that I need not expect a time to come when my babies will be "less trouble" than they are now. I cannot expect a time to come when they will not be a source of care and anxiety, and hope and fear—no, not even when they have gone forth to homes of their own and have their own little ones around them.

Do they pay now? Here I am wearing old clothes and trying to brush up my old hat to make it look new, that my Johnny and Sammy may have new kilts, and reefers, and hats, and shoes, and look as well as other children. They do kick out shoes so dreadfully, and they haven't the first compunction of conscience about it, either. They tear and smash and destroy and are "into everything," particularly the baby.

Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yes—

terday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal-hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted 50 cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfumery out of the window "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the center of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining-room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost over \$100 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat-tat-tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim Silence.

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice; "I lub my papa; peeze let baby in!"

I am not quite a brute and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly:

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does. He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money, and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost me much. But he has paid for it all again, and again, and again, in whispering those three little words in my ears, "I lub papa."

Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother-love and the father-love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions.

Do your children pay?

AN EXTRAORDINARY BEACON.

A Lighthouse in which There is Neither Lamp Nor Keeper.

The most extraordinary of all lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway bay—a rock which is separated from the Island of Lewis by a channel over 500 feet wide. It is in the Hebrides, Scotland. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide. Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the Island of Lewis, 500 feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected on to an arrangement of prisms, and by their action are converged to a focus, outside the lantern, from where they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of this locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamp service-room, bed-room, living-room, store-room, oil-room and water tank, were erected on the summit of the rock.

The Wisdom of Fools.

[London Standard.]

Under the above caption the *Industrial Journal* publishes one of its usual common sense articles, in which it speaks of a man who, suffering from a dreadful toothache, went to a dentist to have the tooth extracted. The dentist told the sufferer to be seated and he would soon relieve him of his troublesome companion, but before being seated he must know the charge. He was informed that the operation would cost him fifty cents. This, he said, was exorbitant. Could he not perform the operation for twenty-five cents? No, the dentist could not. He could not lose time in learning a profession, buy instruments, and keep an office and then afford to relieve suffering for nothing. The man left. He preferred to endure the excruciating pain sooner than pay the exorbitant sum of fifty cents for such a trifling service. But his susceptibility to pain, he learned by sad experience, was greater than his power of endurance. His tortures were those of the damned; but pay fifty cents he wouldn't. He took a drink of brandy to numb the pain, but it had no effect; he then took another and another; he became intoxicated; it cost him \$5, but

it failed to cure the toothache, as it was worse than ever next day, and to end the whole matter he was forced to go to the dentist and pay fifty cents. The course of this man has its parallels in the actions of these men who refuse to pay forty or fifty cents to an organization, monthly, for the grand privilege of being relieved of many countless burdens that now hang heavily upon them, while at the same time they think nothing of paying ten times the amount for the privilege of destroying both their souls and bodies. It has its parallels, also, in another class of men, who like to be relieved of the burdens that weigh them down, but who are unwilling to pay for the services which they wish rendered unto them. We hear every day men who complain of excessive taxation of the union, and many of these very same men have already actually received an advance in remuneration equal to \$2 or \$3 per week, while the entire tax asked of them will not amount to over \$6 a year at farthest.

Again, there are other men who say the union is of no benefit to them. Their wages have not been advanced, hence they don't want to pay union dues and assessments. Fifty cents a month is fearful when asked of them to be used for their own benefit, but they permit the employer to swindle them out of \$4 or \$5 per week without a murmur or a word of complaint. Just think of men wanting to receive an advance of wages equal to \$100 a year, and because they don't receive it two weeks after they are organized they growl and complain of the assessments they are paying. They pay \$6 and expect \$100 in return, and because it is not done for \$3 and done forthwith they exclaim the union is of no benefit to us. Let us leave because the union does not give us \$100 for \$3. Let us give the boss \$200 for nothing or spite. This is truly the wisdom of fools.

The Debasement of Women.

To complete the ecstasy of those who believe in the degradation of human labor, need I say that at Stockholm the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of Northern Europe? She here practically supplants the beasts of burden. And I am not altogether unfamiliar with women's work in Europe. I have seen her round the pit mouth, at the forge, and bare footed in the brickyards of "merrie England," filling blast furnaces and tending coke ovens in "sunny France." I have daily watched her bearing the heat and burden of the day in the fields of the "Fatherland," and in Austria-Hungary doing the work of man and beast on the farm and in the mine.

I have seen women emerge from the coal pits of "busy Belgium," when little girls and young women graduate under-ground as

hewers of coal and drawers of carts, for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply.

Aged, bent, and sunburned, I have seen women, with rope over shoulders, toiling on the banks of canals and dykes in picturesque Holland. Having witnessed all this, I was yet surprised to find in a city so beautiful and seemingly so rich and prosperous as Stockholm, women still more debased.

In Stockholm she is almost exclusively employed as hod carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries bricks, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner hour you see groups of women sitting on the piles of wood and stones eating their frugal repast. They wear a short gown, coming a trifle below the knee, with home knitted woolen stockings and wooden shoes. Over the head a handkerchief is tightly tied. Those engaged in mixing mortar and tending plasterers wear aprons.

They are paid for a day of hard work of this toil, lasting twelve hours, the magnificent sum of one kroner (equivalent to 26 cents).

Women sweep the streets, haul the rubbish, drag hand-carts up the hills and over the cobble stones, unload bricks at the quays, attend to parks, do the gardening, and row the numerous ferries which abound at Stockholm. The entire dairy business of the city is in their hands, and here they take the place of horses and dogs, carrying on their shoulders the heavy cans of milk from door to door.

The King And The Peasant.

One day while the King of the Cannibal Islands was out hunting for grizzly bears he became separated from his retainers, and after wandering about for a long time he finally came upon the cabin of a peasant. The peasant hadn't the least idea who the stranger was of course, and he invited the King to enter and make himself as comfortable as possible. His royal nibs seeing how the land lay, thought to get an honest opinion of himself, and after a bit he led off with:

"They say that the King is out on a hunt to-day."

"No doubt of it," replied the peasant; "he has of late seized upon every pretext to neglect the King's business, and lets affairs of state go to the dogs."

"They say he drinks."

"Alas! yes. He can guzzle more budge than any four old drunkards in the country."

"And that he is harsh and tyrannical."

"You bet! He'd grind our noses to get an extra dollar in taxes, and he is always after a new law to abridge our liberties."

"And that he is a spendthrift."

"Ah! sir; if he wasn't a King he'd be a loafer and a vagabond."

"But he must have some good features," protested the King, as he sweated under the collar.

"I never heard of but one. They say he is extremely kind to cross-eyed cats."

"I am the King!" thundered his majesty, as he rose up in all the terribleness of his awfulness.

The peasant fell upon his knees and prayed that his life might be spared, being he had no insurance, and the King took him by the right hand and lifted him up and said:

"Have no fear. You are an honest man. You are the only human being who has dared to tell me of my faults. From this moment I am a changed sardine. Here—take these seven signet rings and these thirteen purses filled with gold, and as soon as you get your potatoes dug and your corn husked, come to town and be my prime minister."

Now wasn't that nice!

Is The Law a Farce?

[Wall Street News.]

The inter-state commerce act has been a law for just about three years, and it has no more effect than if it was not on the statute book. There has never been a criminal complaint instituted under the law, nor a single prosecution, and yet there is not a practical railroad manager in the country who does not know that it is daily and openly violated on his own road. If there is a single manager who can truthfully say that he has not broken the law, then he must stand convicted of stupidity or incompetency. The law says that any one is guilty if undertaking to avoid the provisions of the statute by "trick or device," and yet the commission has found hundreds of cases in which this has been attempted and has so ruled. Is it not about time that the law was repealed or else something done to show that it is in force?

SENATORIAL POKER.

Public Men in Washington Find a Great Deal of Fun in Gambling.

[From a Washington Letter.]

But if it be true that public men in Washington indulge in gambling in stocks and margins, it is equally true that public opinion has long ago driven from the capital gambling houses, where in years gone by public men were in the habit of gathering night after night and openly risk their money upon the turn of a card. There is not in Washington to-day what is generally known as a gambling resort. There is not, so far as the public knows, a single faro bank or roulette wheel in operation, and the

men who gamble do so in their private apartments, or in the rooms of hotels or other places where the public and the law have no right to enter. Poker-playing is, of course, as popular an amusement in Washington as it ever was. Games may come and games may go, but poker is the only species of card gambling that has taken a lasting hold on the affections of Washingtonians. A few years ago the game of hearts was dragged from oblivion, and for a time seemed to threaten the supremacy of the great American game. Hearts had its day but that day is gone, and poker again reigns supreme. It is more popular than ever, and it is rare that men in Washington who sit down for a quiet little game indulge in any other species of gambling. Poker is played at the clubs universally, and some pretty big stories are told about games for high stakes indulged in by Senators and Representatives, officers of the army and navy, civilian officials and men about town. There are many cliques of these men who play so constantly that the games are almost continuous, and names are given to distinguish them. There are, for instance, the army game, the navy game, the dude's game, the club game, the hotel game, the official game and the Senatorial game.

The last named game is the one which attracts the most attention. Time and again denials have been made, apparently based on good authority, that any senatorial game exists. The fact is, however, and it is well known by everybody who keeps posted on what is going on in Washington, that there is a senatorial game, and that it is in progress almost constantly, night and day, for several months in each year. This game is as well known to men who play cards as any of the theatres or hotels are, and during the time when Congress is in session any man who is properly introduced can join this little game and be assured of meeting foes worthy of his steel. The senatorial game is located in a so-called hotel uptown, and is composed, as regular players, of some of the most prominent and well-known men in the Senate. These men form what is known as the charter members of the club, and those who are taken in from time to time are called recruits. There are three or four members of the House who are almost daily seated at the senatorial game, and strangely enough, two of them have never been suspected of playing by their colleagues. One of them is a member from Chicago, and, in addition to being a poker-player, it is said that he is a member of the alleged silver pool, and that his persistent efforts to secure increased coinage of silver at the last session were largely due to his heavy investments in bullion.

The third member of the House who belongs to the senatorial game is the repre-

representative of a rural constituency in Kansas, and there is probably not one man in the House who has not personal knowledge on the subject who would believe for an instant that this man ever saw a game of poker. Yet, according to the statement of one of the constant participants in the game, this hayseed member is one of the most expert players that ever opened a jack-pot. He has a face that no man can read and an appearance of utter child-like innocence. It is said that he plays like a vulture, not for amusement, but for money, and that when endeavoring to free his competitors of their cash he takes no note of time, and cares not to either eat or drink.

American Tenant Farmers.

Recently a writer in the *North American Review* made the startling statement that the United States is the largest tenant farmer nation in the world. Of the 7,500,000 adults engaged in agriculture, less than one-third are farm owners, and half of that third are so heavily mortgaged that the interest they must pay to avoid foreclosures is equal to a galling rent.

The number of tenant farmers in the various States are given, and we shall give a few samples from that list:

New York	39,872
Pennsylvania	45,322
Maryland	13,937
Virginia	34,838
North Carolina	52,728
South Carolina	47,210
Georgia	62,175
West Virginia	12,000
Ohio	48,283
Indiana	40,050
Illinois	80,244
Michigan	15,411
Iowa	45,174
Missouri	53,802
Nebraska	11,419
Kentucky	14,027
Kansas	22,651
Tennessee	57,196
Mississippi	14,558
Arkansas	26,138
Texas	66,465

Here are twenty-one of our leading States with more tenant farmers than England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Too Much for Ned.

Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Governor Nicholls, of Louisiana, as most people know, has lost an arm and a leg, but so deftly have the artificial members been fitted to the stumps that but few people are in the secret of his loss. His colored body servant was left behind on the occasion of his last visit in Vicksburg, and they put at his disposal during his stay there a likely young lad, who was told to try and take the old body servant's place. That night, when Governor Nicholls was ready to retire, he stretched out one of his legs to Ned, the servant, and said: "Ned, unscrew that leg." Ned's eyes began to open with hor-

ror, but he obeyed, and took the leg off. Gov. Nicholls then said, calmly stretching out an arm, "Ned, unscrew that arm." The boy rolled up his eyes until nothing but the whites could be seen, but he obeyed and unscrewed the arm. The Governor, who now realized his condition of mind, determined to have a little fun with him, so, reaching out his neck, he said: "Ned, unscrew that head." But the boy never waited to see whether his head would come off or not, and no one ever succeeded in getting him to go near Gov. Nicholls again. He said he was the worst "hoodoo" that he ever saw.

Tough on the Dog.

[Express-Gazette.]

A solid, sensible-looking woman, who was bound east, entered the baggage rooms of a Detroit depot, leading a dog, and asked:

"Can this dog go in the car with me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Has he got to go in the baggage car?"

"Yes'm."

"Is it extra?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well, it's a shame!"

"Yes'm, but it's the rule."

She walked about for five minutes, the dog smelling at her heels, and then returned to say:

"There are three of us, myself, the dog and my husband."

"Yes."

"If my husband went in the baggage car couldn't the dog ride in the seat with me?"

She managed to choke down her indignation when told that no such change could be effected, but later on, in the waiting room, she was giving her husband fits, and it was probably because he was satisfied with the rule of the road.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes

To keep the home together;

Nobody knows of the steps it takes,

Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes

Which kisses only smother;

Nobody's pained by haughty blows,

Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care

Bestowed on baby brother;

Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,

Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught

Of loving one another;

Nobody knows of the patience sought,

Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears

Least darlings may not weather

The storm of life in after years,

Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above

To thank the heavenly father

For that sweet gift—a mother's love;

Nobody can—but mother.

One of Herschel's Problems.

In her "Reminiscences of the Herschels," in the Century Magazine, the late Prof. Maria Mitchell says:

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast table when he asked the question. We thought they could not. "But if they stood closely and others stood on their shoulders, man, woman, and child, how many layers would there be?" I said, "Perhaps three." "How many feet of men?" he asked. "Possibly thirty," I said. "O more!" "Well, we'll say a hundred." "O more!" Miss Herschel said, "Enough to reach the moon." "To the sun." "More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment; "bid higher." "To Neptune," said one. "Now you burn," he replied. "Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way," said he, "of whitewashing war, pestilence and famine."

Is Ice Water a Healthy Drink?

[The Sanitary News.]

In the opinion of the editor of the *Sanitary Volunteer*, the official organ of the New Hampshire board of health, there is a great deal of sentiment and many opinions regarding the use of ice water that vanish when the light of reason and experience is turned upon them. The fact is that ice water, drank slowly and in moderate quantities, constitutes a healthful and invigorating drink. There is no doubt that ice is a great sanitary agent, and every family ought to be provided with it during the warmer months of the year. It is true that the inordinate use of ice water, or its use under some special conditions and circumstances, is attended with great danger; so is the improper use of any other drink or food. The assumption that iced water is dangerous, and that iced tea, or iced coffee, or iced lemonade is a harmless substitute, is simply a delusion. As the source of danger feared by some is the degree of cold, we fail to see clearly how flavor modifies the effect of temperature. There are individuals, undoubtedly, who cannot drink ice water without injury, and who ought never to use it, but to a great majority of persons it is refreshing and healthful. Its use, temperate and discreet, is in no way to be condemned, which cannot be said of some of its substitutes.

Horse and Man.

In starting, Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, lays down the ideal at which society should aim. This is explained as the ideal of the London cab horse. The cab horse has its charter with two points, work is found for it with food and lodging sufficient to enable it to get through its daily task; that is the first. The second is that when it falls down, whether it be by its own fault or by mischance, or by the fault of others, it is helped up again—all questions as to who was responsible for its fall being deferred until it is set upon its feet again.

Mr. Carlyle long ago remarked that the four footed worker has already got all that this two-handed one is clamoring for: "There are not many horses in England able and willing to work which have not due food and lodging and go about sleek coated, satisfied in heart." You say it is impossible; but, said Carlyle, "The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe much impossible for Englishmen."

Gen. Booth claims the extension to every human being of the two points of the cab horse charter.

The English Language.

It is computed that at the opening of the present century there were about 21,000,000 who spoke the English tongue. The French speaking people at that time numbered about 31,500,000, and the German exceeded 30,000,000. The Russian tongue was spoken by nearly 31,000,000, and the Spanish by more than 26,000,000. Even the Italian had three-fourths as large a constituency as the English, and the Portuguese three-eighths. Of the 162,000,000 people, or thereabouts, who are estimated to have been using these seven languages in the year 1801, the English speakers were less than 13 per cent., while the Spanish were 16, the German 18.4, the Russian 18.9, and the French 19.6.

This aggregate population has grown to 400,000,000, of which the English speaking people number close upon 125,000,000. From 13 per cent. we have advanced to 31 per cent. The French speech is now used by 50,000,000 people, the German by about 70,000,000, the Spanish by about 40,000,000, the Russian by 70,000,000, the Italian by about 30,000,000, and the Portuguese by about 13,000,000. The English language is now used by nearly twice as many as any of the others, and this relative growth is almost sure to continue. English has taken as its own the North American Continent and nearly the whole of Australasia. North America alone will soon have 100,000,000 of English speaking people, while there are 40,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. In South Africa and India also the language is vastly extending.

Women and Railroad Tickets.

The woman who is never able to find her ticket, and after much tribulation has it discovered for her sticking out of her glove, will be glad to hear of the recent decisions of a Western court.

The effect of the decision is that a passenger must be allowed a reasonable time in which to hunt up his ticket, and if the conductor proceeds to extremities before it is run to earth the road must respond in damages. Now and then a man is so overburdened with messages for Aunt Aurelia and injunctions to take good care of himself that he gets aboard in a coma and for the first few miles of his trip is not sure of anything. But ordinarily it is a woman who finds the question of transportation embarrassing.

As the conductor heaves in sight she compares herself very favorably with those who are slow at handing in their vouchers, but when he drops anchor before her and rasps out "Tickets!" she is horrified to find that hers is not where she was sure she had put it. A second rasp and her bonnet tilts to an angle of forty-five; at the third call she frantically opens her reticule and finds therein her hairpin reserve, beautifiers, and that snippy little wad of samples no woman is ever without, but no ticket. The lunch-basket is then invaded and every sandwich opened, but the missing link between her and her destination is not there.

Then she takes a header into her pocket, remains down a long time and come up red in the face, out of breath and out of ticket. She fears that the conductor thinks it a little game, and in her mind's eye sees herself landed on a cross-tie, miles away from anybody and at the mercy of cows, field-mice and other savage creatures.

The conductor, however, is not thinking it a little game. Despite his austere look he is a long-suffering and much-experienced man, and knows that somewhere in the collapsed mass of feathers and bugles before him there is a ticket, if he can only find it. In a kindly way he suggests the watch pocket, but it is not there; then that it may be tied up in a corner of the handkerchief, but no; finally he plays his best trump, glove, and it is forthwith found.

Rescued from despair, the little bully twitches her hat on straight and tartly informs Mr. Conductor that she intends to have the Company written to about him.

The trouble with our fair friend is that she labors under the impression shared by the traveling public generally that a passenger is bound to have his ticket on call under penalty of eviction, but the law is otherwise now declared. Conductors may be driven to lunacy and station after station be reached before the tickets thereto can be collected, but the right of search must remain inviolate.

Not Tall Enough.

[London Tid Bits.]

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep along that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, where he was handsomely entertained. Among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Postdam.

"What does your excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismark, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The Prince looked rather surprised at this disparaging criticism. He made no answer, however, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each and all was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant loving father of Frederick the Great; but the inexorable critic merely said, "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismark fairly lost patience, and rejoined, somewhat sharply, "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face, and replied with significant emphasis, "I mean that we can flood our country twelve feet deep."

Benjamin Tillett, the Young English Labor Leader.

[English Correspondence of the Congregationalist.]

"He was speaking to an immense crowd of workmen, many of them Socialists, when he began to talk about his Divine Master. He spoke of what the Man of Nazareth said when He was upon the earth; he told them what the Man of Nazareth did when He dwelt among men, and he added what he believed the Man of Nazareth would do to workmen and dock laborers were He here to-day. He grew more and more earnest as he spoke of the righteousness and sympathy and unselfishness and love of the Man of Nazareth. At last a Socialist cried out: 'Let's give three cheers for that Man of Nazareth! He is the best man of whom we have ever heard!' And immediately thousands of hats and caps were uplifted, and thousands of voices joined in ringing cheers for the 'Man of Nazareth.' So 'the world moves.'"

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

AUGUST, 1891.



Assessment Notice for August.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 1, 1891. }

ASSESSMENT No. 22, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 443. Duncan P. Struthers, of Cloud City Lodge, No. 196, died of Typhoid Fever, Sept. 17, 1890.

CLAIM No. 444. Howard E. Stewart, of New Year Lodge, No. 135, was Accidentally Drowned November 30, 1890.

CLAIM No. 445. Thomas P. Sammon, of Just In Time Lodge, No. 149, was declared Totally Disabled by Loss of Leg, March 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 446. Edward B. Davenport, of Pine City Lodge, No. 81, died of Pneumonia, April 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 447. John J. Donnelly, of Peter Burns Lodge, No. 425, died of Typhoid Pneumonia, May 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 448. Percy A. Robinson, of Northwestern Lodge, No. 82, was killed by Railroad Accident, May 13, 1891.

CLAIM No. 449. M. H. Neal, of Sunset Lodge, No. 177, died from Injuries received in jumping from engine, May 14, 1891.

CLAIM No. 450. Thomas R. Wallace, of River View Lodge, No. 330, was scalded to death, May 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 451. W. J. Dwyer, of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, was declared totally disabled by Loss of Eyesight, May 21, 1891.

CLAIM No. 452. James A. Mathews, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, died of Congestion of Brain, May 21, 1891.

CLAIM No. 453. Frank Jagerman, of Aetna Lodge, No. 163, died from injuries received by Railway Accident, May 23, 1891.

CLAIM No. 454. C. M. Conroy, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, was declared totally disabled by Tubercular Peritonitis, May 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 455. Charles L. Dickinson, of Clinton Lodge, No. 34, died of Cerebral Abscess, May 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 456. W. R. Clark, of Mt. Lookout Lodge, No. 289, died from injuries received by jumping from Engine, May 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 457. Thomas Irwin, of Gold Range Lodge, No. 341, was killed by Engine Falling Through Bridge, May 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 458. Charles Smith, of Glad Tidings Lodge, No. 233, died of Heart Failure, May 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 459. John P. Spurlock, of Phoenix Lodge, No. 23, was declared totally disabled with Fracture of Arm, June 4, 1891.

CLAIM No. 460. John T. Kelley, of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62, was killed by being run over, June 8, 1891.

CLAIM No. 461. Arthur C. Ball, of Franklin Lodge, No. 9, was declared Totally Disabled by loss of lower limbs, June 9, 1891.

CLAIM No. 462. George W. Purcell, of Kaw Valley Lodge, No. 313, died from injuries received in a Railway Accident, June 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 463. Charles F. Quicksell, of Peace Lodge, No. 109, was declared totally disabled with Chronic Pneumonia, June 16, 1891.

CLAIM No. 464. Anson H. Pike, of Lake Shore Lodge, No. 183, died of Typhoid Fever, June 16, 1891.

CLAIM No. 465. James R. Lane, of Jackson Lodge, No. 274, was killed by Railway Accident, June 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 466. Charles B. Munn, of James I. Watt Lodge, No. 436, was killed in a Collision, June 19, 1891.

CLAIM No. 467. John A. Larson, of James I. Watt Lodge, No. 436, was killed in a Collision, June 19, 1891.

CLAIM No. 468. Lorin S. Lightner, of Big Four Lodge, No. 337, died from injuries received in a Railway Accident, June 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 469. Calmer S. Hull, of Denver Lodge, No. 273, died of Heart Failure, June 24, 1891.

An assessment of TWO DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership AUGUST 1ST, 1891, also for all members having taken a withdrawal (limited or final) after AUGUST 1ST, (and for all members who died or were totally disabled since that date,) said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than AUGUST 20TH, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all the benefits of the order, as per Section 52, of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Bound Volumes.

We still have on hand a few bound volumes of the Magazine for the years 1887, 1888 and 1889, which can be had, postage paid, at \$1.50 per volume. Every wide-awake fireman should have these volumes in his library. Address *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The following is a statement
of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of June, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$178	73	\$96	145	\$126	217	\$64	289	\$90	361	\$134				
2	22	74	56	146	166	218	50	290	12	362	42				
3	476	75	206	147	108	219	96	291	1	363	302				
4	114	76	148	110	220	90	292	46	364	42					
5	210	77	288	149	374	221	84	293	44	365	42				
6	114	78	158	150	172	222	68	294	88	366	58				
7	79	148	151	94	223	50	295	367	1						
8	80	54	152	102	224	54	296	86	368	66					
9	81	158	153	58	225	32	297	102	369	104					
10	154	82	256	154	226	102	298	78	370	32					
11	170	83	146	155	80	227	72	299	92	371	44				
12	360	84	168	156	228	266	300	62	372	78					
13	268	85	146	157	42	229	62	301	64	373	34				
14	354	86	160	158	162	230	302	32	374	74					
15	98	87	70	159	200	231	132	303	46	375	42				
16	200	88	154	160	138	232	66	304	376	76					
17	76	89	161	80	233	305	48	377	108						
18	106	90	108	162	240	234	84	306	148	378	188				
19	106	91	96	163	96	235	307	102	379	98					
20	80	92	98	164	106	236	76	308	54	380	44				
21	174	93	124	165	116	237	134	309	92	381	76				
22	98	94	140	166	116	238	116	310	70	382	96				
23	95	95	218	167	106	239	311	36	383	66					
24	116	96	90	168	240	162	312	56	384	58					
25	140	97	194	169	264	241	264	313	116	386	40				
26	146	98	70	170	88	242	232	314	112	387	44				
27	152	99	204	171	62	243	36	315	122	387	44				
28	132	100	106	172	116	244	102	316	112	388	88				
29	54	101	173	245	317	98	389	70							
30	78	102	106	174	132	246	136	318	50	390	58				
31	74	103	250	175	247	156	319	56	391	100					
32	104	94	176	248	118	320	150	392	36						
33	114	105	74	177	156	249	120	321	44	393					
34	66	106	178	250	214	322	82	394							
35	48	107	194	179	36	251	224	323	40	395	58				
36	108	66	180	36	252	160	324	46	396	90					
37	70	109	114	181	38	253	72	325	42	397	46				
38	110	110	66	182	18	254	138	326	80	398	60				
39	60	111	183	152	255	70	327	88	399	40					
40	136	112	72	184	52	256	64	328	48	400	60				
41	62	113	124	185	60	257	329	32	401	76					
42	38	114	186	110	258	56	330	64	402	56					
43	150	115	187	60	259	331	403	58							
44	184	116	144	188	204	260	80	332	404	54					
45	136	117	98	189	94	261	64	333	186	405	102				
46	92	118	50	190	36	262	108	334	406	32					
47	170	119	191	100	263	126	335	70	407	74					
48	114	120	320	192	176	264	112	336	44	408	54				
49	94	121	193	74	265	126	337	146	409	46					
50	236	122	62	194	122	266	142	338	94	410	62				
51	123	195	68	267	92	339	411	44							
52	158	124	94	196	152	268	52	340	76	412					
53	94	125	58	197	106	269	78	341	52	413	46				
54	218	126	80	198	78	270	196	342	132	414	56				
55	127	102	199	74	271	64	343	415	156						
56	68	128	60	200	44	272	38	344	416						
57	394	129	198	201	102	273	134	345	42	417	54				
58	76	130	140	202	84	274	52	346	34	418	30				
59	200	131	118	203	146	275	64	347	44	419	76				
60	24	132	114	204	44	276	58	348	148	420	58				
61	170	133	140	205	124	277	24	349	84	421	32				
62	112	134	112	206	110	278	36	350	70	422					
63	92	135	102	207	168	279	46	351	36	423	88				
64	94	136	46	208	60	280	352	88	424	86					
65	94	137	52	209	88	281	80	353	64	425	82				
66	86	138	92	210	46	282	60	354	116	426	42				
67	148	139	46	211	126	283	82	355	66	427	48				
68	92	140	162	212	74	284	220	356	22	428	36				
69	80	141	258	213	40	285	152	357	429	32					
70	76	142	232	214	76	286	358	60	430						
71	150	143	215	116	287	126	359	80	431	54					
72	202	144	216	288	40	360	74	432	48						

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	\$36	437	441	445	\$38	449	\$28	453	\$30		
434	72	438	\$40	442	\$58	446	30	450	454		
435	32	439	40	443	76	447	30	451	18	455	
436	22	440	72	444	56	448	34	452	22	456	

Balance on hand June 1, 1891 \$55,587 75
Received during month 39,402 00

Total \$94,989 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450,
451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460,
461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469 . . . \$40 500 00

Balance on hand July 1, 1891 \$54,489 75

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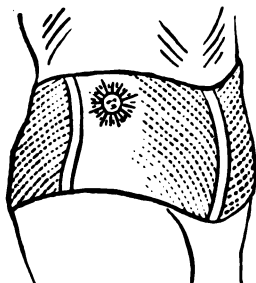
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CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER CURES CATARRH.

Endorsed by the Highest Authority of England.

DEAR SIR:—The Inhaler came in due course of mail, and I am enthusiastic over it. I am satisfied that it will effect an ultimate cure in my case of catarrh and asthma. I shall recommend it to all my friends. Since ordering the Inhaler I have received a copy of Browne's great work, "Diseases of the Throat and Nose" (3d ed.), and find on p. 558, that he discusses quite fully different remedies for catarrh, etc., and closes by giving Cushman's Menthol Inhaler his unqualified preference in terms of highest praise. He says that he has used it for several years in the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, and has achieved better success with it than with all other remedies combined. Such an endorsement is worth more than a deluge of old-lady certificates of cure, etc.

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Head Colds, Hay Fever, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Headache and Facial Neuralgia, as well as Catarrh, yield like magic to the soothing and antiseptic properties of inhaled Menthol. The Inhaler in a neat pocket case costs 50 cents and lasts a year. 1,000 treatments for 50 cents and every one a pleasure to take. Try an Inhaler a week and if not entirely satisfactory return it to me and I will refund your money. At druggists or sent direct by registered mail—same price.

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You have a furnace in front, cool drafts about you, and mishaps all the time.


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SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS,

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—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal
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Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. — It is Quickly Absorbed.
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THE BEST METAL POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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Cash must always come with orders to avoid delay. Bed rock prices are here given to firemen as agents and they cannot and must not expect to buy from dealers at these prices. Samples sent free on application. Address

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\$1,000 FOR AN OLD COIN

**IF YOU HAVE
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WHEEL**

Of progress too often becomes the Wheel of Destruction, and at such times the possession of a staunch, true friend to whom the

RAILROADER'S FAMILY

Can appeal in their sorrow is the greatest boon on earth. Such a friend is the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION**, of Indianapolis, whose unparalleled growth during the past year, showing an increase of

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Over the previous season, unanswerably demonstrates its overwhelming popularity with the Railroaders of America.

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If you should get caught in that fatal accident which visits so many noble men, and leave nothing to your dear ones, what would become of them? A Certificate of Membership in the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION** is as safe and certain as a landed estate, and the relief it secures to the bereaved family is flashed over the wires the very moment the news of a stroke of misfortune reaches the Home Office. No sensible Railroader longer doubts it his duty to carry first-class Accident Insurance. Do not postpone until it is too late, but take a membership with us

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Send for Catalogue of prices, etc. (Sent free.) All certificates guaranteed genuine. Showing wonderful cures in KIDNEY TROUBLES, most prevalent with railroad men.

FAT PEOPLE

Desiring to reduce their weight, can do so at home without starving or injury, 10 to 15 pounds a month. Permanent results. Send for proofs.

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**HIRES
ROOT BEER
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25c. Pkg. makes 5 Gallons. DELICIOUS, SPARKLING, APPETIZING. Carry a bottle of it to work with you. It is better than liquor. Send for beautiful book and pictures Free. **C. E. HIRES CO., Philada.**



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For the convenience of those who may not be able to purchase from their retailers we publish a partial list of wholesalers who keep Cactus Blood Cure in stock.

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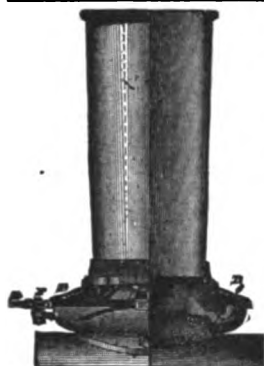
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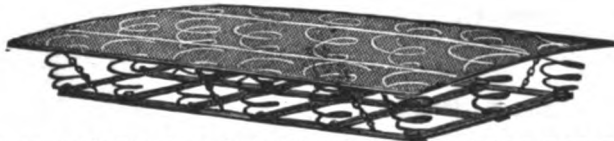
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Patent Square Ventilated Dinner Pail BEST PAIL MADE.

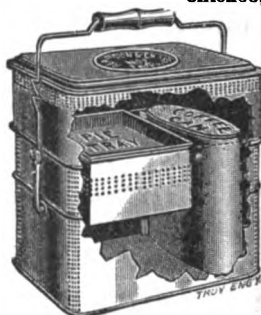
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Gentlemen:

I promised to let you know how I liked your Dinner Pail and would say I have been using lunch pails more or less for the past 7 or 8 years and I like yours the best of all. Lunch keeps fresh and sweet and the coffee can is just the thing. Take it all through it is the boss pail.

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No. 186, E. of L. F.

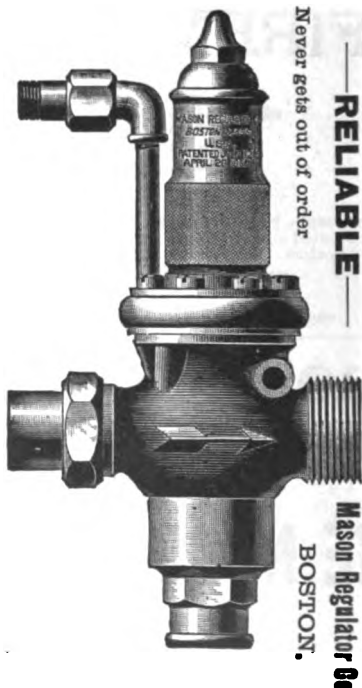


Size of No. 2 pail is 9 1/4 inches long by 5 1/2 inches wide by 9 1/4 inches high when locked up.

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Never Gets out of order

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Piston Rods, Spring Steel,

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—The Leading Manufacturers of—

RAILROAD LUBRICANTS

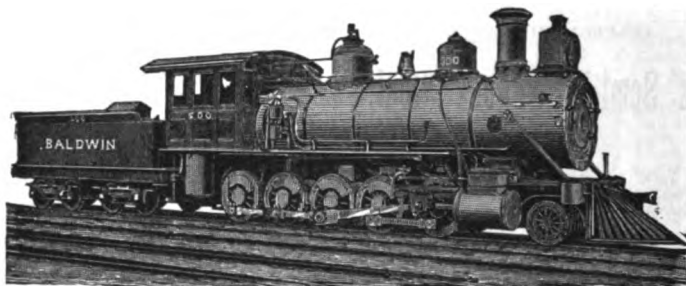
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Are in constant use on many
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References and comparative tests furnished on application.

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ANNUAL CAPACITY, 1000.**



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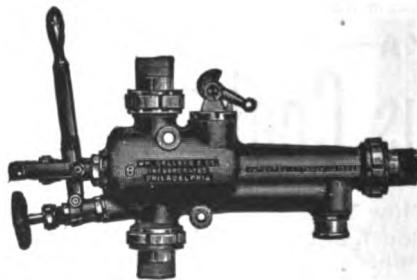
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SOLE PATENTERS AND MAKERS OF

Self-Acting Injector of '87



Range of Capacity over 60 per cent., and can be regulated, therefore, to work continuously for light or heavy trains. Never fails to promptly lift hot or cold water.

No service on a locomotive sufficiently severe to permanently stop its working.

IT WILL RE-START ITSELF

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ADJUSTS ITSELF

to varying steam pressures without waste of water. Increases quantity of water with increase of steam, and vice versa.

Very easily operated—Started by pulling out the lever, and stopped by pushing the lever in. Descriptive Circular and Price List sent on application to Office and Works.

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Can there be any reason assigned why a man whose Business brings him in contact with Oil and Dust should not return to his home at the close of his day's labor With Face and Hands as Clean as Those of His Neighbor, the Merchant? No! is the answer to this question, if he uses

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One cake of this Efficacious and Harmless Remedy for removing Dirt and Every Species of Discoloration, will perform its work, leaving Hands and Face the perfection of

HEALTH AND PURITY.

Before the healing influences of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, Abrasions of the Skin, Pimples, Sores, and all Unsightly Eruptions vanish, and in their stead appears a skin as

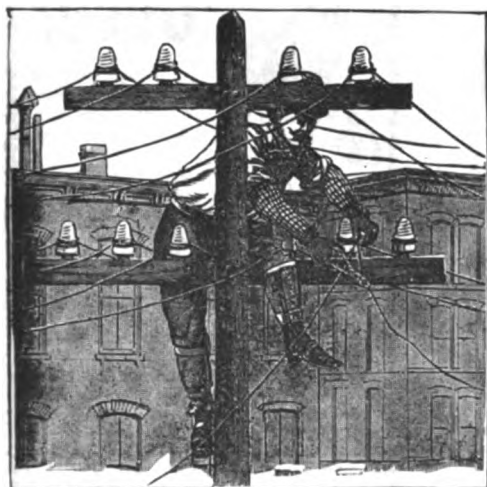
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For Sale By Druggists Everywhere.

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN LEGS AND ARMS, (MARKS' PATENTS.)

WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
DURABLE IN THEIR CONSTRUCTION,
NATURAL IN THEIR ACTION,

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and the MOST COMFORTABLE for the wearer. It is not unusual to see a farmer working in the fields with an artificial leg, or a brakeman plying his brake on a fast running train, or an engineer with hand on the throttle, or a fireman, carpenter, mason, miner, in fact, men of every vocation at labor in the full capacity of their employment, wearing one or two artificial legs with rubber feet, performing as much as men in possession of all their natural members, earning the same wages, in fact, experiencing little or no inconvenience in the use of their rubber extremities.

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Artificial legs and arms with rubber feet and hands can be constructed from measurements and sent to the wearer in any part of the world. A Treatise of 400 pages with a thousand testimonials and full instructions for home measurements. Over 11,000 artificial limbs with rubber

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Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

"I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely Realizes my ideal of perfection;

Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN BABE."

Dr. REDWOOD, Ph. D., F. C. S., F. I. C.

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Insist on having Pears' Soap. Substitutes are sometimes recommended by druggists and storekeepers for the sole purpose of making more profit out of you.

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Beecham's Pills

are the most wonderful antidote yet discovered for ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

A Box of these pills, costing only twenty-five cents, constitutes a family medicine-chest. Wind and Pain in and Weakness of the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep,

Sick Headache, Derangements of the Liver, and all nervous and trembling sensations are cured by using these Pills.

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I took Sick.
I TOOK**

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals,

I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; **getting fat too,** FOR **Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda** NOT ONLY CURED MY **Incipient Consumption** BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

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PERFECTLY PURE.

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EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AND THE STANDARD OIL TRUST.

It is, confessedly, a difficult task to write dispassionately of millionaires, their great wealth so dazzles and bewilders that the average mind loses sight of the man while contemplating his wealth. If the millionaire is at the head of any great industrial enterprise, like those with which Rockefeller, Gould, Vanderbilt, Carnegie, and others who could be named, are identified, the man becomes so mixed up with his money-making methods that whatever villainies are disclosed by the methods attach at once to the man and they are gibbeted together, and no appeals to the public change the verdict.

John D. Rockefeller is always associated with the Standard Oil Trust.

We have before us an article which appeared in the *New York World*, June 15, 1891, devoted to Mr. Rockefeller, which is exceedingly interesting reading.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller resides in Cleve-

land, Ohio, and is President of the Standard Oil Trust. On June 15th the millionaire was seriously ill, suffering from nervous prostration consequent on close application to business.

Mr. Rockefeller was born in the year 1839, and is, therefore, only 52 years of age; just in the prime of mature manhood. He was 30 years of age when he went into the oil business. The *World* says:

That Mr. Rockefeller is the richest man in America admits of no question whatever. His wealth is estimated to be not less than \$125,000,000. No closer estimate than this can be made, except by Mr. Rockefeller himself. Even that gentleman once declared on the witness-stand that he was not able to estimate his own possessions within ten or fifteen millions of dollars.

About two years ago a Standard Oil man who is a close personal friend of Mr. Rockefeller, and who is thoroughly and accurately posted as to the inside of Standard Oil affairs, estimated the Rockefeller fortune at \$129,000,000, and gave the following figures:

Standard Oil Stock	\$40,000,000
Premium on same	28,000,000
Real estate	10,000,000
Lead trust	2,000,000
Railroad stocks and bonds	20,000,000
Natural gas stock	4,000,000
Bank stock	5,000,000
Manufactured gas stock	3,000,000
Steamboat stock (Inman Line, etc.,)	1,000,000
Mines in Utah, Wisconsin, etc.	4,000,000
Cash on hand	2,000,000
Miscellaneous	10,000,000

Total \$129,000,000

It will be seen from this statement that Mr. Rockefeller's investments are of the most solid, substantial, and remunerative description. This estimate of his wealth, by the way, is confirmed by no less an authority than Mr. Rockefeller's associate millionaire, Henry M. Flagler. Mr. Flagler not long ago said that he knew Mr. Rockefeller's income was in the neighborhood of \$9,000,000 a year. Reckoning that his investments yield an average of 6 per cent., and there is not much doubt that the gilt-edged securities he holds pan out at that figure, this gives him a capital

of \$150,000,000. The vastness of this income may, perhaps, be better realized when it is calculated that \$9,000,000 a year is something like \$25,000 a day. At the same time as making the statement referred to Mr. Flagler said that his own income was \$3,000,000 a year, and estimated the wealth of Col. Oliver Payne, another Standard Oil magnate, at \$22,000,000.

Here we have it that in 22 years Mr. Rockefeller secured \$129,000,000 of wealth, an average of \$5,863,636 a year, or \$19,546 a day for 300 working days a year.

The *World* is of the opinion that the only American whose wealth exceeded that of Mr. Rockefeller was Wm. H. Vanderbilt, whose possessions were estimated at \$200,000,000. When Mr. Vanderbilt died he distributed his wealth in such a way that no living Vanderbilt can boast of \$100,000,000. Next to Rockefeller William Waldorf Astor stands with his \$100,000,000, and then comes Jay Gould, who is credited with \$60,000,000.

The fact is, when a man's fortune runs up into the millions, conservative estimates are likely to embody a large per cent. of conjecture, as shown by the statement that, when under oath, Mr. Rockefeller could not state the value of his possessions within ten to fifteen millions of dollars. If, as is stated, his income is \$9,000,000 a year, it represents 6 per cent. on \$150,000,000, or 4 per cent. on \$225,000,000.

Mr. Rockefeller is said to be a very devout member of the Baptist church, to which he gives liberally, and it would seem probable that he will avoid the mistake of the foolish virgins and not be caught without oil in his lamp.

After all, as we have intimated, John D. Rockefeller cannot escape being measured by the methods he has adopted for securing wealth, and realizing the fact may cause him nervousness.

A contemporary, *The Farmer's Voice*, says "his fortune is monumental of a series of the most gigantic robberies ever recorded in the annals of history. The winnings of Capt. Kidd and Black Beard, the pirates; Sir Francis Drake, the buccaneer; Francisco Pizarro in Peru, and Lord Clive in the East Indies, become puny and mean when compared with the colossal pillage of this man Rockefeller, which has been scooped in with perfect safety by this deacon of the Baptist church now in good and regular standing."

"Scooped in with perfect safety" means that it has been obtained "*legally*," a term which to-day covers more iniquity than passed in review under the eye of Omnipotence from the creation of Adam to the deluge. The land is full of "legal" scoundrelism, "legal" fraud and robberies, villainies which horrify heaven and send ripples of joy throughout all the confines of hell. Says the *Voice*:

The Standard Oil Trust is a chartered brigand that has grown so strong and rich that it now tramples on all the laws of God and man with absolute impunity.

It hires incendiaries to burn down the refineries of its rivals.

It hires thugs to ruin oil wells that are discovered by farmers.

It bribes oil inspectors who pass cheap, low grade oils, that explode and burn up women and children.

It bribes legislators who lower the oil test to the danger line.

It elects members of Congress and United States Senators.

It buys judges and prostitutes courts of law.

It is a smug swindler who goes to church and passes the contribution box.

It is a thief who filches from the meagre store of the poor. It is a universal despoiler and desolator.

It is a moral devilfish whose slimy tentacles overspread the land, making crime seem respectable—making honesty the badge of stupidity.

It is the apotheosis of triumphant demonism.

It has made justice a mockery and republican institutions a sickening sham.

The Standard Oil Trust is the boss brigand of a league of brigands, which now holds the United States of America as a conquered province.

These plutocratic anarchists have overthrown a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

They have subverted the Constitution of Washington and Jefferson.

They have converted our legislative halls into foul shambles where the liberties of the people are slaughtered.

They have transformed our courts of justice into thieves' dens where bogus title is given to the stolen wealth of the people.

The great republic of America lies nerveless and prostrate, and these lawless freebooters are trampling the life out of it.

If the arraignment by the *Voice* is just, then indeed John D. Rockefeller's nervous prostration is easily accounted for. His fortune represents a series of piracies which defy hyperbole, the thought of which must necessarily make him nervous, make his brain reel, and which may finally send him to a madhouse. There are thousands and tens of thousands of workingmen whose

fifty or sixty years of toil would not bring them Rockefeller's income for one day, who are far happier than he.

The arraignment of John D. Rockefeller is the arraignment of our civilization, our Christianity, our law-makers, our government. It is an arraignment that breeds anarchists. It discloses conditions that are fruitful of evil, and only evil, and that continually.

Can these conditions be changed? We answer, only by the united, the intelligent, the patriotic action of the great body of the people. If they fail to act, if they are supine, if they permit things to drift the way they are drifting, then there is no hope. History will in due time repeat itself. The danger line is in sight.

A FRENCH statistician has come to the conclusion after much patient investigation, that American countries, are even now, great treasure houses, and that their riches will in the future be so vast as to excite the cupidity of men to a degree that will disregard the sacredness of tombs. The Frenchman says that American dentists insert every year in American teeth the enormous amount of 800 kilogrammes (about 1,800 pounds) of pure gold, which represents nearly four hundred and fifty thousand American dollars. This gold is never recovered, of course, but is buried with the persons in whose mouths it is placed. Making allowance for the rapid increase of the population of the United States and for the continued deterioration of American teeth, it appears that in less than a hundred years American cemeteries will contain a larger amount of the precious metal than now exists in France. According to the Frenchman's figures, there will be at the end of one hundred years, \$45,000,000 worth of gold in the teeth of dead Americans, independent of what has already been buried—which is doubtless equal to \$45,000,000 more—a total of \$90,000,000. In the teeth of such facts, we do not hesitate to say that hunting for gold in American graveyards will be more profitable than hunting for elephant's tusks in Central Africa.

A MASSACHUSETTS CONGRESSMAN LECTURING THE CLERGY.

Hon. George Fred. Williams, M. C., a citizen of Massachusetts, not long since, in addressing the clergy, pointed out numerous sins, at least of omission, the divines will have to answer for. We reproduce the address as we find it floating about, as follows:

"What is it which deadens the priestly function when the immoralities of public life are exposed to view?" Our public business and its moral standards and methods belong to every citizen; nay, more, as they take the stamp of public approval they pass current among men as our authorised coin. Yet while public men are striving upward, seeking to bring more honesty, more decency, some touch of Godliness into the affairs of the republic, it can not be denied that to the pulpit they look, generally in vain, for protection or encouragement.

It is true there have been notable exceptions; and ministers of this faith have furnished many of them; they make it easy for me now to thank them for their work, and to beg that it be honored and emulated.

It has been given to the church to keep the spiritual interests of men, and the field of moral instruction has been yielded to it quite as fully as that of religious teaching. I ask you by what right you abandon the great field of public morals; why are you silent in the face of public wrongs and scandals? Where are your words for the champions of political honesty?

What wonder that the power of the church wanes, if it stands silent and listless as the devil takes possession of the public business. Let me suggest that the ministry owes its intervention in the moral struggles of politics, first to the politician, second to the cause of morality itself, and third to his country.

You owe it to the politician who is making any effort to hold up the standards of political honesty. He needs your help even for himself, because there is no calling in life which so discourages ideals and makes high motives so dangerous as politics.

Men risk their reputations when they enter politics; therefore men with reputations are apt to keep out of it. I fear clergymen avoid it less because it threatens their reputations than because their pulpits are in danger. I agree that there is common consent among the political sinners, that they should not be referred to from the pulpit, but that consent should not settle your duty.

But surely the church has jurisdiction, sin is its peculiar business, and the ministers are pure men who cannot be frightened with recriminations. I ask in all earnestness "if public wrong, immorality, dishonesty is not the business of the clergy, whose business is it?"

The politician is the thing to be reformed; he will reform as public opinion demands, and you are responsible for the sentiment of the community. Indeed, ministers of the gospel should stand in the

front ranks of attack upon public wrongs. You need not mix in politics; but politics is not wrong and wrong is not politics. It is because public sins are most powerful that it is your first duty to attack them. In private sin men shrink and are ashamed, because they are alone; public sin becomes bold and defiant because many are joined in it. The offenders stand together, they defend together; they may be enough to call themselves of the public; they may even constitute the public; they may sit in your front pews and menace you.

This clergy business is greatly misunderstood by the public at large. The clergy constitutes one of what are called the learned professions, and clergymen are produced in large numbers annually by certain theological schools, academies, colleges and universities. They come forth with their diplomas, and then begins the hunt for pulpits, positions and salaries. The supply is largely in excess of the demand, and yet a great many pulpits remain vacant, chiefly because the church is too poor to pay a graduate such a salary as an educated minister requires in these days, when fashion and folly, pomp and pretension have secured a guiding influence in the church. The minister being human and living at a time when miracles are not performed, must have money if he is to keep up with the procession. To secure money he must be careful about his utterances. In a general way he may denounce sin and to some extent particularize, but the moment he essays to hold up to just condemnation such sins as "society" approves—and their name is legion—such as Christ anathematized, he will experience the value of silence. Here and there a clergyman will speak right out, but the great majority will change their tune and save their salaries. It is human nature, and clergymen carry about as much of the article as average mortals engaged in other pursuits, a fact which Congressman Williams apparently has not discovered.

Take for instance, what is called the "State" or the "Established Church" where it exists, and it is seen at once that it is a monopoly, a trust, run by a syndicate for the maintenance of which the people are taxed. In such a church the term "religion" in its relations to christianity defies characterization. It cannot be defined in a way to secure commendation. It is a con-

tinuous display of aristocratic pomp and circumstance—human to a degree that defies exaggeration.

Congressman Williams seems ambitious to exalt clergymen to the skies that he may let them drop to the earth regardless of consequences. The Congressman sees, as he has opportunities for seeing, that public business is conducted in a way to disgrace the nation, and he wonders why the clergy are silent. He thinks the clergy should help such politicians as are laboring for a higher moral standard in the government of state and nation. If the clergy seek information as to what class of politicians is right, from the press, they will come to the conclusion all are rotten to the core, and that if they denounce one they should denounce all, with rare exceptions. Indeed, Mr. Williams says that "men with reputations keep out of it." But many of the politicians are church-goers and pay liberally, and Mr. Williams might profitably inquire if such facts have anything to do with the silence of the clergy.

But there is more sin in private business than in governmental affairs, and the clergy do not enter the arena to rebuke the particular sins of business men which often involve whole communities. Why? Because if they were to do so the "paying members" would withdraw their support, and it is therefore too much to ask the clergy to make any new departure.

Some time since one hundred clergymen in a western city were invited to deliver sermons upon labor topics. Two of them consented to do so; ninety-eight declined the invitation. In the city referred to there were not less than 10,000 working men, but as a general thing they were poor. Was that the cause of refusal? Or did they believe such subjects as work, wages, rest, eight hours for a day's work, etc., were unworthy of their attention? We express no opinion. It might have been that the clergy was opposed to "class preaching."

To sum up the matter, clergymen preach for pay—for salaries. They too must live, and they are not disposed, more than other humans, to place their living in jeopardy, and in this one fact Mr. Williams will find the solution of his problem.

THE MACHINE AND THE MAN.

The world demands machinery, and it is held by some that machinery is playing the part of an evangelist, and is redeeming the world from poverty, squalor and degradation. In this line writes Fred Woodlow in the *Iron Age*. In discussing "machinery and hand power," he says:

Hand power was the primitive motor. It was equal to its task. The supple hand supplied the wants of man. That was enough. The product was ample and the producer busy. As population increased and civilization developed new conditions, the hand of labor was not equal to the wants of man. Invention became a necessity, machinery was industrial salvation. It supplemented elbow grease and perspiration. Its introduction was gradual. It had its limits. The pump did not exhaust the well. The fever of getting rich was not epidemic, and patent laws were unknown. In the normal process of industrial evolution the boot and the foot were on good terms, and it was not till number six men with number nine ambitions got on the top rail of the industrial fence, that the inventive brain became a bottle of brandy and went into hysterics. Machinery was used without any regard to the displacement of labor and empty bellies. Labor recoiled from these new conditions, and we read of riots and rebellion, and what to us to-day seems to be unreasonable and anarchial hostility to machine work. The masses were not to blame, in a logical sense, they saw the sky through a gimlet hole, and measured the future by the tape-line of to-day. They made a mistake, but it is understandable if we put ourselves in their wooden shoes and weigh out an ounce of bread to a pound of appetite.

Machinery, through the old eye-glasses, meant over-production, cheap wages, rage, hunger and idleness. Such was the logic of the times, and the reason why so much of hostility pervaded the industrial world towards anything and everything that displaced the old motor of hand power. Time has pulverised the old argument and reversed the original conditions. Invention had lifted us out of a deep hole, and machinery bridged the stream we could neither swim nor leap.

The steam engines in England alone could now do in eighteen hours what it took the ancient Egyptians twenty years to accomplish with 100,000 men; and the spinning machinery in Lancashire can do in one year as much work as 21,000,000 persons in the same time could do with the old distaff and spindle. This tremendous power has been reached by degrees. It was not instantaneous but gradual, and if monopoly and the lust of money went at a gallop, the supreme power at the back of all forces put a bridle on the wild ass.

In the textile manufactures, that represent the most colossal of all modern enterprises, we get the fly-shuttle, the drop box, the spinning jenny, the water frame, the power loom and the steam engine. Each of these inventions was opposed at its inception—it was another mouse to nibble at the poor man's cracker and the torch and brick bat were

used to intimidate the progressive manufacturer. But few men to-day have so little intelligence under their hats as not to see that with multiplied inventions have come new and increasing industries, and mechanical skill has not emptied the bag of flour, but doubled the grist at the mill. The industries of civilization increase with its inventions, and where science discovers a force in nature, its utilization is not a brake on the industrial wheel, but an additional seat in the coach and a new horse in the harness.

The electric light may dispense with the old lamp lighter, the locomotive may halt the stage coach, and the screw propeller may strand the old-time brigs and galleys, but the displacements of industrial methods and forces have not reduced the chances of employment nor left the multitudes with little to eat and less to do.

Mr. Woodlow's estimate of the power of the machine we do not presume is exaggerated, in fact, it may be underestimated. It is quite probable that the steam engines of England are equal in power to all the hand power of the inhabitants of the earth.

He says that the steam engines in England could do in "eighteen hours" the work performed by 100,000 men of Egypt in twenty years. 100,000 men twenty years equals 2,000,000 men one year. If the 2,000,000 men work twelve hours a day 300 days, they would have worked 3,600 hours, therefore the steam engines of England could do as much in eighteen hours as 2,000,000 men could do in 3,600 hours. If, therefore, the steam engines of England could do in eighteen hours the work required of 2,000,000 men 3,600 hours, they could in 3,600 hours do the work of 400,000,000 of men.

The population of the world is estimated at 1,500,000,000, deduct one-half for women and we have 750,000,000 men, deduct from the men one-third for children and old men, and we have a remainder of 500,000,000 to do the work of the world—as the steam engines of England can perform the work of 400,000,000 we have 100,000,000 remaining to take their chances.

Take the steam engines of England, Germany, France and the United States of America, and it is safe to say that England does not supply more than one-third of the steam engines in operation, hence, it is to be assumed that the countries named operate steam engines equal to the hand power of 1,200,000,000 men, or 700,000,000

more than the effective force of the world, provided the 500,000,000 were all workers.

But the countries named do not supply more than three-fourths of the steam engines of the world, hence it becomes necessary in the calculation to assume that the steam engines of the world are equal to the hand power of 1,600,000,000 men, or 1,100,000 more than the world contains of men capable of physical toil.

Again says Mr. Woodlow, "the spinning machinery of Lancashire can do in one year as much work as 21,000,000 persons" performed before the various machines in operation were invented. The population of England, Scotland and Ireland in round numbers is about 38,000,000. Of men, women and children who work for wages it is not presumable that the number exceeds 5,000,000, hence the Lancashire machinery does the work of 16,000,000 working people more than Great Britain and Ireland contains, and the statement that the steam engines of England are equivalent to the hand power of 400,000,000 of men is brought within the realm of probability.

Mr. Woodlow talks eloquently. He not only shows that those who opposed the introduction of machinery were blind, but that the machine is the one thing needful to carry forward the splendid enterprises of the age.

Machines are to multiply indefinitely. No sane man doubts the proposition. New machines are to be invented, all "labor saving," all proclaiming blessings, all to help on civilization and elevate man in the scale of being.

If it be folly to the extent of stupidity to suggest that "labor saving" machines are injuriously numerous and powerful, may it not be, on the other hand, blindness to the extent of cruelty and criminality, to provide no remedy for conditions no longer conjectural, where the machine so far usurps the prerogative of the hand that God's mandate to "eat bread in the sweat of thy face" cannot be obeyed?

The query brings to view a new phase of the question which neither Mr. Woodlow nor men of his type deem it prudent to discuss. Nevertheless, there are men of splendid vision who look at the "machinery and

hand power" question through neither a "gimlet hole" nor an auger hole, but who, taking a survey of the field of labor with a vision unobstructed, see that a time is coming when the necessity for some remedial policy will be inevitable.

What is the proposition now? It is a less number of hours in the twenty-four devoted to work.

In the case of the Lancashire machinery doing the work of 21,000,000 persons in a year, if it is in operation ten hours a day for 300 working days it performs the work of 70,000 persons each day, or 7,000 every hour. If, therefore, the hours be reduced the ratio of reduction indicates the ratio of the increase of hand power required to carry forward the enterprises of Lancashire. Tabulated results are as follows:

HOURS MACHINERY OPERATES.	Equal to persons.	Reduced to hours.	Equal to persons.	Gain to persons.
10	70,000	9	63,000	7,000
9	63,000	8	56,000	14,000
8	56,000	7	49,000	21,000
7	49,000	6	42,000	28,000
6	42,000	5	35,000	35,000

Machinery displaces hand power, to what extent, Mr. Woodlow shows; therefore, if hand power is to regain what has been lost it is not required to destroy the machine, but simply reduce the hours of its operation. This, as we have shown, would modify conditions, and to this it must eventually and inevitably come. If the work of the world, by combining machine power and hand power could be done in one hour each day, why should there be a demand to work more than one hour? If reducing the number of hours affords an opportunity for all who must work or starve to earn their living, why should any one object? "Work or starve" is the decree. Men will not starve in large numbers if there is food in sight.

It may be well to glorify the machine, but the time is coming when the man is to be heard. Standing armies and shotted guns may postpone the conflict, but not indefinitely. It were better far to reduce the hours of labor and to let machinery stand still a few hours each day if thereby work for the hand and food for the stomach can be supplied.

REVOLUTION AND REBELLION vs. STAGNATION.

There are those who cry "peace," but there is no peace, nor will there be until right triumphs. Till then, there will be wars, and rumors of wars. When right, truth and justice, in holy alliance, rule the world, the reign of peace will begin—not till then.

There are those who deplore war, revolution and rebellion. Manifestly, war is to be lamented, if it is waged to enthrone or to perpetuate wrong, but it expands to superlative grandeur if it is for the purpose of establishing justice and breaking the fetters of slavery. In such cases every blow struck for the down-trodden sends thrills of joy throughout the world. The cowering slave looks up and sees, however dimly, the dawn of a new era when he shall be free.

There are men in the United States who are everlastingly deprecating revolution and rebellion. They prefer stagnation. Had they lived in '76 they would have said to the patriots of the time, "Pay taxes and submit to King George—pay tribute and wear a yoke." They would have been Tories. They would have said, "Peace at any price is better than war."

Such degenerate creatures constitute the extremes. In the one case they are mercenary and mean. They would make sacrifices neither of money, time nor comfort; they would place neither life nor property in jeopardy, and in the other case, they are degenerate, base born and cowardly. Liberty and independence are meaningless terms to them. In these extremes there is no martyr material, but any quantity of the Judas Iscariot stuff. They never won a battle for the right since Adam was driven out of Eden, nor will they win such a battle while the pendulum of time continues to vibrate. They would as soon be the subjects of a Tiberius, a Caligula or a Nero as sovereign citizens of a republic, and there are thousands of these burlesques of men in the United States. They are either plutocrats or poltroons, in fact, both. One is on top, the other at the bottom; one is the dog, the other is the flea. On all sides is seen the moneyed aristocrat and the de-

generate sycophant—the crawling dirt-eater. Together they exert a tremendous influence. As yet, they are not in the majority; at least, such is the hope. There is a mighty host who will not cower; who will neither take off their hats, shave off their whiskers, button up their coats, nor do aught else that a slave is expected to do by the command of his master and owner. The forces are not yet in operation that can crush them. They will protest against wrong though every star in the blue vault above them falls. They will speak in spite of the "gates of hell." Prisons do not intimidate them. The storms of obloquy they meet as fearlessly as veterans meet the storms of bullets, while with the lamented Lowell they sing:

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular: amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the delphic cave within,
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

'Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back.

And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.
 For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

The idea of the poet is, that some time "the world, the flesh and the devil" are to be conquered. Possibly. We treasure the hope, but the outlook is not as cheery as could be desired, nor yet is it alarmingly dubious. Plutocrats will be required to surrender their grasp upon the "iron helm of fate." When labor is fully equipped and ready, things will move with more satisfactory rapidity. Till then, patience and agitation. The revolution has begun. Rebellion is in the air. Nature abhors a vacuum, and stagnation is equally out of order. Labor, mind and muscle are in alliance. The world moves, and it is to move at no distant day in the right direction. Let free thought and free speech have full sway and the right will triumph.

THE *Washington Post*, having exceptional opportunities for knowing what things are called in Washington society, says that "taking \$1,000,000 is called genius; taking \$100,000 is called shortage; taking \$50,000 is called litigation; taking \$25,000 is called insolvency; taking \$10,000 is called irregularity; taking \$5,000 is called defalcation; taking \$1,000 is called corruption; taking \$500 is called embezzlement; taking \$100 is called dishonesty; taking \$50 is called stealing; taking \$25 is called total depravity; taking one ham is called war on society." Occasionally a "genius" is incarcerated, but only when he has taken a million from the rich. The robbery of the poor is not regarded of sufficient importance to require comment.

It costs only \$200 to make the tour of Great Britain and the continent. Cheap enough.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

No one pretends that the United States is not prospering to an extent almost beyond the grasp of computation. Those who study statistics arrive at conclusions which at once dispel doubts, and convince the most skeptical that in spite of every obstacle the strides of the country in the march of progress are gigantic.

Among those who have discussed the subject critically is a Mr. J. C. Reiff, who gives twenty-one statistical reasons why everybody, particularly "security holders," should have abounding confidence in the future of this country.

We find in a recent issue of the *Railway Age* the following reference to Mr. Reiff's views:

Mr. Reiff's first reason for being a bull is the growth of the country, the population having increased from 38,558,371 in 1870 to 62,622,520 in 1890. His second is the decrease in the public debt from more than two billion dollars in 1870 to \$830,000,000 in 1889, and then he runs on showing the decrease of interest from \$118,784,960 to \$33,752,354 the reduction of the per capita debt from \$60.46 to \$15.12 and the decline of interest per capita from \$3.08 to \$0.52. He then points out that notwithstanding the gross revenue collected per capita \$10.67 in 1870 and was reduced to \$6.01 in 1889 and that notwithstanding the expenditures were reduced per capita from \$8.03 in 1870 to \$4.38 in 1889, the excess of revenue was \$101,601,916 in 1870 and \$105,063,043 in 1889. And meanwhile the cash in the United States treasury increased from \$106,207,816 in 1870 to \$643,113,172 in 1889. In the same period gold in the United States increased from \$135,000,000 to \$680,063,505. The number of national banks increased from 1,571 to 3,094 and their capital and surplus from \$502,485,201 to \$796,580,069. Savings banks increased from 639 to 894 and their deposits from \$802,490,298 to \$1,425,230,349. The number of depositors in 1883 was 3,015,955 and in 1889, 4,021,532, pretty conclusive evidence that our poor are not growing poorer.

The production of anthracite and bituminous coal increased from 70,481,426 tons in 1880 to 142,037,935 tons in 1888. Pig iron increased from 1,665,179 tons in 1870 to 6,489,738 tons in 1889, while the price was steadily reduced from \$38.25 per ton to \$17.75 per ton. The production of steel rails was increased from 30,357 tons in 1870 to 1,390,976 tons in 1889, the price being reduced from \$106.75 per ton to \$27.50 per ton in 1889. The wheat crop increased from 235,884,700 bushels in 1870 to 490,560,000 bushels in 1889 and the corn crop from 1,094,755,000 in 1870 to 2,112,892,000 bushels in 1889. The value of the hay crop increased from \$338,969,680 in 1870 to \$406,449,565 in 1888, the value of farm animals from \$1,576,917,566 in 1880 to \$2,418,366,028 in 1890. The value of cereals has increased from \$997,423,018 in 1870 to \$1,320,255,398 in 1888 and the value of metallic and non-metallic mineral products from \$413,901,748 in 1884 to \$591,672,795

in 1888. The cotton crop has increased from 3,114,592 bales in 1870 to 6,935,082 bales in 1889. The value of domestic exports increased from \$376,616,473 in 1870 to \$730,282,619 in 1889, of which the export of domestic manufactures increased from \$78,350,411 in 1870 to \$138,675,507 in 1889. The post offices increased in number from 28,492 in 1870 to 58,999 in 1889, while the revenue increased from \$19,772,221 to \$56,175,611. The railroad mileage increased from 76,808 miles in 1876 to 161,397 miles in 1889, while the gross earnings have increased from \$497,257,959 to \$1,033,736,596 and net from \$186,452,752 to \$322,284,936. The rate per ton per mile on freight was reduced from 00.1236 in 1882 to 00.976 in 1889. Mr. Reiff then quotes the cost of the necessities of life to the consumer, showing it to have been reduced since 1870 about 50 per cent.

It so happens that such statistics and conclusions create unrest. Wealth accumulates while the victims of poverty and wretchedness increase. The rich multiply in number, fortunes mount up to colossal proportions, the few obtain control of the surplus wealth which labor creates, and as a consequence dictate the policy under which workingmen must toil or starve, indeed, all too often toil and starve.

No statesman of the time in which we live denies that a monstrous wrong exists, in fact, a whole brood of monstrous wrongs, and that something must be done, and that without delay, if widespread disasters are to be prevented in the near future.

The discussion of these wrongs has suggested the creation of a new political party, to antagonize the old parties, which, it is held, have so legislated as to make the triumph of wrong possible. Again, workingmen are constantly organizing to protect their rights, their determination being to secure, if possible, better wages, which would in some measure at least, reduce the flow of wealth to the coffers of the few and thereby establish peace and contentment, where at present unrest and feelings bordering upon enmity exist.

In all of the great centers of population where the great industrial enterprises are conducted, there are fierce contentions between employer and employé, and this unrest, this feeling of antagonism between capitalists and toilers, has spread to the agricultural districts and is being fanned to a flame. The most patient and conservative of people are the most intensely aroused because of wrongs existing which none deny.

Statistics demonstrate that in this land progress and poverty go hand in hand, rather than progress and prosperity. The plutocrats have secured control of every avenue to wealth, and levy such tribute as suits their greed, and when they are satisfied the facts demonstrate there is little left to cheer and encourage those but for whose toil no wealth would be created.

That there is to be a change in the programme at an early day is not specially cheering, and in the fact lies the danger, but that efforts are being made to modify some of the more cruel conditions under which thousands work and perish, keeps hope alive that eventually the right will triumph by peaceful means, and the day when history repeats itself in violence may be indefinitely postponed.

THE *American Manufacturer* is moved to remark that "all over the country there is a demand for laborers; there is abundance of work to be done if men will but go and do it, the chief thing is to go. To be sure much of this work is of the coarser kind, and it is in the country, perhaps in another state, but it is the coarser kind of work for which most of the unemployed are fit, and surely it is better to live with a full belly in strange surroundings than to starve in a back alley, however much the latter may seem like home." The statement is misleading—it is not true. It is a libel upon thousands of idle men who would work if they could obtain work. For instance an idle workingman in St. Louis, hears that he can obtain work in Kansas City. Out of work and out of money, the idle man can't go to the distant place. If he starts on foot he becomes a tramp and is liable to be arrested. It would be easy to multiply illustrations. It is a fact, that in all the great centers of population, if an advertisement appears "men wanted," regardless of the kind of employment—there will be ten applications for every place offered. The world has had enough of this lying misrepresentations of idle men.

A BAROMETER has been invented to measure thunder in Congress and State Legislatures.

AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

In the discussion of labor topics we are everlastingly told that the condition of the American workingman is vastly superior to the European workingman, and it is urged upon the attention of the American toiler, that since he is better off than his European colleague, he should be content and quiet, and cease agitation. The idea being that he should accept what was offered him in the way of wages, and make the best of it, because, as a general proposition, that is the way things work in Europe. Wage workers in the United States have a right to complain of this ceaseless effort to reconcile them to a policy of flagrant injustice, by references to the down-trodden workers of Europe. It will be found by perusing any of the laborious arguments of the pampered statisticians of monopolists and stock watering corporations, that the tables are prepared and paraded before the public for the purpose of demonstrating that in the various trades, Americans receive higher wages than European workers, and as figures are supposed to always tell the truth (when in fact they can be made to lie like the devil), the conclusion is at once arrived at that any unrest on the part of workingmen is proof positive that they are the enemies of capital, of progress, of law and order, and should be suppressed. The idea upon which the argument is based is vicious to the last degree. It is conspicuously anti-American. In the United States the workingman is a citizen. He may be poor and obscure, born at the very bottom round of the social ladder, ragged, without influential friends; born in a hut or in a wayside cabin in the wilderness, but a sovereign born, nevertheless, with rights, prerogatives and responsibilities unknown to the unfortunate poverty born child of Europe. We do not overstate the condition. It is only required to write the name of Abraham Lincoln, and history corroborates the statement. To eternally parallel the American workingman with the European laborer is to debase American citizenship. Its purpose is to degrade labor and exalt wealth. It is tabulated degradation, and the outrage is perpetrated only by those who favor the establishment in the United

States of class and caste, in which the few shall be able to levy and collect tribute from the great army of American toilers in the future as is being done at the present time.

In carrying out the purpose, writers in the interest of corporations and monopolists, trusts and syndicates, are constantly parading before the public what these capitalists are doing for workingmen. We are told with what great solicitude certain rich men look after the interests of their employes and their families. These philanthropic magnates profess to feel profoundly the great responsibility Divine Providence has thrust upon them, in watching the moral, religious, financial and physical welfare of men who work for them—American sovereigns, men whose votes make presidents; men who are born the peers of kings, sovereigns in their own right. They talk of their employes after the style of the southern planter, when labor was a commodity as much as rice, cotton, tobacco or sugar, and if by chance they pay the American citizen as much wages as are paid in Europe they insist that the American sovereign citizen workingman shall be satisfied and silent. Such is the drift, and if workingmen do not protest and declare their independence of such a humiliating, patronizing policy the work will continue to go forward. American workingmen are in the majority, are eminently able to take care of themselves without the interference of a patronizing government or dictation from employers. A robust manhood, permeated with American ideas of government and conditions, self-reliant, asserting its right to do what it pleases with money earned, demanding its rights and asking no favors, is the supreme demand—anything less is accepted degradation.

For the past ten years the estimate is that the wealth of the United States has increased at about the rate of \$5,000,000 a day. At the same time there has been a startling increase of poverty, idleness and crime. Poor houses, jails, work houses and penitentiaries are overflowing full. Divorces multiply, and the cry is "failure to provide." The army of tramps increases in numbers but the millionaires are happy.

A NEW PLUTOCRATIC AMUSEMENT.

In a recent issue of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Blakely Hall, under the caption "What are we coming to," writes as follows:

A society for the protection of the poor will be in order next. A number of enterprising men in New York have within the week completed the organization of a corporation which has for its object an exhibition of the slums and poorer quarter of New York to sight-seers. A number of guides have been procured, and their services may be had on a regularly scheduled price list, and maps of the town are printed on which the slums are indicated by dark shading. Full protection is guaranteed to persons wishing to see "the poor man in his home, the laborer in his hovel, the opium joint, fan tail games and Italian dens where at times thirty people live together in a room twenty feet square." I should not mind being a "poor man in his home" some time when one of the prying and insolent agents of this particular concern pushed his way in.

The patronage of the rich is asked for on the ground that slumming is the most absorbing of diversions. The organization of the concern is due entirely to the silly affectations of society people toward an interest in their lowly neighbors. The rich men and women of the town have been muffling themselves in ulsters, and pulling soft hats over their eyes, and wandering through Mulberry, Hester and Delancey streets at midnight under detective escort, with short gasps of dismay and with a tremendous ado about the novelty of it all. Most of their parents were born in the slums, by the way, and a good many of their fathers and mothers might have given them points about the life of the people from personal experience.

They entered into the bedrooms and eating rooms of the paupers of the tenement districts at midnight without a suggestion of hesitancy. The manners of the poor have been admirable, for it is not recorded that these impertinent intrusions have been followed by any fractured limbs or broken heads. They have borne the insolence of the attention of the 400 without an outbreak, but they should be polite and return the call. The visit of a group of tattered outcasts at an exclusive dance on Fifth avenue, and their forced entrance to the house under police escort would have just as much sense and decency in it as the slumming of the rich.

Just think of it, a corporation organized in the City of New York to exhibit the wretchedly poor of the city to the aristocracy as a means of making money. What a splendid subject for a cartoon or for an oration. In what a shameful light does such an enterprise exhibit the plutocratic class of New York. It is not recorded that in Sodom or in Pompeii the people, though lower than beastly in their habits, ever sunk to such depths of vileness as now characterizes a portion of the moneyed

aristocracy of the City of New York. To say that it "beats hell," must be regarded even in refined circles as a mild expletive—in fact, no word or phrase, known to the language can be found to do the subject justice. When any portion of a community places its poverty, wretchedness, crime and degradation on exhibition for the purpose of money making, the verdict must be that those who seek to improve their fortunes, by such means must be moral and mercenary lepers, too leathsome and depraved to be reached by any ordinary means of redemption.

SPOT CASH.

A writer says that "monthly payments mean, for the majority of workmen, a system of store credits which makes commercial independence impossible. It means either that the hands do not appreciate the advantage of the cash system, or that they have not had the chance to get far enough ahead to avail themselves of those advantages. It means that the manufacturer can avoid the expense and trouble of frequent cash payments because the hands either do not realize the loss which they suffer, or are not fit to avail themselves of the advantage of cash payment if it were granted them." The subject is one which is of vital interest to every working man in the land. Analyzed, it presents astounding results. To have a correct idea of the advantage to capital, resulting from monthly payments, an approximation to sum totals must be had. We shall endeavor to simplify propositions. Suppose there are 2,000,000 men in the United States receiving \$1.50 a day, or \$3,000,000 a day—equal to \$900,000,000 a year. The statistics for 1880 show that wages paid for that year amounted to more than \$900,000,000. Suppose this sum was paid in monthly payments, then the fact is disclosed that capital has had the custodianship of money earned, just one half of the time, or six months of the twelve months constituting the year. Hence, capital has \$900,000,000 belonging to the 2,000,000 working men six months. Suppose money is worth six per cent., then \$900,000,000 is worth for six months the sum of \$27,000,000. If the amount of withheld wages is worth

that much to capital, it is worth that much to labor, or \$13.50 to each of the 2,000,000 working men. In numerous instances the amount, \$13.50 would pay two months rent, and were we to particularize, purchase many things of value to the homes of working men.

But this is by no means the only objection to monthly payments. The difference between "spot cash" and credit means more than the 6 per cent. It means, in a majority of instances, fully 10 per cent. That is to say, cash in the hand of a prudent buyer means a difference of fully 10 per cent. as against credit, and this on the disbursement of \$900,000,000 is \$90,000,000. It will be seen, therefore, that while the capitalist has made \$27,000,000 by withholding wages, the working men have lost \$90,000,000 by not having "spot cash" with which to purchase the necessities of life, as the days go by. But it may be said, in cases where employers keep "company stores," the employé does not purchase, on an average, within 20 per cent. as low as he could do if he had "spot cash," in which case he is doubtless fleeced of his hard earnings. When men are looking for remedies for the cruel wrongs under which thousands of working men and women are laboring, this thing of withholding earnings should have special attention, for by it working people are annually robbed of millions, and their condition made more haggard by an injustice which legislation could at once remedy.

HORSE CARS, from Cairo to the Pyramids, will soon be running. Arrived at the Pyramids, an elevator will take you to the top of old Cheops, when, with "forty centuries" you can look down upon the sand.

REPORTS have it, that "Portugal has a female bull fighter." If the American press is not controlled by Ananias, the United States has a thousand female bull fighters—fighting the meanest sort of beasts.

WOODWORTH, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," was a jour printer, and A. P. Russell, in his literary notes, says he wrote it "under the inspiration of brandy." If so, it must have been a good article.

We of the United States can boast of some rich women, but says an exchange the richest woman in America is a resident of South America. She is not only the richest woman in the Americas, but she is the richest woman in the world. She has one of the largest fortunes held by either sex. This woman is Dona Isadora Consino, of Chili. She is the biggest real estate owner in Santiago and Valparaiso. South American fortunes are hard to estimate, but many people have put hers above \$200,000,000. Money multiplies fast in her hand, for her eye is everywhere. If Dona Isadora is maid or widow, and inclined to matrimony, now that her wealth is advertised, she can, if she chooses, obtain for a husband, a European with a high title—possibly a throne—and become the mother of kings. Yankee girls of comparatively small fortunes, pick up Barons, Dukes and Lords, and when the announcement of their misfortune is made, common sense people exclaim, "Poor fools."

ORATORY may whirl away mind and imagination in a magnificent tide, and nations hang breathless upon its utterances. But one day—its silent and past—the spell is broken, and there is left behind but a name. It is the press, the labor paper that by constant reiteration day by day, that will wear through the hardest stone and cut a new channel for the waters of labor to flow onward.—*Lastier*.

Yes, and it becomes the duty of the labor paper to point out in what regards labor has been and is still oppressed and by whom. This done, the howl is set up by capitalists and their paid organs, that it is the labor paper that creates the dissatisfaction existing in the ranks of labor. Not so. The labor paper, true to its duty, exposes wrongs and demands redress. By agitation there is hope for the workingman. Without it his doom is sealed.

REPORTS have it that a middle aged lady recently called upon Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and was so delighted with his conversation that she "impulsively kissed him." Was her name Patsey Matilda Arthur?

BARNUM would doubtless pay \$10,000 for Frick's hide, when the creature dies. The great showman pays big money for monstrosities.

Principle of the Single Tax.

IF Mr. Charles Marshall will read Henry George's "Social Problems," which is written in an easy style, suitable for those who have not been in the habit of giving close study to economic questions, he will find therein a clear exposition of the Single Tax principle.

Everybody knows that in a widely scattered community business is done at a disadvantage. The merchant is unable to build up a large trade, as there are, perhaps, only a few score customers within many miles of his store; and his customers suffer too, on account of the high prices he is obliged to charge in order to make up for scarcity of business.

In a crowded city, on the other hand, the merchant can have a store conveniently reached by thousands of customers. Business competition may, perhaps, compel him to sell at very low prices, but he can clear large daily profits on account of the large volume of his business. These low prices are, of course, a considerable benefit to the city resident. Both merchant and customer, therefore, profit by the simple circumstance that population is dense. And there are other benefits that accrue from density of population—educational, social, etc.

A moment's reflection will make it clear that whoever desires to enjoy these benefits cannot escape the necessity of paying for them. If a practical test is wanted, let the skeptic undertake to erect a business edifice upon some choice location in a growing city, without first paying somebody roundly for the privilege of doing so.

The question up for discussion is, who should receive payment for these benefits that accrue from density of population? Landlords do collect payment for them, upon the transparent pretext that they are charging for the use of their lands. Single Taxers claim that payment should be made to the community. Can it be shown that there is any injustice in their proposition?

Mr. Marshall wants it shown "that the Single Tax would be beneficial to the poor." He says: "I do not oppose the Single Tax theory, I only ask its apostles to show in what way it would benefit the toiling masses."

If it should happen that Mr. Marshall were unjustly cast into prison, and all his effects forfeited to the state, and then if it should be proposed to release him from prison, he would probably refuse to be released, on the ground that his friends had not shown him how his release would put a cent in his pocket. Or, supposing a man set out to walk from Chicago to St. Paul, and should fall into the hands of robbers, who should leave him bound hand and foot. If Mr. Marshall should happen along and notice the man's plight he probably would

not cut his bonds, for the reason that cutting the bonds would not take the man to St. Paul.

Laws cannot create wealth. The Single Tax will not transform houses into palaces. It will not transform dimes into dollars. It would, however, relieve the workingmen from the burden of contributing six hundred millions of dollars a year in taxes. They are now paying taxes to the government, and also paying ground rents to landlords. Under the Single Tax they would continue to pay the ground rents, but would discontinue paying the taxes. The government would take the ground rents to use for public purposes. Mr. Marshall seems to contend that the people should be relieved from the payment of ground rents, as well as taxes. But, as observed in a former paragraph, this cannot be done. Ground rents will forever continue to be paid; the only question is, to whom shall they be paid?

Why are men poor? Is it because they are not able to produce enough wealth for themselves? No. It is rather because there is sharp competition among workingmen for a chance to earn a living. Why does this competition exist? Because there is not enough work to do. Then why is there not enough work to do? Because opportunities for work, for enterprise, are locked up, and the key is held by the landlord. Coal fields are idle; iron fields are idle; city land is idle; farming land is idle;—not because we do not want to use coal and iron, not because we do not want to build houses or eat farm produce; but because the land owners are holding the land for speculation. Thus enterprise is debarred until first a large premium is paid to the speculator. Enterprise is discouraged; work fails; competition arises among workingmen to do what little work there is to do; wages fall.

The Single Tax, being laid upon land whether used or not, and in proportion to its value for use, would make it too expensive for anybody to hold land out of use. The land speculator could no longer afford to choke off enterprise; employers would no longer be obliged to share their incomes with idle land owners. Men now working for others would then be able to start in business for themselves, because it would require so little capital to do so; no capital would be required to buy land with, and, owing to the absence of taxes upon goods, not so much capital would be required to put up a building or buy material for manufacturing or trading purposes. The mass of the people would be benefited in two ways: first, access to all natural wealth being unrestricted, there would be a large output of goods, which would reduce the prices of goods to a reasonable figure; and second, there would be a large demand for

laborers to work out the raw materials, now existing in the earth, into finished goods; and this demand for laborers would send the rate of wages up. The third benefit given to the masses of the people would be the feeling of independence; if wages should not suit, there would always be plenty of good land, near centres of population, to be had for the asking, where the laborer could enjoy being his own master; and as he thus would have a perpetual employer, always ready to employ him at good remuneration, he would not be slow to ask high wages of any capitalist that might desire his services.

Mr. Marshall's idea seems to be that the poor should concern themselves only about those laws which it can be shown will benefit the poor as a class. Is the poor man to be limited to such laws as he thinks will put money into his pocket? Why should he not consider a law on other grounds—for instance, on the ground that it is just and right? Who are to make the bulk of our laws, the poor or the rich? If the Single Tax would be just and right, why should not the poor man favor it on that ground alone? Does Mr. Marshall consider the masses incapable of judging of the merits of any proposed law? What is Mr. Marshall's idea of self government?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

B. C. Stickney.

Social Skepticism.

WE have two classes of people subject to social skepticism. Some feel that all important social improvements are well nigh impossible, or too remote to pay working for them. Others feel disinclined to accept any plan which they cannot grasp in full all at once without any special study. The former are often the victims of that fatalism implying that God wants to do not only His share but our share too, in making future generations better than the past and present ones. They are willing enough to help some of those who have been sunk into the abyss of poverty by our wrong social conditions, but they are not inclined to realize that that is but a small part of what we owe to humanity and to the Father in Heaven. The reformer can seldom do anything with this class. With sufficient patience he will do something with the other class. We should divide this class in two sections: Those who have no time for study, and those who have no inclination for it. The way to deal with them all is to boil down truth into its ultimate elements. This is not always a very easy matter. And even when that is done we often fail to accomplish great results. Why? Simply because most men have been taught to believe that truth is complex, when truth is essentially simple.

It is given unto you to know the myste-

ries of the kingdom of heaven, said Jesus,—the mysteries of the universe.

Of course, those words are not addressed to any skeptic, nor to those who prefer the darkness of mysteries to the sunlight and splendors of all truth.

Men are to-day face to face with two vast schemes aiming at important social improvement. The one is exceedingly complex and the other exceedingly simple. The former is the symbol of a grand machinery with wheels of all sizes and different revolutions, apparently admirably connected with each other, and theoretically producing the most surprising results. I refer to the different socialistic schools, for some of which I have a certain degree of respect. The other vast scheme is the image of a machinery with a grand solitary wheel. But it happens that that wheel touches the most fundamental human doctrines, production and commerce; the only ones that make civilization possible, and it happens that it is through taxation that we can limit, contract, oppress production and commerce, or that we can free commerce and production. So, there it is. Freedom on one side, oppression on the other. Shall Americans, the great lovers of freedom, be afraid of free production and free commerce? And, however ludicrous it may appear, there is but one system of taxation that can give freedom to production and commerce, because free from the entanglements of monopoly, the semi-eternal enemy of all honest labor.

And what is civil and political freedom without industrial freedom? What is the use of all kinds of freedom to me or anybody else if our march through temporal life from the cradle to the grave is but a tale of poverty and hard work—when work can be found? Not necessarily the poverty of the masses in India and Egypt—that may come yet—but the poverty that means, anyhow, the absence of most of those joys and that manhood that God has ordained to be the birthright of all men while on earth.

Why should we not have a science of government—which means a science of taxation—since we have a science for nearly everything else? We all agree that society is to-day impossible without a tax fund. Therefore labor, without which society is impossible too, owes something to society. That something labor should pay. It should pay no more; it should pay no less. Hence the need of that science of taxation to fix a tax fund independent of the fancies of any set of men, high or low.

We are never at any trouble ascertaining the price we need to pay for potatoes or shoes. Supply and demand regulates that. Why should we have any trouble in ascertaining the taxes we should have to pay? Do we lack the law of supply and demand to regulate that? Not at all. Let all taxa-

tion rest on land values, and land supply and land demand shall fix the precise amount of taxes that labor owes to society. There we have the science of taxation. There we have the science of government, since land is indispensable to human life and all human activities. Even the *corporation and the trust* need land.

But I will be asked for a clear, precise demonstration of how labor shall be benefited by that scientific taxation. Under our disorderly civilization the wealth produced is distributed among three partners, say forty per cent. to the labor fund, ten per cent. to the tax fund, fifty per cent. to the monopoly fund. Our scientific taxation would suppress one of the three partners, *Master Monopoly*. The wealth produced would then be distributed as follows: Twelve and one-half per cent. to the tax fund and eighty-seven and one-half per cent. to the labor fund against forty or forty-five per cent. to-day. I am not quite sure that I have convinced any social skeptic. Faith, the faith that works, and reasons, and trusts is an indispensable element in all human activities, even in that of grasping truth, even in that of my jumping across a ditch representing the approximate maximum of my jumping powers.

Between our old and disorderly civilization, because resting on anarchical methods of taxation, and a new and orderly civilization because, resting on fixed scientific taxation, there can hardly be any points of comparison. For instance; can I refer to what a land syndicate of cattle barons or any similar monopoly will do under taxation on land values, when the very object of that taxation is to make all syndicates and monopolistic schemes look foolish? All syndicates and monopolies rest, more or less, on the profit from rising land values. Our scientific taxation would rest on the constant appropriation for public needs of all those rising land values. All syndicates and monopolies rest, to a greater or less extent, on the holding of land unused, or improperly used. Our scientific taxation would mean: Down with the gates into all land not improved, or not sufficiently improved or paying insufficient rent to the people at large, that labor may step in and fully improve all land worth improving, in relation to density of population at the time. Syndicates and monopolies can never pay half the land rent to the people that labor can pay to itself. Labor is the people. Monopoly is not. The land improver can thrive while paying full rent, under free production and free commerce. The individuals or corporations that do not fully develop the land they hold will soon have to go overboard if they have to pay full rent. To a thinking mind that fact is just as self-evident as the sunrise and the sunset. Syndi-

cates and monopolies need a constant stream of industrial slaves forced to sell their labor for a mere animal existence. Taxation on land values means free land, free men, no more slaves to be held by any monopoly, individual or corporate. No capitalist enabled to fix the conditions on which labor shall live and work. Labor fixing its own conditions. This is the very essence of an orderly civilization, while the reverse is the essence of a disorderly, unprincipled, anarchical civilization; *ours*, for instance.

It is a waste of time to imagine that the iniquities fostered by to-day's civilization shall continue under totally different fiscal methods. Just as well imagine that the processes of decay supposed to be going on in the moon are identical to the processes of life supposed to be going on in the sun. Differences in conditions exclude comparisons.

Are not all monopolies, by whatever name called, in whatever form they appear, the natural result of those taxes on production and commerce and that artificial limitation of natural opportunities that taxes on land values would suppress? And hence they would suppress the oppressive features of all corporations, because they all rest on franchises, and franchises rest on land values. Our scientific taxation would take in all the water in their bonds and stocks. Nothing would be left to them but what individual labor had created. The rest is a social product and belongs to society. If corporations tried to avoid the payment of their annual land values, and thereby disobey the law of the land, a law of eternal justice besides, that would cancel their charters. The legitimate capital of all corporations would receive all legitimate interest direct from the people. Does not the people pay to-day all interest, legitimate or illegitimate, on all capital and on all water besides? Monopolies would certainly object to all that. Shall social skepticism object too?

Social skepticism performs a very important function in life. I would not suppress it if I could. Truth is like a diamond—the more we hammer against it the brighter it grows.

Only one more point before I close. Strictly speaking all wealth is not produced by individual labor. Some is exclusively produced by collective labor. Let us never forget that. And I hope my readers will bear with me for again dwelling on that. Ethics and honesty require that society should take for all collective needs the values created by collective labor, expressed through free competition for land, what, I assume, we can call scientific taxation, because regulated by the natural law of free land supply and land demand, and hence above the arbitrary dictation of any set of

men. There is no poetry, no sentiment, no platitudes, no imagination, no vagaries in all that, it seems to me. It is honesty and mathematics. That is all.

The reformer, imbued with the beauties of the reform he advocates, in love with God's truth and humanity, especially the oppressed portion of humanity, by far the largest section, delights in meeting all the objections that social skepticism may find in the reform under discussion. At the same time let us remember, all around, that Truth is only given to those willing to search for it and willing to grasp it when found.

José Gros.

The Baccarat Aristocracy.

THE readers of the *Magazine*, many of them, at least, we do not doubt, are familiar with the English sensation, which has passed into history as the "Baccarat scandal," and is important chiefly because His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne of England, and India, &c., &c., was one of the chief actors.

The government of England is a singular agglomeration of aristocracy, democracy, commons and lords, the real power residing in the commons, the King being a figure-head, and the lords, confessedly, as nearly effete as it is possible while a semblance of energy remains. Notwithstanding such facts, the people of England are loyal to the crown, and this devotedness, giving full credit for the characteristic conservatism of the English people, is due largely to the clean record made by Victoria, who as Queen, woman, wife and mother challenges the respect of the world.

Victoria is now seventy-two years of age, and is not likely to abdicate, and just now would not be permitted to do so if she were so inclined. The heir to the throne, since he obtained his majority, while a princely good fellow, has not developed those kingly qualities which in these latter days the English people regard as essential, and now, that the fact is placed beyond controversy that the Prince is a gambler, carrying about with him the tools of the business from place to place, he has not only disgraced himself and humiliated the English people, but has absolutely placed the English throne in jeopardy.

The heir to the throne going about the country with baccarat chips in his pocket, in readiness to start a game to win money is something so entirely at war with the dignity of royalty, thrones, crowns, scepters, and a that, as to make a hod-carrier cry out "shame!"

I write of the "baccarat" developments,

not that I care the value of a pinch of snuff or a hill of beans for anyone involved in the scandal, but simply to show that aristocracy, find it where you may, is a vulgar sham; that aristocrats, whatever their lineage, are base born, confirming to the fullest extent the inspired wisdom of Peter's immortal declaration, that "God is no respecter of persons," and in view of all the facts, the question is pertinent: Why should He be? What sort of an estimate must the Creator have of the Prince of Wales, the heir to the British throne who, as a common gambler, is caught and held up to universal contempt with a lot of baccarat chips in his pocket? I conceive that any honest workingman, in all of the British empire, stands in the estimate of Jehovah as much above Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, as a giraffe stands above a cockroach; indeed, the commonest dwelling of an honest English toiler in Heaven's estimation must blaze like a palace of stars as compared with the home of the royal gambler—the Prince of Baccarat and Commander-in-chief of chips.

The Prince of Wales, excepting, perhaps his royal mother, stands at the head of the English aristocracy. If he is the highest, to what fathomless depths must the searcher go to find the lower strata? and if English aristocracy be so odious, what must be the character of the *baked-bean* and *codfish* article of the United States, resting, as it does, upon money obtained by practices which in comparison, lift "baccarat," faro, poker, and even chuc-a-luc, to divine elevation?

It may be that baccarat will be the *rat* that will eventually gnaw down the pillars of the English throne. Be that as it may, the game has opened the eyes of England to the fact that royalty at best is a stupendous fake, a gaudy sham, terribly expensive and not half as entertaining as Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. If such is the effect in England, what measure of contempt ought Americans to bestow upon the aristocratic abortions which spring up like toad stools around cattle chips in a pasture?

As has been intimated, the "baccarat scandal" is likely to prove valuable in various ways. It affords opportunities to investigate the true inwardness of royalty, the uppercrust element, what is called "our best society." It throws wide open the doors of aristocratic pest houses and sepulchers which, however fair and fashionable their exteriors, have interiors that would make clover or corn-fed swine turn up their snouts in disdain.

See, you; there stands the Prince of Wales. Does he look like a man having a divine right to rule anything superior to hounds? A creature filtered through the filth of a Hanover dynasty, a royal baccarat gambler, spending millions wrung from labor, in debaucheries which the English

language is scarcely able to characterize. Look again, at the beer, wine and brandy drinking crowd at Tranby Croft; painted women putting up their chips and watching a guest engaged in vulgar cheating, thereby reducing the bank of the royal dealer, who in the agony produced by losses, cries out, "put your chips where they can be seen." What is such a place but a gambling den, though its habitués belong to the aristocracy?

The growing sentiment in England among the people of the "middle class," as they are termed, that is to say, the class separated from the "nobility" by their virtues, constituting an aristocracy of brains and skill, that manages English industries and makes it possible for England to have food, and without whose aid England would in any twelve months be in the grasp of famine; I say, in this class there is a growing sentiment that the royal dynasty, the throne, crown and scepter are antiquated impositions which ought to be relegated to the limbo of effete tricks which have been played by royal jugglers for forty centuries.

Here, in the United States, it would seem natural for the people to laugh to scorn royalty, aristocracy, nobility, titles, and all else indicative of superiority that comes by inheritance or is secured by wealth or royal favor. But there are in this country exhibitions of subservieney, of degeneracy, of parasitical slavishness, and submissiveness, of flunkysim, which we are inclined to believe is never seen in monarchical England. English workingmen, by their self-assertion, under the shadow of the throne, offer a splendid example of manhood, which is telling the aristocracy that when the times are ripe they will take a hand in a game in which the King will not be dealer nor winner. Here the plutocrats are playing baccarat and winning the life-blood of workingmen, and though they, the workingmen, have the means at their command to win the "chips" and finally break the banks of the dealers, thousands of them prefer to *play scab*, while other thousands, without protest, witness the robberies and remain silent.

It was once said by a British Admiral that he preferred to resign rather than to be killed by the Yankees, who were loading their cannon with scrap-iron, old horse shoes and brass candlesticks. He was quite willing to be killed by any regulation shot, but thought the announcement that a British Admiral had been killed in battle by a brass candlestick would be an everlasting disgrace, and it may yet prove true that "baccarat" sounded the death knell of Albert Edward's chances to reach the British throne, and it may be that the scandal will convince intelligent workingmen in England and the United States that royalty,

aristocracy, plutocracy should, at the earliest practicable period give place to democracy.

James R. Buckley.

Can the People Buy the Railroads?

An editorial from the *Kansas City Times*, and an answer thereto by Geo. C. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

The North Dakota state alliance recently adopted resolutions demanding the government ownership of railways. A great number of alliance organizations have made a similar demand within the past year. Whether or not the government should own the railways is merely a business question and it ought to be considered in a business way.

At the close of the war the debt of the United States was \$2,773,236,173. In 1888 that debt had been reduced to \$1,765,922,320. It consumed nearly the entire energies of the nation to reduce the debt one billion dollars in twenty-two years. The payment was only made possible by the enormous taxation levied through the medium of constantly increasing tariffs. The strain has been so great that taxpayers feel the burden grievously, when to it is coupled the other burden of extravagant administration. But with all its energy and all its resources, the United States was able to reduce the principal of its war debt but a little over a billion dollars in twenty-two years, and then the nations of the world looked on in amazed wonderment.

In 1888 the common stock, preferred stock, funded debt, floating debt and current liabilities resting on 130,000 miles of the 152,781 miles of railways then in the United States amounted to within a fraction of seven billion dollars. None of the bodies which demand government ownership of the railways have as yet formulated any plan whereby the government is to acquire such ownership. In a vague way it has been proposed that stocks and bonds issued in excess of the cost of railways be disregarded in the event that the government shall purchase, but the securities of the railways have gone into the hands of so many innocent purchasers that even those who advocate such a method would, on consideration, admit it to be impossible of adoption.

Assuming that within the past two years the increase in value by betterments and otherwise of railway properties has been such that the seven billion dollar estimate of 1888 may be taken as at least not an overestimate to-day, then the government would have to increase its debt by at least that amount if it were to acquire the ownership of the railways. All the development of our resources and all our natural prosperity, unexampled in the history of the world, enabled us to pay but a billion dollars of debt in twenty-two years and the people now groan under the burden of taxation. At the same unprecedented rate of payment, it would require 154 years to pay off the debt incurred by the purchase of the railways of the country, and the mere matter of interest with such a debt, added to the present debt, coupled with the expenses of government, would amount to about two million dollars a day.

It is argued that the profits derived from operating the railways would much more than counterbalance the interest charges and provide a sinking fund for the payment of the debt incurred by their purchase. In considering this phase of the question, those who believe that the government should own the roads should remember that in 1888 over 52 per cent of the railway stocks of the United States did not earn one penny of dividend and nearly 17 per cent earned less than 5 per cent. The chief argument for government ownership is based upon the theory that rates would be greatly reduced. The statistician of the interstate commerce commission reported that the total income for 1888 of the 130,000 miles of lines represented in his report was \$800,000,000. Those who demand government ownership would not be content unless rates were reduced at least one-fourth,

which would reduce the revenue to \$600,674,135. The total operating expenses of the roads amounted to \$507,796,345. This would leave but a little over \$92,000,000 to pay the interest on \$7,000,000,000 of bonds, amounting at least to \$210,000,000. This is based upon the supposition that the government could operate the railways as cheaply as they are operated to-day, which is far from certain. It is more than likely that the operating expenses would be so increased that the net revenue would not meet even the interest charges on the amount of the purchase.

Government ownership of the railways would make railway employees government appointees, and the dangers which might spring up out of such a condition are so apparent that they need not be specifically indicated.

The producers who believe government ownership to be a desirable thing are earnest and sincere in their opinions, but they will do well to carefully consider every phase of the question before they commit themselves to its advocacy.—*Kansas City Times*, June 28, 1891.

THE ANSWER.

Noticing an editorial in relation to "Government Ownership of Railroads," in the *Sunday Times* of June 28, I trust that you will admit to your columns a few thoughts upon the question at issue.

At the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, the cost of the railroads proper (not including "real estate and other investments") and deducting the amount of railroad stocks and bonds held by the railroad corporations, was something less than eight billions of dollars. When I say "cost" I mean "capitalization," represented by stocks and bonds held by so-called "innocent purchasers."

While many of the roads paid no stock dividends or interest upon mortgages, the average rate of dividends paid upon total stock issue, amounting to just about one-half of the eight billion dollars, was 2 per cent., while the average rate of interest paid upon the bonded indebtedness was 4½ per cent.

I now want to take up and examine this assertion, or claim, that the railroads must necessarily cost the people the sum of eight billions of dollars, because, forsooth, that amount of stock shares of railroad bonds are held by "innocent purchasers." We will presume that the government first exercises its undoubted prerogative of "eminent domain" and condemns for public use the national highways of the country now used by private individuals for private gain. What is the next step? Compensation for property taken. How and in what manner? First, by direct offer of fair and reasonable compensation. If the offer is refused, the second step is to appoint appraisers and have them affix a valuation or damages to be paid the owner of the property thus condemned for public use.

What then would be the fairest, surest and most appropriate thing for a "commission of arbitration and appraisement" appointed by the people, to do, in order to arrive at a just valuation of the railroads of

the United States? The question should be easily answered. They should go to the records of the New York Stock Exchange and see what their market value is. That is, by an examination of the record of past sales, they should see what private individuals are in the habit of paying for railroads when they buy them. For the owners of the stock shares of a railroad company are the owners of the railroad, subject to the mortgage upon it.

Let us then take a glance at the record and see if we can find out what railroads were selling at during the year 1890:

SALES OF LEADING STOCKS IN 1890.

Highest and lowest prices of shares sold on the New York Stock Exchange in 1890:

STOCKS.	Stocks Outstanding.	Highest, 1890.	Lowest, 1890.
Houston & Texas Central	7,726,900	7	12
Illinois Central	45,000,000	120	85
" leased lines	10,000,000	100	80
Iowa Central preferred	14,000,000	33½	17
Lake Erie & Western	11,840,000	19½	10½
" pref	11,840,000	68½	44
Lake Shore & M. S.	50,000,000	114½	101
Long Island	12,000,000	95	82
Louisville & Nashville	32,024,320	92½	65½
Louisville, N. A. & C.	5,000,000	53½	18
Manhattan Consolidated	25,504,780	117	92
Memphis & Charleston	5,312,725	64	39
Michigan Central	18,738,204	104½	83
Milwaukee, L. S. & W.	2,000,000	104	84
" pref.	5,000,000	117	100
Minneapolis & St. Louis	6,000,000	8	4
" pref.	4,000,000	20½	8½
M. K. & T. ex. 2d M. B.	46,405,000	20½	9½
Missouri Pacific	45,000,000	79½	53
Mobile & Ohio	5,320,600	31	13
Southern Pacific Co.	116,074,830	37½	22½
Tenn., C. I. & R. R. Co.	9,000,000	89	28
" pref.	1,000,000	119	71
Texas & Pacific	38,710,900	24½	12
Toledo, A. A. & North Mich	5,300,000	42½	12
Union Pacific	68,958,526	69½	40
U. P., Denver & Gulf	31,151,700	38½	17
Wabash	24,000,000	16½	8½
" pref	28,000,000	33	15

Now here are twenty-nine roads, among them eight or ten of the most valuable roads in the United States, the twenty-nine roads representing a stock capital of \$674,906,741, the stock shares of which, figured roughly, are worth upon an average 51 cents on the dollar. This must serve as an illustration of what I am driving at. The notorious Missouri Pacific is only worth 66 cents on the dollar. From the same report I gather the fact that Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé stock was worth 37 cents on the dollar, while Atlantic & Pacific was worth 7½ cents. These two roads represent a capital stock of \$155,000,000; while New York, Lake Erie & Western, with a capital stock of \$86,000,000, was worth 23 cents on the dollar; or the three roads, with \$241,000,000 of capital on paper, could have been

bought by private individuals for \$53,000,000.

From these facts I assume that a careful comparison and examination of the records of the New York Stock Exchange for the five years ending December 31, 1890 will reveal the fact that the four billions of dollars in railroad stock shares is worth in cash not more than \$1,600,000,000. And very much the same state of affairs will be revealed in reference to railroad bonds. Why, then, should the people or government be expected to pay eight billions of dollars for something private individuals have bought and sold, over and over again, for less than one-half that amount? Having condemned the railroads for public use, let the people pay for them the average market price for the next preceding five years, such price to be determined by a United States commission of arbitration and appraisement.

But it must not be forgotten that there are numerous valuable "rights, privileges and appurtenances" that belong to and should go with the ownership of the railroads—such as a few million acres of land, for instance.

To simplify the matter and avoid lengthy argument, we will assume that the people bought the roads, *water and all*, for \$8,000,000,000, in United States *two and one-half* per cent. bonds, payable, at the option of the government, after ten years. This is done in deference to those who, like the *Kansas City Times*, include the wilfully ignorant holders of fictitious stocks and bonds, in the class known as "innocent purchasers." It is, however, difficult to comprehend why fraudulent paper, representing an outrageous swindle, should be any more sacred than a stolen horse or a stolen watch. It is to be understood that freight and passenger rates are to be kept so adjusted so that no greater sum than \$960,000,000 shall be collected each year. This would call for an annual interest payment of \$200,000,000, and an annual sinking fund of \$160,000,000. Now what do we find? The *net* annual receipts are exactly large enough to pay the \$200,000,000 in interest, and provide a sinking fund of \$120,000,000 each year, which we will assume, for the nonce, is swelled by savings effected in operating expenses to an annual sinking fund of \$160,000,000, amounting at the end of the first decade to \$1,600,000,000, being the amount of the first installment of bonds. Now note this fact: While there has been no *apparent* reduction of rates, there has been a very material *actual* reduction in rates. Upon a basis of 60,000,000 population for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, the *per capita* cost of railroad facilities for the nation was just \$16. For the year ending June 30, 1899, the population would be, say 80,000,000, and the *per capita* cost of railroad facilities \$12—

a reduction of 25 per cent. At the end of the second decade, or twenty years, another one-fifth of the cost of the railroads would be paid, and as the population would be increased to—probably 100,000,000, while the gross cost of railroad facilities remained at \$960,000,000—the same as for the year 1889—the *net per capita* rates would be \$9.60, a reduction of 20 per cent., or a gross *per capita* reduction for the twenty years of 40 per cent., and so on to the end of fifty years.

In explanation of above it may be stated that it will be readily seen that the increase of population and consequent density of settlement would be accompanied by a corresponding increase of freight transportation and railroad travel; so that, while the gross amount collected from the people annually would remain the same, there would nevertheless be a steady reduction, year after year, in freight rates per hundred or bushel, etc., and a corresponding reduction in passenger rates. I trust that I have made it plain, even to the *Kansas City Times*, that the people could buy the railroads, even at the price of fictitious capitalization, represented by stocks and bonds, which, as the *Times* says, "have gone into the hands of so many innocent purchasers that even those who advocate any other method would, on consideration, admit it to be impossible of adoption;" and yet not be more than one-fifth of the 154 years in paying for them, while rates would be reduced "at least one-fourth" the *first ten years*.

Now, I want to notice one other feature of this programme. The accumulation and setting aside of an annual sinking fund, amounting to \$160,000,000 each year, would, if no provisions were made to counteract the effect, retire from circulation during the first decade the enormous sum of \$1,600,000,000. How then, shall we obviate this difficulty? We can do this—*make of the sinking fund the vehicle or means for the demonetization of both gold and silver*. How can we do this? Accord to both gold and silver free and unlimited coinage, continuing the present system of issuing either coin, or gold and silver certificates, at the option of the owner of the bullion. Then as fast as gold or silver coin or certificates are received and sunk into the railroad sinking fund, pay out upon legal appropriations United States full legal tender paper money in the same amount to take the place of the gold and silver held to redeem the railroad purchase bonds.

It is likely that all sorts of people will urge all kinds of objections to this plan, but I warn all prospective objectors that they had better study and reflect, long, carefully and exhaustively, before they rush in with their objections to this proposition—*it's loaded*.

But, it may be asked, "How will that demonetize gold and silver?" I answer:

By the force of public education and the example of public precedent. We have now, in round numbers, about one billion dollars in gold and silver money, and with free coinage of silver the two metals may be relied upon to furnish \$60,000,000 additional each year. Under the operation of the system I have outlined, \$160,000,000 in gold and silver will be locked up in the government vaults each year, and United States legal tender, paper money, issued in its place; such money being "bottomed on taxes," and redeemable in United States 1 per cent. interconvertible savings bonds of small denominations. At the end of a decade \$1,600,000,000 of such money would be in the hands of the people, having replaced that amount of gold and silver, which would then be paid to the holders of railroad purchase bonds. What would these men do with this gold and silver?

They could do one of but three things:

First—Invest it across the ocean, either permanently in real estate, or temporarily in merchandise, which they would have to bring here and exchange for paper money. In investing abroad the gold and silver would be sold by weight, thus being demonetized.

Second—Store it in cellars or vaults, in which condition it would possess less value than a cellar full of potatoes.

Third—Use it at home in buying real estate and the products of labor, or loan it in competition with the paper money loaned to the people at 2 per cent., in accord with the demands of the Cincinnati platform.

Query: How long would it take the people to discover that in using these more or less useful metals as money, they were guilty of wilful waste and useless foolishness?

I had expected to write a fourth article in which I should take up and elucidate item for item, the various savings in "Operating Expenses," that might be effected by government ownership and operation of railroads. Since the manuscript for the three articles already published in the *Advocate* was put into your hands, there has appeared in the August number of the *Arena*, an article upon the subject under consideration, prepared by C. Wood Davis, who is known to be an experienced railroad man and an accurate and well informed authority upon railroad statistics.

In the course of the article in question, Mr. Davis presents a carefully prepared "Schedule of Savings," which would or could be effected by government ownership and operation. I shall therefore avail myself of Mr. Davis' superior knowledge in the premises and take the liberty of using his "Schedule of Savings." in the summary or recapitulation which I shall now offer, in which I hope to make the justice, necessity and feasibility of the people's owner-

ship and operation of the railroads so plain that "A wayfaring man, though he be a fool, need not err therein."

Mr. Davis' schedule is as follows:

Saving in consolidation of deposits and staffs	\$20,000,000
Saving in exclusive use of shortest routes	25,000,000
Saving in attorney's salaries and legal expenses	12,000,000
Saving in abrogation of the pass evil	30,000,000
Saving in abrogation of the commission system	20,000,000
Saving in dispensing with high salaried presidents, managers, etc.	25,000,000
Saving in disbanding traffic associations	4,000,000
Saving in abolishment of (all but local) offices	15,000,000
Saving in five-sevenths of advertising account	5,000,000
Total	\$160,000,000

It will be noticed that the total saving in "Operating Expenses" as scheduled by Mr. Davis is \$160,000,000 a year.

SUMMARY.

For the year ending June 30, 1889, the "Gross Earnings" of the roads were \$960,000,000.00; net earnings, \$320,000,000.00; (both round numbers.) The amount, \$960,000,000, given as "Gross Earnings," does not include the amount paid by the people to the railroads for the transportation of the mails; therefore such item is not a factor in the calculation.

The case would stand thus:

Present operating expenses	\$640,000,000
Deduct Mr. Davis' schedule of savings effected	160,000,000
Net operating expenses	480,000,000
Gross earnings	960,000,000
Deduct net operating expenses	480,000,000
Net earnings	480,000,000
Deduct interest account	200,000,000
Surplus	280,000,000
Deduct sinking fund	160,000,000
Available net annual surplus	\$120,000,000

At the end of ten years one-fifth of the cost of the roads would be paid, while the population having increased to 80,000,000, the *per capita* cost of railroad facilities would be reduced from \$16 to \$12, a gross reduction of 25 per cent. and an average annual reduction of two and one-half per cent., while the "net annual surplus" would furnish a fund of \$120,000,000 a year for all necessary uses.

The bonds being now payable at the option of the government, the sum of \$160,000,000 of such bonds would be paid each year, thus effecting an annual reduction in interest charge of \$4,000,000, and adding that amount each successive year to the surplus revenue and saved interest fund of the year before, such saving in interest charge and the net annual surplus amounting during the last forty years of the fifty years term to the enormous sum of \$9,320,000,000—or an average of \$200,000,000 each year for the term of forty years. This fund, thus furnished, would build all necessary additional trackage, and also construct second or double tracks to our principal trunk

roads, and would furnish a fund for the payment of any additional force of employes that might be employed, as well as shortening the hours of labor and increasing the wages of those already employed.

At the end of fifty years the roads would be fully paid for; and the whole sum of \$960,000,000 be available for operating expenses, which is equivalent to saying that the people would get their railroad facilities *at cost*. The population having increased at the expiration of fifty years, or in the year 1939, to at least 200,000,000, the cost of railroad facilities with one-half as much more mileage than at present, or 240,000 miles, and a gross annual charge of \$960,000,000 would be \$4.80 *per capita*, a reduction of 70 per cent. from the present rates.

So mote it be.

Geo. C. Ward.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

NOTE.—The foregoing is a condensation and re-arrangement of a series of articles written for the *Topeka Advocate*.

The Single Tax.

I HAVE on my table the following tract, handed to me by a pronounced disciple of the "single tax" gospel. I ask the editor of the *Magazine* to publish it entire, that there may be no mistake about its authoritative character. Here it is:

HOW TO INCREASE PROFITS.

BY A. J. STEERS.

To the merchant of limited capital, to him who belongs to the vast middle class, about to start business for himself, or who perchance has been carrying on business on his own account, the query, How may profits be increased? will appear of a certain interest; and if we assure him at the outset that the plan we propose is certain to do what we promise—viz., to increase profits—he may think it worth while to read our method and weigh its value.

"A penny saved is twopence gained," is a wise old saw. First, then, we propose to increase profits by diminishing expenses.

"A nimble penny is better than a slow sixpence," is another equally valuable adage. Second, we propose to increase profits by making more and quicker sales.

Is it within your power, oh, citizen merchant, to decrease your expenses and add to your sales by one and the same method?

It is! And as before said, the method is certain, and, unlike most now followed by the ordinary trader, it is perfectly just. It will harm none. It will benefit all. What is it?

Abolish all taxes save one upon the values of land. But that is Henry George's theoretical humbug! Yes, friend! and it is a sure and certain remedy for your lack of business and for the numberless failures of men who, like you, with limited resources, have started to build up a business in the midst of our merciless modern competition.

Listen, then, how we propose to diminish expenses.

What is your largest single expense? The rent of your store, is it not? Well, we propose to lower that rent. Is that practical enough for you? How? Well, thus. The rent you now pay is of two kinds: one on the store building you occupy and the other for the land that building stands upon.

The first it is perfectly just you should pay; but

the last, that paid for the land, is not just—at present.

Now, if you and others like you would join with the other workers of the city or town or village where you live and labor, and instruct your legislative representatives in congress and in the state legislature to so modify the present methods of taxation that all the taxes should be placed upon the values of land irrespective of improvements, you can easily see that values of land would fall.

No one who held land would continue to hold it without using it; for if he did, the tax upon its values would soon eat him up.

Land would under such a condition be a useless thing to the holder unless he used it. Every owner of land would either put it into use himself, or, perforce, dispose of it to somebody else who would.

New buildings, new dwelling houses, new stores for selling and dealing in, would go up wherever they could be put up—and coming into the market and competing with the stores and dwellings now built and in use would cause rents to fall. And as this would be a general state of affairs it would affect all buildings and every neighborhood. So we should diminish your main expense—rent.

Next, by the same means, we would increase your sales.

For, if taxes were gathered alone from the values of land, as has been before stated, no man would hold land unless he used it. Improving, building, employing labor in some way upon the land would at once become the necessary condition of affairs.

Everywhere builders would be at work—painters, bricklayers, masons *busy at all times*.

But workmen won't work unless they are paid? True! therefore as the same conditions that compelled their employment would cause money to circulate that is now locked up, capital would flow out into building and the various ways of improvements of land, and the pockets of the workers would be filled with wages.

Now, as you know, these workmen need for themselves, their wives and children, the goods in which you deal. When they had full and steady pay they would buy more generously of you, and when your store was always full of customers your sales would increase, would they not?

So, then, by this means we would increase your sales and diminish your expenses.

I have been not a little interested in the paragraphs relating to "rent." The merchant is to be benefited at once if rent is upon the land his store is on, instead of being on the land and building, and the merchant is exhorted to labor with state and national legislators to have the tax laws so changed as to have one tax on land—or the value of land. So far I have not observed any rational statement, and for that matter, any statement at all, by which the assessor is to arrive at the taxable value of land. Why should the single tax advocates continuously avoid such fundamental propositions?

Mr. Steers, in the tract herewith submitted, steers clear of the subject. He takes a merchant into his confidence, deprecates the fact that he is paying two kinds of rent, one on the store and the other on the land the building stands on, and believing one kind of rent is sufficient, informs him, if the laws would authorize one tax on the land, he would escape the tax on the building, or, as Mr. Steers calls it, rent; the idea being, if A owns the premises, and is simply taxed on the value of the land it stands on, the rent will be predicated only on the land and that A will charge nothing for the use of the building. If this is not Mr. Steers' idea, we fail to catch on.

Now, suppose A paid \$10,000 for the land, cash down, and \$10,000 for the improvements—total \$20,000—and that his gross income from the investment is \$2,000 a year, or 10 per cent. Suppose A keeps accurate accounts, so as to know at the end of the year his exact net income from his investment something after the following style:

Investment	\$20,000.	Gross income	10 per cent.	\$2,000
Taxes	2 per cent. on \$20,000			\$400
Insurance	1½ per cent. on \$10,000			50
Repairs	½ per cent. on \$10,000			50
				500

Net income, 7½ per cent. or \$1,500

The question arises, if the tax should be placed on the land value, would it be more or less than \$400? If it were placed on the land value—would the value be \$10,000 which it cost, cash down, or more than that sum? What a great many people want to know is the method of ascertaining the value of the land, so that that the single tax can be equitably levied. Is it to be levied on a value predicated upon the amount of rent received? If so, then the buildings are necessarily included. If only naked land is estimated, is it upon the hypothesis that being susceptible of improvement it should have the same value as if it were improved? If this be the thing, is it not virtually taxing the improvements in advance? If not, why not?

I am not discussing Mr. Steers' proposition that idle land, if taxed, would be disposed of, rather than have it confiscated, but instead, if possible, to ascertain by what methods the taxable value of land can be arrived at; this is all the more desirable because Mr. Steers asserts that "all the taxes should be placed upon the values of land, irrespective of improvements."

It is such declarations that confuse the students of the single tax theory—since it is the purpose to tax naked land the same as if it were improved and used, no tax, under any circumstances, directly or indirectly, being levied upon improvements. Just here comes again to the front the question: By what standard is the taxable value of the land determined? To illustrate. A owns a tract of land of 500 acres, improved and in use, valued for taxation at \$100 an acre; immediately adjoining is another tract of land of 500 acres not in use. Is it the proposition to tax this land at the same price per acre as is levied upon the farm? If so, then the single tax advocates hold that unimproved have the same value as improved lands. I do not presume they will assert that such is their intention. I conclude, when brought face to face with the proposition, they would wobble, oscillate, and prefer glittering generalities, as does Mr. Steers.

In a bulletin recently issued by the National Census Bureau, it is shown that the total "ordinary taxes" of one hundred of

the principal cities in the United States amounted to \$139,283,226, and that the total ordinary receipts of these cities amounted to \$215,001,448, as follows:

Taxes	\$139,283,226
Special assessments, Streets and Bridges	13,296,025
Special assessments, Sewers	1,380,057
Liquor Licenses	11,782,307
Other Licenses	3,411,339
Fees, fines and penalties	2,711,464
Waterworks	18,826,259
Interest on deposits	575,057
Income from funds and investments	10,852,461
Miscellaneous	12,880,033
Total	\$215,001,448

Under the single tax this vast sum would be derived from land alone, and it is held that the single land tax would make land cheap, for, says Mr. Steers, "No one who held land would continue to hold land without using it; for if he did, the tax upon its values would soon eat him up."

Here again the question arises, how does Mr. Steers ascertain the "values?" If this question could be answered the way would be clear for argument and conclusion. The effect of the tax would be, doubtless, as Mr. Steers states it—the owners of unused land would sell if they could—all of which is outside of the inquiry, How does Mr. Steers propose to arrive at the value of unused land, as also used land, for really they are inseparable propositions?

It is not a matter of inference but a fact, that under the single tax regime all other property would escape taxation—no tax on Jay Gould's bushels of stocks and bonds, no tax on his watered investments, and what is true of him would be equally true of the entire plutocratic class who control money.

The single tax would be an experiment, and it is too early to prognosticate results. It might be, as Mr. Steers states, that buildings "would go up wherever they could be put up," and that all the vacant lots in all of the one hundred or one thousand cities in the United States would be built upon, and that owing to the great multiplicity of dwellings and stores, rents would go down and profits increase, that men of the building trades would have constant employment and money flow in an ever swollen current.

The present is an eminently practical age. The humble dwellers in cottages who know of fellow-citizens who have millions of money, bonds and mortgages, continue to inquire why such rich men escape taxation while they pay to support the Government. In replying to such questions, spread-eagleism does not answer the demand.

The assumption that the single tax on land would prove a panacea for the financial ills of the nation, reads like a fairy tale, a millennium without a "second advent," the chaining of Satan with a theory. But all this aside, the question now up for de-

bate is, fixing the standard by which the single taxers propose to determine the value of land for taxation.

Charles Marshall.

A Conundrum.

MR. W. P. BORLAND, in the July number of the *Magazine*, says:

"Say a piece of property rents for \$1,500; a year's interest at the prevailing rate on the value of the building, added to the annual cost of the insurance and repairs, and a sum sufficient to provide a sinking fund for renewals, amounts to \$1,200, the landlord is then collecting \$300 a year for the use of the naked earth. This is the sum which under the Single Tax system would be turned over to the government."

Very well. Without argument we will assume that the Single Tax has worked out its legitimate ultimate, and land has no speculative value, the full rental value being taken as a tax. Land is useless as an investment for money, because all increase in value is taken as a tax. In plain words, stripped of the ambiguity with which Single Taxers enshroud it, the result would be free land, or nationalization of land. Now, let us see how much labor would be profited by free land, unaccompanied by free money.

Labor has no capital or money, while dirt will neither feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nor build houses to shelter the poor. Labor as a class is a tenant. Labor must do the necessary work in building a house, but when it is built capital owns it and labor must pay rent for the use of it. So labor becomes the tenant of the landlord spoken of in the clipping. Will Mr. Borland show wherein and how that landlord pays any tax? The \$300 which Mr. Borland says "would be turned over to the government," is paid, not by the landlord, but by the tenant. If the landlord fails to collect it from the tenant the government gets no revenue.

Now, let me formulate a proposition, thus: No tax is so easily shifted as would be the single tax.

Interest on money is the basis of all forms of spoliation and robbery. We speak of rent, interest, and profit, but in reality interest covers all three. Rent is interest upon money invested in land. The selling value of land is that amount of money upon which the rent will pay the legal current rate of interest. This rent, in the case of all income producing occupations, is determined by the relative amount of profit gained by the occupation of any particular location or site. This rent the Single Taxers propose to take as a tax. Now, then, if under the present system all taxes imposed upon occupied land are shifted onto the general public, why will calling that rent a tax prevent such rent from being shifted, and how are you going to collect any tax

from the occupant of land who is engaged in an income producing business? The only ones who would pay any tax under the single tax system, for the use of the land, are the very ones who ought to be exempt, i. e. occupiers of residences who own their own residence sites. Vacant, or unused land would yield no tax or revenue at all. And what about interest? As the person occupying land need not invest any capital in the purchase of such land, capital would, as Mr. Borland says, all be invested in personal property—buildings for rent, merchandise, bank fixtures, &c., &c.

Now, in the case of where a man rents a privilege at a county fair to run a wheel of fortune, who pays for the privilege? His customers, of course. The single tax would simply rent to capital locations upon which to ply its avocation of collecting what we call interest and profit. Capital's customers would pay the rent.

Geo. C. Ward.

Single Tax Theories.

IN the August number of your esteemed magazine, Mr. B. C. Stickney, in the course of an able and well written article, uses the following language:

"This foggy notion that men should pay taxes in proportion to their wealth, seems to be based on the belief that some men get more wealth than they are justly entitled to and should, therefore, bear the burden of government in proportion to the wealth they have unfairly acquired."

Now I call that decidedly cool, to say the least. "Foggy notion," "belief," indeed. Does not Mr. Stickney know that "some men get more wealth than they are justly entitled to?" Let us consider the matter briefly.

The net average annual increase in national wealth, in individual holding, from 1880 to 1890, has been just about two billion dollars a year. Putting the average annual population for the decade at 56,000,000, and assuming that every fourth person is a bread winner, either for self alone or for self and family, the net average annual increase in individual or family wealth should be \$144.00 a year, or \$1,440 for the ten years. As labor produces all wealth, and the harder the labor is, as a rule, the more productive of wealth it is, it follows that those whom plutocrats are pleased to call "common laborers," should at least secure as much as their share, while idlers and loafers should get no more. Does not Mr. Stickney know of any industrious toiler, who, not only has had a miserable living, but has also failed to secure his pro rata of the wealth he helped to produce? And does he not, on the other hand, know of any loafing parasites, who have not only

fared sumptuously and extravagantly, but have also, during the past decade amassed their thousands, hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars?

But continuing to read, I find that Mr. Stickney, as he affirms is the case with Mr. Weiler, "has some misgivings that his theory is not perfect," so he qualifies it. He says: "The only sensible course to pursue in the premises is to readjust those laws which put it into the power of some men to get an undue proportion of the wealth produced by others; and if Mr. Weiler had seriously looked into the single tax idea he would have seen that it would have precisely this effect."

Ah, indeed! It will now be in order for Mr. Stickney to show how a tax that taxes every person for the use of land, except those who actually use, and are benefited by such use of land, can, by any possibility have the effect he says it will have. He can easily show that taxing unused and occupied land up to almost its full rental value would have that effect, but when he undertakes to show that a "single tax" upon land values alone, would be paid either in whole or in part by the man who occupied land for the purposes of an income producing business, why, then, he has no easy task before him. It is true that the economic rent would revert to the people, but then the people, among whom would not be the occupier of land, would pay such rent as a tax. Those who used and occupied lands would simply become tax gatherers, or the medium through whom the people would pay the single tax, but they themselves, would remain wholly untaxed. You may call it "shifting" or what you please, but the tax would be included in the prices of goods, commodities, rents, services, etc. Now, mind you, I do not say that the land owner, as such, would make any money, but I do say that he would pay no tax, the people, his customers, paying for the privilege of the use and occupancy of land. The only ones who would pay any direct tax for the use of land would be those who occupied land with their own improvements, for residence purposes. Of course a tax which was less than the full economic rent, if levied upon unused and unoccupied land, must be paid by the owner of such land.

One of the "theses" of the single tax is this: "Income and succession taxes likewise tend to drive away the rich." The anti-thesis is this: "The single tax would give the rich free land upon which to locate in the business of collecting interest upon money invested in buildings and merchandise."

Riches are direct evidence of crime, and the taking of usury is, perhaps, a worse crime than speculating in portions of "God's footstool."

Geo. C. Ward.

SALVETE MILITES.

Welcome! And when we say it, we pack our hearts
In the saying,
Just as we did in the days war crested, flaming and
thunderous,
When half the people were fighting, and half the
people were playing.
And slowly from crimson quags the granite of
Peace rose under us.

Ah, those were lofty days, when straight through
our mincing and canting,
The soul of the Nation flashed, and gripped the
hilt of its brand,
And drained its aloes like wine, and strode forth,
kindled and panting,
Hewing, in forests of Lies, clear space for the
Truth to stand.

Ah, those were mighty days! Mighty for stress and
for sorrow,
And mighty for regnant Manhood that turned
them to glory and gain—
What would have been the cast of Humanity's
crown to-morrow
Save for our yesterdays of turbulent passion and
pain?

Save for the vivid swords which our reverent hearths
are keeping—
Save for the eloquent guns that held high faith
with the State—
Save for the heroes that sleep, and those who pass
to their sleeping—
Save for the dead that are shrined and the living
who calmly wait?

This is our time of thrift; of Commerce, and Art,
and Science—
And Nature, our nursing mother, healeth the
burts of war;
But lustre light of our years are the sacrificial
glants.
Who clave our blackness asunder and beacons us
where we are.

Thomas, poised Titan of Battle—and Sheridan,
Wrath's archangel
And him whose Cosmic purpose not Chaos itself
could shake;
And lance-like Sherman who spurred with the cen-
tury's sharp evangel
In to our centuried drowse, and clarkoned sloth
awake—

And Hooker, climbing the clouds when his quarry
perched above him
And Meade—Disciple of Duty—(our hearts bend
over his grave);
And plumed McPherson the splendid—the true—
Heaven guard him and love him—
And the sceptreless kings of the ranks—the vast,
unlaureled brave—

Living or dead, earth thrills with their luminous
fervor of spirit;
Living or dead, their blood hath entered into our
veins;
Their voice—the nebulous stars of the pinnacle firm-
ament bear it—
Their work—in nethermost pits its august influ-
ence reigns.

For what are our times and spaces? Leonidas
greeted Warren;
Under our scarlet fields great Marathon's secret
ran;
Nothing is Past, or Future; nothing is hidden or
foreign;
The speech of Freedom is one—and one is the soul
of Man.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the *tenth day* of each month.

Current Notes and Comments.

Something more about Engineers and Firemen. So much of the article in last month's *Magazine* under a part of the above heading was so truthful and

hit so near the mark, that a few more words on the subject may not be amiss. Mr. Purvis is quoted as writing: They could enlighten themselves on many subjects if they would devote a small portion of their leisure time to reading suitable books, but to these men reading is distasteful and irksome; hence, "they have no use for book knowledge." A case right to the point comes to my mind now: During the campaign of 1880 there were three generals of the army nominated, namely, Garfield by the Republicans, Hancock by the Democrats, and Neal Dow by the Prohibitionists. My engineer at that time was an ardent Republican, and our usual conductor an equally strong Democrat and many a hot argument did I have to listen to during these months. As I did not side with either of them, my engineer asked me the plain question who I was in favor of, and I answered "I am a Neal Dow man." Some time after I was surprised to have my engineer tell the conductor that I believed in "kneeling down" about the subject. Not seeing the point, I contended that both parties were so corrupt that a little prayer would do neither of them any harm, and it was some weeks before I caught onto the fact that I had been misunderstood in my declaration for Neal Dow, and it took me some time longer to explain that there was such a man in nomination, and all this in spite of the fact that my engineer was a daily reader(?) of the *Sun*, which no doubt had hundreds of allusions to the prohibition candidate. This same man said the company did not require him to know it all, he knew enough to "start and stop her," and draw \$95 or \$100 a month, and books were of no use to him. If he could get no more information from books than he appeared to get by the reading of his paper, it was not to be wondered at that books were of no use to him, for it is evident that he could not understand them, and that in order to do so he would have to go back to the very rudiments. Some persons when they read aloud do so in such a manner,

that no one is able to understand them, and it is a matter of doubt whether they can understand it themselves. As an instance: Take the officer whose duty it was to preserve a *uniform* method of working in his order, but who persisted in spite of all efforts to the contrary, in asserting it to be the *uninformed* method, with the book before his eyes, and he came near convincing his members that he was living up to his method of reading it. There is evidently no other help for such men except self-culture, and that must be commenced right at the very bottom, in trying to get such a mastery of the language, as to enable them to read readily, and also to be able to understand the definitions of the more common words. In order to do this a portion of every day should be spent in reading, and even while at work the study of language may be pursued, by watching the modes of expression and the difference in which words are pronounced or accented; and by getting acquainted with a new word a day, it in a surprisingly short time will give an unexcelled use of the terms of speech, and readily proclaim its possessor as a student. Did you ever notice the difference in the expression of even the same words by an illiterate person and a man of even the most common school education? An ordinarily trained ear can in the hearing of this difference, at once detect the mental calibre of the persons by the differing intonation of the words even when the same words are used. Did you ever notice this fact? If not just watch the way your comrades on the road talk, and you will soon note the difference between them and be convinced of it. Why should a person thus carry with him these marks and the attending difficulties when a little study and self-denial is sure to result in a great transformation?

* *

(54) B. H., Gordon, Pa., asks:

1. What causes the right glass in a Nathan lubricator to break? We have one engine that it is impossible to keep a glass in. A.—If the right glass breaks more than the others, there is some local cause that puts an extra strain on the glass. Look for it. 2. Suppose you break both eccentric blades on one side. If you take off the back-up blade on left side and put it in place of the right go ahead, will the engine go? A.—Yes, if full-stroked slowly; but it would be quicker, safer and easier to take down the main rod and run on one side. 3. Does water, carried in the top gauge cock, cover the flues at front end of a "pushing 72" boiler on a grade of 120 feet per mile, wheel base of engine 51 feet? A.—You have no engines with that wheel base, you are counting the tank. Top gauge should cover heating surface with water on any grade the engine has to stand on. Get length of boiler and height of gauge above tubes, and figure it out yourself. There are 1250 feet per mile. When there is water in sight in the glass, or at the lower cock, a man ought to feel safe about his heating surfaces on any grade; if not, the gauges should be raised.

To the last of the above questions from the *Locomotive Engineer*, we would like to

add another and more definite query for the study of our readers. Suppose the front end of the crown-sheet is 10 feet from the gauge cocks, which are placed in the right side of the back end of the boiler, and that the lower gauge cock is placed a little over 2½ inches above the level of the crown-sheet, and that said crown-sheet runs level all the way to the front end of the fire-box. Will the front end of the fire-box (not to say anything of the front end of the flues) be covered with water on a grade of 120 feet to the mile? Also suppose a curve of about 600 feet radius to the right were to be placed on this grade, how much would this elevate the left side above the right? The master mechanic of a road says that the engine is safe with one gauge of water; what do our readers and writers say?

* *

Surprise is often expressed among engineers that steam in a locomotive at high speed can keep up with the piston, or rather that it can exert any pressure upon it. The velocity of the piston at high speeds is rising 1,200 feet per minute, and of course the speed of the steam must exceed this or it could not exert any pressure, but this speed is quite within the velocity of steam per foot per second, which is stated by various writers to be from 300 feet per second upward. We do not know that any reliable data exists as to the speed of steam per second.—*Engineer.*

We had seen no tables of that kind and did not know how it could be measured or calculated, for, as we before ventured to remark, steam is so peculiarly formed as to prevent a close inspection, and especially is this the case when it is escaping into the air, so that there is yet room for us all to put in our guesses work on this puzzle.

* *

A Paterson, N. J., dispatch says that the Cooke Locomotive Works of that city, employing 1,000 men, have been closed owing to dullness in business.

What's the matter here? The other shops seem to have all they can do.

* *

The railway mileage of the United States July 1, 1891, was, as we figure it, 169,225 miles, with a good prospect that it will be at least 172,500 miles at the end of the present year—or double what it was twelve years before. This is a prodigious rate of increase.—*Railway Age.*

Pleasant news; more miles means more work on both sides of the iron horses; somebody to drive and somebody to feed them.

* *

Master Mechanics' Convention.

Mr. Forney, of the *Engineering Journal*, thus discourses about the late Master Mechanics' convention:

It is said that in some countries, where the inhabitants make much pretense of religion, their prayers are written on revolving sign-boards which are placed by the roadside, and that in order to save time in saying them, the devotees give the board a twirl with the ejaculation of Sam Weller, that "them's my sentiments." The late meeting of the Master Mechanics was so much like many which

have preceded it, that in commenting on it we are tempted to refer our readers back to what has been written in previous years, and add the remark that what was written then will apply to the meeting which has just been held.

There were this year perhaps a few more of the same kind of people present that usually attend the meetings. The master mechanic was there in force. The superintendent of machinery was in a minority, apparently doubtful whether it was not beneath his dignity to be present and take part in the proceedings. The "representative" of various manufacturing interests was there in a large majority; the wives, the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of the masculines in attendance decorated the borders of the assemblage as plots of flowers ornament a vegetable garden. There was an exhibition of a great variety of appliances, with attendants who could talk like water-wheels. The inventor was there, as solicitous of his creation as a cow is of its calf. The "crank" lingered on the outskirts, hollow-eyed and anxious. There was an entertainment committee with extended hands for "assessments." There were carriages and flowers for the ladies, dancing by night and music by day—young ladies and old, flirtatious girls and coy maidens, dudes and hard-handed sons of toil. The ocean was there, and the people bathed and fished in it, and told fish stories afterward. There was a laboratory in a back room, where the laws of chemical affinity were illustrated by inverting a metal frustrum of a cone over a glass vessel of similar form, and then agitating the contents. When the reaction was complete the experiment was continued by the audience, who put themselves outside of the chemical combination. In some cases another reaction occurred about a half hour afterward, attended with more or less ebullition of jollity.

On another page we give a brief report of the proceedings. There was nothing very remarkable about them. The discussions were generally rather tame, excepting on the subject of compound locomotives. Representatives of the Baldwin and Schenectady locomotive works presented the claims of two and four cylinder locomotives, but the members generally were rather chary of expressing opinions. Altogether, there is not much to say of the meeting, excepting that it was held—in the usual way. The attendance was a little larger than heretofore, showing a steady growth in that respect. The reports were neither better nor worse than usual—none of them were remarkably good, although some were uninteresting.

One member was sat upon by the graduates of technical schools for saying that he could not, in his experience, recall an instance in which any one by the use of an indicator had found out anything about a locomotive which was worth knowing. In the discussion which followed some of those who took part in it attempted to crush this member, as a housewife rolls out incipient pie crust. He still lives, however.

And to prove that he is alive he sits down on the convention in this rather satirically humorous way. Well, if they deserve it, hit them again; they may need waking up.

* *

At the Master Mechanics' meeting this year an associate member attempted to tell how much better a compound locomotive was than a simple engine. He is a member of the committee of science and arts of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and one of the men sent out to report on the compound. He stated before the Master Mechanics that the compound went up a hill easily on the Reading road, that was so steep that it was impossible to get water into the boiler of a common engine, and when some irreverent members smiled he asked Superintendent of Motive Power Paxton to help him clinch his argument. Mr. Paxton said the men didn't put in coal on that grade (they burn anthracite). The men probably thought the speaker was as green as grass in practical railroading and so filled him up for fun. The idea that the mechanical heads of our American roads are called upon to sit open-mouthed and listen to

such rot, strikes a man up a tree as "sorter komikal." We wonder if the cream of the Franklin Institute is represented by the committee of science and arts, and, if it is, of what use a report on a railroad subject is from men who can be induced to believe that you can't put water into a poor, common locomotive on a dizzy grade standing up on end—like a kite string—almost thirty foot per mile. The master mechanics ought to pass a law that associate members must know enough about practical railroad engineering so you could notice it on 'em.

The above from the *Locomotive Engineer* is what might be called a "double ender," for it seems to hit both ways; the Franklin Institute for sending such a representative to make a report, and the master mechanics for making it possible for such a thing to happen in their convention. It is self-evident that a law requiring a small amount of railroad knowledge from associate members would be a much to be desired amendment to the constitution of the association.

Wm. Weiler.

MR. EDITOR:—I have read with great pleasure the very considerate reply of "Vulcan" in the July proofs, to Mr. Lockwood's position on the movement of a rolling wheel. By the same mail I received the *Scientific American* of July 11th, and I am sure that your readers will enjoy reading the following extracts from an article by A. J. Knisely in that journal, exactly in the line of the position which "Vulcan" has always held, and also in the terms used by me in your *Magazine* of January, 1889:

The top of a rolling wheel moves twice as fast as the center, while the bottom of the wheel is as stationary and motionless as is the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument.

In the case of a cogged wheel rolling on a cogged rail, the space between two adjacent cogs in the rail being stationary, a cog in the wheel, which fits that space, must necessarily remain stationary so long as it is in the stationary space.

If we take a carriage wheel containing 14 spokes and remove the tire and felly and cause the wheel to roll at the rate of one revolution in 14 minutes, it must be plain that when spoke No. 1 comes in contact with the ground—i. e. becomes the bottom of the wheel—the lower end of the spoke remains stationary, and is merely the point on which the whole wheel rocks for the space of one minute, or until spoke No. 2 strikes the ground.

If there were 14 million spokes in the wheel, and if it made 14 million revolutions in a second, the lower end of each spoke would come to a full stop as it struck the ground; but would tarry for the space of only 1/14,000,000,000,000 of a second.

Theoretically a circle is a polygon. The distance from any point in the circumference of a circle to the very nearest next point must be something, though infinitesimally small. So long as any point in the circumference of a rolling wheel is the bottom, it acts as a pivot, and is at a dead rest until the next point becomes the bottom, when the point that was the bottom begins to rise.

Now, I take it for granted that Mr. Lockwood will candidly admit that "Vulcan" has fairly shown him where the "four times" comes in, and will join with everybody else in abandoning the "times nothing" fallacy, thus letting the "rolling wheel" have a rest at both top and bottom, for awhile.

But the leverage of the driver—can we not agree on that, too? I have just been looking over back numbers, and I call attention especially to my two articles, one on "Locomotive power," September *Magazine*, 1888, page 738; the other "Vulcan Illustrated," November *Magazine*, 1888, pages 820 and 821. These two articles contain over a hundred lines of statements of mechanical principles and logical deductions bearing on this subject. If the principles are sound and the deductions are fairly made, the conclusion arrived at is inevitable. Now, while these articles have been discussed the integrity of the propositions has not been assailed. "Vulcan" has shown that he can expose a fallacy and courteously point out an error. Is it too much to ask him to go over these two articles carefully again, and without discussion or asking questions, point out any principle which is unsound, any statement which is incorrect, any deduction which is unfair or illogical? Will "Vulcan" please try this?

My reason for asking this favor is that as "Vulcan" has in his last article located "weight," repeating his former position that the "work of a locomotive is the pull of the axle against the box," I wish him to see how clearly I have proved that in no other way can he get this "pull of the axle" than by a leverage of the driver with the fulcrum on the track. He is exactly right about the "work of a locomotive," and that the thing to be moved or pulled is the axle. He must therefore look elsewhere for his "fulcrum" or immovable point.

Ambry Division.

On the Wheel Problem, to Eccentric and Vulcan.

My attention having been called to the enclosure herewith, with illustrated diagram, from the *Scientific American* of July 11th, 1891, page 21, I deem it worthy of a place in the Mechanical Department of the *Magazine*, in further answer to the inquiries of "Eccentric" and for the further and better information of "Vulcan," who seems to be one of the "doubting Thomases." It so fittingly supplements my article in the Mechanical Department of the *Magazine* for July, 1891, that I bespeak for it your kindly consideration and its publication for the reasons herein given.

William E. Lockwood.

THE ROLLING WHEEL.

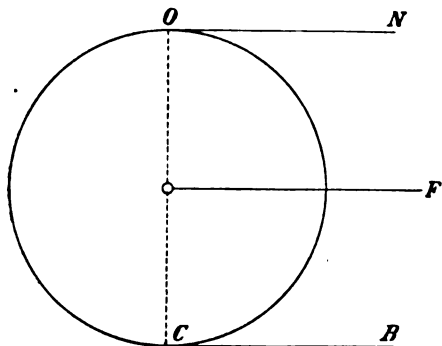
To the Editor of the *Scientific American*:

In *Popular Science News* of November, 1890, in answering the question, "Does the top of a rolling wheel move faster than the bottom?" the editor says: "The top of a carriage wheel moves faster, with reference to the observer, than the bottom, because in addition to the movement of rotation, it has the direct forward movement of the carriage as a whole. The bottom of the wheel moves in an opposite direction to that of the wheel itself, and, as

the two motions partially neutralize each other the bottom part *appears* to move past the observer more slowly than the top."

"Faster," in the sense in which it is here used, implies that the bottom of the wheel moves, but not so fast as the top.

There is no point in a rolling wheel which moves in an opposite direction to that of the wheel itself. The top of a rolling wheel moves twice as fast as the center, while the *bottom* of the wheel is as motionless as the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument.



That the top of a rolling wheel moves twice as fast as the center may be easily demonstrated by taking a round block, such as merchants' ribbons are wound on, stick a pin in the center, on one end. Around this pin tie a thread loosely, so that a pin can revolve in the knot without winding the thread, then fasten the end of another thread to the circumference of the roller and wind *this* thread several times around the roller. Let the upper thread lead off from O toward N, and let the center thread lead off from P toward F. Roll the wheel toward the right hand, and you will discover that the upper thread "pays out" just twice as fast as does the center thread.

Now, in the vertical line, C P O, the distance from C to O being twice as great as the distance from C to P, if the point O moves twice as fast as the point P, it is a simple mathematical proposition that the point C is without motion, being merely a center around which the line, C P O, revolves.

In the case of a cogged wheel rolling on a cogged rail, the space between two adjacent cogs in the rail being stationary, a cog in the wheel, which fits that space, must necessarily remain stationary so long as it is in the stationary space.

If we take a carriage wheel containing 14 spokes and remove the tire and felly and cause the wheel to roll at the rate of one revolution in 14 minutes, it must be plain that when spoke No. 1 comes in contact with the ground—i. e., becomes the bottom of the wheel—the lower end of the spoke remains stationary, and is merely the point on which the whole wheel rocks for the space of one minute, or until spoke No. 2 strikes the ground.

If there were 14 million spokes in the wheel, and if it made 14 million revolutions in a second, the lower end of each spoke would come to a full stop as it struck the ground, but would tarry for the space of only 1-196,000,000 (0.000,000) of a second.

Theoretically, a circle is a polygon. The distance from any point in the circumference of a circle to the very nearest next point must be *something*, though infinitesimally small. So long as any point in the circumference of a rolling wheel is the *bottom*, it acts as a pivot, and is at a dead rest until the next point becomes the bottom, when the point that was the bottom begins to rise.

Inclosed is a diagram showing the lines described by different points in a rolling wheel.

A B represents the ground on which the wheel, C E O, rolls. The curve described by a point in the circumference of a rolling wheel is termed a cycloid, and its properties are discussed in the calculus.

A. J. Knisely.

COUNCIL GROVE, KAS., Aug. 8th, 1891.

MR. EDITOR: In the August issue of the *Magazine* page 695, is very interesting to me and should be to every progressive fireman. I have thought of and argued some of those questions with enginemen at this place.

Why can't we have a page or two of the *Magazine* devoted each month to just such queries and answers? If the questions appear very simple and plain to some, they may be instructive to others. I might profit by hearing or reading something that another would not think worthy a second thought. A great many of the railway systems are promoting firemen, making their engineers, or a portion of them, and it is to our interest to make ourselves familiar with every part of the machine from the bottom of the tires to the top of the smokestack. We can't tell in advance what will be asked at the examination. We are sure of one thing, and that is, there will be enough to satisfy the examiner. We cannot imagine any question that is too simple, and I would like to see more interest taken in this department.

I would like for some one to tell me what I should do in case a side-rod of a locomotive would break; the eccentrics are on the forward driving axle and the main rod connected on the middle drivers.

What should be done if a trailing driver axle break outside the box.

What should be done if a main driving axle on an ordinary locomotive break.

W. B. Baldwin.

Disconnecting an Engine.

MR. EDITOR: Wm. Peirce wants to know about disconnecting an intermediate connected engine, when an eccentric rod has been broken or when the links have to be taken down from any cause. When an eccentric rod is broken or the link taken off there is no motion in the valve on that side, hence the ports on that side must be covered and the main rod taken off. By taking the link off, the valve has been disconnected and needs only to be adjusted over the ports and clamped there, which is usually done by screwing up one side of stuffing box nuts harder than the other. The main rod is taken down to avoid the wear and injury to the cylinder by the friction of the piston, which, in the absence of steam is generally supposed to be very injurious to the parts, but as on many roads there are long stretches of down grades on which no steam is used, it would seem as if an engine could be run for some distance with the main rod up even if she was not using steam, provided that the rods were not strained or twisted when the other parts were disabled.

The rockerarm is known as such all over

the country, and in all the books treating of locomotives it is called by that name, so no other name can be given our friend.

Mr. Peirce wants the reason why that valve stem did not move put down in "black and white." He ought to have seen the reason in iron and steel when he had it right before his eyes on the engine. When the pin is on the forward dead centre on either side it is self-evident that the piston must be as far ahead as it can go on that side, and that it must move the other way, no matter which direction the engine is moved. In order to give it this return movement, steam must be admitted between the piston and the front cylinder head, and in order to do this the front port should be open to the amount of lead which the engine may have. If both movements have the same lead the valve will be open just the same when the lever is ahead as when it is back, but it is likely that if Mr. Peirce had been able to stand by the valve stem while the lever was being moved he would have seen a slight movement toward the cab and then ahead again, and when the lever had reached the front end it would place the valve in the same shape as at first. It may seem strange at first to think that no matter which way the engine is to move she must take steam on the same end of the cylinder, but when you remember that the opposite side is then on the quarter with the piston in the centre of its stroke, and that this is the side which determines the direction in which the engine will move it ceases to be a surprise. Perhaps it may be as well to state here that if Mr. Peirce had watched and measured the other valve stem he would have found that it moved the full travel of the valve; at one end of the quadrant having the front port open full width and at the other end opening the rear port full width; thus deciding the question of the direction of movement for the engine, as the other side would just as readily go one way as the other. In proof of this, did not Mr. Peirce note that an engine disabled on one side, will, if stuck on the centre, just as lief start contrary to the reverse lever as not, thus proving that the dead centre side has no control over the motion?

I have tried to be as plain as possible and hope that I have answered to Mr. Peirce's satisfaction, for even if he does deprecate the answers as simple, there is hope for a man if he will only ask questions on any subject that he can not understand.

Vulcan.

The present cost of operating the railroads of the country with steam power is, in round numbers, \$502,000,000 per annum; but to carry on the same amount of work with men and horses would cost the country \$11,308,500,000.

Three Hundred Miles an Hour, with a 30-foot Driver.

Some writer in the *New York World* encourages the present craze for impossible speed and unheard of appliances by the following imaginative writing, which is rather more absurd than the average of similar reportorial productions:

Ten years from now there may be only one railroad in this country, to which trunk lines will be feeders. The Americans of the near future must travel faster. There are no reasonable grounds for believing that the present record of locomotive speed can be improved upon while the gauge and rolling stock continue as they now are. The diameter of the locomotive driver wheels must be increased to secure greater speed, but master mechanics are not all agreed as to how this can best be done. The enlargement of the drivers beyond seven feet would necessitate a widening of the gauge, and this experiment is not likely to be repeated while the present forms of rolling stock are in use.

But 60 miles an hour is not fast enough for the American of to-day. The locomotive has probably attained the maximum of its efficiency. It makes a more economic use of steam than any other form of engine. The marine engine loses 91 per cent. of the latent energy in the coal, but the locomotive utilizes fully 83 per cent of it. Therefore the problem is not to improve the locomotive, but to enlarge its capacity to get over the ground.

This can only be done by some radical change in the form of the roadbed and the rolling stock. To increase the diameter of the wheels is the first requisite. This will necessitate a widening of the permanent way. Suppose the driver wheels to be 30 feet in height, the gauge ought to be 20 feet. The rails would have to be a foot high and ought to weigh a ton to the rod. They will be bolted to ties made of the largest tree trunks obtainable. Mammoth fish plates will join them end to end.

The cost of construction will be trebled. Bridges and viaducts will have to be built of the heaviest material and tested to bear the weight of a 200-ton locomotive. The heaviest engines on the Pennsylvania railroads used in the passenger service weigh 40 tons, and one five times as large will give power enough to pull the great cars that will travel on 30-foot wheels.

The gigantic engine will be suspended below the axles instead of resting upon them. The boiler will be built around the axles and the smoke stack will not be higher than the tops of the driver wheels. The cab will be very commodious and located just behind the smokestack atop the boiler. Several firemen will be required and they will be provided for on a platform at a lower level on the rear of the engine.

If the same number of piston strokes can be obtained by 30 foot drive wheels per minute as attained by an engine with six-foot wheels, the increase in velocity will be as 90 feet to 18 feet. In other words the train will travel exactly five times as fast. If the best speed of the present passenger locomotive be 60 miles per hour it may be hoped that the engine of the future will attain 300 miles per hour. Strange as it now sounds, it will then be possible to run out to Chicago after breakfast, take luncheon there with a friend and return to sleep in New York. Chicago ought to be about a four hour run. The track will be kept absolutely clear, and there will not be any stops except to change engines at a half way point.

Of course such a road can only be made to pay between great cities like New York and Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston. In another generation there will be ten cities in this country with a million people each. The saving of time will stimulate traveling and every train will be filled. The engines will burn a tremendous amount of coal, but the cost of driving the train will be about the same as at present, because the time consumed will be a mere fraction of what is now requisite. Nobody will travel long distances by the old lines. There will not be any competition offered by the existing systems of transportation.

This brings us to a consideration of the cars. They will be 18 feet wide and probably 130 feet long. The most scientific artificial ventilation and heating ap-

paratus will be adapted to the case. Of course no windows can be left open on a train going 250 miles an hour. They will have to be closed with the heaviest plate glass—double windows in fact. The structure of the cars will be much the same as those of to-day.

They will be built wholly of iron and steel. The walls will be steel plates and the interior finish and furnishing will be beautiful and luxurious. The size of the cars will insure a single compartment for every traveler. An aisle will run through the car and the staterooms will be arranged on each side thereof, shut off by a curtain or wickerwork door. These rooms will be seven feet in width and provided with a large easy chair or sofa. The trains will be vestibuled so that it will be quite possible to pass from one car to the other.

It is very doubtful if the element of danger will be increased. The cars of steel can be made of such form and braced in such manner as to render them less liable to go to pieces in case they leave the rails. Collisions will be impossible because trains will never be permitted to follow each other within half an hour, and not even then until the preceding train has passed the station, situated at least 30 minutes' time distant, say 100 miles. Double tracks will be the rule, not the exception.

Difficulties about stopping the trains when once under headway will occur, but they will be met by improvements on the brakes that will render the gigantic machinery as tractable as any now in use. An ingenious system of signals will be devised, the bell and whistle no longer being useful, because they cannot be relied upon. They will be drowned by the noise of the monster train.

The local service of the present roads will be utilized for intermediate points. If a man wants to go to Detroit, he will run through to Chicago in four hours and thence to his destination by an express. Cleveland and Pittsburgh will be reached by regular train from station at which the halt is made to change engineers.—*Railway Age*.

150 Miles an Hour.

"I predict," said a friend of mine yesterday—

"An earthquake?" I asked.

"No, I am a railroad Wiggins. I predict a regular hair-raising advancement in railroad time making. I predict that in the next twenty-five years the people of the United States will see trains making a speed of 150 miles an hour. My idea is this: The railroad of to-day is too small an affair; it is too crooked and too insignificant. Take points like Chicago and New York. An ordinary railroad is too small an affair to do the business. Let a mint of capital build a road as straight as the crow travels from New York to Chicago. Let it go right straight through, regardless of hills, mountains and valleys. Build a track, say fifteen feet wide. Let the rails be as big—well, as big around as a sea serpent, for instance. Then build an engine with drivers ten feet high, everything heavy and strong in proportion. I mean build a great big railroad as much ahead of the present roads as the present roads are ahead of stage coaches. Steam up your big engine, pull the throttle wide open and let her go! Give her a straight track, clear the deck, and I'll bet she'd—Well, I'll bet she would make the fastest time of to-day ashamed of itself. Mark me, what can be, and is needed, will be."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Belief Historical Notes.

The first railroad in this country was built in 1827. It was a horse road, and was built for hauling granite from the quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset River.

The first street car line in the world for conveying passengers through the streets of a city was built on Fourth Avenue, New York, and put in operation in 1831-2.

The second street car line was opened for traffic on Sixth Avenue in August, 1852.

The first street car line in Europe was built in Birkenhead, England, by George Francis Train, in 1860. This enterprise was not received with favor, the tracks were torn up, as were also those of another line in the suburbs of London laid in 1862, and not until 1868 was a line in practical operation in the old country, and this was in the streets of Liverpool.

The first elevated road was a cable road, and was built and operated on Greenwich Street, New York, by Chas. T. Harvey, in 1868. This was the beginning of the present New York elevated system by steam which was inaugurated in 1871.

The first street cable line was built by A. S. Hallidie, in San Francisco, Cal., and put in operation in August, 1873. Many years previous to this, however, cable traction had been successfully employed upon certain railways in coal mines.

The first practical demonstration of operating cars by electricity generated by a dynamo was made at the Berlin exposition in 1879 by Dr. Werner Siemens.

The first electric road actually put in operation in this country, was at Menlo Park, New Jersey, by Edison in 1880.

The first electric road ever operated as a business enterprise was by Stephen D. Field at the Chicago Exposition in June, 1883.

The first electric road operated in the streets of a city for traffic was built by Bentley & Knight, at Cleveland, O., on the lines of the East Cleveland Co., in July, 1884. This was operated by the underground conduit system.

The first overhead electric wire railway was built in Kansas City, Mo., in 1885, by John C. Henry.—*American Journal of Railway Appliances*.

GERMAN railways now aggregate 24,000 miles and employ 12,620 locomotives, 26,008 passenger cars, 556,851 freight cars and 618,000 officials and other employés. In 1890 there were 3,088 accidents of all kinds. This is an average of one for about every eight miles, which on the mileage of the United States would mean 20,000 accidents. Of course this method of comparison is not entirely fair, though it is suggestive.—*Railway Age*.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

WOMAN BEFORE THE LAW.

Advocates of equal rights have many annoying things to contend with, many exasperating arguments to meet, many disagreeable people to answer, and these are all embodied in the woman who "has all the rights she wants." There is some excuse for the opposition of men who are unwilling to share their long-exercised power. Some allowance must be made for those men who are conscientious in the belief that the lines will be made harder instead of easier for women when they possess political equality, and who oppose it for these kindly, although misguided, reasons. But patience reaches its limit when it encounters a woman who would deny all other women the suffrage because "she has all the rights she wants." There is only one person more narrow, selfish and ungenerous, and that is the woman who signs a "remonstrance" against granting the ballot. A few women have done this, an infinitesimal number compared to those who have signed petitions asking for the privilege of voting, and their posterity will blush to read their names. The woman of a few generations hence will be utterly at a loss to understand the spirit that would inspire one of her sex to ask that freedom and independence might not be conferred upon her.

But let us consider for a moment the condition of these women who "have all the rights they want." We will glance at the events of one week, that chanced to get into the daily print, only a small part of what is happening in this respect all the time. We find Miss Irene W. Coit passing with honors the severe examination for entrance to Yale College and refused admission because she is a woman. We see a number of Methodist Assemblies of ministers voting against permitting women to sit as delegates in the General Conference simply because they are women. We read of the Presbyterian Conference of Alabama voting that women shall not be permitted to speak in public. In the city of Toledo a street must be cared for by two commissioners who own

property on the street. Upon one it was found that every property owner on the street was a woman but one. Therefore, instead of appointing this man and one woman, they selected a man from another street for the other commissioner. In New Hampshire a drunken Canadian farmer stole their child from his wife and gave it to his parents in Canada. The mother, protected by a detective, secured the child, which she found covered with dirt and rags. The father carried the matter into court and, sustained by the law, a constable took the child away from its mother and returned it to the husband's parents in Canada.

In Iowa a man and wife lived together eight years and had two children, but whether they were married or not, nobody knew. Finally the man deserted her and left her to provide for the children by her own labor, which she did. One night he stole the children. The law decided that, if she was a wife, the husband should have the children, if she was a mistress, she might have them. A fine distinction and encouraging to matrimony! The man swore that they were married, and the judge gave him the children. Down in Kentucky a poor woman worked three months with her needle to buy a cow in order that she might have the milk to raise her three little children. Her husband "traded the cow for a gun, filled up with whisky, and started on the war-path." The woman was helpless because in that State the wife's earnings belong to the husband. These are mere straws, drift upon the current. Similar cases are occurring every week out of the fifty-two, year after year. And yet well-protected, happily-situated women, having no thought for their less fortunate sisters, will lean back in calm complacency and say, "I have all the rights I want and I am not willing that the burdens should be lifted from the shoulders of other women."

Do they know what are the laws regarding women in their own State? There are only three or four States in the Union where a mother has the right to her child. In the others, either the child belongs absolutely to the father where he has not forfeited his right, or where both are proved to be equally capable of taking care of it, the law gives it to the father. In New York the father may will his children away from the mother and at his death they will be taken from her and disposed of as directed. He may will away an unborn child and at its birth it will be taken from the mother's arms. In every State in the Union the joint earnings of the two belong absolutely to the husband. In many States the wife's property, real and personal, becomes the possession of the husband at marriage. In others, if the wife dies without children, the husband takes all the property; if he dies the wife

gets but one-third, and in some instances only a life interest in this. In a number of States if the woman earns furniture, clothes and food by her own labor, the husband may sell them and pocket the money. If the wife breaks an arm or leg she cannot sue for damages, but the husband sues the cause of the injury for the loss of her services, and the money belongs to him. In more than half of the States little children, from seven to twelve years of age, may consent to their own ruin, and the mothers are powerless because the law sanctions it.

In forty-three States women are forced to pay the full amount of their taxes and are permitted no representation, not even the privilege of voting for the assessor. They are compelled to obey laws they have no voice in making and, when accused of crime, they are refused trial by a jury of their peers. Space is too brief to mention all the inequalities of the law. It is true there have been many improvements since the day when the old common law of England everywhere prevailed, which gave a man the same ownership of his wife as he had of his horse or cow, but these changes have represented the labor of years. It will also be found that, almost without exception, the champions who secured the repeal of the obnoxious laws were pronounced woman-suffragists, and they will testify that the difficulty has been infinitely greater because they were working for a disfranchised class. Our law makers represent their constituents, the ones who placed them in power. They have an eye single to the interests of those who possess the influence of the ballot. They are not legislating for Chinese or Indians or idiots or women. Women have the right of petition, but legislators scorn a petition which is not signed by voters. Massachusetts women petitioned twelve years for the right to own the clothes upon their backs. While the natural progress of public sentiment may, in the next fifty years, be sufficient to strike out most of these unjust laws, is it necessary to await the slow process of half a century? Can anyone doubt that if women were enfranchised it would be one-fourth of that time until there would be an absolute equality of the laws?

It will be observed that in considering this question only the equity has been noticed. The social side, the effect of woman's ballot upon education, temperance, morality, and kindred matters, has been entirely omitted, because there may be a variety of opinions upon these subjects; but it does not seem possible that there can be a difference of sentiment upon the point that, in matters of justice, all should have the same privilege and the laws should bear upon all alike. We ask our readers of both sexes to lay aside prejudice and consider

this subject from the standpoint of reason, logic and broad humanity, and answer the question whether a government can be truly republican which makes these invidious distinctions.

THE *Railroad Trainmen's Journal* comes to our desk with a Woman's Department ably conducted by Mrs. H. W. Matthews, of Battle Creek, Mich. Her editorial comment is exceedingly interesting and helpful, and the correspondence is bright and entertaining. We extend greetings to our younger sister.

PLEASE do not consume valuable space in telling what interesting things you are going to write about if this letter is accepted. Why wait to put them into a future letter? Correspondence is accepted not through favor but for merit. Put as good work as you are able into every letter.

A FIREMAN'S FRIEND, Edna, of Monrovia, Cal., will have to send a more legible letter if she wants it published. Poor handwriting we have to overlook, but we must draw the line on first attempts with the typewriter.

PLEASE send letters for this department directly to Indianapolis, according to directions at the head of the column. All letters from women will be placed in this department, no matter to whom they are addressed.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE, N. C., of Valentine, Texas, writes very kindly of New Year Lodge, No. 135, which, she says, is composed of brave and noble men.

B. L. H., of Tuscumbia, Ala., writes in complimentary terms of Monte Sano Lodge, No. 279, and speaks words of praise for the *Magazine*.

WEST ST. PAUL, MINN., July 14, 1891.

Editor *Woman's Department*:

Some time in early spring I saw in one of the *Magazines* a letter from "Engineer's Wife, H. C. P.," which I fully intended answering, but many cares—and who is not acquainted with them?—kept me from doing so. But now in the July number comes another from his pen, which I want to reply to later on if I may have the privilege. I want now to put a spoke in the wheel of temperance, belt ever so small, in answer to "Sella." First, I want to tell you I am a fireman's, or a newly fledged engineer's mother, and, with the privilege this accords, I want to throw in my mite to influence the "boys." I am an intensely interested reader of your valuable *Magazine*, and educator of workmen, and for that matter, idle men and all classes of men if they would heed its advice. I admire your noble efforts for the betterment of the working class, and your brave, fearless denunciation of their wrongs and the oppressor. I don't know how large a circulation your *Magazine* has, but I wish every working man and working woman in the United States would read it and heed it. Federation is the only thing that will ameliorate the evil that is encroaching on both the body and soul of labor; and the sooner all workmen take in the full significance of the past, the sooner the "Shy-

sacks" will have to make restitution for the pounds of flesh taken, and God's glorious sun will shine on equity and a "square meal" for everybody. Senator Olcott's speech embodies deep, stern truths, and all truths, and if the many who are counted among the laborers and who decry the evils and oppressions could, like brave men, men who have an equal chance for liberty and equity in free America and God's beautiful land, take up the battle cry of freedom from "white slavery," and with their noble rothens who are already on the road, march hand in hand with heart speaking to heart, the great "I am" would weld the broken links and make strong the chain of brotherly love; and not another decade could pass over our heads before the cherished dreams of a government of the people, by the people and for the people would be not merely a chimera, but a grand reality. Methinks that even the old "Independence bell" would mind itself and ring out the glad tidings, "a new era is born." But so long as we live in the semblance of men—and one wouldn't think they were not at a first glance—make of themselves "dumb, driven cattle," instead of pulling out the old dead stuffing and filling up with manhood and using the talents God has given them for a grander, higher purpose than the rum shop, just so long as they will not, like men, step boldly into the tank and help redeem their cause from degradation, the consummation of the hopes of thousands of noble hearts will be retarded, and they will go on wasting precious time and whining without considering the trouble is housed inside their own threshold. And, like "Shandy Maguire" in the case of poor Ireland, whose woes find a sympathetic corner in my heart, we shall have to bemoan the fact that they are "blind and cannot see afar off," and ask God to pity them and open their eyes in the near future.

The single tax question is one of deep interest. Elliot and W. B. Richmond only stand for two more coats and pairs of pants inflated with gas. With this difference, Elliot's is a little the heavier. I noticed a reference to the editor of this *Magazine* regarding this valuable and helpful post. Like one of the other sisters I will say: "Don't do it unless you feel assured a labor paper would be the means of reaching the mass of people, and a weekly admonition would make the pulse of interest flow in a steadier vein." In some families newspapers are law and gospel and it is just possible that a newspaper would be easier read than a magazine. But the really true and noble depend upon you for healthful and helpful advice. I, too, had placed you on the highest pinnacle of the United States, together with a prayer that if you ever held that post of honor, God and your own true manhood would keep you free from the "sins that so easily beset us," and the presidents and officials and give you a clean record.

I did not intend to diverge so widely that any spoke wouldn't fit, but now I will have to splice it another time, if this is thought worthy of acceptance. My son tells me the R. of L. F. Cooke Lodge, of which he is a member, is now held in the Paul Martin block and is keeping stride with the sister lodges. They average one or two members a month. Our beautiful twin cities are being knit closer together owing to the fact of there now being sidewalks reaching from one city to the other; and many think the time near at hand when they will be joined in the wedlock of union and strength. We have few old historical landmarks; we have one, however, of which the people are justly proud. Minneapolis Falls always has been a place of interest ever since Longfellow immortalized it in verse; but now the attraction is greatly enhanced and as a pleasure resort it excels. There is probably no state in the union which has more beautiful lake resorts than Minnesota. One thing, however, mars the otherwise harmonious whole, and only with the pure water which flows in so great an abundance, could wash the foul blot from our fair cities and make clean their officials. The law says saloons must close on Sunday, but bless you, they are in full blossom—and the flowers—God pity, with a prayer for the cause I am sincerely a friend.

Mrs. L. Wells.

[This is a helpful and excellent letter and we will always have room for more from this correspondent.—Ed.]

FT. MADISON, IOWA, July 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Why do we never see anything in these columns from Ft. Madison? Not because we lack the ability I know.

The "West End" is composed mostly of railroaders and some of their wives are among the best ladies I have ever known; and those wives are full of knowledge. Now why can't we hear from them once in a while?

I have been much interested in the Woman's Department of the *Magazine* generally, but when I read such articles as Mr. Richmond writes, I wonder what class of ladies (?) he associates with and wonder if his mother was worthy of her name. I am pleased to know he does not voice the greater class of men in his opinion. He wants us to "obey the laws of man." Why should we when those laws are not good enough for men themselves to obey?

I am very thankful indeed, that my husband is in no way like Mr. R. and I sincerely pity his wife if he ever gets one. He also will need pity, for a man with such ideas can only get the poorest of poor wives.

We have the Santa Fe hospital at one end of our city. If Mr. Richmond will just make us a call we will send him out there. At the other end of our city is the penitentiary. We will also have him visit there and see the result of such ideas as his.

Farewell to Mr. R. and may he be in better humor when next he comes is the wish of

L. H. W.

[Be charitable.—Ed.]

DALLAS, TEXAS, July 12, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a constant reader of the good old *Magazine* for over one year, and every one becomes dear to me. I love the Woman's Department. I love to read it all. It may be for the sake of a very dear friend that gives the book to me to read, I can't tell, anyway I read them all. I've never seen a letter from Dallas, and hope that I may be permitted to correspond regularly. If I am welcome, I will come soon with a long letter, telling you all about our nice city, its schools, its numerous churches, its street railroads, and will try hard to interest someone if not all.

I am very thankful to those kind ladies for those nice cake recipes, as well as other recipes. Do, please, someone give some nice pickles and preserves recipes. I am not a cook, but I know a certain engineer who enjoys good dinners, and want to learn to cook them for him.

In the future I will give some ideas of how to make some pretty little costumes for children and how to make over old last winter's and spring's dresses so that they will look like new and save the expense of new ones for awhile.

May God bless every railroad boy; I was going to say, especially one, but I will not be that selfish; everyone is dear to someone, I am sure.

As Nella says, I would sign my own name, but do not like to be criticised by friends, I will just sign my given name,

Azaliah.

BOSTON, MASS., June 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

This is my first letter to the *Magazine* and I hope not the last. I have been watching the Woman's Department with much interest since January, to see if any of my friends had ever contributed any letters, but so far I have not seen any from Massachusetts. Why is it? Surely the *Magazine* is known everywhere. Now why I have written this time is to see if some won't gather courage enough to write, for I and many others should like to see some in print.

In the last number a letter signed "Lu," spoke about exchanging patterns in fancy work. I should be pleased to do so in crocheted patterns.

Hoping I may write again, I remain

Yours truly,

G. H.

[You may write again if you have anything to say.—Ed.]

TO KATY, ELDORADO, KAN.

Dear Katy, your name has an elegant sound,
It pleases my eyes and my ears,
It makes every pulse of my heart daily bound,
Till I melt in the happiest tears;
For I think of the time in the sweet long ago,
When I strutted about full of pride,
With my nose in the sky and my bosom aglow,
Talking love to the Kate at my side.

It is little I dreamt what the future would bring
To the union of hearts which we made;
I was happier then than glad birds on the wing,
Seeking mates in the gem-spangled glade;
All I thought of was how I could press her sweet
lips.

And extract the choice nectar thereon;
But a year in the harness my joy did eclipse,
And the glow of her kisses was gone.

Let me tell you, dear Katy, dry nursing and such,
Teething babies and terrific squalls,
Are enough to make Job such young catamounts
clutch

By the throat till he'd silence their bawls;
I have not got his patience, I'm human, my dear,
And my wails of distress are so sad,
That I sing them in anguish, disconsolate here,
Till my readers suppose I am mad.

I'm consoled by true friends, like your own darling
self,

Who are numerous over the land;
And but for them I'd be an unfortunate elf,
Who could never such misery stand.
When the cabs and the cradles are modeled for two,
All the sweetness of courtship is gone,
For it makes a poor devil look hopelessly blue,
When he thinks he should only have one.

Still I tell her I love her almost every day,
And I hug her close up in my arms;
But her waist is as round as a hillock of hay,
When I used to delight in such charms.
And I kiss her, but Katy, her lips have grown dry,
All their humbleness seems to have fled,
Once I told her so, Lord! how Old Sweetness did cry,
And I wished ere I spoke I'd dropped dead.

Many ladies suppose that "Imprudence" is all,
Which I study when singing my grief;
Mrs. Miller—God bless her—will soon on me fall
With her pen and denounce me a thief;
Clover Leaf, Pearl Johnson, and charming Irene,
Mrs. Harper, and scores of old friends,
Are all waiting to flag me with eloquence keen,
If I don't for the past make amends.

Put yourself in my place and you'll not be too hard
When I sing in disconsolate strains;
And remember the wails of a lachrymose bard
Indicate a whole breastful of pains.

Rosy lips and bright eyes I see only in sleep,
As they haunt me when snoring in bed,
Till the call comes round, when I upward must
leap.

With their memories thumping my head.

Shandy Maguire.

[As men approach "the sere and yellow
leaf" they seem to live only in reminiscence.
—Ed.]

DECATUR, ILL., July 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of the *Magazine* for some time
past. Now since it has been decided that marriage is
a failure (in some cases), and husbands have been
"managed" in every way, please tell me how to
"manage" to have something nice for his lunch
basket.

I am just a beginner in packing a lunch and find it
hard to make changes. All information on this sub-
ject will be thankfully received by me.

I hope this will meet with a ready response.

Chump.

WASHINGTON, DAVISS CO., INC.

Editor Woman's Department:

The ever noisy Fourth of July has passed out of
sight and I believe there were more patriotism and
powder used this year than ever before, and suppose
as long as science holds forth so many inducements
and so many new modes of using powder will be in-
vented, so, in proportion, will the amount of noise
be continued.

There are so many excellent articles in the July
number that I can sit and learn each one by heart
before giving up reading. I second every word Mrs.
Harper says in her editorial. It is surprising how
many mothers now a days bring up their daughters
in ignorance of household duties. So many have
come under my own personal observation that I can-
not wonder there are so many bachelors. Now a
great many girls of the present age aspire to marry
railroaders. Why should they not? The organiza-
tions have had much to do with making gentlemen
of the railroad boys, but at the same time the men
earn their wages by the sweat of their brow. They
are not millionaires, and yet I know of many a girl
that has married a workman before she knew
how to cook a steak, bake a loaf of bread or a bi-
cuit, and as to sewing, not knowing even how to
make a common calico dress. Now these girls think
that the men earn such good wages that they will
willingly pay for the making of all these things or
pay a servant to do it. The men of course have to
keep for the work, but in nine cases out of ten they
do not do so willingly. The average workman needs
a home where he can come to be comfortable
after his daily toil is over. What comfort can he get
if, almost before he is in, his wife says, "I want sev-
enty-five cents to pay the dress maker for my wrap-
per. Oh, yes, and one dollar to pay for making that
sateen shirt. Then, John, you may just as well
give me the fifty cents to give my washerwoman,
she will be here to-morrow." John hands out two
dollars and twenty-five cents that goes for things
that any average girl could do as well herself; but
instead of doing this she is from house to house gos-
siping, and where there is too much gossiping there
is always some lying. I may speak plainly, but I
could cite cases where such occurrences come within
my notice and not write from imaginary cases.
Just think of a woman who owns a sixty-five dollar
machine, keeps a hired girl, yet is too indolent to
make even her husband's shirts or the common
aprons for the children; yet is continually in hot
water from some misstatement she has made in re-
gard to some of her neighbors. I pity the husband
of that woman from my heart.

Will Mrs. W. W. Weaver allow me to give my way
of making bread and then the sisters can experi-
ment—my bread is as white as snow, too. I set either
Warner's yeast or Yeast Foam over night in the
usual way. Next morning when I see the yeast is
light enough I sift my flour, adding about two table-
spoonfuls of salt, one good tablespoonful of good
lard and half a teaspoon of granulated sugar. I never
knead over fifteen minutes; then the greatest secret
in good bread is to have your dough carefully cov-
ered so that not the least little bit of air can reach
it—I have a large tin which has a cover fitting tight.
After it has risen turn the sides inward to the middle
of the dough, thus pressing it gently down; cover
again and let rise to the top, then take it on the
board and cut it in sections and keep working each
section with the palm of the hand, put into your
baking pan and cover tight again; when risen to the
top then bake. Now there is not the least trouble in
this after you have got used to it, and your bread
will be sweet to the last bite. Just before you take
it from the oven glaze it over with butter if you
want it extra nice looking.

Ellen M. Stata, here's my hand, although you do
not agree with my opinion of cards. I expect the
Prince of Wales wishes he had been of my mind;
and the way ex-President Hamlin was called away is
a little in favor of my argument. Shandy Maguire
is all right; he means no harm. Mrs. Taylor, I saw
my mistake as soon as I had written my letter, but
you will allow the initials were enough to puzzle me
for a moment, my other friend's being J. V. Taylor.
Just as soon as I read in the *Railway Service Gazette*

the article suggesting Mr. Debs for President, I took it to our city papers to copy, which they readily did. So you see, Mrs. Harper, I was very busy making votes for Mr. Debs before the Woman's Department had time to second the motion. Kindest wishes to all. I am, as ever,

Mrs. Henry B. Jones.

[It would be much better if women could cast their own votes instead of going about trying to influence the men; do you not think so? The poem will appear in next month's *Magazine*. Your letter will be answered as soon as a few moments' time can be spared.—Ed.]

HOPE, IDAHO, July 15, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I was so much interested in the many instructive and entertaining letters in the *Woman's Department* in July's *Magazine*, I thought I would come again and tell something about this part of the realm. Hope is a small town, situated in Northern Idaho, and is the junction of the Rocky Mountain and Idaho divisions of the N. P. Railway. The town is built on the side of a mountain, near the base, overlooking the lovely waters of Pend DeArelle and its beautiful surroundings. The north shore of the lake is quite close to the base of the mountains, there being very little level ground and that little is utilized by the railway company for a round house, yard, hotel and other buildings. The population consists chiefly of railroad men and their families, with a few miners and prospectors. On account of the peculiar situation, one can get a good view of the town only from a boat on the lake, and that is a very pleasing one. The town boasts of only one street and many long, tiresome flights of steps. The one street presents all manners and styles of road building, there being trestle work, bridges, rock work and common mud pikes. Some parts are quite steep, but it serves to make an excellent toboggan slide during the winter. There is every style of architecture introduced in the building of the houses, there being from the common "shock" and log hut, with its mud roof, up to the nicely painted, well built, and cosy five-room cottage. Many of the houses have nice porches and verandas surrounded with lattice work, with hops and trailing vines growing all around them, interspersed with hanging flower pots and China hats with many kinds of flowers growing in them. I would suggest to the ladies, if they possess a China hat, to use it for a hanging flower garden, as they seem to be made especially for that purpose and they last so long and are very cheap. Many of the citizens, by walling up with rock (of which there is an abundance) and leveling off the ground, have nice little yards and flower gardens that look so pretty, with their many pyramids of stone, whitewashed, and flowers growing on top of them, and many queer shaped and unique flower beds and boxes, made of stone and roots painted in all kinds of colors. There is no church in the town, but the ladies, God bless 'em, have been giving strawberry festivals and societies to raise money to build one this summer, and I am pleased to say the contract has been let for the building, and the town will boast of a church in the near future. The credit and honor of this move belong solely to the ladies. The men were all very inactive and careless in the matter, while the ladies were untiring in their devotion to the cause and persistent in their efforts till sufficient money was raised for the building. There was a schoolhouse built here last summer, partly by subscription, and the residue was raised wholly through the efforts of the ladies of the town. What would we do without the dear ladies? The only trouble there is in this highly favored section, they are too few. There are two hotels, both operated by the railway company, one for the accommodation of the employes and one for the benefit of summer tourists and pleasure seekers, which is kept open only during the summer season. There was an athletic club formed here this week and they are using their best efforts to raise sufficient means for the erection of a building, to

consist of reading and bath rooms and a gymnasium and also to clear away and prepare a base ball ground near here. May success crown their efforts.

The absence of churches in this town and places where good and wholesome amusement is dispensed, has had a very demoralizing effect upon some of our young men and otherwise good citizens. But with the advent of the church and athletic club, with the pure and ennobling influence of the former and the good and wholesome effect of the latter, I look forward to a desirable change and a long looked for reform among some of our citizens. Many persons frequent gambling dens and saloons, for want of a better place to go. There being many without families and being away from home and friends they become careless and indifferent in their conduct and to the places they frequent. There is one blessing attached to the town, that larger and more pretentious towns are not always blessed with, and that is good, pure water. The water comes from a spring on the side of the mountain above the town, which makes it easy to bring into every kitchen by a small outlay for water pipes, and by having a reservoir sufficient pressure is obtained to use a hose to sprinkle the yards and walks, to say nothing of the safety during a fire, and the best of all, the supply is abundant and never failing. The one great attraction of the town and the one that commends itself to all lovers of the beauties of nature is lake Pend DeArelle and the lovely view obtained from every doorway in town. One seems to never tire gazing upon a scene.

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The lake is fed by the waters of Clark's Fork river, and is very deep and clear. It is about forty-five miles long, but its zig zag shore with its projecting headlands and numerous bays makes it difficult to determine its average width, but I believe about four or five miles is the mean average. The lake and its surroundings present attractions to suit the taste of the most fastidious. Its ever beautiful bosom furnishes a tempting field for the oarsman and yachtsman. Its waters abound in several species of trout, the most plentiful being salmon and mountain trout and several species of white fish, and for all lovers of the rod and reel it is a paradise. In many places its high, precipitous shore, which forms the base of the surrounding mountains, invites the daring and intrepid climber of cliffs and dizzy heights in search of specimens. Nooks and grottoes, are very numerous. Many tall mountains present themselves where one may climb to the regions of almost perpetual frost. Foot hills and small valleys present a field for all lovers of the mild eyed and timid deer, the grizzly bear, with his wonderful propensity to hug, and the no less succulent grouse and other small game, too numerous to mention. In the meanwhile the luscious blackberry and raspberry will invite his attention and tempt his palate at this season of the year. For lovers and those romantically inclined, it is a golden field, the calm quiet, moonlight nights, when one may take his best girl (if he has one to take) boat riding on the beautiful and shining waters, when every dip of an oar seems to make music, and every whisper is perfectly audible, to row among the many secluded nooks and dells along the shore or go onto one of the islands and take a stroll on land among the gravelly shore or take a stroll on land among the pines, where one may talk to the people in the seclusion. I say, if people are in the least romantic, if they don't fall in love they run a great risk.

Before closing, I wish to say I heartily endorse Mrs. J. H. Shannon's letter in the July number in every detail. Would some one kindly prescribe for "Alzetta." With best wishes for all, I am

Bystander.

[The *Woman's Department* returns thanks for this entertaining letter. The pretty mountain town seems rightly named and its description is most alluring to one who is surrounded by bricks and mortar, and the thermometer up in the nineties. What is it like in the winter?—Ed.]

VAN BUREN, ARK., July 21, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In looking over and reading both the Engineer's and Firemen's journals, I have often been tempted to write, but as I am not an accomplished writer or much of a society woman, I have been afraid to try my pen in that way. As my aim is to write something both good and useful, I am in fear I shall fail.

There are a great many ways to do certain kinds of work, and our aim should be to find the best way and then to do our best.

Just let me say the unmanaged husbands are, I believe, the best husbands after all. I think if we wives learn to manage ourselves and our household duties we will have our hands full enough to keep us busy.

Someone speaks of card playing. While I do not uphold gambling in any way, I would like to say a few words in regard to card playing. If you find your children inclined to play cards don't forbid them, for nine times out of ten they will play when you don't know it. Just get a pack of new cards and play with them, and while you play with them you can impress on their minds that it is not the cards that cause the trouble, but the abuse of them. I have found in other things as well as cards, that while taking part and explaining they catch the meaning, and your aim is accomplished almost before you realize it yourself.

The same in regard to strong drink. Teach the use, and at the same time the abuse, for it is the abuse and not the use of such things that causes so much woe and misery.

Another one says, teach the girls to cook. Yes, and teach the boys to cook, too. What different husbands we would have for our girls if the boys were taught not to despise a girl's work, and to think it was beneath them to wash a dish, set the table, cook a piece of meat or boil an egg. The more a boy does for his mother and sisters the more he thinks of them; provided he is not made to think he must do thus and so; then, in that case, the reverse is the result.

But I am writing too much. I will close with love and best wishes and a hearty God bless the railroad boys.

An Engineer's Wife.

KANSAS CITY, MO., July 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having established a reputation for "honesty," and having the assurance of at least one reader that she "enjoyed" my letter, I have decided to accept your kind invitation to call again. Not that I wish particularly to impress my views, however honestly they may be expressed, upon others, but simply to promote interest in this department and in the *Magazine* in general.

No, Mrs. L. H., we have no quarrel. We are only looking at the matter from different points of view. Your view is the one most frequently and loudly proclaimed before the world; mine the sentiment that exists down deep in human nature and seldom find a champion honest or sentimental, if you please, to declare its existence.

I admit that the picture you draw is not a pleasing one for more and weightier reasons than you give. My view is the one taken by the man who loves "for keeps." When he becomes engaged he does so without thought or suspicion that there will be any other termination to the engagement than wedlock or death. And in the latter event what more blessed recollections than those that come in dreams of after years even when the hair is tinged, aye, whitened by the touch of time, when he feels again those loving arms wound tenderly about his neck and the soft, warm cheek laid confidently against his own?

One sees again those earnest eyes, filled not with the unsteady gaze of doubt and distrust or the scintillations of sensual passion, but with a soul-inspiring good look that discloses no thought save that of perfect trust and devotion, and feels again the yielding form, every shred and fibre as responsive as the needle to the magnet, pressed to his heart in a full surrender to one of the most pure and commendable impulses known to our human nature.

In my judgment there are in this world few things more spiritual, and hence more pure, than the love of one man for one woman, and *vice versa*, and that, being so, no exceptions can justly be taken to such demonstrations, within the bounds of morality, as the interested parties may feel disposed to make. A proper time and place, of course, being always selected.

Too many homes have gone to deplorable wreck through too much "dignified modesty." Undignified gushing, if you please, was never begun after marriage. But I must desist. I have taken more space for this topic than I intended or its importance, perhaps, warrants. Remember that I was addressing my advice to a young lady who was engaged, and that with me means "business." Take a good survey of the situation and exercise your "dignified modesty" before you are engaged. After that leave the dignified off.

Before closing I want to say a few words about card playing at home. I do not believe that playing with the children at home has anything to do with making gamblers of them.

That my boy was drowned in attempting to recover a card blown overboard I should no more deplore than that he met a similar fate in an attempt to recover any other trifle. That he was a confirmed gambler I should most grievously regret. That parents are largely responsible for the bad habits of their children is doubtless true; but that they are aware how or wherein they are at fault in the matter of bringing up their children I do not believe. A man to be a gambler must possess a number of attributes that he does not attain in learning to play cards, especially if he is properly taught while learning. A confirmed gambler is seldom, if ever, honest in the game. He has no scruples about taking other people's property without making any return. He does not hesitate to lie or steal to win. He usually cares very little for his winnings after he has secured them. Another essential feature of the gambler is conceit. He, of course, thinks he is a little smarter than his opponent, and he is almost always superstitious. If you can bring up your children without these attributes they will never be gamblers. Now do you think that sitting and playing with them, with the game conducted as it can and should be, will produce in them these attributes of character I have mentioned? If you do the best you know how to bring your family up to be useful and exemplary citizens, and fail, you will of course be sadly grieved, but you have no cause for self condemnation.

With thanks for kind references, I desire to remain the b—b—ect,
"Friar Tuck."

[In a private letter to the Editor, the "Friar" states that he does not want the readers of the Woman's Department to know that he is married, as this fact will detract from the interest of his letters. For that reason we will say nothing about it, as his communications are very readable.—ED.]

MONTPELIER, July 19, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

From one or two articles in the July number of the *Magazine* it seems as though I have gotten myself into trouble with some of the lady correspondents and I hardly know what course to take to get out of it. I would get down and beg for mercy, but I know a great many of the women have made up their minds they never will forgive me, and you might as well try to dip the Mississippi river dry with a teaspoon as to try to get a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't. Therefore I do not think I would be very successful in obtaining mercy by begging for it.

I will have to thank Mrs. J. H. S. for her advice as to how a fellow should conduct himself to get a wife, for I am satisfied she knows by experience (through her husband), she says W. B. R. shows his ignorance by comparing a foreman and his men to a man and wife, as if a wife was hired for wages. I would ask Mrs. J. H. S. how many wives are there

to-day who are hired for wages and very poor wages at that? And how many are not hired for wages but are nothing more than the negroes used to be—*slaves*? I have not the slightest idea but that she could name a great many of them if she were so minded. Mrs. J. W. T. thinks W. B. R.'s letter in the May number an insult to all true wives while I think she takes the wrong meaning of it. No one should wear a shoe if it does not fit her. I hope no one will think that I had reference to any true woman, or meant to condemn all, as Mrs. J. W. T. says I did, for I know there are some good and true women, even in the village of Montpelier, as ever graced God's green earth. But how many women are there to-day going about trying to make childish Eves and silly Adams believe sin is sweet? How many an innocent girl do they not degrade into an evil minded woman? To how many a youth do they point out the narrow by-path as the nearest cut to a girl's heart?

Women have more power for good or evil than they think of. It is just when a man's character is forming he falls in love. Then the woman he loves has the making of him. I am sorry to say I do not think they always use their influence for the best. Their ideal hero is as "Once a fireman's sweetheart" said in the Montpelier Observer, "A conductor or engineer, and maybe a true hearted fireman, enchanted by love is lost to life and use and name." Women, it is with you more than all the preachers, to roll this earth a little nearer heaven. Be fair in mind and soul, as well as face, and men will glory in your service. Throw off your disguising cloak of selfishness and stand in the robe of purity, and there will be thousands of hearts that are now cold and indifferent, filled with love and respect for you. *Chronic.*

[Mr. Richmond evidently does not intend to be unjust to women but he has possibly some cause for bitterness. One of the hard lessons we have to learn is not to permit ourselves to be prejudiced by our own personal experience. When we have been deceived or betrayed by one we loved, it requires great breadth of mind and liberality of spirit not to say, "They are all alike and nobody can be trusted." An unprejudiced observation, however, will show that the majority of people are worthy of confidence and that treachery and infidelity are the exception. Let us cling to our faith in human nature.—Ed.]

LAREDO, TEX., July 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Perhaps you would like to hear from this part of the country once more. I have been waiting very patiently for some fireman's best girl to put in a good word for the boys, but it is the letter that never came. We have been warned time and again not to praise the boys so much, and I guess my letter won't stand any show, but I will trust to luck. I must tell the girls that Mr. W. B. Metcalf, Master of White Breast Lodge, No. 278, deserves the greatest praise, for he devotes all of his time to the great work of the B. of L. F., and is always on time at lodge, and does credit both by his conduct and personal appearance. He is in no way behind in exerting himself to render assistance to those in need. The only fault he has is that he is awfully bashful.

Boys, girls, do you ever think of your mother: of the one who gave so much of her life to supply yours, who has loved, cared for, watched over you, and prayed for you for years? Do you ever think how much we owe to our dear mother? None but God knows the watchful care of a loving parent who thinks of the dangers, the pitfalls, the temptations set all along the road of life. How we do wish that men would be good to women, that all husbands would be kind, loving and considerate to wives. Women need all the love they can have from husbands, for theirs is a load continually. We know

men who are cold, domineering and hateful to the one they should always be kind to and considerate of. We wonder that more women are not lost, that more divorces are not obtained, when there is so much abuse, neglect and selfishness. Not that all men are bad, or that all mean to be abusive, but some of them are so careless. When they "to you a-wooling come" see that your own heart is pure and filled with good intentions, drive out all of that terrible selfishness which fills the hearts of thousands as they give it welcome, to the making of other lives heavy and miserable. See that your lover is honest, that he is not a loafer with no object in life save to associate with thoughtless men. Look down into his life and if in it you find the germ of manhood it is no matter how poor he may be, for wealth may come and wealth may go but loving manhood endures forever, or until it is trodden upon, driven out and wrecked by that heartlessness that follows fashion. Trust the man who means well: give all confidence to the one you love, or give none. Men are too often what women make them. A good wife can make a bad man good if she will but try, that is, if his manhood be not entirely lost, and a heartless woman can make a good man bad if she drives him into the world for the love she promised to give. When you have a husband live for him, and he will in turn live more for you than for all the world beside. Such is the love of an honest man. Help him to economize, to provide a home, to beautify it, not alone with senseless objects for the eyes to rest upon, but with that heart-love and soul born care and caressing that will make almost any man a willing captive to women. Encourage his good intentions, know that he has a heavy load, dark hours and much striving, that he has to battle with all the world, and if he has a sweet reward at home he will battle bravely and successfully for you alone. Do as much to line his heart with velvet as he does to cover your floor with carpets, and if he be a man worthy of woman's love water never gushed from the rock when touched by Moses as will love and the truest affection leap and grow like a beautiful flower. Do as you would be done by and the good angels will carry your good intentions.

How I wish I could help Charley, in June Magazine, to select a good wife. I won't try to give one idea, but if the question were to judge a good husband I would be there. I would then tell what kind of a man I should pick, and what I would do and what he should do.

I have said more than I intended to, and so I will close. With host of good wishes for the B. of L. F. I remain
A Fireman's Sweetheart.

[Come again. Poem next month.—Ed.]

RADFORD, VA., July 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have just been reading the Magazine and as I haven't seen a letter from this place I thought I would write one. My dear husband is a fireman, and a braver, truer heart never beat. He always comes home with a smile on his face and is always ready to help me about my housework or anything I ask him and of course I try to please him and that makes us both happy. But oh! it makes my heart sad to think he is not a Christian. We all know that is the most important step in this life, for God says seek first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you. But my hopes are strong and I trust to God that he will soon turn from this sinful world and put his trust in Him who is able to save. My daily prayers are for his safety and protection while on the road. I try to be a Christian and have great faith in prayers.

Now a word in behalf of Ed. I believe you have earnest workers in your lodge and hope you may succeed; though you can do nothing of your own accord. You must trust in God to help you, and may His richest blessings rest on you as my earnest prayer.

A Fireman's Wife.

[A husband as good as you represent yours to be is certainly an example of practical Christianity. Do not worry about his belief.—Ed.]

THE SEQUEL.

"I would not marry a railroad man,
Oh dear me, no, oh no!
For I never could know what hour he'd come
Or when he'd have to go.
Besides, one never knows where they are,
Nor what pretty girls they see:
No, when I marry I want a man
Who will have no sweetheart but me."

She settled herself back haughtily,
And looked in her sister's face.
This elder sister smiled at her,
With a gentle and good-natured grace;
For she had married a railroad man
And had never had cause to regret;
So she minded not what this saucy miss said,
After all, she was only a pet.

"Charley is going to bring to-night
His fireman home with him, dear.
He asked him to come, he had quite forgot
That visit of yours was so near.
His mother has gone to the east, Charley says,
In about a month will be back,
And so he promised the anxious mamma,
That we would take care of her Jack.

"So now try to make the best of it,
And behave yourself as you should.
For though he is a railroad boy,
After all he may be good."
But this dainty miss shook her golden head,
"I'm very sure I shall soon tire
Of this railroad boy whom you call Jack,
This monster of soot and fire."

"For he'll always have black face and hands
Just like Charles, the impudent boy;
And to rub them over my clean face
Is to him the greatest joy.
Oh say what you please now, I don't care,
But I'm very sorry I come
Just when this fireman's mother
Went for a month away from home."

Well, she met this "dreaded monster" that night,
And as she slyly looked at him,
She saw his curly brown hair and mustache,
And the dimple in his chin,
But this hard-hearted girl would not own to
herself,

As the moon through her window shone bright,
That the handsomest boy she had ever seen
Was the boy she had met that night.

And Jack? Well now, cannot you guess,
That he certainly thought it his duty
To fall "head and ears" in love
With this young, golden-haired beauty.
So here's the end of my story. "This girl
Married a fellow who is 'oh, so dear,'
But 'tis not Jack the fireman,
For he's now an engineer."

Mrs. A. M. Coffenbarger.

DENVER, COL.

SIOUX CITY, IA., July 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

It is with pleasure that I look to the forthcoming of each monthly magazine, containing as it does much that is interesting and useful, and more especially do I look into the Woman's Department, where one can find such interesting household affairs, and also lively conversational topics. I noticed that one young lady, a fireman's friend, gave a very instructive lesson in last month's Journal, "on how to make over a last year's dress," giving a lesson as it were in the economy of clothing. I also noticed by a remark from the editor, that Mr. Theo. Ogden, of Chicago, had written an excellent sketch of a ball of S. S. Merrill Lodge, No. 188, but for a reason known to the readers, it was not in. Now I hope Mr. Theo. will not get mad but will write about something else, for instance on the subject of courtship. I am sure he could say something very pretty.

I am going to look for it in the next journal. I observed too, that a nice young man, at least I hope he is, asked advice in the way of how to judge a good wife, and I think it necessary that he should be informed, so maiden-like, I hither take upon myself the responsibility of telling him how he should detect a model wife. In the first place, my dear young man, when you behold a pretty Miss smiling on you with mischief lurking in those sweet smiles, her beautiful eyes with their sad depths of meaning, her lovely tresses arranged so as to throw a softened appearance over already lovely features, her dress so neat yet so attractive, I pray young man, pause ere you choose too quickly, for it follows that all women have a certain charm of loveliness around them whether they will make a model wife or not. Leaving these outward signs and coming down to the fine points wherewith you may choose rightly and with a certainty, first of all your ideal must not be possessed of too great an amount of common sense, but the deficiency must be supplied by a whole pile of U. S. Dollars by you when you take her for your own. She who is a good wife, never troubles her mind about the cares of the household, very seldom enters the kitchen, only when she has something important to tell the servants in regard to the getting up of a fine dinner, four o'clock tea or something of that sort, where particular instruction is required; although for that matter she could easily send for a first class cook, who could attend to all this and thus relieve his wife of this little work. Again, she is an excellent wife when at parties or sociables she is all gaily, entertaining and charming, but upon the least provocation she becomes cross, domineering and dangerous. Watch, my young man, those persons who are so dispersed, and you can readily see that such a person should be your choice. Now I have told but few of the many points wherewith you may detect your future wife, but these few will convince you that you are on the right road to matrimonial happiness. I know that the girls will sanction this testimony, so true in every detail, and with the hope that this advice may be taken kindly by this young man that asks for such, I will leave on the next lightning express for supper, and as I partake of my delicious repast will wish the B. of L. F. a bright futurity and heaps of success and the editor a long and happy life.

Yours, with best wishes,

Kitty.

HARVARD, ILL., July 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Having just received at noon the *Firemen's Magazine* and read almost all of the letters in the Woman's Department, I concluded to write a few lines. I will not attempt to give any of my ideas on the subjects the married ladies are contesting, as this is my first effort at writing. Nevertheless, I am greatly impressed by the earnestness and spirit with which the ladies discuss the subject, but I think it will best myself better to try and give a short description of the place where I live.

Harvard, a little city of 2,000 inhabitants or more, is just sixty-three miles from Chicago, the great metropolis of the Northwest, on the C. & N. W. Ry. It contains five churches, four manufacturing industries, a magnificent public school building, electric lights, well kept streets and splendid dwellings. An artesian well is being bored and two good hotels handy by the depot where meals are served and where hot lunches are ever ready for the hungry railroad boys at any time of day or night. If "Shandy" were to stop over for lunch I'm sure he would get an "Irish stew" that would make him forget Mrs. Maguire and the twins for the time.

I am very much interested in the poetry written by "Shandy." Mrs. Nellie Bloom and Geo. W. Hall, and on opening the *Magazine* the first thing I look for is the verses from those poetry-making persons.

I was very much interested in a bit of history written by Ellen M. Stata, and hope, as the editor does, she will write again.

I will now close, for perhaps I have already made it too lengthy. With kind regards for all, I remain
A Fireman's Cousin,

Mad.

SEATTLE, WASH., June 27, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The interest excited by the article on the financial value of housework, and by several of the letters in the June number, is my excuse for writing so soon after my first venture and before I know whether that has been accepted or not, and whether one is allowed to write so often. I liked the article very much indeed and want to ask if you don't think the time has already come when "girls hesitate to sacrifice a life of independence for the dependent position of a wife." I am sure I have seen nothing in the lives of the wives I have known, to tempt me to give up my work and pay for a life like theirs. There are now so many occupations open to women that every girl can find employment suited to her taste and strength and by means of which she can earn a comfortable living for herself and, perhaps, help her family. Then why marry when all she can expect in exchange for this independence is a life of never-ending work and worry, with as much pay for it as her husband "chooses to give her." But every girl hopes to have a home of her own some day and the making and keeping of that home implies for her much work and care, for which she should receive more than merely a shelter, her board and what is absolutely necessary in the way of clothing, and that given to her, perhaps, with much grumbling. It would not be at all romantic, but at least sensible, for young people to arrange their financial affairs before marriage rather than after, when, if your husband is going to be selfish, you can't help yourself. I would like to send the three or four pages I have written about this, but am so afraid of being left out and will be so disappointed if I am not admitted to your circle.

I hardly think that W. B. Richmond would really like to have women adopt the masculine style of dress. Dress reformers have invented many garments which, if used, will be found to be just as healthful and comfortable for the ladies as the clothing of men is for them.

What an instructor in the art of courting "W. I. F." would make. I hope he will write again. As a critic he is all that could be desired.

If my letter were not already too long, I am sure I could give "Charlie" all the information he desires.

Very truly yours, *Marie F.*

[Of course married life has some compensations that cannot be measured by dollars and cents, but the future woman will require much more of an equality in the partnership than is extended to the women of the present. We welcome our new correspondent.—Ed.]

SYRACUSE, July 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Well, well, what a gloomy Fourth of July we Syracuse people were subjected to. It rained incessantly the greater part of the day. All our pleasure trips, boat rides and family picnics had to be abandoned for indoor amusements, and although the paper stated there were "forty seven" kinds of noises in the air all at once, and no one but a deaf and dumb man could hear himself think, in our part of the city it was very quiet and, had it not been for the occasional booming of cannon and the small boy's fire-cracker, I should scarcely have realized it was anything but a rainy day. It gave the Odd Fellows that are gathering here for the grand canton rather a wet reception. They are here without number and still pouring in from all quarters of the globe. It is the International Encampment of the Patriarchs Militant and will be an event the like of which this city has not seen in many years. It is estimated that Syracuse will be called upon to furnish meat, drink and beds for about 100,000 during the week's encampment.

Syracuse is a beautiful growing city and at one time closely nestled in the valley with the Onondaga hills rising on either side, but is rapidly spreading over the hills and stretching itself away to the east and west, till in a short time it will compete with

some of the larger cities of the Union. It has beautiful lake and summer resorts, fine schools and churches and, as I stand on the top of the hill and count the many spires pointing heavenward, it calls to mind a remark when a child, that Syracuse was such a wicked city. I wonder if it is so very different from other cities. I have not seen very much of its wickedness. There are the good and the evil, go where we will. There is much more good than bad in this life. Better to search for the good than the evil although it seems to be the most natural for the human family to point out the faults and conceal the virtues. How many families have been deprived of each other's society for years, yes, and even been broken up entirely on account of the little harsh words that grate on the heart and brain. Life is short; at the longest it is but a little while and we shall be called to render an account of all these hasty words and actions. Let us be kind to each other while life may last, be it long or short; kind to the young and kind to the old, kind to the aged mother who sits by our fireplace. The bloom of youth has faded from the cheek we love so well, and the hands that smoothed back the tangled tresses and lulled us to sleep when our little bodies were racked with pain and disease, have nearly finished their work. Oh, how we ought to forget self and deprive ourselves if need be, to give comfort and happiness to the aged ones, whether they be under the roof that shelters us or in the home where their loved ones have come and gone, and thus made home such a sacred place. It is no wonder the loftiest hearts have been tuned to sing "home, sweet home."

We can not fail to see that the shadows of the approaching evening of life are slowly gathering over mind and heart, shadows that cannot be dispelled, and in a little while mother will be singing with the angels on the other shore. So let us be kind and patient, so that down in the recesses of our heart we can feel when all is over we have done all in our power to make her last days happy. I know the space in the *Magazine* is limited, but as I sit here alone, children asleep and everything quiet my pen flew so fast I scarcely realized I had written so much. Since last I wrote my fireman has taken the right side, so I cannot sign myself a Fireman's Wife, but my heart as well as his is with them still.

Yours, truly, *Olie Blanchard.*

[A good letter. Come again.—Ed.]

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., July 10, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I have not had the pleasure of seeing No. 430 represented I will try and introduce this lodge. We are in our infancy yet, although we have several members. They are of that class of men that like to see everything moving on in this century of progression. Martinsburg is one of Virginia's old towns, has about 9,000 inhabitants, is situated on North Mountain, has a very healthy climate. The people are of a kind, benevolent and religious sort peculiar to Virginia. The old church is standing in the south part of the city where General Banks had his men during the war. The Winchester pike also runs through here on which Sheridan had his ride.

Since I have been here I had the opportunity of seeing Harper's Ferry, which is about 20 miles away. It is a very small place situated on the Potomac river and is the proud possessor of that historic building, John Brown's fort, which is a brick structure of small dimensions, with heavy iron doors. There still stands at one end of the building a cannon but I believe that the fort at present is occupied as a stable or at least it looked so to me. From the Ferry you can look just across the river and the mountain is so high that the wild goats look no larger than cats. The mountain is almost perpendicular on one side but the goats seem to experience no trouble in ascending. Down the river a little ways is the Government bridge, which is a beauty in itself. It has three tracks—two railroad tracks and a wagon road, which has a toll gate in the bridge.

I will endeavor next time to describe Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, the father of our country.

Edna Rogers.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ten years to-day, I remember it well,
 'Twas the day mother bade us a long, last farewell.
 Six children survived her, all were there, father,
 too,
 Though desolate our hearts felt, 'twas better, we
 knew
 That from misery and pain, she at last might be free,
 For heaven and home, with her Saviour to be.
 She prayed and longed for: it was granted at last,
 From this life, with its woes, to a better she passed.

We have drifted apart many thousands of miles
 And changes have come, with the march of time.
 I've wondered as often my thoughts back would
 stray,
 Did they too think of mother, and remember the
 day.
 She was quiet and patient, her words were but few,
 After all words are fruitless, without virtue too.
 Her life was so simple, so earnest and pure,
 That the influence shed o'er our lives, still endures.

Sleep in peace, mother dear, thy race was well run,
 We'll cherish thy memory, till our journey is done.
 May the children which gathered around thee to
 take

The last look on earth of thy dear loving face,
 Greet thee first in the land that is fairer than day.
 Where the tears by God's hand have been all wiped
 away.

To rest where the Saviour's own face is the light,
 In that home, eternal, celestial and bright.

Mrs. C. I. Miller.

EAGLE BEND, MINN., July 15, 1891.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., July 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been thinking for some time I would like to see something in the highly appreciated *Magazine* from our town, but have been disappointed so far. The B. of L. F. has been recently organized at this place, and I suppose they all like myself, feel somewhat backward in making the attempt. I enjoy the *Magazine* very much. Some of the letters are real interesting while others are right amusing, especially the editor's remarks.

My husband is a fireman and a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and thought my letter might be allowed to occupy just a little bit of the Woman's Department.

Knoxville is a flourishing town. It has quite a lot of churches, I think of most every denomination; it would be rather tedious to mention all and two or three of a kind of a great many of them, but to say there are as many good people in proportion who go to church as there are churches, I couldn't say, for the Bible tells us to judge not. Shops and factories there are of every kind I suppose that could be mentioned from railroad shops down to blacksmith shops, furniture factories, shirt factories, candy factories and broom factories, rolling mills, marble mills, flouring mills, woolen mills, cotton mills and so on I couldn't tell how many more. Of course I couldn't think of them all at once for my mind is rather scattering unless I hear a train whistle and a bell ring that sounds familiar and then my mind is right there.

Knoxville has electric cars, horse cars, and dummies. We can go anywhere in the city without walking, that is if we have only got the money, but of course it comes in right handy to walk sometimes when we don't feel too lazy and save that little bit of money with which we could have had such a nice ride on the cars.

Money is quite an object in this world of ours, for without it we could scarcely manage to live. While our husbands work hard and earn the money we wives should use all possible means to work and save all we can, so our husbands won't become discouraged and say, "Well, I work hard and earn all the money I can and I can't see what becomes of it or where it goes." Poor man! I am so sorry for any man that toils day after day and never has anything to show for it.

When health will permit I do my own washing, ironing, cooking, house-cleaning, and care for the

little one who is all the time piling playthings here, yonder and everywhere. It makes it real hard sometimes doing all the house work alone but I struggle on, as I see there is quite a saving by me doing so. I so often hear the remark made, "I am going to do so and so or have something, the money goes anyhow, so I don't care," but if we will only hesitate one moment and think, "Well, if I don't try to do my part and make my husband's earnings go as far as possible and save up a little what would become of us if he should get sick or hurt or maybe killed, or some of the family get sick?" I think it is our duty to do our part as best we can and encourage our husbands, and I am sure the husband that is a good husband will do his, and all will be well at the end.
 A Fireman's Wife.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., June 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a reader of your *Magazine* for nearly seven years but have never seen a word written about this city. My husband is a member of Lodge No. 12, Buffalo, N. Y., also a member of the Engineer's Brotherhood Division, No. 446. He is an engineer on the Atlantic & Pacific R. R. and his run is from here to Winslow, 286 miles west. Their average pay is \$160 a month.

The city is situated on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande river. Farther east is a level tract of land thirteen miles broad called the Mesa. Then the Rocky Mountains rise to an elevation of seven thousand feet. On the western bank of the river are three extinct volcanoes. The river is never clear, always muddy. The population, as taken last summer, was 10,000. There are eleven churches, two daily newspapers, four public schools, a Methodist College, a Congregational Academy, a Catholic Academy, and the Territorial University, water works, gas works, telephone system, electric light, both arc and incandescent, horse cars, two national banks, two private banks, a large number of wholesale houses. There are a good many Mexicans here. There is also a tribe of Indians thirteen miles south of here called the Pueblos.

Three other families and ourselves went on a camping out expedition. We went 76 miles on the cars, then 20 miles up the Pecos river in wagons. We took tents, bedding and provisions, stayed about ten days. One of the men caught a trout fifteen inches long and others nearly as long. We were at an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet. Twenty miles north of there is a mountain covered with snow the year round. As quick as the sun went down we had to build a big camp fire to keep warm. I guess this letter is a little too long now and as my little ones want dinner I will close.
 Mrs. G. W. P.

P. S.—After writing this I looked through some of the *Magazines* to see if you had asked to have any one write of the cities where they reside.

[Yes, we like to hear of our correspondents' homes, especially when they are in new parts of the country of which little is known.—Ed.]

ATLANTA, GA., July 2, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am going to say something that will make some of the good sisters hold up their hands in holy horror, viz: I went to church last Sunday, the first time since last August. No, it is not because I was sick, but simply because I live in a town where it is not proper or good style to carry babies, and I will not leave mine at home. Last Sunday I went to a "Hardshell meeting" and there were seven babies out at church. Now, here in town that would have been monstrous. It was in the country and when one would get to crying all you had to do was to take it out doors and let it get cool. I wonder how many readers of this have ever been to Hardshell or Primitive Baptist church. The Gospel is preached there free to all. They are the only preachers I know who preach simply from their love of God. They ask and receive no salary at all and often quit work and go several miles to preach. But they shine out in all their splendor on communion days, which

days are in May and August. Then they gather and carry dinner and have a good time. They have what no other church I know of has, and that is foot-washing. All hail to those noble men who preach simply from their love of the Saviour. But I did not intend to preach, for I am not like the majority of women of to-day. I do not believe in women preaching in public and voting and all such as that. If they will rule their household well they will not have to preach and vote. Women who have children and a house to look after do not have much time to spare.

Here is a receipt for a plain cake. Five eggs, two cups sugar, four cups flour, one cup butter (if strong butter is used, three fourths of a cup is enough,) two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and a half cups of sweet milk or water. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the yolks of the eggs well beaten, then the flour and powders, next the milk or water, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. It makes an excellent cake.

For yeast to make light bread the following is a good receipt, but the yeast must be kept in a warm place and where the wind will not blow on it. Take as much warm water as you think you will want yeast, say one cupful, into this put two spoonfuls of meal, a little sugar and salt, sweet milk about half the amount of water, and thicken it to a good batter with flour. If water rises on it after it has set awhile, add a pinch of soda and stir it up well. It makes a good pone of excellent bread. With best wishes to all,
Mrs. A. A. Muner.

[We must always consider the rights of others. A mother would, perhaps, better be deprived of the sermon than that the minister and the whole congregation should be disturbed by a crying baby, but surely there could be no objection to leaving the baby in good hands for one hour each week. Cannot our correspondent give us some better reason for her objections to women preaching and voting than that they should look after their home and family? Some women have no home and family.—Ed.]

MARQUETTE, MICH., July 20, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

For some time past I have been interested in reading the *Magazine*, especially this department. It is an excellent idea to exchange thoughts on those subjects, so dear to every woman's heart. In this way we often come across some bright idea that we never thought of.

I agree with "H. C. P." in part, as to the moral education of children. I have read the article referred to and deem it excellent. But I am afraid H. C. P. has made a greater error in a far more important direction. It undoubtedly shows more presumption than broad enlightenment to put on human spectacles and criticise the sweetest words ever spoken—the gospel of Christ. The very fact of His coming on earth and suffering His ignominious death on the cross shows His infinite love, kindness and charity. "As the Father hath loved me, I also love you. Believe me and trust in my mercy." Can human reason ask greater proof of His wondrous love for man than this earnest plea?

Thomas a Kempis, whose great wisdom and judgment we must all acknowledge, says that our curiosity is often a hindrance to us in reading the scriptures, when we wish to inquire and discuss when we ought to pass on in simplicity. "If thou wilt derive profit, read with humility, simplicity and faith, praying to Him who dictated it to enable thee to understand, to relish and to practice it. For men pass away but the truth of the Lord abideth forever."

No, "H. C. P." I am afraid that one "Engineer's Wife" lacks what all the wealth of the Orient and the wisdom of the ancients could not bring her—the peace and love of Christ's holy gospel. To be able to kneel beneath the shadow of the cross, to listen to the comforting words of our blessed Saviour, be-

fore whom the bright winged angels veil their faces in speechless adoration.

I would like to give one instance of a lady holding a public office. In our city of 11,000 inhabitants, we have a woman at the head of our schools. We never had a more efficient superintendent, and I never met a more perfect lady than she. Now, will Sella please give her reason for thinking that a woman should not hold a public office? Please don't give a woman's reason, "Oh! because." Be more definite.

Now, dear Editor, if you will pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable space, I promise it will be my last offense.
Elsie.

[By all means come again, and observe the rule to send your own name.—Ed.]

GLADSTONE, MICH., July 4, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I think I told you in one of the last winter *Magazines* that when the fireman married his little blue-eyed sweetheart I would write the editor of the fact. Well, here is the item:

MARRIED—This morning at nine o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. —, amid the well wishes and hearty congratulations of friendship. They took their departure on the 10 o'clock train to spend their honeymoon elsewhere.

O joyous, happy and content,
Should live the wedded pair,
And as life's varying scenes present,
Their joys and sorrows share.
Not all the joy that wealth imparts
Nor home, nor honor gains,
Equals the bliss of kindred hearts
Where love and friendship reigns.
A Fireman's Mother.

[The Woman's Department extends congratulations, but regrets that it does not know the names of the newly wedded pair or the parents.—Ed.]

WHEN WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS.

Balzac has said that a woman of 30 is at her most fascinating and dangerous age, and it is, indeed, true that all women famous for power over the hearts of men, from Cleopatra and Helen down, were nearer 40 than 20 when at the zenith of their power. Perhaps the secret lies in the simple fact that the woman of 20 must be pleased, while the woman of 40 tries to please; and the older woman's power consists not, as has been so often said, in understanding and making the most of her own charms, but in comprehending and with happy tact calling out and making the most of the good qualities of the man whose favor she seeks. A man admires a clever woman, but he enjoys himself better with a woman who makes him feel that he is clever. He likes being entertained for a little while by a well-informed woman, but he enjoys much better the happy tact which makes him believe that he is entertaining the well-informed woman and telling her a great many things that she never dreamed of. And the woman a man likes best is not always the one who is the most brilliant, but the one who has a happy knack of discovering the subject he talks best on, and is well enough informed to listen intelligently and draw him out with happy queries until he is astonished at his own brilliancy.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

FACTS ABOUT FEDERATION.

The *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* has from the first, with such ability as it could command, championed federation.

The principle is axiomatic. The mere statement that in "unity there is strength," is one so self-evident, that argument would, were it possible, weaken the proposition.

In all of the labor organizations there is not a man so demented as to deny the central truth that in organization, united effort, there is conquering power.

Federation is simply carrying the power of organization to its uttermost limit. It is organization's *Ultima Thule*.

There is no longer debatable ground relating to the proposition.

The difficulties in the way are entirely separate and apart from the question of the power of federation.

In federation there must be co-ordination. The federated bodies must be co-equal.

If this supreme requisite is not recognized, then the federation becomes a farce, which, instead of conferring power, breeds confusion and calamities.

But to constitute federation a success instead of failure, to give it power instead of weakness, there must be an honest recognition, on the part of each constituent body, of the co-equality of every other constituent body, just as in Colonial federation, Rhode Island and Delaware were the co-equals of Virginia and Massachusetts.

Again, in federation there must be the recognition of mutual interests to be guarded, protected and promoted. If this is not done, then *ab initio*, federation is a failure, more, it is a calamity.

Moreover federation is Democratic, it is not autocratic, aristocratic, nor plutocratic. It recognizes absolute equality, based upon mutual interests, and not upon numerical nor financial strength; as for instance, in Colonial federation, a colony with 50,000 population was equal in the federation to a colony with 500,000 population.

It must be assumed, in federation, that

there is an equality of intelligence, integrity, and honor, self respect, loyalty to obligation, and of all things of good report among men. Manifestly, this must be taken for granted, since no power can determine anything to the contrary until the facts develop the lack of such essential virtues.

Coming to the federation of Railway employees, such an organization is a failure if one organization assumes that it is, from any cause whatever, superior to any other organization in the federated body. Such an assumption is necessarily fatal, since it totally ignores the prime essential of federation—the protection of mutual interests.

If, therefore, one organization assumes superiority because of its larger membership, or larger wages *per diem*, or of its greater importance to the railway service, it can never federate with other orders of railway employees which it regards as inferior; or if it were to consent to federation and should demand a controlling influence, proportionate to its assumed superiority, thus discarding co-equality and mutual interests to be protected, it would be a death blow to federation.

Federation, then, to be a success must recognize the co-equality of the federated bodies.

Federation to be a success must have a congress or a council with delegated powers by which and through which its power may be exerted, and this congress or council must be constituted by the representatives of the federated orders, and these representatives must be equal and clothed with power to enact rules for their government.

In the Supreme Council of the Federated Orders of Railway Employees the principles we have outlined were carried into effect.

Co-equality was established and maintained. No power was assumed not clearly delegated by the orders represented, and in the exercise of these powers great good resulted.

But, says some one, the SUPREME COUNCIL got into trouble and serious calamities have befallen it. That is true. But we assume that no eye but that of omnipotence could have foreseen the trouble, no hand but that of omnipotence could have guarded against the calamity.

To censure the SUPREME COUNCIL, to intimate that it could have known of the treason that invaded its ranks is to assume that fallible man can penetrate the future and foretell coming events; more, that one man may read the thoughts and know the purposes of another man. Had this Godlike power been conferred upon George Washington, Benedict Arnold had not committed treason.

Now then, with every fact before them, we challenge the most astute foe of federation to point out wherein federation, as es-

tablished under the SUPREME COUNCIL, has committed an error in the organization of that body of representatives indicative of a want of caution and an honest purpose to do right.

The trouble that has come upon the Supreme Council is as foreign to federation as was the treason of Arnold. It in no regard involves federation.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen stood as high for intelligence and integrity as any order of railway employés on the continent, and only God himself, who reads the thoughts of men, could have been aware that conspiracy lurked in the hearts and minds of any of its chosen representatives.

The poor drivelling comments made by feeble minded scribblers, relating to the SUPREME COUNCIL, are totally unworthy of consideration, and will so be regarded by men who have the capacity to comprehend honest endeavor, to map out a highway for the relief of men when wronged and oppressed.

THE UNION MAN, THE NON-UNION MAN AND THE SCAB.

This Magazine has not hesitated in the past to go upon record with regard to the three classes of workingmen named in the caption of this article—the union man, the non-union man, and the scab.

We do not hesitate to say that the union man is preëminently the superior type.

In discussing the superiority of the union workingman, it is not required that we should assert that he is necessarily the most skillful, that he is a man of superior integrity, more honorable and a' that, but his superiority is manifested in the fact that he has a profounder conception and a broader comprehension of the needs of workingmen and of the power of organization to secure and maintain their rights.

The union workingman is essentially a philanthropist. His work is not entirely selfish, it includes the welfare of others, not only immediately but remotely. He lays the foundation of structures designed to protect and shelter future generations. His high ambition is to educate men to a realization that all laws and institutions which in any wise detract from the rights and privileges of workingmen are to the last degree vicious, and should be discontinued. The union workingman is a student of conditions and of the causes which underlie conditions. He is forever asking the reason why of things as they exist. If there is peace and prosperity in the ranks of workingmen he discovers the reason why, and approves. If there is poverty, oppression, degradation, unrest, discontent and strikes, he would know the reason why; he would find the cause and remove it. He would agitate and protest. He would arouse public attention. He would

carry the case into courts, into legislatures, into Congress, and everywhere battle for the right. And here it should be said if in the world of labor there is to be seen any advance in the condition of the toiling masses, it is by virtue of the work of union men. The credit wholly belongs to them. They are the men who have battled and bled, they are the men who have gone down when the enemies of labor triumphed, they are the men who made the sacrifices and suffered, but when they triumphed, when they obtained an advance in wages, when they reduced the hours of toil, when they bettered their condition, and could live in better houses, have better clothes and more abundant food, they were not the only ones benefited. No; then the non-union men shared in the advantages, in the gain, in the profit, and all workingmen shared in the good secured.

The non-union men, the men who stood aloof from the organization, who were wanting in courage, who would make no sacrifice, never contributed anything to advance the welfare of workingmen. Nor will they ever have any part in the upward movement of the toiling masses or be in any way helpful to them.

They are not always content; they would have things improved, they would like to obtain better wages. They are not without ambition, but they are wanting in courage. They lack spine. They are willing to drift with the current. They are inert and irresolute, and without always designing it, they are on the side of those who oppress labor, rob it of its rights and disgrace workingmen.

If, in the ranks of organized labor, there are exhibitions of hostility to non-union men, the reason for such opposition and repugnance is easily explained, but its justification is not thereby established; in fact, it is quite clear that when this animosity is carried to the extent of denying employment to non-union men, it is clearly indefensible, and can never have the sympathy nor the approval of the public.

The absolute right of a workingman to join or not to join an organization cannot be questioned, and the proposition to impose any penalty whatever upon this exercise of prerogatives is so definitely at war with every rational conception of justice, that the mere mention of it carries with it its condemnation.

No citizen, inspired by any rational conception of justice, can be told that union men are denied employment because they are union men, without expressing indignation for the outrage, and only the avowed enemies of labor will be silent when such a wrong is perpetrated.

Men have an inalienable right to organize, to form unions and Brotherhoods, and to

impose any penalty whatever, directly or indirectly, because of the exercise of this right, is an exhibition of czarism that should find no advocates in the United States of America. But the wrong has been inflicted time and again, and is still the policy of many employers.

On the other hand, to decline to join a labor organization is a right as absolute as the right to join such an organization. About this there can be no question, hence it follows, to impose any penalty whatever, directly or indirectly, for the exercise of this right is a wrong in all regards as flagrant as in the first case cited. There is no escape from the conclusion. In both cases the principle is fundamental—disregard it and confusion follows.

How stands the case? In the first place employers refuse to hire men because they are members of labor organizations and in the second place labor organizations, animated by the same species of hostility seek to deprive non-union men of their right to work because they are non-union men—forgetting that their maledictions upon employers for refusing to employ them can be, with equal propriety, leveled at them for doing, to the extent of their ability, the same wrong.

In both cases there have been victories. Employers have ostracized union men and union men have been able, occasionally, to put non-union men under the ban, and in both cases there has been public disapproval, but the severity of this censure has been more pronounced against labor organizations than against employers, because working men profess to be deeply concerned for the welfare of labor—and when they seek to exile non-union men from work they are at once in flagrant antagonism to their professions.

In this connection, the term *scab* should be properly defined, and it should be clearly understood that non-union and scab are *not* synonymous terms—but when a union man refuses to work with a non-union man he practically makes them equivalent. The injustice is glaring and never has, and in the nature of things, never can be conducive to the interests of organized labor.

It will not do to reason that because scabs are non-union men that therefore all non-union men are scabs.

A scab is a degenerate workingman. He is devoid of principle. These are general propositions and will hold good.

Are there exceptions? It would be strange indeed if there were not, but our purpose at this writing is not to point them out, it being sufficient, if we succeed in awakening reflection and creating in any degree a more rational conclusion on the part of union men relating to the status of men who stand aloof from labor organizations.

Manifestly they ought to cast their lot with those who in storm and shine are battling for the welfare of laboring men. To win them by suasion, by ocular demonstrations, by appeals to their manhood is full of hope, but to inflict penalties for what may be considered obduracy is the climax of bad policy. It is to widen the breach and cultivate enmities. It plays directly into the hands of those whose ambition it is to prevent unification of working men and perpetuate oppression.

THE UNIVERSAL NUISANCE.

All organizations of workingmen are subjected to one misfortune; none are exempt. It comes sooner or later. It is not usually serious—simply annoying—a nuisance. It has been found utterly impossible to guard against it. It is found in the church, in all benevolent organizations, brotherhoods, clubs, guilds, unions, of whatever character. In all lands and climes human organizations are subjected to the same nuisance—annoyance, infelicity—and to make matters worse there has been discovered no way to get rid of the nuisance. It possesses inordinate "stickability," as Sam Jones would say. Does some one inquire what this universal misfortune is? We answer, the Kicker. There he is: look at him; measure him, weigh him, estimate him, put him through an examination, analyze him, and he will simply be a kicker, a misfortune, an annoyance and a nuisance. When others want to go ahead he pulls back; when others are full of confidence, he doubts. The *Stationary Engineer* takes up the question of the Kicker and discusses it so thoroughly and in such happy style that we cannot do better than make an extract for the benefit of our readers. "The Kickers," says our contemporary, "are prone to imagine that what is new to them is new to others, forgetting that studious or older men have perhaps heard of such things before. They, as a rule, are loud in their admiration of the 'practical' man, using that adjective with a meaning not recognized by the compilers of lexicons—in fact, they mean *working* man when they say *practical*. They are the men that invariably vote with the minority and think they are accomplishing wonders, and fancy they do it from a stern sense of duty; that they make a great mistake never occurs to them, they are so fully filled with egotism that it is impossible for them to know that the sensible pity them, while the judicious grieve. These men get into voluntary associations, and then exhibit their "kicking" propensity to the top of their bent. They always take the wrong side of any question that may come up, and if debates ensue, the less they know of the subject, the longer they will talk, until called to order, and when that is done, they cry

out "the gag law is in force." They are the men that, when they find that the sensible majority will not endorse measures that they present, at once talk of "cliques," "hired votes," and an intention to "withdraw," "surrender charter," and make various threats that have no weight, and attract but little notice. In fact, the Kicker is an unmitigated nuisance, and should be suppressed in some way, but how to do it is not clear to many. We have heard of a few cases where bodies of sensible men, tiring of the ignorance, conceit and intense cussedness of this class, have by the adoption of a resolution passed by a two-third vote, backed by a president who could do right without rule or precedent, and a stalwart sergeant-at-arms, made an assembly very happy and comfortable."

Such is the "Kicker," as understood by our contemporary. The picture is not overdrawn, the annoyance is not magnified, the characteristics of the "Kicker" are not exaggerated. The Kicker's mission is to pull down, not to build, to pull back, not to push forward. He impedes rather than expedites. His influence is always demoralizing. Nothing is more certain, than if he sees a good thing he will kick it or kick at it. He is a fault finder, not a path finder, an affliction well calculated to test the courage and patience of his associates. The *Stationary Engineer* suggests a remedy for this Kicker affliction, which it may be worth while to consider. It is the passage of resolutions as follows:

WHEREAS, J. T. Q. has been a member of this assembly for fourteen months, and has done nothing for its prosperity or the advancement of the cause it represents, but has on all occasions opposed the measures the majority decided were necessary, and would conduce to the good of the order, and although he has been regular in his attendance, and has paid all dues and assessments, yet we find that his presence at our meetings does not add to the strength or influence of this order, that on the contrary, he makes the majority uncomfortable, impedes business, prevents many of our best members from attending, who are tired of hearing his conceited, pointless talk, based entirely on ignorance and overweening vanity; and that the future good of this order cannot be expected if he remains in it, and demands his expulsion; therefore be it

Resolved, That J. T. Q. is hereby expelled from this assembly, and that his name be stricken from the rolls of our order, and that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to remove him at once from this room. That all other branches of this order be notified of this action.

It will be conceded that the remedy is heroic, robust, but it would remove the annoyance. But in these days of reformatory effort, it might be well for organizations to have a "kicker committee" whose duty it should be to labor with the "kicker" and seek his reformation before proceeding to the g. b.—which means the "grand bounce." In many instances, doubtless, the "kicks" could be removed and the "kicker" made a valuable member of the organization. Manifestly, mild remedies should be re-

sorted to first—gentle, persuasive arguments, if these prove fruitless, suspension for a time might be tried, and then if the kicker is still determined to kick, the grand bounce could be administered, and the kicker given the great outside world in which to kick until the time arrives to hand in his checks as the last kick is given. The subject is eminently worthy of consideration.

ROBBING WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

The statutes grade crimes all the way up from a chicken thief to the indescribable demonized wretch who is guilty of matricide, and the statutes determine the penalty in each case when the culprit is found guilty.

But there are unwritten statutes—laws written in the consciences of men, unchangeable and irrevocable—and to each a penalty is attached—a penalty worse than imprisonment, worse than death. Such crimes grow in hideousness the more they are contemplated. They exhibit depravity from which there is no redemption, a hell born and a hell nursed wickedness, known only in hearts in which honor, truthfulness, virtue, decency are not tolerated and are forever exiled.

It will not be difficult for the average reader to catalogue such crimes, to recall such criminals. We have neither the inclination nor the space to print the list, but we want to say just here, that defaulting Collectors and Receivers in the lodges of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are the robbers of widows and orphans. They are the meanest of all robbers; sneak thieves of the lowest and most degraded type; miscreants without one redeeming trait, who deserve to be scourged through the world with whips of fire.

It is eminently worth while to paint a picture of such a defaulting scoundrel—such a vile villain. The task is difficult; language is inadequate; colors are wanting; we are half disposed to abandon the undertaking. But however unpleasant the job, we feel it to be a part of our duty as editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*. We should like to know if there is pigeon-holed in the archives of hell a more detestable crime than robbing widows and orphans.

We do not know, because we have failed in our reading to see it recorded in the history of reptile or beast, where anything from a garter snake to an anaconda, from a tom cat to a tiger, lived by stealing from the weak and unprotected. There are man-eating tigers and man-eating lions; there are sheep stealing dogs and lamb devouring wolves; spiders that sing invitingly to flies to come into their parlors, but all these reptiles and beasts are gentlemen compared with the man who would steal from widows and orphans. And that is just what de-

faulting Collectors and Receivers do who collect money of Brotherhood Firemen and refuse to account for it.

Of all the trusts committed to our Brotherhood, not one is as sacred as the obligation it is under to widows and orphans. It is impossible to overestimate the binding obligations which rest upon the order, and upon each individual member of the order. It is the divinity of our principles—a trust of which it may be said, heaven and earth combine to give it dignity.

In the machinery of the Brotherhood members must be intrusted with the duty of collecting, receiving and accounting for the money required to meet the great obligation the order is under to its widows and orphans, and if these turn traitor to the trust, then the glory of the Brotherhood departs—its sun goes down in a cloud.

The question arises, can this robbery be stopped? We think it can. The law of the order provides reasonable security against robbery.

The laws provide that Receivers shall make a report at the first meeting in each month, and that Collectors shall make their reports at the first regular meeting in August, November, February and May. These reports are to be examined and approved by the Board of Trustees. It is, in a large measure, owing to a neglect of these requirements that irregularities occur. If the officers of lodges fail to do their duty demoralization must be expected, but such neglect of duty in no wise mitigates the crime of defalcation on the part of Collectors and Receivers.

The funds in their custody should be sacred, and though officers may neglect their duty, and though the laws of the order may not be faithfully observed, still, such things in no sense condone the crime of theft, nor relieve the scamp who appropriates the money from the damning weight of guilt which his crime richly merits.

It is of the greatest possible importance that this thing of defalcation on the part of Collectors and Receivers should cease, and the members of the lodges should demand that the laws in such cases are faithfully executed. As for the thieves, let their names be published and wherever the miscreants go, let them be made to realize that they are vagabonds, outlaws, unworthy to associate with honest men.

JOHN A. HILL, Editor of the *Locomotive Engineer*, in enclosing \$1.00 for the Robinson Monument Fund says: "Every engineer in America has been benefited by the sacrifices of Wm. D. Robinson and should consider it a privilege to contribute a mite to this fund. We are not ungrateful—we are thoughtless."

KEEP IN GOOD STANDING.

Locomotive firemen, members of the Brotherhood, know exactly what it is to "keep in good standing." The term is wonderfully suggestive. When it is said of a member of a lodge, "he is in good standing," it is an indorsement of the highest value. We would like to have each member of our Brotherhood give the subject a half hour's consideration. "Good standing." "Keep in good standing." What is good standing? In our grammars we have positive "good," comparative "better," and superlative "best." Good standing is first to see that one is square on the books of the lodge. If he is not he knows the consequences. If his dues and assessments remain unpaid, if this essential to "good standing" is disregarded, there may come a time when it will result in a calamity to those who are to the firemen as dear as life—wife, children, mother. When a fireman mounts to his position in the cab, and the train begins to move, does he know that he will come back to his loved ones alive? He does not. Is he not therefore profoundly interested in the matter of "good standing" in his lodge? If he falls at his post, goes down in the wreck, what becomes of those dependent upon him? If the dead fireman was in "good standing," if his dues and assessments had been paid according to the laws of the order, if he had been watchful and mindful, and had been careful to meet the obligations of his membership, in due time \$1,500 would find its way to his desolate home and the widow and the orphan would realize that the husband and father had thought of them and provided for them. And on the other hand, if the fireman had neglected to meet his obligations, and was found not in "good standing," then the widow and the orphan in sorrow and in tears would bewail their fate. But it so happens frequently that the friends and neighbors are ignorant of the standing of the fireman whose death all deplore, and as the \$1,500 is not forthcoming, they charge the non-payment upon the Brotherhood, greatly to the injury of the order, since to vindicate the Brotherhood would be to advertise the fact that the dead brother had neglected his duty, thereby increasing the poignancy of the grief of the relatives. Taking this view of the case, and we submit that it is eminently a rational reflection, the duty of firemen to "keep in good standing" is placed beyond the limit of prudent debate. We invite our readers to give the subject their careful consideration. Indeed, it is a subject that may be prudently discussed at the fireman's home, and the wife and the prattling children may ask husband and father if they are in good standing.

Admitting, for the argument, that "good standing" means simply being right on the

books of the lodge, there is still a "better" standing. The member who pays dues and assessments and always attends the meetings of his lodge when he can do so, is a better member than he who simply pays dues and assessments and neglects the meetings of his lodge. Again, the member of the lodge who is always square on the books, who attends the lodge meetings on all occasions when it is possible, who takes a deep interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of the Brotherhood, who works for it, talks for it, and is willing to make some sacrifices to promote its growth and influence is the "best" fireman. He works, he does not kick nor croak. He inspires confidence. He is never despondent. He throws doubt aside. He advances. Such are the "best" firemen. Such is the universal verdict. It is not a difficult matter to keep in good standing. And no fireman should mount his cab without knowing that he is in good standing. There is too much at stake to tolerate neglect or forgetfulness. Let the watchword be "I am in good standing," and let all bear in mind that the ascending grade is positive "good," comparative "better," and superlative "best."

ONE OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Possibly there are those who would decide that a student of the "signs of the times" is a crank—a strange sort of a being, innocent and harmless, afflicted with mental infirmities, whose vagaries afford the stronger minded amusement. If the self-sufficient critic does not take that *chute* he will doubtless assume a dictatorial role and pronounce the student of signs as a dangerous lunatic who ought in some way to be silenced or locked up.

Some years ago a favorite method of silencing students of the signs of the times, who dared to tell what they had discovered, was to torture them—make them deny their honest convictions, or if they were stubborn kill them. In such cases there were always conflicting signs of the times; a sign that thought was awakening, and that ignorance, superstition and bigotry were in alliance and on the alert to place obstacles in the pathway of Truth and maintain the bondage of Error. History is prolific of illustrations. The dead past is alive with them, and the present, so full of life and energy, is nursing and warming into maturity reptilian vices to make the future as repulsive as the past.

Nevertheless, there are signs of the times which inspire hope. The signs of the times relating to physical or material advancement were never so numerous or so encouraging as in the living present. In all of the continents and islands of the earth the battle cry is "Onward!" There

is no longer a *terra incognita*. The "dark continent" has been explored. We know the source of the Nile and of the Congo. Steadily, ceaselessly, the armies of civilization with bibles and bullets are offering savage tribes the alternative of submission or extermination. The forests and the jungles are disappearing. The hosts of civilization, with guns and banners, are marching to kill and to make alive. Everywhere there is a highland of vision, upon which, even with the naked eye, there can be seen the majestic strides of the conquering hosts. In the mountains and in the sands, where the Infinite Creator stored the precious metals and the precious stones, excavations are going forward and wealth is piled up until arithmetical numbers tire in the task of expressing sum totals. The march of physical empire is sublime, such as prophet nor seer never told. They did not see the signs of coming events. Visions of the present and of the far more interesting future were hidden from them. We of to-day see more in an hour than Methuselah saw or dreamed of in all of his nine hundred and sixty and nine years. We see signs of the times in the midst of all our prosperity and progress, which in numerous instances are productive of alarm, but there is one sign of the times resplendent with hope. Like the Star of Bethlehem, it points to where redemption lies, lowly born, perhaps, but even in its infancy and obscurity giving promise of redeeming power. It is found in the wide open discussion of truths—a discussion that will not down at the bidding of any earthly power. Free thought is to be neither dammed nor damned from this time forward while the stars shine. It is to wage eternal battle against error in all its forms. It is to assert itself in government, in religion, in education, in finance, in industries, and in commerce—in all things relating to man's welfare. It is to attack with iconoclastic fury antiquated dogmas, old, rusty, worm-eaten creeds, every form of bigotry and superstition, and the "gates of hell" are not to arrest its onward march.

In this connection we introduce what Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan says of a "giant evil," in the June *Arena*:

There is a crime which has run in wild unbridled career around the globe, from the most ancient recorded time, beginning in barbaric tyranny and robbery of the toiler, advancing with the power and wealth of nations, and flourishing unchecked in modern civilization, sapping the strength of nations, paralyzing the conscience of humanity, impoverishing the spirit and power of benevolence, stimulating with alcoholic energy the mad rush for wealth and power, and making abortive the greater part of what saints, heroes and martyrs might achieve for human redemption. But alas, such has been its insinuating and blinding power that it has never been opposed by legislation, and never arrested by the Church, which assumes to obey the sinless martyr of Jerusalem, and to war against all sin, yet has never made war upon this giant sin, but has fondled

and caressed it so kindly that the pious and conscientious, believing it no sin or crime, have lost all conception of its enormity, and may never realize it until an enlightened people shall pour their hot indignation upon the crime and the unconscionable criminals.

This crime which the world's dazzled intellect and torpid conscience has so long tolerated without resistance, and which antiquity admired in its despotic rulers, splendid in proportion to the people's misery, is that misleading form of intense and heartless selfishness which grasps the elements of life and happiness, the wealth of a nation, to squander and destroy it in that ostentation which has no other purpose than to uplift the man of wealth and humiliate his humbler brother. That purpose is a crime: a crime incompatible with genuine Christianity; a crime which was once checked by the religious fervor of Wesley, but checked only for a time. Its criminality is not so much in the heartless motive as in its wanton destruction of happiness and life to achieve a selfish purpose.

That squandering wealth in ostentation and luxury is a crime becomes very apparent by a close examination of the act. There would be no harm in building a \$700,000 stable for his horses, like a Syracuse millionaire, or in placing a \$50,000 service on the dinner table, like a New York Astor, if money were as free as air and water; but every dollar represents an average day's labor, for there are more toilers who receive less than a dollar than there are who receive more. Hence the \$700,000 stable represents the labor of a thousand men for two years and four months. It also represents seven hundred lives; for a thousand dollars would meet the cost of the first ten years of a child, and the second ten years would be fully repaid by his labor. The fancy stable, therefore, represents the physical basis of seven hundred lives, and affirms that the owner values it more highly, or is willing that seven hundred should die, than his vanity may be gratified.

This is not an imaginative estimate. A thousand dollars would save not one but many lives in the Irish famine. It would save more than a score of lives in New York, if diligently used among those who are approaching the Potter's Field, which annually receives eight thousand of the dead of New York. It would establish, if invested at seven per cent., an institution that would permanently sustain educating to a virtuous manhood, two hundred of the waifs gathered in from the pollution of the streets, sending forth fifty redeemed ones every year. When \$700,000 is squandered, such is the amount of human life destroyed, by destroying that for want of which the benevolent are unable to stay the march of disease, of crime, and of death.

The thought of snatching food from the starving, or turning out half-clad men and women to perish in the wintry snow, excites our horror, but which is the greatest criminal, he who for avarice destroys one family, or he who in riotous ostentation destroys the means that would save a hundred lives? Does the fact that they are not in his presence, or may be a mile or two away, change the nature or results of his act? And does his accidental possession of the basis of life authorize him to destroy it?

It will not be denied that the national conscience is torpid. The purpose is to arouse it, vitalize it, open its eyes and intensify its sensitiveness, and bring about a revolution by the power of reason, of argument and of truth.

A revolution is inevitable. It requires no soothsayer, nor yet a Daniel, to interpret the signs of the times, and the prudent and the hopeful cling with unrelaxing tenacity to the one sign of the times, the attacks which Truth is now making upon the strongholds of Error for redemption, without which pent up wrath will eventually burst through all barriers and overwhelm the nation in disasters which no man can contemplate without a shudder.

THE B. OF L. E. "JOURNAL" AND DeLAW-CRIMISM.

The accredited editors of the B. of L. E. *Journal* are P. M. Arthur and H. C. Hays. These editors have sought to impress the readers of the *Journal* that they are a pair of sublimated mortals, totally incapable of saying aught that could be construed as offensive to "sister organizations," or any of the members of such organizations.

In the editorial department of the *Journal*, when any reference at all was made to questions relating to "sister associations," the editors were certain to plume themselves that they indulged in no personalities—that they believed in "brotherly love," "loving thy neighbor as thyself," "fraternal feelings," etc., to the end of the chapter of hypocrisy.

The fact is established beyond controversy, it is known to all the brotherhoods of railway employes, that under P. M. Arthur's editorial control the *Journal* never had a generous word to say of any "sister association." It maintained an attitude of "impassiveness." One of the great propositions announced by the chief editor in referring to other organizations was that "they should mind their own business," that "he wanted no entangling alliances with them." At one time he declared that "the B. of L. E. was capable of taking care of itself; that it never had, and while he was Grand Chief, never would cooperate with any other labor organization," etc., etc., through all the utterances indicative of a cold and selfish policy, so pronounced and unjustifiable that it became the common talk of the members of the B. of L. E., and was scathingly denounced by D. J. Brown, a prominent member of that order, in a masterly address at San Francisco, an address so much in the nature of an exhortation, that the *Journal* sought, editorially, to parry the blows of Mr. Brown, and in doing so only made its editor the more ridiculous.

The editors of the *Journal*, by their sanctimonious utterances, have sought to make it appear that they are too sublimated to use abusive epithets towards others, especially towards the editors of other labor publications, declaring that such expressions were productive of "hard feelings" and engendered strife, and upon such topics they have rung all the changes possible, and have succeeded, doubtless, to some extent in palming off such stuff as genuine conviction, their manifest purpose being to array their readers against the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*.

There is an aphorism that "a lie answers the purpose of truth until it is crushed," or words to that effect.

Now, we propose once more to gibbet the editors of the B. of L. E. *Journal* before the world. We will again strip the masks from

behind which they have played their game of vulgar hypocrisy.

For at least five long years the editor of this *Magazine*, at all times and in the ways most conspicuous and honorable, sought to advance the interests of the B. of L. E. by championing its acts, glorifying its record and publishing the addresses of its Grand Chief. Kind and generous words were lavishly spoken and every conceivable expedient was employed to create and maintain pleasant and harmonious relations between the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F. That is the record of the *Firemen's Magazine*, in proof of which its pages will speak for themselves.

During all these years, the *Engineers' Journal* was as silent as a paving stone. Not one word glowed upon its pages indicative of a purpose to recognize the B. of L. F. The young Order was studiously, persistently and everlastingly ignored. But notwithstanding the cold, callous policy of the *Engineers' Journal*, the B. of L. F. grew, expanded to such proportions as to create alarm in the mind of the Grand Chief of the B. of L. E., and then began another policy so fruitful of love for "sister associations," the enactment of laws calculated to embarrass and degrade the firemen's brotherhood. More than any other man, more than all other men, the editor of the *Engineers' Journal* was responsible for every offensive, obnoxious and degrading law enacted by the B. of L. E. against the B. of L. F.

At New Orleans, when the writer hereof was the accredited representative of the B. of L. F., and the bearer of fraternal greetings, Grand Chief Arthur's declarations were such as to make the lasting impression that coöperation, fraternal relations and any recognition of equality was totally out of the question, and then steadily the laws of the B. of L. E. became more obnoxious and exclusive.

To change the attitude of the B. of L. E. toward the B. of L. F. to effect the repeal of certain laws that were a menace to fraternal relations, became the duty of the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*, and it is enough to say that he gave himself to the task and that his labors in that direction were attended with satisfactory results.

From first to last the editor of this *Magazine* never uttered one word derogatory of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and whoever asserts to the contrary is ignorant of the facts or is guilty of flagrant and malicious falsehood. All that was ever said related to laws and policies which were designed to humiliate the B. of L. F., and here it should be said, that as soon as the great body of the B. of L. E. comprehended the wrong done the B. of L. F., the obnoxious laws were changed.

We now take up the evidence of the duplicity of the editorial management of the B. of L. E. *Journal*. They, as we have shown, have deplored personalities, epithets, etc., because such things were calculated to create "hard feelings" and estrange brotherhoods. If they were sincere in such professions, would they not restrain their correspondents in indulging in what they denounce as unbecoming? Why should these pharisaical editors hold up their white hands, call attention to the "impassive" dignity of their policy, profess to keep their pages clean and permit their correspondents to beset with their vulgar epithets and innuendoes other portions of the *Journal*? This they have done repeatedly and their August issue overflows with such filth.

But the question arises just here, is the billingsgate credited to correspondents that of correspondents? On the contrary, is it not the utterances of the editors of the *Journal* themselves, and are not fictitious names, dates and places given to cover up the low, base-born duplicity of the editors of the *Journal*?

Who, for instance, is John R. DeLancie? Is he not H. C. Hays, one of the editors of the *Journal*? Is not the name of DeLancie used as a covert behind which the editor lies in ambush and lets fly his malignity at the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine*? Is there anything in the whole realm of journalism as degenerate and contemptible as this sort of business? Does not a paper that will resort to such disreputable methods forfeit all claim to confidence or respect and deserve to be scorned of honest men? Is this knavery in journalism not practiced by the editors of the *Journal* that they may claim exemption from the charge of blackguardism while squirting their filth over the names of men who have no existence?

When the editors of the *Engineers' Journal* point to their editorial department as exempt from billingsgate, we invite the reader to turn to such cesspools of filth as appear over the signatures of DeLancie and others, and to remember that they are the productions of these self-same dignified and "impassive" editors.

In this we have the exact character of the editors of the B. of L. E. *Journal*, and a standard by which to measure and weigh them.

We quote from DeLancie, *alias* Hays, as follows: "Personally, I believe that Mr. Arthur has never committed an ungentlemanly act against Mr. Debs." Is it a gentlemanly act to make a personal attack on a man who is a thousand miles away and has no chance to defend himself? That is exactly what Mr. Arthur did to Mr. Debs. At the Denver convention of the B. of L. E., over which he presided, Mr. Arthur took occasion to eulogize the grand officers of the

B. of L. F., excepting Mr. Debs alone, whom he singled out and viciously assailed, the purpose being to have it appear that the latter had done him and the B. of L. E. incalculable injury. Of course Mr. Arthur was applauded in the household of his friends and Mr. Debs was set down as lacking in every essential of manhood and honor. From the DeLancie standpoint this was doubtless a very gentlemanly act, but from any manly point of view it was an act of cowardly detraction which it would be difficult to properly characterize.

As was to have been expected, Mr. Debs, when he heard of the outrage, called Mr. Arthur to an account, inviting him to repeat the accusations at some place where he might have an opportunity of defending himself. This Mr. Arthur never did and never will do. And then began the talk about Mr. Debs creating "hard feelings" between the B. of L. E. and B. of L. F., and this puerile gabble has been kept up, to obscure the real issues, ever since.

Just here the editor of this *Magazine* desires to put upon record the fact that he has never assailed the B. of L. E. *Journal* nor its editors without overwhelming provocation, nor has he ever made a charge or allegation against either that was not absolutely true. In this we challenge contradiction.

What we have had to say we have said openly and frankly where everyone could hear it. Nor did we seek to evade the responsibility of our utterances by playing DeLancie. It may also be worthy of remark in this connection that we have never found it necessary to slander and vilify the editors of the B. of L. E. *Journal* in our private correspondence with members of the order. Do the editors of the "impassive" organ see the point? Using a stiletto at long range and in the dark, while preaching "love thy neighbor as thyself," is not our way of creating "good feelings" between the two brotherhoods.

The editor of this *Magazine* avers that the entire responsibility for the "hard feelings" which have existed rests with the B. of L. E. *Journal* and its editors, and he is prepared to prove it beyond all question. We challenge the *Journal* to point out one statement we have ever published with reference to the B. of L. E., the *Journal* or its editors, that is not an absolute verity. Will the *Journal* do it? If this is not agreeable we are willing to meet the whole editorial staff of the *Journal* before any audience of Brotherhood Engineers and Firemen anywhere in the country and give them an opportunity of proving what they have so often asserted, that the editor of the *Firemen's Magazine* has made untruthful and unwarranted statements in reference to the B. of L. E. and its grand officers, thereby estranging the two

brotherhoods of locomotive men. We will speak by the record, we will produce incontrovertible proof of every proposition made, and if we fail to make a clear case and secure an overwhelming verdict in our favor before any body of engineers and firemen in the country, we will publish an unequivocal apology to the editors of the *Engineers' Journal* and retire forever from participation in labor organizations.

We will now briefly discuss another phase of DeLancieism. Why should he prate about "paid editorials?" Do the editors of the *Journal* seriously desire that proposition discussed? Would it not be more becoming men who can't write half-way decent English to remain silent on questions relating to literary capability? Have any "paid editorials" ever appeared in the *Engineers' Journal*, or, rather, has an editorial ever appeared in its columns written by either of its editors? Would the editors like to have some of their "paid" editorials pointed out? Is not such journalism the height of vulgar impertinence? Is this a specimen of the "impassive" policy of the *Journal*?

Literary infirmity is always to be pitied, but when stupid and malicious scribblers, whose orthography is a series of bad spells, and whose punctuation is of the house-fly order when decorating ceilings, vault into the arena and assail those who are incomparably their superiors, they deserve the casting they are sure to receive.

Before closing we desire to introduce a sample statement from another correspondent(?) in the *Engineers' Journal* for August. The writer says (page 728) that it has been stated "that the *Firemen's Magazine* during the past year has lost 2,000 subscribers and \$2,000.00 in cash."

The present circulation of the *Magazine* is 33,000 copies per month—4,000 copies more than last year at this time, and larger than ever before in the history of the order. The report of the Board of Grand Trustees, just issued, shows that instead of a loss of two thousand (\$2,000) dollars there has been for the year a net profit on the *Magazine* of nine thousand and fifty-four (\$9,054.71) dollars and seventy-one cents.

Further on the same writer says:

Notwithstanding this bad showing the directory at San Francisco increased his (Debs') already princely salary instead of meeting this deficiency, as they should have done. To my mind it would have been more in keeping with the condition of affairs if the representatives had decreased his salary instead of increasing it.

First, it should be remembered that the committee on salaries reported an increase of salary for Mr. Debs, against Mr. Debs' objection. For proof of this, the chairman of the committee, now Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, may be consulted.

Second, the records of the Grand Lodge

show as follows: Mr. Debs received as salary for the first year he served the brotherhood \$1,000.00, and during the same year he expended \$1,100.00 for clerk hire; for the second year he received \$1,500.00, of which he expended \$1,300.00 for clerk hire, so that for his first two years' salary, the most trying and exacting years in all his service, he received *net* \$200.00, or \$100.00 per year. His average salary for serving in the capacity of Grand Secretary and Treasurer and Editor and Manager of the *Magazine* for ten years, up to the San Francisco convention, was \$1,960.00 per year, and during this time he was under a bond for \$75,000.00, good at its face value anywhere, to guard the order against any possible loss, nor has the order ever sustained the loss of *one cent* during his entire administration.

Now compare this *princely salary* with the salary, responsibility and bond of any grand officer of the B. of L. E., and let us have the result for the edification of our delegates, who are so densely ignorant as to their affairs and so feeble-minded that a member of another order is required to lecture them upon their extravagance and rebuke them for their folly and stupidity.

We introduce these statements as a fair sample of the balderdash and mean mendacity that is emptied into the pages of the *Engineers' Journal*, an organ of professed "purity" and "dignity," that never, no never, permits its columns to be defiled with anything offensive to a "sister organization."

Several pages of this sort of rot appears in the *Engineers' Journal*, and this is supposed to be a reply to an article which appeared in the June issue of the *Magazine*, in which we stripped the drapery from the chief editor of the B. of L. E. *Journal* and presented him to the world in his true light. Should anyone care to read it, it will be found on page 539, captioned "Facts vs. Opinions." It is history, correctly written, and not an allegation therein contained can be successfully controverted.

The article, doubtless, blistered like fire, stung like a cat-o'-nine tails. It afforded us personally no pleasure to write it. It was simply a duty we owed to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and when a duty of that kind is to be performed, we hew to the line.

It is well understood that the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. E. *Journal* are not one and the same. The B. of L. E. has in it thousands of honorable men, men of fraternal feelings, men of brains, who are in sympathy with all labor organizations, among whom the editor of the *Magazine* is proud to know he has hosts of friends, men who are satisfied that the *Journal* ought to be in the hands of men too honorable to stoop to DeLanceism to shield themselves from merited scorn and contempt.

B. OF T. CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers is to be held at St. Louis, beginning September 14th and a large attendance is expected. As matters of vital importance are to be considered, the friends of the order are looking forward to the approaching convention as one upon which will largely depend the future prosperity of the brotherhood. The B. of T., notwithstanding it is one of the youngest organizations in the field of organized labor, has accomplished enough to warrant the prediction that it will develop in numbers and expand in influence until it will take rank with the most advanced labor organizations of the times.

One of the propositions to be considered is consolidation with the Order of Railway Telegraphers. It appears that the members of both organizations favor consolidation, but they have not been able to agree thus far, as to the terms upon which this is to be effected. The *Magazine* hopes that this subject will receive the careful consideration its importance merits and that by mutual concessions and arbitration means may be devised to unify the two orders. This accomplished, friction will disappear and the work of organization will go forward until the telegraphers of the country united and invincible will be able to secure fair pay and fair play which has so long been denied them.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE S. M. A. A.

Active preparations are being made by the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association for the holding of their sixth annual convention, which is to meet at Philadelphia on Monday, September 21st. The order now has 160 lodges and of these it is expected that not less than 145 will be represented. A special committee is now at work revising the constitution. Some radical changes are to be made, the old constitution having been outgrown, being no longer adequate to requirements. The proposition to hold biennial instead of annual sessions is also to be considered. Many other matters of vital interest to the organization are to be brought forward and the delegates will doubtless be taxed to the full capacity of their resources to perform the arduous and onerous duties that will devolve upon them.

The S. M. A. A. has done a noble work in the past and we hope that the deliberations of the coming convention may be such as to vouchsafe to the organization still further victories and a larger field of usefulness in the future.

It is stated that the number of passengers carried daily by all the railroads in the world average 6,500,000. For 365 days the total would be 2,372,500,000—and as yet railroading is in its infancy.

THOUGHT TO BE DEPLORABLE.

The Chicago *Times* published some time ago an article deploring the universal lack of knowledge concerning American history. It says:

Of 12,000,000 American electors how many have read the constitution of the United States? Of 4,000,000 residents of Illinois how many are familiar with the provisions of the fundamental law of the state? Of more than 1,000,000 Chicagoans how many are acquainted in a general way even with the act under which the city is incorporated? There are 63,000,000 inhabitants of America, some of whom make loud professions of patriotism and perform a ghost dance when they give the star-spangled banner to the breeze. Of these how many are sufficiently acquainted with the history of the republic to name off hand the president in a particular year? What fewer number would be able to lucidly explain the salient differences presented in successive presidential campaigns or give the names of defeated candidates in chronological order?

An outline of American history is a text book for common-school scholars, but the hard conditions of life make it necessary for many, indeed most, boys to quit school and commence the struggle for bread before the text-book would be reached in the ordinary course. Whether or not they read soberly thereafter depends upon their own desire for the possession of solid information. Lack of knowledge of the history of the republic is by no means confined to Americans who have been denied opportunities of study. The failure is common. Twenty-five reporters were sent out in a single day in New York city to ask representative business men these simple questions: Who was president of the United States in 1840? in 1849? in 1850? in 1852? in 1860? in 1865? in 1870? in 1875? in 1885? in 1889? The result was amazing. Very few correct replies were given. Some persons regarding the questions as impertinent concealed their information or their ignorance by refusal to answer. Among those who replied incorrectly were C. M. Depew, Mayor Chapin of Brooklyn, and Russell Sage. These men may have poor memory for dates and yet be possessed of the substantialities of history. The test may not be regarded as altogether fair, yet it showed in the wildness of some answers marvelous ignorance of a simple chronological succession easily fixed in the mind. Start with Jefferson at the beginning of the century, bear in mind the two term presidents, the death in office of Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, and Garfield, and the rest is easy to any one who can recall the order of the presidents.

The point relating to the organic law of the Nation, of States and Cities is well made. Citizens should be familiar with the text of such documents. Practically it wouldn't amount to much if they were committed to memory, since it requires the ceaseless study of lawyers to decide what they mean.

So far, in the history of the country, law-makers have utterly failed to make themselves understood. No sooner is a law of any importance enacted, than the question is sprung, is the law constitutional? And when the test is applied by the Supreme Court, nothing is more common than decisions that the laws are unconstitutional.

Strange as it may appear, it is not more strange than true, that unconstitutional laws which are null and void from the beginning, are permitted to remain on the statute books as constitutional, until some one decides to test their constitutionality. If declared unconstitutional, the particular case upon which the test was

made is thrown out of Court, but in all other cases the verdict is permitted to stand, though the law was unconstitutional, and *ab initio* void.

With such environments and entanglements, the man who has read constitutions and charters and is so familiar with them that he can repeat their provisions is very little better off for his knowledge, than the man who never read such mysterious documents at all.

Books which propose "to make every man his own lawyer," every man "his own doctor" and "preacher," do well enough until one or the other of the professional gentleman is wanted, when the man who thought himself equal to the occasion, is likely to admit that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

The *Times* is of the opinion that Americans should know the names of the Presidents of the Republic, from Washington to the present time, several of whom have been great men, particularly the first four—George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison—and it would be well for every American youth to know just why they were great men and worthy of remembrance.

It is well enough to know that James Monroe and John Quincy Adams were Presidents. James Monroe was a revolutionary soldier, and possibly had some claim upon the American people on that account, but John Quincy Adams, while a man of distinguished ability, found his chief claim to the presidential office centering in the fact that he was the son of his daddy, John Adams.

All Americans know that Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, and one of the most conspicuous figures in American history. His fame was world wide before he became President. A patriotic and successful General, his country owed him a debt of gratitude which it sought to pay by making him President. In this his countrymen made no mistake. His courage and his patriotism saved the Union in its first great peril, and he was the first Chief Magistrate to comprehend the danger to American institutions, by protecting a nest where plutocrats were hatched.

Who knows or cares much about Martin Van Buren, or for his immediate successors.

Wm. Henry Harrison had some reputation as an Indian fighter, and was borne into office on a tidal wave of song and parade, and John Tyler, who was Vice President, and therefore an accident, went into the office of President and out of it the same representative of moderate abilities.

Zachary Taylor, was another President, made so solely upon his success in a single battle, to die in office, and to be almost totally forgotten in less than fifty years, ex-

cept as old Rough and Ready, the hero of Buena Vista.

Millard Fillmore, made President by the death of Taylor, secured immortality as cheaply as it was ever bestowed upon mortal man, and then lent his influence, such as it was, to help the Know Nothing bigots.

Nothing could be more interesting than to assign some rational reason why Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan were made Presidents, or to point out some act that lifted them one inch above thousands, who, whether right or wrong, were esteemed statesmen.

No one has been able to tell why Abraham Lincoln was elected by the American people for President. Many reasons have been assigned, but they fall short of a satisfactory explanation, and now, in the estimation of cool headed men he was the *only* man in the nation that could have steered the ship of State in the stormy seas she was required to sail. His successor, Andrew Johnson, another accident President went out of office a smaller man than when he entered it.

Everybody knows that Ulysses S. Grant was President, and they know the reason why—and they know that the great officer in no sense added to his fame, which, like Washington's, had filled the world before he became President.

Only in a general way is it known why Rutherford B. Hayes was made President, and though still living, is almost forgotten.

The elevation of James A. Garfield to the Presidency places his name in the roll of the immortals, and his tragic death gave him monumental fame, but his successor, Chester A. Arthur, another beneficiary of fate, like John Tyler, Millard Fillmore and Andrew Johnson, is remembered because recorded, but awakens no interest.

Grover Cleveland survives, and being still regarded as Presidential timber, is kept in view by the press—and certainly all men know that Benjamin Harrison is now Chief Magistrate.

What of all this record? Not much, aside from the fact that Chauncey M. Depew is put down by the *Times* as one of the men deficient in historical knowledge of his country. The press reporters ought to have sounded him on labor questions, such as strikes, Knights of Labor and Pinkerton thugs, "tunnel" disasters, and Judge Van Boodle, who thought Chauncey, though a director of the N. Y., N. H. & H., didn't know enough about the business to be responsible.

Talking about what a man should know, it may be said that first of all, he should know his business thoroughly. A certain amount of information and knowledge can be obtained by looking on, by close observation. Still more by asking questions, the reason why? and then by doing the thing.

In this way a man may learn to fire and run an engine.

If with this he is content in these times, he will *never get on top*, or, if he does, he will find himself, after a while, pushed off—crowded out, forced down. In a word, a man must study—become thoroughly posted in all matters concerning his trade or calling.

It is eminently proper to be familiar with American history from the landing of Columbus to date, and the task is neither difficult nor expensive. It is well enough to know as much as possible about constitutions and Presidents, parties and politics, to be familiar with governmental affairs; but, above all, a locomotive fireman should study engines and everything pertaining to their management. In doing this he will acquire a taste for study, and if ambitious, he will find still higher places than the throttle for the display of his abilities.

THE OUTLOOK FOR LABOR.

Is it true that labor, and only labor, creates wealth? If it is not true the time has arrived when some *savant* should answer in the negative, and support his denial with such proof as honest men would accept as worthy of consideration.

If it be true that labor, and labor only, creates wealth, then it is true that labor pays all revenues, all tribute money, all taxes (but another term for revenue), debts of every description, individual, corporate and national.

Here we dismiss the "if," all words implying uncertainty, and assert, challenging contradiction, that all wealth is the product of labor, and that without labor not another dollar of wealth would be produced within all the boundaries of the earth.

We do not deem it necessary to introduce illustrations to prove an axiom. If there are those who believe something exists other than labor that produces wealth, we shall be glad to give them a hearing in the *Magazine*.

Of all men profoundly interested in questions relating to the production of wealth, the workmen of the world stand at the head, and hitherto of all men they have been the least thoughtful in such matters. They have had no voice. Like the coral they have builded and died; like the silk worm they have spun their task, leaving the wealth they create to others who did not spin, and those who controlled the product accumulated fortunes, rolled in luxury or squandered their wealth, totally regardless of the toilers.

This wrong, self-perpetuating, has been going forward since the tribes began to build Babel in the plains of Shinar, and will continue until the sun rolls in space a dead orb, cold and dark, unless workmen shall

beat it down by the majesty of their aroused ire and enlightened power.

In contemplating the subject, labor is confronted by figures authoritatively published by the United States Census Bureau at Washington, giving foreign and domestic indebtedness, which we reproduce from *Broadstreet's*, as follows:

From the figures given it appears that the debts of the several divisions above enumerated, less sinking funds, were as follows in the years 1890 and 1880:

DEBTS LESS SINKING FUND.

Divisions.	1890.	1880.
Foreign nations	\$25,636,075,840	\$23,481,572,185
The United States	915,982,112	1,922,517,364
States and Territories	223,107,383	200,326,643
Counties	141,950,845	124,105,027

The debts of the principal foreign nations in detail were as follows:

DEBTS BY COUNTRIES.

	1890.	1880.
Austria-Hungary	\$2,224,509,572	\$2,866,339,539
Belgium	272,919,276	380,504,099
France	4,271,782,478	4,416,783,398
German Empire	No report.	77,577,719
Great Britain & Ireland	3,577,746,690	3,350,719,563
Greece	51,079,492	107,306,518
Italy	2,011,237,382	2,324,826,329
Japan	345,073,805	305,727,816
Mexico	117,193,728	115,606,675
Netherlands	382,440,317	430,589,858
Nicaragua	No report.	1,711,206
Russia	3,318,953,099	3,491,018,074
Spain	2,583,209,252	1,251,453,696
Sweden	56,551,435	64,220,807
Norway	17,543,837	13,978,752
Switzerland	5,873,299	10,912,925
Egypt	191,520,600	517,278,200

These figures deal with totals merely, and are not very informing until we go behind them to compare the relative burdens of indebtedness in the principal countries of the world. A comparison on the basis of indebtedness per capita shows that the burden of debt falls less heavily upon the inhabitants of the United States than upon those of the principal foreign countries. For example, France in 1889 had a debt per capita of \$116.35, which it appears does not include certain annuities of an unstated but large amount. Great Britain, whose debt is decreasing, had an indebtedness of \$87.79 per capita. The debt of Russia was \$30.79 per capita, that of Austria-Hungary was \$70.81, that of Italy was \$76.06, that of Belgium \$83.10, and that of the Netherlands \$95.56. The indebtedness of the United States on the other hand, was only \$14.63 per capita, and nearly one half of it was made up of non-interest bearing notes. Within ten years the debt has shown a remarkable decrease per capita, falling from \$38.33 in 1880 to \$14.63 in 1890.

What is said here refers of course to the national debt and not to that of the States and other local divisions. As will be seen by reference to the first table given above, the indebtedness of the States and territories in the United States has been reduced from \$290,326,643 in 1880 to \$223,107,383, a decrease of \$67,218,760 for the decade. The reduction per capita has been from \$5.79 in 1880 to \$3.56 in 1890. Part of the reduction, however, is due to refunding in some of the Southern States, the amount involved being estimated at about \$28,500,000. The debts of the counties show an absolute increase of over \$17,800,000 for the decade, growing from \$124,105,027 in 1880 to \$141,950,845 in 1890. This increase has not, however, kept pace with the growth of population, and as a result there has been a decrease in the debt per capita from \$2.47 in 1880 to \$2.27 in 1890. If now the indebtedness of the United States and of the States and territories and the counties be added together we get an aggregate of \$1,281,020,840 in 1890, as compared with a total of \$2,336,949,035 in 1880, a decrease of over \$1,000,000,000 for the decade. This is a reduction of somewhat less than one-half in amount,

while, owing to the change in population in the interior, there has been a per capita reduction from \$46.59 in 1880 to \$20.46 in 1890, or more than one half. This decrease, it is pointed out, has been brought about mainly by voluntary taxation. It would not take long to wipe out the indebtedness of the country of every kind if anything like the same rate of reduction were kept up. As it stands the record is a remarkable one for the United States.

Nothing like it is seen in the case of any foreign country except Spain, which shows a reduction from \$2,583,209,252 in 1880 to \$1,251,453,696 in 1890. The majority of the foreign nations show an increased indebtedness for the decade. Leaving out the German empire and Nicaragua, for which comparisons cannot be made owing to the absence of figures for 1890, the only foreign nations showing decreased debts for the ten years are Great Britain, Japan, Mexico, Spain and Norway. The debt of Greece has more than doubled in the course of the decade, that of Switzerland has nearly doubled, while that of Egypt is about two and two-thirds times as great as it was ten years ago.

We are not so much interested in the details of the foregoing summary, as in the sum totals, the \$26,911,096,180. If this debt is ever paid it will be paid by the surplus earnings of labor. If we assume that this indebtedness is at 4 per cent interest, then labor, before it pays one cent of the principal, will pay an annual interest debt of \$1,076,443,847.

While the reader will doubtless be interested in the figures showing foreign indebtedness, they will be far more concerned in the statements showing domestic indebtedness, the debt of the Republic and the debt of the States, amounting in 1890 to \$1,281,020,340. If this indebtedness draws 5 per cent interest, then labor pays \$64,051,017 the first year, and whatever reduction of the principal is recorded.

Now then, if there are those who contend that there can be any plan devised by which the debt can be paid except by the surplus wealth created by labor, now is the time to state it. Now is the time for the world to know the fact.

The world is full of cranks, but not one will be found sufficiently demented to deny the proposition that labor pays for all.

In view of such facts it is surprising that labor demands so much of the wealth it creates as to make it comfortable, respectable, independent? To this it is coming. Labor is mustering its mind resources. Labor is going to school. Labor is reading, thinking, planning, looking forward to a time when justice will bear sway.

Labor is not despondent. It is hopeful. It is courageous. It is winning battles, and when defeated is not discouraged.

ONE of our correspondents remarks: "In reading the communication of the gentleman who writes from Milwaukee for the *B. of L. E. Journal* (pages 728 and 729 of the August number), it occurred to me that if he would dismiss his initials and change the first letter of his name from W. to F. it would not only suit his calibre but would be vastly more significant."

PARENTALISM.

The *Journal of the National Association of Railway Surgeons* says, the question, "How shall Railways take care of their employes when injured?" is one of great importance. The same question used to be asked "down south" by the owners of slaves, together with several other questions in the same line. The master, notwithstanding he was always ready to buy a "nigger," held that Providence had placed the human chattel under his control—that if the nigger got sick he ought to have a doctor; that he ought to have some sort of food and clothing and shelter, and a great many of these masters were conscientious men, often very religious men, who getting all the work possible out of the "nigger," were solicitous for his physical comforts.

They frequently asked, How shall we "take care" of these niggers? It was a question of "great importance," just as the *Journal* referred to, says it is a question of great importance, "How shall Railways take care of their employes when injured?"

A railway employé is generally a white man, a sovereign citizen of the great American Republic. He works for wages. He is free and independent, or ought to be. When his day's work is done, his employer has no more claim upon him than he has upon an arch angel. How he is to be taken care of, when, and by whom, is no more concern of the Railway corporation than how, and under what conditions, a Railway official shall be "taken care of," is the concern of the employé.

Does the Railway ask, How shall we take care of our President, Vice President, General Manager, and so on? Not at all. They pay such men salaries sufficient to enable them to take care of themselves, and this is just what should be done for the other employes of the Railway.

If an employé gets injured in the line of his duty, then, in that case, there should be a question of pay—not give, nor charity—and the question, "How can we take care of our employes?" should be answered by paying them sufficient wages to enable them to take care of themselves. If they are totally disabled, pay such damages as are just, and not attempt to evade responsibility as is now the universal practice.

As we write we have a sample case in mind, where an engineer was disabled from ever running an engine again. A clearer case for damages was never presented in Court, but the victim could not so much as get into Court. The railway officials fought him at every step, and finally, standing upon the threshold of the Court, he was told to limp his way through life. There was no law for the course pursued by the Railway and the Court; simply some antiquated decisions, made before man was

redeemed from savagery, handed down through centuries of ignorance, bigotry and prejudice, but held to be justice in the closing years of the nineteenth century, at a period when the gush about the star spangled banner, liberty and independence, justice and right, were it water, would float the British Navy. Such facts demonstrate that as yet, Railway corporations are not losing any sleep in lamentations over the woes of their employes.

On the New York Central, the Vanderbilts, the Webbs, Depews, *et al.*, are agitated fearfully upon the question, "How can we keep our employes clean?" The idea is to have them bathe daily, perhaps, at small expense, and engage in gymnastics when they have a leisure hour, so as to make themselves robust, and that the philanthropists (?) may pose before the public, and exclaim, "See how we take care of our employes!" And how long will it be before the employes will be required to exhibit their wives and babies for the gratification of Railway officials, that they may exclaim, "Look at them, and note how we take care of our live stock?"

Railways are neither built nor operated upon principles of sympathy. It is proverbial, that "corporations are created without souls." Why attempt to exhibit them with such attachments? Why attempt to parade a corporation before the public with tears in its eyes, or wearing crape or other insignia of mourning? It never grieves with a grievance committee, nor rejoices when the "boys" secure an advance of wages. Its purpose in the world is to make money, and if it were upon honest cash investments the world would applaud, but the corporation has one supreme idea of existence, and that is to make money. What it does is to make money, and what it does not do is because if it were done, it would not be a money making venture.

Parentalism, deep solicitude for the welfare of the employes on the part of corporations, will be credited something better than a sham when the corporation pays employes honest wages. Till then their solicitude and sympathies find proper illustration in the story of the spider to the fly.

SCIENTISTS, who make evolution a study, are investigating a Baltimore frog, which, when annoyed, cries. It is thought that the reptile is in the first stage of development towards becoming a citizen of "Maryland my Maryland."

In Texas the Railway Commission are slashing rates on wheat bagging and ties, and work has just begun. The intention is to save, if possible, enough from the crops of the state to enable farmers to purchase seed for the next crop.

CASTE.

If the question were seriously asked by one of such commanding intellect as would secure attention, Is there any proof whatever that our much vaunted civilization is drifting backward? the answer would be no with special emphasis. If there were those who should be so bold as to intimate that an affirmative reply to the interrogatory could be supported by so much as one fact, he would be required to produce the fact, or stand convicted of heresy, worthy of thumbcrews or faggots. Indeed, it is to be questioned if the bold, outspoken Christian would be permitted to present such facts as he might believe he had secured in support of his conclusions. He would simply be charged, arraigned, tried and condemned without an opportunity to make a defense. The cry would at once go up and go forth, "crucify him."

Is this sheer gammon? Is it vagary—a mere whim, a hallucination? Mr. B. O. Flower, in the *Arena*, writes of "society's exiles" as follows:

It is difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the problem presented by those compelled to exist in the slums of our populous cities, even when considered from a purely economic point of view. From the midst of this commonwealth of degradation there emanates a moral contagion, scourging society in all its ramifications, coupled with an atmosphere of physical decay—an atmosphere reeking with filth, heavy with foul odors, laden with disease. In time of any contagion the social cellar becomes the hotbed of death, sending forth myriads of fatal germs which permeate the air for miles around, causing thousands to die because society is too short sighted to understand that the interest of its humblest members is the interest of all. The slums of our cities are the reservoirs of physical and moral death, an enormous expense to the State, a constant menace to society, a reality whose shadow is at once colossal and portentous. In time of social upheavals they will prove magazines of destruction; for while revolution will not originate in them, once let a popular uprising take form and the cellars will reinforce it in a manner more terrible than words can portray. Considered ethically, the problem is even more embarrassing and deplorable; here, as nowhere else in civilized society, thousands of our fellowmen are exiled from the enjoyments of civilization, forced into life's lowest strata of existence, branded with that fatal word *scum*. If they aspire to rise, society shrinks from them; they seem of another world: they are of another world; driven into the darkness of a hopeless existence, viewed much as were lepers in olden times. Over their heads perpetually rests the dread of eviction, of sickness, and of failure to obtain sufficient work to keep life in the forms of their loved ones, making existence a perpetual nightmare, from which death alone brings release. Say not that they do not feel this: I have talked with them; I have seen the agony born of a fear that rests heavy on their souls stamped in their wrinkled faces and peering forth from great pathetic eyes. For them winter has real terror, for they possess neither clothes to keep comfortable the body, nor means with which to properly warm their miserable tenements. Summer is scarcely less frightful in their quarters, with the heat at once stifling, suffocating, almost intolerable; heat which acting on the myriad germs of disease produces fever, often ending in death, or, what is still more dreaded, chronic invalidism. Starvation, misery, and vice, trinity of despair, haunt their every step. The Golden Rule,—the foundation of true civilization, the key-note of human happiness,—reaches not their wretched quarters. Placed by society under the ban, life is one

long and terrible night. But tragic as is the fate of the present generation, still more appalling is the picture when we contemplate the thousands of little waves of life yearly washed into the cellar of being: fragile, helpless innocents, responsible in no way for their presence or environment, yet condemned to a fate more frightful than the beasts of the field; human beings wandering in the dark, existing in the sewer, ever feeling the crushing weight of the gay world above, which thinks little and cares less for them. Infinitely pathetic is their lot.

We invite the careful perusal of Mr. Flower's views. Are they true? Who so bold as to deny them? Who can disprove Mr. Flower's assertions? What is the inevitable conclusion? Is it not that a civilization, professedly based upon the precepts of Christ, is even now going backwards to Brahmanism, to caste, as taught and practiced by Hindoo heathen? Is not the tendency in direct conflict with the declaration of the apostle Peter, that "God is no respecter of persons?"

What is the condition of the lower castes of Brahmanism? Are they not exiles from society? To say that the miserable exiles from society in America, may, if they will, rise by a sudden bound, or by regular gradations to the higher castes, is begging the question. The exiles cannot rise; with rare exceptions they sink to lower depths of degradation. It is the law of plutocracy. The cry of "room on top," is like the mirage of flowing fountains, to the thirsty traveler in Sahara. Like the victim in the grasp of quick sands, the more he struggles the deeper he sinks. He is an exile. Only money can lift him out of his thraldoms and that is used to crush him.

What is there for the woman in the great cities, who sews with a "double stitch," a shroud and a shirt? Starvation, suicide, or a life worse than either. She is an exile. Amidst all the splendors of wealth, no hand is stretched forth to save her or her children—or, if here and there one is offered, there are ten thousand raised against her.

In the palatial churches the robed divine, and jewel-bedizened audience, wrangle over creeds and dogmas, fly at each other's throats with the fierceness of tigers endeavoring to make it appear that an infinite God has somewhere in this universe a place in reservation worse than New York, but the way of escape for the exiles is not via the aristocratic church.

The caste era is here already. The exiles from society are increasing. We hear of their "colonies" in cities. They are *planted* every year by thousands in the Potter's fields. They are the unknown dead, and still their number increases—and this is in the "land of the free and the home of the brave"—in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

What can be done for the exiles, for the "lower castes" in this Christian land? Mr. Flower, in what we have quoted, suggests no remedy. What forces can be applied to

bring the exiles back, to lift the apparently doomed castes to a level where they may realize that American institutions have some blessings in store for them?

The last hope is in the organization of workmen and in the federation of such organizations. The power of the working class, the working caste unified, disciplined, knowing the power of the ballot and wielding it discreetly could crush the power of the plutocrats and arrest the power of the growing plutocracy.

In some way this power is to be exerted. If legitimately, the revolution will be peaceful. It will come as the spring time comes, when the ice fetters are broken and the world rejoices. But come it will. The exiles will return, the castes will revolt. If the Pharaohs are stubborn, then their doom is another Red sea.

BUREAUS OF LABOR STATISTICS.

We have on our table a pamphlet of 132 pages, giving the proceedings of the Eighth National Convention of the Officers of Bureaus of Labor Statistics in the United States, held in the city of Philadelphia, May, 1891.

We learn from remarks made by Mr. Chas. H. Simmerman, Secretary of the New Jersey Bureau, that Labor Bureaus really had their origin in a Labor Congress, held in Cleveland, O., in 1867. He said:

My knowledge of the origin of Labor Bureaus goes back to 1867, at the old Labor Congress in Cleveland, when for about the first time in the history of the country the workmen made an attempt to formulate a platform, or a declaration of principles, and demanded the correction of the evils of which they complained. I think that was quite as intellectual a body of men as ever assembled in this country for the purpose of considering and discussing social questions. There were men there who were familiar with all the books, and Wm. H. Sylvius made the remark: "Here we can formulate declarations, but they amount to no more than the declarations of other bodies of men; they would simply be our opinions. Facts are what we want. We want to base our demands on well-defined data, and until we have that data it is impossible for us to formulate a demand that we can defend under all circumstances." It was at that convention that the first demand for the establishment of Labor Bureaus was made. A year or two afterward the Massachusetts Bureau was organized, and then the Pennsylvania Bureau, and these have been followed by many others. From that time to the present, you will notice that every convention and every representative body of workmen have been persistent in their demands for the establishment of Labor Bureaus.

Here we have the announcement made, in a convention of officers of the Labor Bureaus of the United States, that they had their origin in a convention, or a congress of workmen.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, President of the Convention and Commissioner of the National Bureau of Labor, Washington, D. C., in his opening address said:

The growth of our convention is very gratifying. The first meeting took place at Columbus, Ohio, in 1883. There were then in the United States eleven

Bureaus of Statistics of Labor. The only gentlemen now connected with the convention that were present at that first meeting are Mr. Bishop, of New Jersey, Colonel Lord, of Illinois, and myself, representing Massachusetts. There were eleven Bureaus at that time, as I have said. We now have twenty-seven. The growth since 1883 has been very great indeed—from eleven to twenty-seven. Since the last convention, which was held at Hartford in June, 1889, there have been five Bureaus established, although some of them are not yet fully organized. These are the Department of Labor and Statistics of South Dakota, the Department of Agriculture and Labor of North Dakota, the Bureau of Immigration, Labor and Statistics of Idaho, the Bureau of Statistics of Utah, and the Bureau of Labor Statistics and Mines of Tennessee, making in all twenty-seven offices in the United States now devoted to the collection and dissemination of information relating to the industrial, social, moral, and educational interests of the people. The creation of new States keeps somewhat ahead of us. As you see, if the number of States had remained at thirty-eight, where it was when this Convention was organized, we should have represented here twenty-six out of thirty-eight States; yet, with forty-four States, and with twenty-seven Bureaus and departments (including the Federal department) devoted to statistical work, I think we can congratulate ourselves and our constituencies upon the progress made.

It is seen by the foregoing that since 1867, when the Labor Congress met at Cleveland, there have been twenty-seven Bureaus of Labor established in the United States, one of which is the Federal, or National Bureau, with headquarters at the National Capital.

If the question is asked, what has organized labor done to advance the interests of workmen, we point to the declarations of Mr. Simmerman and Mr. Wright. Their testimony is conclusive.

Men, who are ceaselessly engaged in writing and talking down labor organizations, who are the enemies of workmen, and who would, had they the power, annihilate every labor organization in the country, ought to turn their attention to the establishment of State and National Bureaus of Labor, and as they note the great work these Bureaus are accomplishing for the welfare of society, cease their idiotic and malicious attacks on organizations of workmen, since it is questionable if since 1867 a movement can be named originating from any source fraught with so many and such lasting blessings to society at large as the establishment of Labor Bureaus, the credit for which is due to the intelligence of organized workmen.

Those who have opportunities for examining the reports of the Chiefs of these Bureaus of Labor will be amazed at the mass of valuable information they contain upon a variety of vital questions relating, not only to the interests of working men and women, but to the well-being of society.

These annual or biennial reports include almost every question of importance to workmen.

Take, for instance, the question of railroad management and operations; and it will be found that in some cases the reports are exhaustive, giving every description of em-

ployment and the wages paid in each department, enabling the reader to comprehend at a glance to what straits some of them are put to keep out of the poorhouse.

In some cases the manufacturing enterprises of a state are exhaustively analyzed and the wages paid employes given in detail, in such a way as to silence conjecture and permit conclusions to be based upon facts.

Again, the question of strikes, the causes which led to them and the results obtained, are voluminously set forth, so that gains and losses can be ascertained with approximate accuracy.

In another instance, the question of child labor is discussed, and facts tabulated in a way that legislators, economists and philanthropists may understand the deep damnation which results to society by forcing physical tasks upon children which wreck mind and body, and sends multiplied thousands to perdition.

It will be found also in these reports that the sanitary condition of buildings where men, women and children are employed, has not been overlooked, but forced upon the attention of legislatures and upon society, pointing out shameful neglect and demanding reforms.

These Bureaus, while discussing wages, have devoted attention to the cost of living, and have shown to the world that the tendency has been to low prices, often involving untold sacrifices and suffering.

In numerous instances statistics relating to agriculture are compiled, showing the boundless resources of the country, and bringing into baggard prominence the fact that while the country has such a surplus of food as to make the thought of famine a vagary, thousands of people who work seldom know the luxury of a square meal.

We could extend the list indefinitely, showing the work Labor Bureaus are doing to advance the interests of labor throughout the country, a work which will eventually command universal approval.

The point we make, and which is borne out by the facts, is that this new departure in the interest of labor and of society originated with workingmen. To them all the credit is due, and here we repeat what we have said on various occasions, if LABOR has moved upward and onward to better conditions since Egyptian slaves built the Pyramids, it is due entirely to the organization of workingmen, and if now labor is depressed, if workingmen are wronged, defrauded and degraded, it is due to the fact that they are not organized—or if organized, will not federate for their protection.

The literary production of Mexico is quite wonderful. One of her latest biographical lists mention no less than 12,000 volumes by 3,000 native Mexican authors.

THE B. of L. E. and in fact all labor orders in railway service, owe Mr. Arthur a debt of gratitude for his persistent efforts in their behalf.—*John E. De Lancie Hays, Assistant Editor B. of L. E. Journal.*

We deny it. We owe Mr. Arthur neither gratitude nor anything else. If Mr. Arthur had his way there would be no Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It should be sufficient that the firemen "are taken care of" by the B. of L. E. That was the original Arthur idea, and it has only been changed by the logic of stern necessity. Mr. Arthur once avowed that he would never coöperate with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. And he didn't until he was compelled to. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is now great and prosperous and influential, but Mr. Arthur did not help make it so. It solved the problem of success in spite of him. Hence we acknowledge no gratitude or any other obligation to Mr. Arthur.

If the conductors, trainmen, and switchmen owe Mr. Arthur a debt of gratitude, we have no doubt they will acknowledge it and in due time liquidate the obligation.

ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The following subscriptions to the *Robinson Monument Fund* have been received since our last report:

J. H. Cunningham's friends, Washburn, Texas,	\$4 00
Chas. O'Neal, Poplar Bluff, Mo.	1 00
Cherokee Lodge, No. 428, B. L. F., Van Buren, Arkansas	12 50
Member of Cloud City Lodge, No. 196, B. L. F., Leadville, Colorado	1 00
Gilbert Lodge, No. 240, B. L. F., Jackson, Mich.	10 00
M. A. Henry, Jackson, Mich.	1 00
Jno. A. Hill, New York, N. Y.	1 00
B. L. Searles, Minto, N. D.	1 00
W. Dempster, Willow Springs, Mo.	50
W. E. Jones, Terre Haute, Ind.	1 00
Frank C. Salter, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
Geo. C. Cavins, Centralia, Ills.	1 00
W. F. Hynes Lodge, No. 48, B. L. F., Peoria, Ills.	5 00
Previously acknowledged	41 10
Total	\$81 10

Remittances should be directed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

THE great eight hour law went into effect August 1, and what has been the result? The labor element of Omaha has lost a hundred thousand dollars and most of the men who struck have returned to work or are about to do so. The responsibility for this loss must be placed where it belongs, directly on the shoulders of the labor leaders. If the laborers of Omaha had expected an increase of pay and a reduction of hours at the same time, the result shows poor judgment on the part of their advisers. We are willing to advocate for all labor the shortest possible work day, but we do not, and never will, advocate that a man be paid for what he does not perform. If a workman works eight hours he is entitled to pay for those hours and not one cent more.—*Railway News Reporter.*

FEDERATION IS IN THE AIR.

Mr. John McMinn, writing from Detroit to the B. of L. E. *Journal*, comes out in favor of federation between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Order of Railway Conductors. He says:

"I sincerely believe that it would benefit the Engineers and Conductors were they to perfect a system of federation, and to harmonize, if there be any conflicting interests. They are the representative employees in the railway service. They are held responsible for untold millions of traffic. They should so fraternize that grievances of the future, pertaining to their positions, may at all times receive attention."

We like this. It breathes a fraternal spirit in so far as the Conductors are concerned. It is a starter, and if Mr. McMinn should continue to think and write upon the subject he may finally so broaden his views as to include other orders of railway employees.

We are obliged to Mr. McMinn for his reference to "representative employees" because it affords us an opportunity to say some things pertinent to the discussion.

The central and essential curse of labor is the ceaseless boasting of superiority in which some members of labor organizations indulge.

Now, what is it that a locomotive engineer represents on a train or in railway service? Is it an engine, a throttle, or steam? Take them all, if desired. What does a fireman represent? Suppose we answer, fire. That answers every purpose. The engine is valueless without steam. There can be no steam without fire; there can be no fire without a fireman, hence engine and throttle are both totally valueless without a fireman; and, therefore, without a fireman the engineer represents nothing at all.

The conductor is in the same boat with the engineer. His punch don't punch, and he is a representative of much elegant leisure until the fireman "makes her hot" and gets things ready for "all aboard." Hence it occurs to our mind that a locomotive fireman is a "representative employee in railway service." If not, Mr. McMinn can tell the reason why.

But let us proceed and crush out this "dampfoolism" about "representative employees in the railway service."

Perhaps Mr. McMinn can tell when railway trains would start, and how far they would go without brakemen and switchmen. Without these men Mr. McMinn would linger in the depot until his eye-teeth dropped out. By virtue of the services of switchmen, brakemen and others too numerous to mention, the engineer is enabled to grasp his throttle and turn a wheel, the conductor to use his punch, and the fireman to "make her hot." This being true, why not include these men among the "rep-

resentative employees in the railway service."

The trouble in such matters is the outgrowth of false estimates of the importance of what may be called "common" as distinguished from "skilled" labor. And as "skilled" labor receives more pay than "common" labor, the simple fact of wages has become the foundation of an odious and contemptible aristocracy in labor organizations, and, therefore Mr. P. M. Arthur's inquiry goes the round, "What has a \$4 a day man got to do with a \$1 a day man?" Such a query involves all that is abhorrent in plutocracy. It is the quintessence of vulgar, low-bred, base-born arrogance. Carried into practice, it is destructive of fraternity, fellowship, generosity and everything indicative of equality. It is that perfidious principle which prompts Chauncey M. Depew to employ Pinkerton thugs from the slums and arm them with repeating rifles to murder workmen in cold blood, because, here in free America, they dare resist oppression.

Mr. McMinn may at his leisure put such reflections in his pipe and smoke them.

We have no disposition to tear a plume from the caps of engineers and conductors. If they desire to federate they have our unequivocal indorsement, but while this cooing and kissing is proceeding, the *Firemen's Magazine*, true to its convictions, will demonstrate that other employees in the railway service are also representative, and we will see to it that they are neither ignored nor degraded without protest.

READ this:

Come closer together by fraternizing in their lodges and divisions, and though Mr. Debs may be, as I honestly believe that he is, the paid emissary of others, to rant and belittle our efforts
—John R. De Lancie Hays, Editor B. of L. E. *Journal*.
(August issue, Page 72.)

Then this:

It is a source of pride that . . . no scurrilous attacks, bitter taunts or despicable methods were indulged in through the columns of the *Journal*. Such jargon and insensate arguments as we have perused in some of their publications filling columns with what is known as "rot" and mud stinging from men . . . can be considered in no other light than that of originating from a diseased brain whose pin head is overburdened with insipidity. The average member of this Association . . . realizes the perfidy of the man who would give utterance to such public wholesale condemnations of labor leaders, sister organizations or systems that employ us. It is time that a new mode of procedure was adopted whereby personalities and pernicious proceedings were relegated to other fields and the several organizations strengthened by a concert of action based on fraternal friendship. (Italics ours. *ED. MAGAZINE*.)—Editorial B. of L. E. *Journal*, April issue, page 300.

And then don't fail to "chime in" that the *Firemen's Magazine* is creating "hard feelings" between the two Brotherhoods, while the *Engineers' Journal* is preaching "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

THE LABOR PRESS.

Indirect Taxation. There are hundreds of persons in this country laboriously engaged in a vain endeavor to convince the American people that the tariff is not a tax, and the most plausible argument they can bring to their aid is that the tariff, not coming direct from the pockets of the people, is not so noticeable or so burdensome as though it were paid in cents, dimes and dollars directly from them. That sum paid on an article over and above the cost of production and legitimate exchange is a tax. Some call it profit. But it stands as a fixed fact that the consumer is taxed to yield a profit to the producer, or, more accurately speaking, the manufacturer. A manufactured article, passing through a port of entry, paying a duty of 10 or 20 cents as a protection to the industries of the country it enters, must sell for 10 or 20 cents more than if that tariff had not been levied. It matters not that the foreign maker must pay the extra 10 or 20 cents to secure admittance for his wares, the consumer must also pay that or a greater sum, in addition to the price of the article, when he buys. It makes but little difference whether it is called a duty, a tariff or a protection fee, the consumer is taxed to pay it, or we do not know what a tax is. It is not with the tariff or the principle of protection that we now take issue, it is with the principle of deception that is practiced on the people when they are told that this duty, tariff or protection fee, being indirectly paid, is not felt to be a hardship or so onerous as though it came direct from their pockets. In plain Anglo-Saxon, it means that if the people can be taxed indirectly, or without being told that they are being taxed, they will not know it; or if they do know it they will not mind it, the sum being so insignificant. The advocacy of this principle presupposes ignorance or indifference on the part of the people. And right there is where the danger lies. Where the people pay taxes directly, knowing what they are paid for, they are careful enough to follow the matter up and ascertain to what use the money is put. Each taxpayer in the municipality and county is certain to inquire into the why and wherefore of every increase in his taxes. He knows he is being taxed, and he desires to know why. He makes it his business to know what is done with the money. It is not so with the tariff, or indirect taxation, and the consequence is that the same vigilance and caution is not exercised by public officials in caring for the people's money. No more fruitful source of corruption or dishonesty can be found than that which lies concealed beneath the very plausible and innocent looking scheme of taxing the people in an indirect and roundabout manner. Indirect taxation in all its forms should

give way for the more practical business-like and honest method of collecting taxes directly from the people. Then they will be more apt to take a deeper interest in the question of taxation; they will know what they pay for, and will pay for what they get and no more.—*Journal of the Knights of Labor.*

**

The *Journal* has often urged political action by railroad men, and will continue to point out reasons which make it necessary. The laboring people should not lose sight of the fact that the laws of the country have everything to do with securing for them, or failing to secure for them, as the case may be, the just portion of the wealth created by their labor. We cannot expect a law to set the rate of wages, were such a thing desirable, but we should expect it to prevent unreasonable conditions which either directly or indirectly rob labor in general of immense sums of money.

A case in point is the co-employed law which, in many states, operates to keep in the hands of the corporations thousands of dollars that ought to be paid to disabled employés or to the widows and orphans of the men killed in the service. But for this outrageously unjust interpretation and application of the laws the employés would stand practically where the traveling public does. As it is, the passenger who is maimed for life when the train goes through an open switch into the ditch receives four or five thousand dollars from the company with but little trouble, while the trainman, who is just as badly crippled and probably left without a dollar in the world, is refused a cent, because, forsooth, "the accident was caused by the carelessness of a co-employed." It takes, indeed, a profound legal mind to discover the justice in this. And this violation of both common justice and common sense is excused by corporation attorneys on the ground that "public safety" requires it—that utter recklessness can be prevented in no other way.

It is easy to see how this law operates to rob labor in general. If passengers and employés were accorded just the same protection and recompense for injuries received, the millions of dollars raised yearly by the various organizations of railroad men would be paid from the earnings of the roads, as it should be. The wealth of which railroad labor is thus unjustly deprived would improve its condition immeasurably. For the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen alone it amounts to forty-three thousand dollars for the month of September.

But this is only one of many ways in which we are deprived of cash by the legislative schemes of corporation lobbies. The remedy is for us to think upon these questions, agitate them and work unitedly

to prevent such things. And the first preliminary step toward this is the work of getting all the various railway organizations settled down to harmonious relations—to the point where we can make a long, strong pull all together. The little, spasmodic efforts by one organization at a time amounts to nothing more than to call public attention to the injustice we suffer. But if the united force of the railroad men is once brought to bear on a single point it is irresistible. Let it once be clearly understood that the member of a state legislature who votes down a measure for relief from any given injustice, thereby closes his political career, and such business will promptly stop, and the politician will hasten to take the safe side.—*Railroad Trainmen's Journal.*

Learning

The examination of firemen before promotion seems to have suddenly struck some of our roads as necessary—time some of them woke up. Lots of eastern roads are now calling in their oldest firemen, and asking them questions of all kinds, some fitting the case, and others too deep for any use.

A couple of firemen from a Brooklyn Elevated Road recently called upon us to point them out the way to get properly posted, what books to read, etc.—they had just failed to pass a very easy examination.

Both seemed anxious to learn now, they had fired over three years, but seem never to have had the chance they were entitled to. Promotions had been made on age entirely, so they had waited. They had never been told what to learn, how to learn, or where to learn; they have to keep their engines clean, and do all a regular fireman's work on short runs where there is a lay over at each end of only four to nine minutes; the engines are double-crewed, so they see them only in service. These men have even been, until now, debarred from entering the shop—yet the officers of the road expect them to know something about locomotives.

We claim that the officers of this road are at fault for having this kind of men. They should have told them in the start what they had to know, and where to find it out, and then have examined them occasionally to see if they were learning. One of the men said that when he asked his engineer how to set an eccentric, he was told that "that was an engineer's secret." The other fireman's engineer always looked wise at a question, and told him to "figure it out himself, and then he'd know." A little examination of engineers might not be amiss here; a fireman ought not to be blamed for having a poor engineer.

These firemen are scrambling around now hunting books, reading papers, and thinking

about their business; they should have been doing this the three years past, but it's better late than never. We think, under the circumstance, that they deserve time to post up for another trial, and, perhaps a change of engineers.

Out of a late "batch" examined on the N. Y. Elevated they only got one out of four. These elevated roads won't hire an engineer; they put firemen where there is little time or opportunity to learn, and then expect the men to know their business thoroughly. Roads placed in such peculiar circumstances in this matter should be provided with some place where men can get a chance to learn, extra care should be taken to see that engineers impart some correct information to the firemen, and that the latter have some opportunity to learn their business, and especially the peculiarities of their own engines and service.

The N. Y. Central have recently begun examination of firemen and are finding lots of ignorance they didn't suppose existed—and for which the officers are not entirely blameless—and many old firemen who have been merely time-servers are liable to be dropped out.

The reform comes none too soon; but many men whose principal fault has been indolence or indifference are liable to be punished, because the operating officers have been in the past recreant to a plain duty. This trouble is not confined to one road or one section of this country, but is, with very few exceptions, as wide as the continent. Are you posted?—*Locomotive Engineer.*

The observation that an eminent jurist once made, that "no statute is enacted that a coach and four cannot be driven through it," is well illustrated in the workings of the Chinese restriction, the interstate commerce, the alien contract and similar laws that have been offered as a palative to the demands of the people by our legislators both of the nation and states. A law is enacted, supposedly to cover certain demands, accomplish certain objects that are certainly in the minds of the people when they make the demands, the text of the law seems to be sufficient, but when it comes to be enforced it does not work that way at all. Some judge, hidden behind his musty books and the antiquated ideas of a past age, decides what was intended, or if it cannot be got around that way a constitutional way is found to annul it. Cannot some way be found to give the people what they demand, or at least keep the judges in step with the age.—*Union Pacific Employes Magazine.*

THE celebration of Labor Day in Chicago was on a gigantic scale. Fully 7,000 men were in line.

WM. D. ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the *Magazine* we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallows ground
where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured
piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far
distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genil twine beneath the
deep
Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?
'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls
of worth!
Peace! Independence!
Truth go forth.
Earth's compass round
And your high priesthood
shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the Brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods will be constituted to take charge of the fund and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.



WM. D. ROBINSON.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices, the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in poverty,

that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Indiana, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

BOILED DOWN.

As we expected, the publications of the various organizations of Railway Employés discuss in their latest issues the action of the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employés, in relation to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

This is eminently right and proper. It is opportune. The simple purpose should be, in the first place, to get at the facts—the honest truth.

In doing this there need be neither passion nor prejudice. On the contrary, what is required is cool, dispassionate investigation, and when the facts are ascertained comments may take such wider range as writers may deem prudent.

Our investigations lead us to catalogue the facts as follows:

Fact No. 1.—Federation became an accomplished fact in June, 1889, with three independent organizations in the compact, viz.: The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen and the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

Subsequently the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors was admitted, and the federated orders were four in number.

Fact No. 2.—At a meeting of the properly accredited representatives of the first three named orders, an organization was formed known as the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employés. This Supreme Council formulated certain rules for its government, and to the extent of its authority, for the government, in certain cases, of the various orders which were represented in the Supreme Council.

Fact No. 3.—The rules, or the constitution of the Supreme Council were designed, primarily, to make strikes less frequent, and, if possible, prevent their occurrence altogether, by consultation, arbitration and concession, to maintain the rights of employés, and to engage in a strike only as a last resort.

Fact No. 4.—The Supreme Council in no wise affected the autonomy of the federated orders. If any one of them had a grievance it could pursue its own methods for a settlement. If it could not adjust the grievance it could summon the Supreme Council and make known, not only its grievance, but the steps taken for adjustment. It then became the duty of the Supreme Council to bring about an adjustment of the difficulty, and in this, the first thing to determine was: Is the grievance of such a character as to warrant a strike? If decided negatively, the good offices of the Supreme Council might be employed to amicably adjust the difficulty. If the decision was affirmative, then, in that case, the grievance must be adjusted alike honorably to all parties or a strike would be declared, and if

declared, then all the orders represented in the Supreme Council would participate.

So far we have stated four facts. There they stand. Everyone can examine them at their leisure, and comment upon them as they may deem proper.

Suppose some one should say they could be improved? Who doubts it? Or who denies it?

No one connected with the Supreme Council ever set up the claim of infallibility. No member of that body ever rejected a proposition to amend any of its rules which would render them more efficient for good, and it is a fact which no *honest* man will deny, that the Supreme Council has often accomplished results of a highly beneficial character. And here let it be said as an introduction to other facts which we propose to introduce, that the Supreme Council never contemplated any jurisdiction over members of the various orders in the federation. That is to say, members of the various orders, if they violated the laws of their organizations, could not be punished by the Supreme Council. To have assumed such authority would have at once and effectually destroyed the autonomy of the order, just as, should the Federal Government assume certain prerogatives not delegated to it by the States, would destroy the autonomy of the States, and create a centralized power—an autocracy.

The power of the Supreme Council, in its uttermost limit, is to settle strikes when the order having a grievance finds its power inadequate. Just as the county of a State may ask the Governor of a State for aid to quell a riot; just as a State may call upon the President for aid when its own resources of defense are not equal to the requirement.

With these reflections we are ready to introduce another series of facts, and will begin with

Fact No. 5.—A difficulty or difficulties arose between members of two orders belonging to the United Orders of Railway Employés, the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Fact No. 6.—In the first place these difficulties were purely *individual* or *personal*, and in no proper sense involved the Supreme Council except as a mediator whose good offices might be properly employed to bring about amicable relations and harmonious action.

Fact No. 7.—It was never believed and never asserted that in these difficulties the wrongs were all on one side. No one ever charged that such was the case except, perhaps, the parties involved in the misunderstandings, who banded criminations and recriminations. It was clear that passion and prejudice and malice had prompted words and deeds fruitful of calamities, and

it is a fact that the Supreme Council left no effort untried to bring about an honorable settlement, and it is true that the Supreme Council had the right to indulge the belief that the threatened storm had blown over and that serious trouble had been averted.

Fact No. 8.—It was at this juncture that the charge was made that the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen had entered into a conspiracy with the officers of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway to discharge all the switchmen in the service of said road, and stipulating that members of the B. of R. T. would take their places.

Fact No. 9.—This charge was not denied by the parties inculpated, and subsequently was proven to be true.

Fact No. 10.—Here, then, we have the case as presented for the action of the Supreme Council after all extraneous matter had been eliminated. Every palliative circumstance had been patiently heard, every extenuating word and act had been patiently considered, and the finding of the committee was, **GUILTY**. The committee to whom had been assigned the unwelcome and onerous duty to hear testimony and render a verdict reported that

"We find the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen guilty of conspiracy as charged."

Fact No. 11.—The Supreme Council upon an *aye* and *nay* vote received and indorsed the report as follows:

S. M. A. A.	Yeas, 3 votes.
B. of R. C.	Yeas, 3 votes.
B. of L. F.	Yeas, 3 votes.—Total, 9 votes.
B. of R. T.	Nays, 3 votes.—Total, 3 votes.

Fact No. 12.—The Supreme Council found the B. of R. T. guilty of conspiracy, as charged, by a vote of 9 to 3.

Fact No. 13.—The Supreme Council having found the B. of R. T. guilty of conspiracy, as charged, proceeded to affix the penalty and expelled the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen from the Supreme Council by an *aye* and *nay* vote, as follows:

S. M. A. A.	Yeas, 3 votes.
B. of R. C.	Yeas, 3 votes.—Total, 6 votes.
B. of R. T.	Nays, 3 votes.
B. of L. F.	Nays, 2 votes.—Total, 5 votes.

The foregoing includes every essential fact in the case. Comments, charges and counter charges, criminations and recriminations, personal feuds, misunderstandings, epithets and abuse do not and cannot modify nor in any degree change the facts. The guilt of the B. of R. T. stands forth clear and undeniable, proven beyond doubt, and after every extenuation and modification, haggard and monstrous.

There is one amazing fact connected with the trial, the one thing never heard of before in all the annals of civil or criminal trials. We refer to the extraordinary concessions made by the Supreme Council to the representatives of the B. of R. T. during

the trial of their order on the charge of conspiracy.

We alluded to the facts in our August issue as follows:

The B. of R. T. was on trial. It was charged with a grievous offense, nothing less than conspiracy. That it should be heard in its own defense was right, beyond that any concession was extraordinary. Notwithstanding this, on the motion to accept the report, which, if accepted, carried with it condemnation, it was permitted to vote; but more extraordinary still, on a motion affixing the penalty after condemnation, it was permitted to vote. If the question of liberality, concession, brotherly kindness, is ever raised, the record will demonstrate that such consideration was never before extended to any party on trial for a wrong. It was an exhibition of regard which at once hushes to silence any intimation that up to the last and to the uttermost limit, every right that could possibly accrue to the order by virtue of membership in the Supreme Council remained, or was allowed to remain intact. It was permitted to have a voice and a vote upon every proposition, even to affixing a penalty upon its own offending.

There is not a code in the world that permits a party on trial to have a voice in determining either a verdict or a penalty, and we are confident the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employees made the first and only departure in this regard on record.

We are anxious that the readers in reviewing the facts as herein set forth, shall have in full view the concessions made by the Supreme Council by virtue of which the grand officers of the B. of R. T. were permitted, not only to vote to reject the verdict of guilty pronounced against them, but to record their votes in the negative when the question of the penalty to be inflicted was to be decided.

Now suppose the decision by the Supreme Council had been in strict accordance with courts in all lands, the grand officers of the B. of R. T. would have simply been permitted to testify and to be heard in their own defense, but to vote on a verdict and upon a penalty to be inflicted they would have been silent.

In this, did the Supreme Council err? Manifestly so, but it was an error the benefit of which accrued to the grand officials of the B. of R. T., and should at least silence ungenerous animadversions upon the Supreme Council.

These reflections and statements bring into prominence the *called* convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen to be held at Galesburg, beginning October 5th, since that organization is vitally concerned in the unfortunate complications on the Northwestern, and on the action of the delegates, who, it is to be hoped, will be men of large comprehension and cool and dispassionate judgment, will depend largely the future prosperity of the order.

We would have the Northwestern affair probed to the bottom, every essential point brought out. In other words, we would have the representatives know the whole

truth and nothing but the truth, and then, in our opinion, there need be no misgiving as to final results.

EDITOR L. W. ROGERS TO THE TRAINMEN.

The *Railroad Trainmen's Journal* is edited by L. W. Rogers, a man who is careful of his words, and which are always signs of ideas. Bro. Rogers evidently writes of the serious misfortune that has befallen the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen growing out of the conspiracy entered into by the B. of R. T. with the officers of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. Bro. Rogers' paper is temperate throughout. The writer sees and comprehends fully the "mistake" made by certain grand officers of the B. of R. T., and would favor any proper measure to remedy the mistake.

The full text of Bro. Rogers' letter, which is captioned "A Word to the Brotherhood," and appears in the August issue of the *Journal*, is as follows:

As a direct difference of opinion (and I believe an honest and sincere difference on all sides) exists between some of my colleagues and myself regarding the Northwestern affair and, moreover, as there appears in this number of the *Journal* circulars which define the position of the Grand Lodge, I deem it necessary, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, to say plainly where I stand on this question. For two months I have lived in the hope that the serious trouble in which our Brotherhood has become involved might lie dormant, and at least grow no worse until the convention could meet and take the matter in hand; but as time passes it seems that the breach between the two organizations widens, and I feel myself irresistibly impelled to take the only position I believe is open to those who are looking to the future security of organized labor.

From the first I have been impressed with the belief that a serious mistake had been made, but I had hoped it would pass by as one of the errors of humanity is heir to, and that harmony and confidence would be restored. With this belief in mind I took the story of the Northwestern trouble as it was given me, and endeavored to place the facts before the public in the most favorable light for the Brotherhood in which they could be set and present, as far as possible, reasons that might be pleaded as some excuse for the act that was then beyond recall—in other words, to make the most of mitigating circumstances.

But this hope that the trouble would prove temporary and that the storm would soon pass over has gradually given away to the settled conviction that organized railroad labor is rapidly approaching a crisis that demands the earnest attention of every toiler—a crisis of which it may yet be said, "These are the times that try men's souls." I know the thoughtless may scoff at the assertion. It is natural. We are apt to laugh at the earthquake until the ground rocks beneath us. We stand close to a great event in history as we do to a great monument, so close that we do not measure its vastness. It is when a little removed by space in the one case and by time in the other that we look back upon its true proportions and realize its real significance.

Whoever has given any thought to the vital principles upon which labor organizations rest, and to the relation between their attitudes toward each other and their continued success and even existence, will not deny that an open war between them must finally result in complete disaster. The power of an organization depends upon its relation to other orders. United with others it is invincible; alone with neither assistance nor resistance it can do much; but alone and opposed it is completely at the mercy of its corporation enemies. Labor has but

one weapon to fight its battles and that is the strike. If the principle of union men taking the places of other union men is once established, whether or not by a technical avoidance of written laws, the only weapon labor holds is destroyed beyond recovery and the arms that have fought the most gallant battles in labor's history will fall, never to be lifted again. Let us not go astray by any false theories about protecting personal rights regardless of the means adopted. Any victory won by a method which antagonizes the very life principles of organization is a boomerang that slays the victim but returns to the slayer laden with disaster. I beg of you to remember that on the power of our organization depends all that the trainmen of America have to hope for. Upon it depends fair and courteous treatment from officials and the continuance of good wages. Upon it depends the happiness of twenty thousand families. Upon it depends the comfort of our wives, our children, our sisters and our mothers, and it is the duty of every man who would see its power perpetuated to raise his voice to stay this impending war.

It is possible any thoughtful man can fail to see the coming conflict and the disasters it will bring, if not averted? Is any man so blind that he can not see whither we are drifting? It is idle to say we are better off outside the federation—to proclaim that the federation is a failure. Why have we worked two years to secure a federation and build it up? Why have we spent money to keep our representatives in the Supreme Council? Every candid man will admit that the Supreme Council is the most powerful and effective railroad organization ever brought into existence. Its history furnishes the indisputable fact that it has secured concessions that no one organization could possibly have won. It was feared and respected by every company in the country. It has made mistakes, and serious ones, but that does not prove that we are better off without it. There is but one place for each railroad organization and that is in the federation. (Circumstances demand it and the logic of events will compel it. There can be no side show combinations. No two or three organizations can go together and have a federation of their own that will endure. There can be but one railroad federation as there is but one nation and any attempt at establishing separate independencies will result in failure. But no such attempt will be made. The wisdom of each organization will come to the front. The evils of the laws governing the Supreme Council will be remedied, justice will be done on every hand, the war between organizations will be stopped and railroad labor will reach a still more prosperous condition.

I want to speak so plain that I can not be misunderstood. There is no question that the switchmen in the Chicago yard were responsible for the trouble. No man can deny that the trainmen were patient and long suffering and there will be but few so uncharitable as not to agree that under the circumstances they were justified in doing everything except violate the principles of union labor. There can be no question about the justice of our cause, and if our members, blinded by the outrageous treatment they received, made a mistake and went too far in retaliation, the mitigating circumstances should always be kept in mind. But if, as I believe, a wrong was done in the discharge of all the switchmen of the entire system in order that the real offenders might be reached, there is but one course to pursue and that is to right it as far as possible. There are a few switchmen who deserve severe censure, but that is no cause for hostility toward the many. I know that in some places like Chicago, Kansas City and Denver trouble sometimes exists but I cannot believe that the trainmen and switchmen of the more than four hundred railroad centers covered by our organization are ready to come to open hostility, and I deplore anything which tends to incite them to war, instead of attempting to restore peaceful relations.

I said in the beginning that although there was a difference of opinion in the Grand Lodge, I believe it is an honest and sincere one, and on that subject there is something more to be said. A certain labor paper has strongly hinted, if indeed it has not openly

charged that Grand Master Wilkinson was paid by the Northwestern company to take the course he did. This seems to be accepted by many who are at a loss to understand it otherwise. I believe that little by little I have succeeded in learning the whole inside history of the matter, and I want to say that such a theory is absurd and totally inconsistent with the facts. I have been closely associated with Mr. Wilkinson during the past two years and know him to be guided by the sincerest motives. I can understand how he can make mistakes, but how he could be guilty of such a thing as intimating is beyond my comprehension. If we cannot agree with a man it is no cause for assailing his motives. I hope to see the time come in the labor world when we can differ and be friends. Whoever expects to be credited with honest motives himself, should not suspect the sincerity of another. Whatever he has done in the belief that it was right, and if he made a mistake I believe it was an error of judgment and not an attempt either to gratify ambition or secure personal advantages.

The real question before the Brotherhood is whether it is to take and maintain an attitude of war towards the association or whether we are to seek the means of peace; whether we are to dogmatically maintain that we are right in everything and wrong in nothing, or whether we shall say that although we were greatly wronged ourselves, yet if we made a single mistake we will correct it. For my part I believe there were mistakes on both sides and that the continuance of hostility will lead to fatal results. It is pleasant to think we are too strong and independent to be affected by any trouble, but let us not close our eyes to the facts. We are threatened with external trouble and torn with internal strife as is no other organization in the country. We are under the frown of the labor world on account of the Northwestern affair, and we may expect the censure of the united labor press unless a disposition to desist from feeding the flame of dissension is speedily shown. An organization can no more disregard public opinion or outrage public sentiment and still succeed, than can an individual. Our brotherhood must stand toward the others as a member in good standing does to the brotherhood. No organization is so strong that it can disregard the moral standard by which others measure it. It is madness to defy established customs. Continued success can come in but one way and that is by a recognition of the principles which have brought it to others.

In this crisis let every man take a fair and unbiased position. Let him wait for the whole truth before he comes to a decision. Let every lodge send a delegate to the convention. Let that convention determine the facts, and if mistakes have been made see that they are corrected. Let absolute justice be done. Let it show that it is equal to the emergency and let it prove to the world before it adjourns that the record of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is still clear and its reputation untarnished.

L. W. ROGERS,
Editor Journal.

The foregoing is an unqualified indorsement of the Supreme Council and as just as it is unconditional and direct.

True, Bro. Rogers says the Supreme Council "has made mistakes," but it is equally true that Supreme Courts have made mistakes. Moses also made mistakes, and the fact that the Supreme Council made mistakes, "does not prove," says Bro. Rogers, that "we are better off without it," and adds: "There is but one place for each railroad organization, and that is in the federation. Circumstances demand it and the logic of events will compel it. There can be no side show combinations. There can be but one railroad federation as there is but one nation."

Bro. Rogers comprehends the situation—he reasons logically and his conclusions will stand the test of analysis.

Only upon one material point do we differ with Editor Rogers, and that is in regard to the responsibility for the trouble on the Northwestern. The switchmen were not entirely blameless, nor were they entirely at fault. It is safe to say that so far as responsibility is concerned honors are easy. The grand officers of the B. of R. T. may recite the outrages perpetrated upon the B. of R. T. by switchmen until they have exhausted the patience of their listeners, and for every tale of woe they unfold they will find grand officers of the S. M. A. A. ready to show that a similar wrong was perpetrated upon their members by the B. of R. T. There have been mutual persecutions, mutual enmities and hatred between the individual members of both organizations. If there was any advantage, one over the other, it was the advantage of numbers and, as we believe, the vanquished should have "taken their medicine without squealing." Suppose the trainmen had triumphed over the switchmen in this factional quarreling, and the S. M. A. A., with the consent of their grand officers, had entered into a collusion with the company to discharge all the trainmen, innocent and guilty, would the grand officers of the Trainmen have submitted quietly and said "so mote it be?" or would they have burned with indignation at the outrage and sought with all their might to resent it and punish those who perpetrated it?

Bro. Rogers does not hesitate to intimate that there were mitigating circumstances to be considered in deliberating upon the action of certain grand officers of the B. of R. T. But the case is summed up in the statement that the grand officials of the B. of R. T. "went too far." In the final act of the grand officers there were no mitigating circumstances. It was the entering into the conspiracy, and the carrying out of the conspiracy that hushed to silence every alleviating, moderating fact in the case.

The great body of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen are not guilty of conspiracy, of treason, of bad faith, though suffering grievously for such acts. The way to emancipation from such burdens is open, redress is easy and may be speedy. The B. of R. T. in convention may be relieved of every burden and embarrassment in a day, and we shall believe, until acts dissipate our faith, that the B. of R. T. will be speedily reinstated in the federation of railway employees.

ITALY has a hammer which weighs fifty tons. When that hammer blows, how much does it blow?

STRIKE ON THE LAKE ERIE & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Strikes by railroad employes are sometimes a necessity, and ought to be approved and sustained by every friend of labor. But at best, strikes are in the nature of calamities, and should be ordered only to prevent greater calamities.

Railroad employes are the victims of numerous grievances, but it is not every grievance that warrants a strike; on the contrary, it is doubtful if one grievance in a hundred demands a resort to such an extreme measure.

The strike on the Lake Erie & Western Railroad had its origin in a grievance of brakemen, in which it was set forth that they were not paid for over time, time lost when on the road, caused by the delay of trains, and for which the men were in no wise responsible.

There can, we think, be no controversy about the justice of the men's demand for pay for such lost time. Once establish the fact of lost time and a popular verdict in favor of the men is certain to follow.

Objections to the course pursued by the trainmen of the Lake Erie & Western Railroad grow out of considerations entirely apart from the justice of their demands. The strike, even if it were justifiable at all, was fatally hasty and inconsiderate. The preliminary steps required for a hearing by the proper authorities of the road were not taken as provided by the laws of the B. of R. T.

A postponement of the strike was requested by the under officials of the road until the matter could be laid before the General Manager, who could grant the requests of the men. This request was eminently reasonable and just, but was denied by the men. Why, it is difficult to determine upon any reasonable hypothesis. It would seem that the men had determined to strike, and that nothing but a strike would satisfy them, and hence they quit work.

As we write, August 25th, the strike is still on, and bad feelings exist. It is reported that at certain places men were engaged to take the places of the strikers, but had been persuaded by the strikers to desist.

We notice that some expressions of dissatisfaction are indulged in because the laws of Indiana prohibit the employment of Pinkerton thugs, the murderous gangs from the slums, so useful to the New York Central, presided over by Chauncey M. Depew, indicative of a purpose, were it not for the law, to disgrace civilization by the employment of such debased creatures.

The latest information on hand is that the President of the road asks the strikers to resume work and that their grievances

would be considered, but as the same proposition had been made by the General Manager and declined by the men, it is difficult to say what the final outcome will be.

A noticeable incident connected with the strike is that the waiting girls at a Lafayette, Ind., hotel, refused to wait on the men who came from Chicago to take the places of the strikers. Such feminine courage is in the highest degree commendable.

As the case stands the railroad involved is losing thousands daily, and the men are losing their wages.

It requires a deal of moral courage for men to confess an error and retrace their steps, but it would seem the right thing in this instance for the men to resume work; then begin over again, do all things to adjust their grievances that are honorable, and then, if a strike comes, have all the rights on their side.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL MATTERS.

We are constantly in receipt of anonymous communications. They do not appear in the *Magazine*. It may be proper to say that "anonymous" means "without a name." A person may desire to write over a *nom de plume*, a fictitious signature, which is well enough, but in numerous instances such writers forget to sign their real name, and such negligence is fatal, since under no circumstances will any communication upon any subject appear when the real name of the writer is withheld. If, therefore, writers from any cause do not wish to be known, they can save themselves a deal of trouble by withholding their contributions.

Again, by order of the convention, purely local and personal matters, such as various resolutions, that have no significance beyond the locality, cannot appear in the *Magazine*. The reasons for this policy have been fully stated and need not be repeated, except to say that matter appearing in the *Magazine* must be of importance to the entire Order.

THE B. OF R. T. CONVENTION.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen will meet in called convention in the city of Galesburg, Ill., headquarters of the order, Monday, Oct. 5, 1891. Business of great and vital importance will be brought before the convention, which will put to the severest test the wisdom and prudence of its best men.

We do not doubt that the most searching inquiries will be made into matters of vital concern to the order, and that responsibility will be fixed where it properly belongs.

If the investigation is conducted dispassionately, by cool-headed men, the *Magazine* believes it will result in placing the B. of R. T. in its rightful position before the world.

TWO CIRCULARS.

In the *Railroad Trainmen's Journal* for August appeared two circulars signed W. A. Sheahan, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and S. E. Wilkinson, Grand Master of the B. of R. T. The first is dated June 10th and the second, July 1st.

These circulars give an exhaustive account of the difficulties between the S. M. A. A. and the B. of R. T.

We have read these documents carefully. They are full of purely personal griefs and grievances—of accusations indicative of intense personal hostility—and giving the reasons why such feelings were aroused and continued until a climax was reached.

It is not required that the *Magazine* should reproduce the statements of Messrs. Wilkinson and Sheahan, because every important fact has appeared in the *Magazine* entirely free from personal bias. To thrash this straw over again would be space thrown away.

It has been stated that the Grand Officers of the B. of R. T. and of the S. M. A. A. were not on friendly terms, and unfortunately for all concerned, it seemed to be impracticable, if not impossible, to change the situation, all efforts put forth in that direction proving useless.

Notwithstanding the fact that the two orders named were federated for mutual aid and protection; notwithstanding these mutual obligations were sacred and binding, there was from time to time exhibited a purpose on the part of certain officials to "down" somebody—to "get even"—and to "do up," terms, however *slangish*, having special significance.

Mr. Sweeney, of the S. M. A. A., is quoted as saying that "war is on, and on to stay"—and in reply, Messrs. Sheahan and Wilkinson say in the June circular "that the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen will protect its men," and further on we find the following declaration:

So long as the corporation is disposed to treat organized labor fairly we hold that it is the duty of organized labor to respect the rights of that corporation, and whenever organized labor attempts to control the management of a corporation to the extent that it shall compel it to dismiss from its service men against whom no charge can be sustained then it strikes a blow at its own foundation, it sacrifices the good will of the people and it deserves the condemnation of every friend of labor."

[Italics ours.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

These be brave words. They have the right ring. They will be universally indorsed. They appear in Messrs. Wilkinson and Sheahan's circular of June 10th.

It was charged that certain grand officials of the B. of R. T. did enter into a conspiracy with the Northwestern Railroad "to dismiss from its service men against whom no charge can be sustained." In doing this they "struck a blow" at the foundation of organized labor; they committed treason against organized

labor, and by their own language, "*deserve the condemnation of every friend of labor.*"

Grant, as true, everything charged against the S. M. A. A., it in no sense exculpates the officers of the B. of R. T. who entered into a conspiracy with the Northwestern. The wrongs committed by others shed no halo around treason.

Benedict Arnold had been a brave and trusted Continental soldier. He had won the confidence of Washington; he had been badly treated, he claimed, but such treatment, had it been a thousand times worse than he represented it, would not have saved his neck had Washington been able to entrap him.

Messrs. Wilkinson and Sheahan in this June circular, after stating their grievances, say "at last the crisis has been reached," and add, "There is a limit to human endurance; there is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue." That depends: There are cases when forbearance *never* ceases to be a virtue—as for instance, a man should never strike his wife—and certainly no honorable man will commit *treason*, whatever may be the character of his affliction: he will commit suicide in preference. Such old aphorisms are often used to extenuate wrong, but they serve a poor purpose in certain cases, and the one under discussion is of that description.

The discussion in the circular of July 1st proceeds very much after the style of that of June. It purports to give a history of the trial, at the conclusion of which the B. of R. T. was expelled from the Supreme Council.

In this history, the B. of R. C. is introduced as the enemy of the B. of R. T., predicated chiefly upon the votes of the Grand Officers of that organization—a matter which there is no cause for us to discuss.

The readers of the *Magazine* may be interested in the *finis* of the circular. It sums up the matter as follows:

"If the Supreme Council ever did a good act for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, it was on June 29, 1891, when it declared it expelled. Expelled from what? Better say the Supreme Council expelled itself from the support of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, for this Brotherhood represents more strength in railway service to-day than all that remains of the Supreme Council. As the Supreme Council stands, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen is far better off out of it than in it because the three representatives of the B. of R. C. and the representatives of the S. M. A. A. are avowed enemies and there being but twelve members in the Council and one of the remaining six not entitled to a vote you can see how fruitless would be any attempt to pass a measure that would in any way benefit the B. of R. T. and how easily any measure to injure it would be carried, hence my claim that the best act the Council ever did for the B. of R. T. was to release it from the bonds and give it a chance to protect its members, and this, I assure you it can and will do regardless of what its enemies may say or do."

We have no disposition to enter into any discussion upon the final conclusion arrived

at by Messrs. Wilkinson and Sheahan. They appear to take a *rosy* view of the situation, quite in contrast with that taken by Mr. Rogers, the editor of the *Trainmen's Journal*.

During the connection of the B. of R. T. with the federated orders not one act or vote of the Supreme Council was ever so much as suspected of hostility to the B. of R. T. until the charge of conspiracy was made against that order, a charge that was proven to be true.

It was a serious charge, and in dealing with it, serious work had to be done and serious votes cast, but that these votes were cast by virtue of enmity to the order we do not believe. On the contrary, we believe the members of the Supreme Council sought to punish the conspirators, and having, as we thought, a misconception of what was proper, included the whole order in the penalty.

We shall still believe that prudent, discreet and honorable action will be taken and that in the end good will come out of this purely personal imbroglio.

TALK IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

There is a railroad known as the Philadelphia & Reading. Not long since the president of this road was Austin Corbin, the most inveterate and implacable foe of organized labor has met.

In Philadelphia is published a paper called the *Public Ledger*. During the war waged by Corbin on organized labor, if the *Ledger* at any time said a word in favor of organized labor, if at any time it so much as intimated that labor had a right to organize, we do not remember it. If at any time the hostility of Corbin, or the hostility of the dago Bonzano (and other vulgar villains of the Corbin gang) to labor was denounced by the *Ledger*, we failed to notice the fact. Corbin slaughtered every labor organization of employes on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad. He subjected these employes to unparalleled degradation. He did such things under the very nose of the Philadelphia *Ledger* and it never offered one word of condemnation.

We are glad to notice that recently the *Ledger* has changed front, or by some means has secured the required courage to say some very prudent things about organized labor—the organization of working men.

The *Ledger's* article, to which we refer, is based upon a telegram relating to a "strike and a lockout in a great steel rolling mill," in which it was said that "the company insists that it will not recognize organized labor in any manner."

The trouble with the steel rolling mill company, as set forth in the dispatch, is the one that confronts working men in many localities throughout the country. It is born of autocratic arrogance. It is an as-

sumption that workingmen have no rights that capitalists, who are employers, are under any obligations to recognize or respect.

Workingmen, by organizing and by federating their organizations, are teaching plutocratic employers that there is a power in organization which can and will compel recognition, and the press of the country, even the capitalistic press, begins to see it. Says the *Ledger*:

The *Ledger* thinks that at this late day, when the interests and the rights of the working people are engaging so large a share of public attention, and have made such important advance towards securing for those rights and interests the just and full consideration which we believe them to be entitled to—it would be a grave and vital mistake to refuse to recognize organized labor—or to ignore it when any claims or grievances of workmen are brought to the notice of employers in a fair, manly and honorable way. Workingmen, laborers, have an indisputable right to organize into unions or assemblies or federations, or any other style of aggregations: they have indisputable, indefeasible right to deliberate, to combine, at the meetings of their organizations for the protection of their wages, to resist reductions, to request increases, to better their interests and condition, to consider and to endeavor to improve whatever is improvable in their relations with their employers—and to express and urge their views so long as they observe the proprieties of life and the requirements of justice between man and man—and in conformity and in obedience to the law. That right exists inherently among workingmen as it does among employers—and the "company," or the representative by any name among employers, who attempts to ignore it or refuse it, commits, in our judgment, a vital mistake. Progress is too far advanced to admit of that.

Certainly, the *Ledger's* views, as expressed in the foregoing extract, have the right ring and workingmen will applaud them.

The great body of organized workingmen are law-abiding. Not only this, but a vast majority of them prefer to suffer than to strike, and it is this fact which has been used by numberless employers to oppress, degrade and defraud them.

The *Ledger* expresses the opinion that workingmen have the same right to organize as their employers claim, the denial of which, on the part of employers, is a "vital mistake," and says:

That mistake is as vital and, if acted upon, as fatal as is the counter mistake of the workingmen who, refusing to work at the wages offered, or upon the conditions and terms stipulated by employers, undertake, by violence and riot, to prevent other men from working at those wages or upon the proffered terms and conditions. And such workmen commit an equally vital error when they undertake to force upon employers either the employment or discharge of foremen or superintendents—according to their opinions of the merits or demerits of such supervising employes. This belongs to the administration of the trade or business, that must of necessity be left with the discretion of the employer—or else no mill, no factory, no workshop, no mine and no enterprise requiring the employment of many hands can be carried on.

In the foregoing there is manifested a purpose to "hedge," to modify what precedes it, to carry water on both shoulders, to placate employers, etc.

The great body of American men do not engage in "violence and riot," and lecturing them upon such matters is entirely

gratuitous. It does, however, sometimes occur that workmen express a desire to have foremen, those who exercise authority over them, removed, and it is safe to say the knowledge workingmen have of the "merits and demerits" of the "foreman," is vastly superior to the knowledge of others—and when their "discharge" is demanded, it has been found in a vast majority of cases that the good of the service demanded it. Such demands are in no proper sense an exhibition of a purpose to interfere with "the administration," except to the extent that self-respecting workmen will not permit a poltroon to abuse and degrade them. But this aside, we note with much satisfaction the fact that the Philadelphia *Ledger* now champions labor organizations, and we hail the fact as an evidence that in due time the press of the country will be a unit in defending, all along the line, the rights of labor.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY CAR MEN.

Second Annual Convention of the Order, at Pueblo, Col.

The Brotherhood of Railway Car Men, held its second annual convention at Pueblo, Col., beginning August 4th, under the most encouraging auspices, largely due to the members of Pueblo Lodge, No. 15.

Although but two years old, the order has sixty-one Lodges and 4,000 members, figures in the highest degree encouraging.

Opening exercises were held in the Mineral Palace, at 10:30 A. M., and the attendance was large, composed of delegates and their wives and the good people of Pueblo. Several brief addresses were made, but the meeting in the evening in Mineral Palace was a more notable event. The attendance was large. The *Colorado Chieftain* says, "On the platform sat Major W. F. Townsend, F. A. Geiger, chairman of the local arrangements committee; Rev. W. J. Jackson, Master Mechanic Kelker of the Rio Grande; Grand Secretary and Treasurer S. Keliher, Grand Chief W. H. Ronemus and Grand Vice Chief and Instructor W. S. Missomer. Grand Treasurer of the order, S. Keliher, presided, and after a few remarks, introduced Major W. F. Townsend as the principal speaker."

The Major said he had been considering what to talk about to interest and edify the car men and give them "something to talk about," and added:

I said that I would speak to you about the "World on Wheels," and it is a good subject, for this is the age of wheels. The child of to-day says, "I want to see the wheels go round," and this is the result of our civilization. The children of Mesopotamia, of Egypt, and of other ancient lands did not want to see the wheels go round. If they had wanted to they could not have seen them for they did not have them to see. This, however, is the age of wheels. Nothing that we eat, wear, see or hear, but is the re-

sult of wheels. But before proceeding further let me say that all this is the outcome of the civilization planted here by our forefathers and later on I will show that all the great inventions have been made in a narrow strip of land but little more than a hundred miles wide.

The real, elementary principles of civilization are found by tracing history from primitive man down through the ages to the present time. The very first is the desire for something to eat, and to gratify this desire industry is necessary. Industry then is the first element. The next longing is for something to worship, something to satisfy the longing of the inner souls. This second element is found in all classes, climes and countries. Society is the next element; first of the family, then of the neighborhood and finally of the country. Laws are then necessary. Next after society comes the need of a governing head with power to enforce the laws. The fifth element is philosophy. Mankind needs something to think about. The earlier countries, with the exception of the Greek and Magi, hardly approached to this. Art is the sixth and last and in it is shown the result of the development of man by all the others. This grand and noble structure which surpasses anything else in the world, I don't say this merely as a Puebloite, has been reached by art. It is the result of wheels. In order to reach the highest point in civilization these elements must be segregated, which can only be under a democratic government. In Russia, for instance, men are even deprived of the fruits of the invention of their own brain. What incentive is there then for a man to invent or improve his own condition? None of these elements were segregated previous to the time of the Greek empire; but there we find the three—industry, philosophy and art. There were the first philosophers and sculptors and painters. Down to the discovery of America religion was bound in with all the others, for never until our ancestors established the immortal principles of the right of every man to worship according to the dictates of their own conscience had there been religious freedom. Only in America are all six segregated and one of the proudest results of the civilization which our ancestors founded is the patent office which is a mighty force in the civilization of the United States. In the strip of land lying between Boston and Baltimore and extending across the continent most of the important inventions of the age have been produced. Throughout the world American inventions are in the lead and all because American genius is protected by the patent office which gives an incentive to the workers. The world truly is on wheels and there are men here who will see trains going across Alaska to Bering straits and then being taken across on some wheel invented by a Yankee to meet the trains on Russian soil.

The universe is run on wheels and it must of necessity be so. This body can take the credit to itself of seeing that the wheels are in condition to run and without your inspection they could not run. I am glad to meet such a body of men, men who are on wheels and running on to their own success. The railroad companies expect perfect service of your organization and it is just the thing to give them perfect service. As I said before everything is on wheels and I doubt not that the day is coming when we will go to heaven on wheels.

We find space for the full text of Major Townsend's address, because the speaker wheeled into it much that the car men may talk about, particularly the closing sentence, in which he expressed the belief that his audience would finally "go to heaven on wheels." The expression is scarcely orthodox, but the idea is novel and gives to railroading a new hold upon the kind regards of the world, and should it be introduced as a new article of faith, the Railroad Car Men ought to derive special advantages from its adoption.

Pleasant remarks were made by the Rev. .

W. J. Jackson and members of the order, when an adjournment was had.

The purposes of the Brotherhood of Railway Car Men are praiseworthy, and the *Magazine* will be most gratified to publish any fact relating to its continued prosperity.

THE SWITCHMEN.

The position of switchmen in the railroad service of the country, in very many regards, is one of unquestioned importance; indeed, it is a difficult matter to overestimate the serious character of their duties.

Notwithstanding these facts, there exists a purpose on the part of certain scribblers to detract from the gravity of the duties switchmen are required to perform by referring to the men themselves in discourteous terms.

In the first place, the duties of the switchmen are perilous to life and limb—dangers lurk on every side. They are, in all railroad centers, constantly in a labyrinth of tracks where moving cars and trains require the utmost watchfulness and caution, not only to preserve their own lives, but the lives of others and the property of their employers.

A switchman must be a man of courage—no weak-kneed, chicken-hearted man ever made a good switchman. He must be a man not only of courage but of quick perceptions, and one whose fidelity to his duties never permits him for one moment to relax his vigilance when on duty.

We doubt if there is any class of railroad employes so frequently subjected to the wrongs and insults inflicted by conscienceless bosses, since in no other department connected with moving trains are men so continuously subjected to the annoyances of men who, dressed in a little brief authority, make autocratic fools of themselves. As a result it is not surprising that switchmen are charged with restlessness and striking propensities, when, in fact, the same treatment inflicted upon other classes of employes engaged in train service would be productive of calamitous strikes involving entire systems.

In point of robust self-respect and self-reliance, switchmen are not required to doff their hats in the presence of any labor organization in the world. If they err at all, it is in the quick resentment of indignities—a trait of character which, though sometimes carrying men too far, is honorable and commendable. It is a quality which finds its possessors always on the side of the wronged and oppressed, and, it is said, as a crowning glory of switchmen, that there is a smaller per cent. of *scabs* among them than can be found in any other class of railroad employes in the country, and a higher compliment it would be difficult to place upon record.

With such facts in full view, it is difficult to surmise the motives that prompt certain persons to write depreciatingly of switchmen.

We have had ample opportunities for studying the characteristics of the men, and in speaking of them as a body, we have learned to appreciate their fidelity to labor, to all things designed to lift labor to self-respecting independence.

In such traits of character labor finds its surest guarantee of triumph over those who would degrade it to vassalage and compel workingmen to wear the brand of serfs.

UNION MEETINGS.

The term "Union," in its application to political and industrial affairs, is pre-eminently American, to an extent, indeed, which may well be styled phenomenal. Look at the operations of political parties from primaries to national conventions, and it will be observed that from the initial step, at every stage of progress to the day of election, everything depends upon union, compact organization and drill. This union is sometimes derisively alluded to as a "machine" with belts and wheels, and the moment it gets out of order there is consternation in the camp. The point is, if a party hopes to succeed it must be united and aggressive. In the absence of such factors defeat is inevitable. To inspire hopefulness, to augment strength and force, union meetings are held and pivotal issues discussed. Agitation is kept up, discussion goes forward. Propositions are laid down and defended, and thus the work of increasing the power of union goes forward.

We are aware that such illustrations are trite, but they are nevertheless fundamental, and apply to union in industrial affairs. The demand is—and here we refer to employes in the railroad train service of the country—for union, for federated union, and to strengthen the demand and achieve success union meetings are held and purposes discussed.

Why this effort on the part of railroad employes to secure union—federated union? Hugh O. Pentecost, editor of the *Twentieth Century*, said recently: "How to insure the worker the fruits of his labor is the social problem of to-day." * * * "Already the coal miners of this country are reduced to actual slavery." "Already the farmers of the country, as a class, are mere tenants-at-will." Mr. Pentecost starts out by saying:

"Because wage-earners, as a class, enjoy to-day more of the good things of life than ever before, by some it is argued that in their condition there is nothing of which they may reasonably complain. But the question concerning the wage-earning class that is up for discussion, as fair-minded persons will perceive, is not whether they en-

joy more of the wealth they produce than heretofore, but whether they enjoy all they are entitled to."

Here, then, as we have often contended, the supreme question is wages—fair wages, honest wages. It is as Mr. Pentecost says, "How to insure the worker the fruits of his labor." The employer is not disposed to permit the employé, the worker, to have "the fruits of his labor." This is the "social problem," the industrial problem, the problem of problems, and it is the problem that railroad employes engaged in the railroad train service of the country are trying to solve by holding union meetings. If the worker can secure "the fruits of his labor," all is well. In such a proposition the "eternal justice" is on the side of "the worker." If he does not succeed it will be because of his supineness, his cowardice. It will be because in the ranks of organized labor if there is not a scab element there is a scab sentiment, a sentiment which wars against federated union and power.

Every union meeting of railroad employes demands for workers "the fruits of their labor," nothing more. Plutocracy eternally wars against this demand, and strange as it may appear it is not more strange and humiliating than true, in the ranks of labor are found men who are in alliance with the plutocracy, and feel themselves honored when such a plutocrat as Chauncey M. Depew deigns to give them his indorsement.

There are so called labor organs which ceaselessly prate of the "rights of capital." Certainly capital has rights, but it has not the right to enslave workers. Why not commend wolves for devouring lambs? or the man-eating tigers of the jungles? These wild beasts have rights. Organized capital makes war upon workers and reduces workers to slavery. The federated orders of railway employes would reduce this power of organized capital to the minimum—to the lowest point practicable—and the discussions at all union meetings take this shape.

What of it all? Analyzed to the last degree, what is it that is demanded? Simply fair play. This secured, the social problem, the industrial problem is solved. Carnegie don't get rich so rapidly. The Vanderbilts and the Jay Goulds have less money in bank—more moderate incomes, and workers get more of the wealth they produce. To this it is coming, or if not to this, then conditions which will present the naked question: Shall the few enslave the many? Says Mr. Pentecost: "What the outcome will be no man can prophesy. Economic education may be so rapid that needful modifications will be made, or stupid indifference may lull the mass of the people into a carelessness that will be punished by complete industrial servitude—a mighty plutocracy living in unparalleled splendor, with

millions of human drudges providing them with whatever their vitiated tastes may demand; or an increase of the power and impudence of the capitalists may lash an awakened and outraged people into fury that will express itself in bloody and dreadful war." We do not take such a gloomy view of the immediate future, but already conditions are such as to warrant workers to increase their zeal for organization and federation, and multiply union meetings for the discussion of subjects of vital interest.

STEAM POWER.

The *Age of Steel* prints the following:

According to a recent estimate, four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last twenty-five years. France owns 47,590 stationary engines, 7,000 locomotives and 1,850 steamboat engines. Germany has 10,000 locomotives of all kinds, 59,000 stationary engines and boilers and 1,700 ship and steamboat engines. Austria has 12,000 stationary engines and 2,800 locomotives. The force equivalent to the working power steam engines represent is: In the United States, 7,500,000-horse power; in England, 7,000,000-horse power; in France, 3,000,000-horse power; in Austria, 1,500,000-horse power; and in Germany, 4,500,000-horse power. In these figures the motive power of locomotive engines is not included, whose number in all the world at the beginning of 1890 was 105,000, representing a total of between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000-horse power, about 6,000,000-horse power, which, added to the other powers enumerated above, gives a total of 49,000,000-horse power for the world. A steam "horse power" is equal to three actual horses' power, and a living horse's strength is equal to that of seven men. Therefore the steam engines of the world represent, approximately, the working power of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than double the working population of the world, the total population of which is usually estimated at 1,455,923,000 inhabitants. Steam has accordingly enabled man to treble his working power, making it possible for him to economize his physical strength while attending to his intellectual development.

In the foregoing, we have the population of the world estimated at 1,455,923,000—and the statement, that the steam engines of the world represent "the working power of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than double the working population of the world." Suppose, for easy calculation, we put the population of the world at 1,500,000,000; deducting females, we have 750,000,000 masculines. Tabulated, we have results as follows:

Males	750,000,000
Deduct 20 per cent. of rich, who don't work	150,000,000
Deduct 10 per cent. children under 16 years of age	75,000,000
Deduct 10 per cent. old and infirm	75,000,000—300,000,000
Total working force	450,000,000

By this it will be seen that the *Age of Steel* is approximately correct in its estimates, the steam power of the world being more than double the working population of the world.

It will be noticed that "four-fifths" of the engines now in operation have been "constructed during the last twenty-five years"—that is, steam power equal to 800,000,000 working men, or nearly double the number

of working men of the world—and it will not be contradicted that during another twenty-five years the construction of steam engines will show a still greater rate of increase. What then? Only this; be patient, be vigilant; let the work of organization go on; demand a less number of hours for a day's work. At the rate steam engines are multiplying, in another twenty-five years they will be doing the work of 2,000,000,000 men, and while this increase is going forward there will be an increase of men, required to work or starve. If there is any remedy for such conditions it must be found in reducing the hours of labor.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

The States of Iowa and Texas are being subjected to adverse criticism owing to legislative action relating to railroad management within their borders. The *Chicago Herald*, commenting upon the situation, says:

In Iowa railroad legislation has been carried so far that the railroads have cut down their train service to a minimum and are doing nothing within the borders of the state that they can avoid, while railroad construction has practically ceased. Texas is, however, as much worse than Iowa than Iowa is worse than New England. The managers of Texas railroads have come to the conclusion that there is no chance for a square deal there under any circumstances. Texas has a law which provides for the confiscation of any railroad charter unless the management maintains general offices in Texas. The Atchison has a few miles crossing the northwestern corner of the state, but is obliged to maintain that line as an independent railway with a resident corps of officials. For the same reason the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, which is owned by the Atchison, is operated by a Texas staff. It is estimated that this law costs the Atchison \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 yearly.

The trouble between railroad magnates and states lies chiefly in the fact that the magnates, as soon as their charters are granted with all the valuable franchises which their charters guarantee, totally ignore state authority and set up the claim that the people have no rights that they are bound to respect, and if they, the people, find fault it is due entirely to their ignorance or cupidity, or both; that it is a war upon capital deserving ceaseless reprobation; that the people are incompetent to manage their own affairs and require the guardianship of the aforesaid magnates.

On the other hand, the people are assuming to know their own business. They, too, are students of finance and economics, and they are delving into the mysteries (?) of railroading and propose to be heard.

The *Herald's* statement, that it costs the "Atchison" from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 a year to obey the law, has the appearance of exaggeration—and few there are who will believe the story—and the other statement, relating to Iowa roads has all the earmarks of bluff, the position of the roads being that of direct antagonism to the authority of the state.

The theory put forth is that railroads are of incalculable benefit to the country, and the declaration is, upon general principles, admitted to be true, but it does not follow, because the general proposition is admitted, that there are not numerous instances where great wrongs are perpetrated and require correction; as, for instance, the government acted wisely in granting pensions to Union soldiers, but subsequently it appeared that attorneys who prepared the papers to enable the veteran to obtain his rights under the law, were ceaselessly victimizing the soldiers, hence the law restraining the greed of the legal sharks. Like the statements of average wages of working men, it sounds well for the employer to say, "average wages paid by me are \$2.50 a day," and thus it happens that the poor fellow who receives seventy five cents a day, by which his family is kept on the ragged edge of starvation, is overlooked. If, therefore, railroads are a "great blessing," Iowa proposes that some of the benefits shall fall upon the people of that state, as well as upon the gentlemen who receive dividends upon watered stock and mortgage bonds. In other words, the blessings are not equitably distributed.

The farmers who "feed the world" have become impatient. The roads were built to aid them, not to rob them, and they are demanding such rates of transportation as will enable them, at least, to hold their own. For this they are making a valiant stand in Iowa and Texas. In fact, throughout the country. It seems rational and natural.

The assertion that the railroads of Iowa have cut down their train service to a minimum and are doing nothing within the borders of the state they can avoid, is indicative of a spirit totally at war with things of good report. It is virtually saying to the people of Iowa, "If you enact what we deem unwise laws, you shall pay such penalties as we may choose to inflict." And according to the *Herald* the penalty so far is the reduction of the "train service to a minimum," that is to the lowest point practicable. What objects have the railroad magnates in view by the adoption of such a policy? Is it not designed to intimidate the people? Does it not say "change your laws or take such penalties as we may choose to inflict?" It is a repetition of the arrogance of the national banks when they gave Congress to understand if it passed certain laws, they would create a panic. Is it not the outcropping of plutocracy clearly defining its purpose? Verily.

ELECTRIC fans in passenger coaches is a new thing, and one of the best things railroad officials ever did for tired and sweating mortals.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE B. OF R. C.

The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors will hold its Third Annual Convention in the city of Louisville, Ky., commencing September 21, and the indications are that it will be an event of commanding importance to the order.

The history of the B. of R. C. is unique. It came into existence by virtue of the prevailing demand for protection, which the O. R. C. had failed to recognize. Conductors had been badly treated and there was little or no redress for their manifold grievances. In such facts we have the cause of the origin of the B. of R. C., and its phenomenal growth attests the necessity for the organization. Geo. W. Howard, the Grand Chief of the B. of R. C., is a man of indomitable energy. His experience in practical railroading exceeds that of any other Grand Officer of any of the orders of railway employes. His zeal for the welfare of railroad employes is always active; it never flags; it knows no change. Experienced, energetic and sympathetic, he exerts commanding influence and on the rostrum his power is universally acknowledged. Under his administration the B. of R. C. is steadily growing in numerical force. Lodges are being organized and the outlook for the order is encouraging.

Under such circumstances the coming annual convention will be of more than ordinary significance, and everything will be done to make it a success.

The *Magazine* cherishes the hope that the occasion will realize the Brotherhood's most sanguine expectations.

BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD TRACKMEN.

We have on our table the Constitution and Rules of Order of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen, in which we find the following Preamble:

To unite the Railroad Trackmen, to promote their general welfare, to protect its members, and their families, when in distress by furnishing financial aid, enough to raise them above the cold charity of the world, such are the aims of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen.

The Railroad Trackman of America constitute a body of men whose connection with railroad enterprises is of unquestioned importance, though seldom awarded by the public its proper place in the service.

We do not doubt that the Brotherhood, under the guidance of Mr. Geo. E. Gunn, its Grand Master, is destined to be of incalculable value to the Trackmen of America. Such organizations, properly conducted, dignify their members, they lift labor to a higher plane and are essential in the maintenance of the right, now-a-days so frequently wrecked. The *Magazine* will most cheerfully render any service in its power for the promotion of the welfare of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen.

\$25.00 FOR KNOWING HOW.

The following from the *Age of Steel* is wonderfully suggestive:

"I paid a bill the other day," said a large manufacturer, "without a murmur, simply because of the way it was worded. My engineer found that his hot water pump would not work, and after pottering at it for an hour concluded to send for a machinist. He bothered with it half a day and concluded it must come apart. I was much annoyed, for that meant the stoppage of my factory for a long time. Before I gave the order to take it to pieces some one suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. 'He came, and after studying the pump awhile he took the hammer and gave three sharp raps over the valve. 'I reckon she'll go now,' he quietly said, and, putting on steam, 'she' did go. The next day I received a bill from him for \$25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill reads this way: Messrs. Blank & Co. Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, 50 cents. For knowing how, \$25."

"Had he charged me \$25.50 for fixing the pump I should have considered it exorbitant, but 50 cents was reasonable, and I recognized the value of knowledge; so I paid and said nothing."

The lesson the foregoing teaches ought to be of great value to locomotive engine men. The trouble with many of them is, that in certain contingencies they are not masters of the situation, they don't know how. To know how requires study—critical, exhaustive study—without it many a man has lost his position and drifted into obscurity and poverty. To be ignorant of what should be and could be known by application, is fatal to success, and we have seldom seen the fact more truly and convincingly stated than in the incident the *Age of Steel* supplies.

The startling announcement is made that John L. Sullivan, though achieving fame as an actor, sighs for the ring, and will in the near future meet Slavin for \$10,000 a side and the highest purse that any club will offer. It is understood that Slavin is anxious for the meeting. In this it is seen which way our civilization is tending. Spain is still content with bull fighting, and the rich men of Cuba indulge extensively in cock fighting, but in the United States nothing takes better than to train two brutalized humans to hammer faces out of shape—and the "upper crust" put up the money to carry forward that sort of civilization.

MR. JAY GOULD has expressed a willingness to contribute to the curiosities of the Christopher Columbus Exposition, the identical patent mouse trap, with which—his sole capital—he started out in his young manhood, to make a living, and it is quite possible that Mr. Gould can be induced to give an exhibition of lamb-shearing, as practiced in Wall street. In addition to these things, if Mr. Gould would exhibit the syringe with which he injects water into stocks, he would confer a favor entitling him to a brass monument.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth day* of each month.

THE FARMER AND THE ENGINEER.

The farmer sat on the topmost rail
Of the fence, 'neath the maple bough,
While his dear old wife, with a big tin pail
Was milking the brindle cow;
And the "yaller dog," 'mongst the barrels and kegs,
Was out in the hen-house sucking eggs.

And puffing away at his old cob-pipe,
At the same time chewing his plug,
He awkwardly gave his mouth a wipe
As he thought of the old brown jug.
But it took all the eggs and the butter too
To get him tobacco enough to chew.

"But where there's a will, there's a way," he said,
"And we'll fill up the jug again."
So he laid out a plan in his crafty head
To lay for the railroad men;
And he patiently watched by the crossing near
For a chance "to squeal" on the engineer.

For a clause in Missouri law is found
That imposes a heavy fine,
If perchance the whistle should fail to sound
For the crossings along the line;
And provides that half of the fine shall go
To any one little enough to blow.

And it chanced that the Number One passed by
With never a toot one day,
But she fired her rockets straight and high;
You could hear it a mile away.
And a grin of triumph spread over his "mug"
As he went to the station to fill his jug.

So the farmer "squealed" on the engineer
For failing to sound the alarm—
Though the roar of a train you can plainly hear
All over his weedy farm—
And the section found in Missouri law
Put a ten-dollar bill in his greedy "paw."

Geo. W. Hall.

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care.
Think it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

We've forgot her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the sight.
Cherish well her faithful heart
Which through weary years
Echoed with thy sympathies
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon,
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon:
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

R. W. B.

WISDOM IN RHYME.

There's danger lurking 'neath the guise
Of many a smiling face,
There's treason sleeping in the eyes,
Where truth we used to trace;
We've deadly foes on every hand,
Who play their hellish pranks,
But, boys, the worst, o'er all the land,
Are those within our ranks.

Gigantic labor reels, to-day,
In anguish on the plain,
Cursed by a fratricidal fray,
Which causes deadly pain
To those who watched the grand career.
United men enjoyed,
Who felt the dawn of justice near,
Alas! for hopes destroyed.

How long, oh Lord, will selfishness
In human breasts prevail?
To-day in sadness and distress
Are orders of the rail:
It ruled instead of wisdom when
Cool judgment should have sway,
And filled a bitter draught for men
To drink for many a day.

Creative brains had pondered long
On how was best to build
A bulwark, which would guard 'gainst wrong,
When e'er a tyrant willed:
A structure which was raised with skill,
Did all their efforts crown,
Till hands, that should protect it still,
Were clasped to pull it down.

A sadness reigns in hearts where hope
Was wont to hourly cheer,
And men around in darkness grope,
Their courage awed by fear.
An open foe with guns afloat
They'd meet in war's array,
A hidden one their bosoms daunt,
And saps their strength away.

For God's sake let us harmonize,
With reason for our guide;
In union is our grandest prize,
In peace we must abide.
Close up our scattered ranks once more,
And in each other trust,
If not, our warring we'll deplore,
When cowering in the dust.

Shandy Maquire.

THE WORLD'S GLOSS.

I am tired of seeing this show and seeming:
I'm weary of it all—
The gaudy dress, the sham, the jest,
The feast, the banquet hall.

I'd give a throne to be alone,
Away from the haunts of men,
From the stare and glare of the so-called fair
In the world where I have been.

My face is masked and I am classed
With the rest of the sordid crew.
Of toilers and spoilers, dreamers and schemers
Who boil in the earth's big stew.

I fain would hide where there is no pride,
Where the purest waters flow;
Where man's a man and where no clan
Of discord one shall know.

I would like to sleep at the willow's feet
As they dip in the waters cool;
I would like to rest 'neath the robin's nest,
(And by my side, for my latest bride,
The brook or the silent pool.)

For, after all, the funeral pall
Is the truest and surest friend;
Though poor or rich, no matter which,
He's with you to the end.

P. M.

Brotherhood of Blacksmith Helpers of America.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., August 6, 1891.

Editor Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:

Please grant me space in your valuable *Magazine* to say a few words to the blacksmiths and helpers of America, in whose ranks the members of your noble organization have many friends, that they may lend a helping hand to uplift them from their downtrodden position.

We are all aware of the fact that the blacksmith's trade is one of the leading trades of the world. It is the blacksmith who shapes the iron and makes the tools that all other trades must use to pursue their avocations. On the other hand, they are the poorest paid mechanics of the present age.

Taking into consideration the skill required to make a blacksmith, the blacksmith's helper stands next, and he too is poorly paid. Why is it that their wages are kept down? I answer, because they are not organized.

Come, you weary blacksmiths and helpers, awake from your slumbers. There is an old proverb, and a true one, "Never too late to mend." Come boys, strike while the iron is hot. There is a heat on the anvil and we must sledge it down. We must strike together or we will never get it down.

This being true, the blacksmith helpers in the city of Chicago, Ill., on the 21st day of June, 1890, organized themselves in a local union, from whence sprang the order known as the Brotherhood of Blacksmith Helpers of America, and at a meeting of the Grand Lodge held in the city of Chicago in July, 1891, the following preamble was adopted:

Believing all who obey the Divine injunction "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," we call upon all worthy men of our craft to join us.

We declare to the world that our aims are:

1st. Protection by kindly bearing with each other's weaknesses; aiding with our council erring or distressed brothers, and to exercise at all times our influence in the interests of right and justice.

2d. Hoping and believing that it is for the best interests both for our members and their employers that a good understanding should at all times exist between them, it will be the constant endeavor of the organization to establish mutual confidence and create and maintain harmonious relations between employers and employés.

3d. To secure to our members sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral and social faculties, all of the benefits arising from recreation and pleasures of associating, in a word to enable

them to share in the gain and honors of our advancing civilization, are the aims and objects of the Brotherhood of Blacksmith Helpers of America.

E. E. Wallis,

Grand Sec'y and Treas. B. of B. H.

[The foregoing communication has the hearty endorsement of the *Magazine* and we shall hope that the B. of B. H. will have a prosperous career.]

The order ought speedily to be one of the largest in the country. The blacksmith is everywhere. For a community to be without a blacksmith is in the nature of a calamity. The trade is essential to the march of civilization, indeed there is no advancement without iron. There is a great army of blacksmith helpers in America and we shall be glad to see the Brotherhood grow.
—ED. MAGAZINE.]

WITHIN ONE MILE OF HOME.

Lines written upon the death of engineer James Hopkins, of the Lehigh Valley railroad, who had completed his run within one mile, on a passenger train, when he was killed in a collision at Southport Junction, Elmira, N. Y., on the night of July 22d, 1891:

He stood upon his flying steed,
His face was calm and clear;
His look betrayed no thought, indeed,
Of danger lurking near.
His heart was light with happy thoughts
Which to absent ones oft come
Who by their line of duty brought
Within one mile of home.

The signal lights were burning bright
High up on the signal pole,
And Luna shone with waning light
As he neared the fatal goal.
He little thought his time so short,
So near his eternal home;
He little thought, done was his work
Within one mile of home.

Perhaps he thought of those at home
He loved and soon should meet
As the head light on the track was thrown
Almost beneath his feet;
He failed to note the lights were changed
Though the signals brightly shone
Or else the air brakes failed to work
Within one mile of home.

With lightning speed he glided past
The signal lights placed there
To stop all trains from going past
While red shone on the air.
With unslacked speed, a moment to gain,
Alas; too true was shown.
He crashed into a long freight train
Within one mile of home.

The engine turned upon its side
Beyond the signal red
Beneath its ponderous weight betide
The engineer lay dead,
'Twas by a miracle, the fireman
Without a broken bone
Escaped; tell how; God only can;
Within one mile of home.

How sad the sight; yet such is life
That oft waits the engineer,
Who flies along through the darkest night
With death oft lurking near.
Oh God; why should such be his fate—
Though he died without a groan;
They've carried him through the churchyard gate
Within one mile of home.

J. H. Bartholomew.

A NEW SONG—THE OPEN SWITCH.

WORDS BY CY WARNAN. MUSIC BY H. B. ISZARD.

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All the summer, early and late,
And the autumn days so drear,
A maiden stood at the orchard gate
And waved at the engineer.
He liked to look at her face so fair
And her homely country dress;
She liked to look at the man up there
At the front of the Fast Express.

There's only a flash of the maiden's eye
As the engine rocks and reels,
And then she hears in the distance die,
The clinkety-clink of wheels,
Clinkety-clink, and a mile apart,
And the fireman seems to hear
The clinkety-clink of the maiden's heart
And the heart of the engineer.

Over the river and down the dell,
Beside the running stream,
She hears the clang of the engine bell,
And the whistle's screech and scream.
Clinkety-clink, so far apart
That nothing can she hear,
Save the clink of her happy heart
And the heart of the engineer.

Even the trembling steed of steel
Seems to understand
Their sweet distress; and seems to feel
The touch of a magic hand.
Clinkety-clink, so far away
In the twilight dark and drear;
But what does the heart of the maiden say
To the heart of the engineer?

The subdued sound of the engine-bell,
As the Roger rolls away,
Seems solemnly to toll the knell
Of the dim and dying day.
Clinkety-clink—there's an open switch—
Oh! angels, hide her eyes.
Clinkety-clink—they're in the ditch—
Oh! hear the moans and cries.

Clinkety-clink—and down the track
The train will dash to-day;
But what of the ribbons of white and black
The engine wears away?
Clinkety-clink—Oh! worlds apart—
The fireman hangs his head;
There is no clink in the maiden's heart—
The engineer is dead.

[As a lyric poet Cy Warman is taking high rank. In none of his productions has the "Sweet Singer of the Rockies" struck a happier vein than in the "Open Switch," copies of which with the music can be had for 50 cents upon application to the *Western Railway*, Denver, Col.—ED. MAGAZINE.]

Addresses Wanted.

T. J. BOYLE.—A member of Salt Lake Lodge No. 178 is requested to correspond with the officers of his Lodge.

JAMES F. McNAMARA.—When last heard from, about eight or nine years ago, was stopping on South State street, Chicago. An anxious mother wishes to hear from him. Address, Mrs. A. McNamara, 72 Liberty street, Danbury, Conn.

A. W. WELCH.—Late a fireman on the Nickel Plate at Conneaut, Ohio. He left there November 1st, 1889, and has not been heard from since. He is 25 years of age, is dark of complexion, about six feet tall and weighs about 135 pounds. His mother, who is an invalid and in poor circumstances, is very desirous of hearing from him. Address communications in reference to the matter to J. S. Schuyler, Lyle, Minn.

Total Disability Claims.

In making application for the allowance of a claim for Total Disability the regular form prescribed by the Grand Lodge, of which a copy has been forwarded to each lodge, should *invariably* be used. It should be remembered that the physician's certificate which appears on the blank *should not* be filled out when the application is forwarded to the grand lodge, as the law provides that in every instance the physicians must be appointed by the grand officers and the examination made under their personal supervision. The face of the application as far down as where the "Grand Officers' Report" appears should be filled out and then forwarded to the grand officers, leaving the reverse side for the physician's report blank. All applications thus received are placed on file and as soon as it is possible the Grand Officers visit the lodge in person where the claim originated and have the applicant examined as the law provides. Many applications are received upon which the report of the physicians is filled out, the examination having already been made. This is a useless expense, as the examination must be made again under the personal direction of the Grand Officers to conform to the laws of the order.

There is frequently delay in having applicants examined, but under the circumstances this cannot be prevented, as the points to be visited are often widely separated, necessitating a great deal of extra travel on the part of Grand Officers whose other duties are so exacting as to allow them only a limited time to devote to the examination of applicants for total disability claims.

Union Meetings.

A great many union meetings are being held under the auspices of our various lodges and some of them are inclined to find fault because the grand officers are not in attendance. It should be borne in mind that the duties of grand officers are very exacting and that, in the nature of things, the demands upon their time are such that they can not possibly accept the numerous invitations they receive to attend union meetings.

It should not be assumed that "the grand officers will be in attendance" unless they have notified the committee to that effect, and even then allowance should be made for emergencies which are likely to arise to prevent them from fulfilling their engagements.

A Corner on the Market.

A wild specimen of the native Virginian entered Staunton the other day and asked credit for some tobacco and sugar at a grocery, promising to pay in six weeks. "On what do you base your expectations of being able to pay in that time?" asked the grocer. "On coon skins," was the prompt reply. "But you may not catch any coons." "Oh, as to that, I've got seventeen of 'em already plugged up in a holler tree, and am only waiting for the fur to git prime!" He got the goods.—*Wall Street News*.

Acknowledgments.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, August 6, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

DEAR BIRDS AND BROTHERS:—I wish to return my sincere thanks for the kindness shown me during my misfortune, and also for the draft of \$1,500, due me on my disability claim, and furthermore, I wish to thank the brothers of No. 9 for their kindness during my illness.

Hoping the Brotherhood may ever prosper, I remain, always a brother. ARTHUR C. BALL.

PINE BLUFF, ARK., August 6, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Lodge 163:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to return my sincere thanks for the payment of fifteen hundred dollars, the insurance due on the policy held by my late husband, Frank W. Jagemann, who was killed by accident, at Jonesboro, Ark., on May 23d. I also wish to express my appreciation of the kindness and attention shown him at his burial. I have not words to express the gratitude I feel toward your noble Order. May God bless and prosper you one and all is the earnest wish of

OLLIE E. JAGEMANN.

SOUTH KAUKAUNA, WIS., August 4, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,500, the insurance due me on the death of my brother, B. Grey. With heartfelt gratitude I return my sincere thanks to the members of John Hickey Lodge, No. 266, for the many favors shown my dear brother during his illness and for the many tokens of brotherly friendship performed by them after his death. Respectfully yours,

LIZA GREY.

STAPLES, MINN., July 18, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to extend my sincere thanks to Pine City Lodge, No. 81, for their kindness and to the Brotherhood in general for the payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) insurance, due me on the death of my beloved husband, E. B. Davenport. Trusting that every member of the Order may be as well prepared to meet their Redeemer as he was, Very respectfully yours,

MRS. JENNIE DAVENPORT.

KINSTON, N. C., July 15, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my sincere thanks for your kindness shown my beloved brother, John R. Cobb, during his illness, and for the honor and sympathy shown by accompanying his remains home. I also thank you for the fifteen hundred dollars insurance, received this day. I love the Brotherhood, and shall always be pleased to hear of their success. God bless you all, is the prayer of a bereaved sister.

SUE V. COBB.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Aug. 20, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—We take this opportunity of expressing our heartfelt thanks to Mr. M. W. Manker, receiver, and Mr. J. C. Gilbreth, secretary, of Mt. Lookout Lodge, No. 289, for a draft for fifteen hundred (\$1,500) dollars, the insurance due us on the policy of our dear son, W. R. Clark, who was killed in a collision May 27th. We also desire to thank the members of Lodge No. 289 for the many little acts of kindness and attention during our bereavement. May God in His goodness and wisdom watch over and protect your noble order and especially the officers and members of Mt. Lookout Lodge, No. 289, is the prayer of a lonely father and mother.

T. A. CLARK,
EMMA CLARK.

THE treatise on "Some of the Functions of a Locomotive," by H. A. Luttgens, of Paterson, N. J., is having a wide reading. Among other things the author says: "The stack base damper handle was at first, according to common practice as regards adjustable devices for locomotives, placed under control of the engineer. In this way the usefulness of the damper was determined, but the many duties of the engineer made it impracticable for him to regulate the steam pressure with regularity, therefore the handle for operating the damper is now placed on the fireman's side. It cannot be denied that the damper, to be effective, changes the ordinary methods which an easy fireman on railroad where fuel economy is no object, is not apt to catch on at once, from the fact that changes in methods, however useful, give some trouble at first. The problem for the fireman in this case and the personal question of interest to himself is whether filling the firebox as far as possible at comparatively long intervals and then allowing an intense draft to do a good part of the cleaning of the fire for him, will be less labor than to maintain a light fire by the regular use of the damper, a diminished quantity of coal to be handled and a more regular use of the ordinary appliances for cleaning the fire. In practice the latter procedure, as compared with the first, shows a balance in favor of the use of the damper and we would therefore advise all firemen on engines fitted with the variable stack base damper to make proper use of the same and thereby insure personal comfort and saving to the railroad company."

The pamphlet is of special interest to firemen, and can be obtained by enclosing a postage stamp to the author, H. A. Luttgens, Box 131, Paterson, N. J.

FEW persons realize that there are in existence and frequently in circulation thousands of scarce coins, which are wanted by numismatists and museums, and for which high prices are paid. In the large cities are established dealers who handle these rare pieces of money, buying from the public wherever they can and selling to the fanciers of such things at a fair profit. The largest business of this kind is done by a Boston dealer, Mr. W. E. Skinner. He advertises extensively and employs several clerks in the attention of his correspondence. This gentleman buys over nine hundred different kinds of American coins, to say nothing of the almost unlimited number of foreign specimens. Firemen have excellent opportunities to honestly add to their income by keeping their eyes open for such kinds as are wanted by the dealer. Their wives and children can also become interested in the hunting of coins and may thereby earn pocket money easily. Some people have found coins worth as high as a thousand dollars, and frequently the newspapers cite instances where persons have picked coins out of their change which have proven to be worth from a few cents to several dollars over par value. Further particulars regarding this coin business can be obtained by writing to the above named dealer, whose establishment is at 325 Washington St., Boston. When you write, mention this journal and enclose stamp for his reply.

T. FISHER UNWIN, the London publisher of the *Century Magazine*, has completed arrangements with the ARENA PUBLISHING CO., of Boston, by which he will be enabled to bring out in London an English edition of Mr. Hamlin Garland's remarkable volume of Western stories, entitled "Main-travelled Roads."

A little Baggy street boy begged his mother to lend him her cutting board.

"What do you want it for, Eddie?" she inquired.

"I'm goin' to be married, and keep house, an' I want it to set the table for my wife."

"But your wife will not like to eat her dinner on a board," said his mother.

"Won't she?" answered the boy. "Then she's too pertikeler for me." And he went to housekeeping in a corner of the sitting-room on his own account, without the imaginary wife.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HANNA.

Allus the way with the wimmin fokes—
Prouder'n Lucifer;

'Twas that-a-way with my second wife.

An' it was the death of her.

She never gimme a minnit's peace—

She tuck it inter'er head

She wanted to live in Tompkinsville—

An' "be somebody," she said.

An' so I swapped the ol' farm off

An' went an' moved to town;

But we hadn't got reely straightened up.

Before the house burnt down—

Yis—Yis-sir-ee, the house burnt up

'Fore we'd got settled down.

'Twas dreadful sudden; fust I knowed

In the middle of the night

The neighbors was hollerin' "Fire!"

An' everything was a-light;

An' there before the lookin' glass

Wus Hanner a standin' still—

Her mouth chuckful o' hair pins—

A primpin' fit tew kill.

Sez I, "The house is all a fire—

They haint no time tew spare—

Gosh darn-all-fish-hooks, Hanner.

"What air you doin' there?"

"Hold on," sez she, "I caint go out

'Till I've hid up my hair."

Sez I, "Oh, Helen Blazes!

I'm gettin' toasted broown!

Come, git right couter this winder

Before I sling ye deown!"

Sez she, "How kin I—without my hoops—

B'fore all the folks in town!"

Wall, there she stuck like a pup to a root.

Or a coon in a holler tree.

Dancin' an' yellin', "I caint go deown

A-lookin' the way I be!"

An'—I jumped out, an' the roof fell in.

An' that wus the last I see
of Hanner.

SIMILARITY OF PROVERBS.

Old Sayings Which are Common to Many Countries.

Examples of ideas which seem to be indigenous to all countries occur to the mind in bewildering redundancy. "One swallow does not make a spring," we find alike in English, German and Russian. In the Sunny South it takes the form, "One flower does not make a garland." In Italy we find, "He who grasps all, less gets;" in France, "He who embraces too much binds badly;" and in our own country, "Grasp all, lose all." Our "Birds of a feather flock together" is represented by the Italian "Every like covers its like;" the Greek, "A comrade loves a comrade;" the French, "*bui se rassemble s'assemble*." Plato declared more than 2,000 years ago that "A beginning is half of all," and has found an echo in our "What's begun is half done," and in the Italian, "Who commences well is at the half of the task."

There is a true Oriental ring about such proverbs as "Among the sandal trees are deadly serpents," "Rivers have lotuses, but also alligators." It is needless to suggest the Western correlatives. "By a number of straws twisted together elephants can be bound," is again only the Indian form of the Scotch, "Many a little makes a mickle."

The Greeks, wishing to cast doubts upon a man's probity, declared him to be "A sheep with a fox's tail," which answers to our "Wolf in sheep's clothing, and the French "*Il fait le bon apotré*." The familiar "*Finis coronat opus*," has passed by literal translation into French and Russian. "All's well that ends well," bears a strong resemblance to the German "*Ende gut Alles gut*." There is a lengthy Oriental proverb, "Let a cur's tail be warmed, pressed out straight and swathed with bandages; if released after twelve years it will nevertheless return to its natural shape."

It is easy to trace the similarity of idea in our "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." "Man proposes, God disposes," appears in the German, while in the Russian it takes the form, "God makes the crooked arrow straight." "Charity begins at home," in Russian assumes the more graphic and suggestive form, "One's own shirt is nearest to one's own body."

We discourage carrying "Coals to Newcastle," the French deprecated taking "Water to the river." We "Drink as we brew, or would if we could;" the French, "Sleep on the bed as they have made it." The old Athenian was as much concerned to see a bull in the city as we are when that quadruped appears in a china shop. With us "Still waters run deep;" in Russia they "Swarm with devils," a much more vigorous figure.

SERVANT GIRL WORTH HAVING.

How She Succeeded in Delaying the Dinner Until the Bread Arrived.

A lady from Kansas who was visiting a family on Walnut street, West Philadelphia, a week or more ago, told a wonderfully clever story of a woman's wit, says the Philadelphia Press:

"When my husband was a candidate for the state senate we lived on a farm two miles from our nearest neighbor, and four miles from town. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a wagon drove up containing four of my husband's political friends. They were influential and expected to dine with us. To my horror the Irish maid who lived with us informed me, after they had all assembled, that there was just bread enough for our own dinner, and there was no flour in the house for biscuits. Here was a terrible and unusual quandary. Four able-bodied men, and bread enough for only two of them. Only a woman with her husband's interest at stake can fully appreciate my feelings. I called my oldest son out of the room, put him on a horse, with a bag over his arm, and told him to ride at a gallop to Mrs. B——'s, our nearest neighbor, and borrow all the bread she had, explaining my predicament. As Bob rode away my

servant, Mattie, said: 'Sure, mum, the bread will all be gone intirely before the lad reaches B—'s. But just lave it till me, mum,' she added, with a grin. 'Don't worry yer swate sowl about it, we'll have it in time.'

"I went back to the dining-room and my heart dropped as I saw that only four or five slices of bread were left on the plate, though there was an abundance of meat and vegetables. Suddenly Mattie's head was stuck in the door, and in a voice of consternation, with terror written on her face, she fairly yelled: 'Plaze, mum, the shtable's on fire!'

"In an instant the dining-room was deserted. Our guests sprang to their feet, and, headed by my husband, rushed from the room. Sure enough there were volumes of bluish smoke pouring out of the stable door and through the cracks in the boards. There was a frantic rush for water-buckets and the well, and a long chase out to the barn. But somehow Mattie was there first with a bucket of water and had the fire nearly extinguished by the time the others arrived. It took fifteen minutes to get order restored and by that time Bob had arrived with the bread. Mattie had started the fire in an old vinegar barrel with some straw. It was a risky piece of business, I thought, until the sharp-witted girl told me that she had dampened the straw so that it would make a heavy smoke, and afterward had covered the barrel with pieces of loose boards thoroughly dampened."

Are They a Failure?

Are labor organizations a failure? This question is asked by many within the ranks this hot weather when slim attendance and a backsliding membership is a feature of the hour. If by the question is meant will all men eventually enroll themselves solidly in the organization of their trade, craft or economic opinion the answer must be yes. And when we ask whether the labor organizations have caused a great revolution in thought, law and custom, we must answer, yes. Laboring men do not now join organizations because times are better. An unerring indication of the increase in national prosperity is found in the falling off of interests and attendance in labor unions and assemblies. With each rush to a common center of organization comes eventually better wages and more consideration for the employed. The masses of the workmen always send forth a small, powerful contingent of intelligence; who, by their better lights learn that radical political changes are necessary to the bettering of the condition of society, and that result was the outcome of the great wave of organization that reached the height of its existence in 1885. Behind it have come the labor philosophers,

who have delved into the politics of the day and made an army of independent voters, who threaten the old political organizations with extinction if they do not produce corrective legislation. It is the revolution that is directing the fight against the tariff to-day and compelling both of the parties to legislate seemingly in labor interests. Labor organizations are not a failure.

Potential Power of Wage-Earners.

[Chicago Daily News.]

A striking showing is made in a recent number of the *Financier* of the potential power possessed by the wage workers, but not utilized, in the financial concerns of the country. Throughout the north the wage-workers are the heaviest depositors in all the larger cities. It is their money—the slow, steady accumulation of surplus earnings—that, under the control of able men, moves the wheels of trade and commerce.

In Boston the deposits of wage-workers runs up into the millions; in all the manufacturing towns of New England and the Middle States it is shown that there are vast sums invested by wage-workers bringing them in returns of from 3 to 6 per cent., but yielding the financiers who handle these investments still greater profits. Philadelphia has its banks filled from the pockets of 300,000 wage-earners, and Pittsburg has \$25,000,000 loaned to its monetary managers by the toilers in mills and factories.

There is no natural or insuperable obstacle to the owner reaping this benefit, which now goes to the support of the middleman. With the advance of education and the development of intelligence this great army will take the control of this enormous financial power into its own hands, and will then be able to compete on something like equal terms with the monopolists, trusts and syndicates now living largely upon the use of the money of the wage-earner.

In Comparison Vanderbilt Shrinks.

It is remarked in connection with the Vanderbilt charitable bequests that Stephen Girard left the bulk of his \$7,500,000 estate to charities in and around Philadelphia, and for other good purposes. The Astors gave to the Astor Library \$1,000,000; Johns Hopkins gave \$3,000,000 to found a great school; Leland Stanford \$10,000,000 for a similar purpose; Ezra Cornell \$2,500,000 to Cornell University; Asa Packer \$3,000,000 to Lehigh University; J. C. Green \$1,500,000 to Princeton College; James Lick \$4,000,000 in the name of benevolence, and James H. Roosevelt spent \$1,000,000 in founding Roosevelt Hospital in New York. The Peabody fund, the Slater fund and Peter Cooper's gifts are well remembered.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.



Assessment Notice for September.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., September 1, 1891.

ASSESSMENT No. 23, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 470. Lester S. Brown, of Red Mountain Lodge, No. 339, died from injuries received in Collision, May 18, 1891.

CLAIM No. 471. Dwight M. Mitchell, of Grand River Lodge, No. 265, was run over and killed, June 15, 1891.

CLAIM No. 472. John Long, of Hinton Lodge, No. 236, was declared totally disabled by loss of hand, June 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 473. Martin McNertney, of Three Bros. Lodge, No. 235, died of Typhoid Fever, June 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 474. Wm. J. Kelly, of Red River Lodge, No. 8, was killed by falling under train, June 19, 1891.

CLAIM No. 475. John B. Welty, of Emporia Lodge, No. 33, died from injuries received by Railway accident, June 23, 1891.

CLAIM No. 476. Roland J. Bruce, of Midland Lodge, No. 147, died of Malignant Carbuncle, July 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 477. Max Zelle, of Charter Oak Lodge, No. 285, was killed in Collision, July 2, 1891.

CLAIM No. 478. Robert Martin, of Saratoga Lodge, No. 209, died of Inflammation of Bowels, July 5, 1891.

CLAIM No. 479. Everett McCormack, of West End Lodge, No. 18, died of Congestive Chills, July 8, 1891.

CLAIM No. 480. Wm. Griffiths, of Fairmount Lodge, No. 333, died of Pneumonia, July 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 481. Michael Flaherty, of Sprague Lodge, No. 133, died from Injuries received in a Wreck, July 13, 1891.

CLAIM No. 482. Wm. S. Dye, of West End Lodge, No. 18, was run over and killed, July 14, 1891.

CLAIM No. 483. John H. Selby, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, was declared totally disabled by Progressive Spinal Sclerosis, July 15, 1891.

CLAIM No. 484. August Preckwinkle, of Federation Lodge, No. 122, was declared totally disabled with Pulmonary Hemorrhages, July 15, 1891.

CLAIM No. 485. Alex. Roberts, of Mineral King Lodge, No. 129, was declared totally disabled with Locomotor Ataxia, July 15, 1891.

CLAIM No. 486. Thos. E. Kelton, of Washington Lodge, No. 13, was declared totally disabled with Cerebro-Spinal Irritation, July 18, 1891.

CLAIM No. 487. Jno A. Hudson, of Friendly Hand Lodge, No. 201, was declared totally disabled by burns sustained in a wreck, July 18, 1891.

CLAIM No. 488. Lucius J. Hammond, of Albany City Lodge, No. 230, was declared totally disabled with Chronic Asthma, July 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 489. James Damant, of Star of The East Lodge, No. 118, died of Consumption, July 23, 1891.

CLAIM No. 490. Louis T. Marold, of Deer Park Lodge, No. 1, was declared totally disabled by Anchylosis of shoulder, July 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 491. Chris. Ketterer, of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, died of Typhoid Fever, July 29, 1891.

CLAIM No. 492. Geo. C. McKinley, of Old Kentuck Lodge, No. 104, was killed in Collision, July 30, 1891.

CLAIM No. 493. Wesley G. Browne, of Congaree Lodge, No. 427, was killed in Collision, July 31, 1891.

CLAIM No. 494. Fred L. Eaton, of Vandalia Lodge, No. 405, died of Typhoid Fever, August 6, 1891.

CLAIM No. 495. Charles Colborg, of Border Lodge, No. 32, died of Consumption, August 6, 1891.

CLAIM No. 496. Asher N. Hicks, of Hoboken Lodge, No. 354, was killed by being Crushed Between two Cars, August 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 497. Thomas Brown, of A. G. Porter Lodge, No. 141, was killed by Railway Accident, August 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 498. Joseph J. Hicks, of Three Branch Lodge, No. 304, was killed by Pistol Shot August 18, 1891.

CLAIM No. 499. Edwin B. Messick, of R. R. Center Lodge, No. 31, was declared totally disabled with Anchylosis of Hip Joint, August 19, 1891.

*NOTE.—\$750 allowed on this claim by Second Biennial Convention.

An assessment of Two DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1891, also for all members having taken a withdrawal (limited or final) after AUGUST 1ST, (and for all members who died or were totally disabled since that date,) said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all benefits of the order, as per Section 52 of the Constitution.

Your fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Bound Volumes.

We still have on hand a few bound volumes of the Magazine for the years 1887, 1888 and 1889, which can be had, postage paid, at \$1.50 per volume. Every wide-awake fireman should have these volumes in his library. Address *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., Aug. 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of July, 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	..	73	..	145	..	217	..	289	..	361	..	433	..	505	..
2	..	74	..	146	..	218	..	290	\$12	362	..	434	..	506	..
3	..	75	..	147	..	219	..	291	..	363	..	435	..	507	..
4	..	76	..	148	..	220	..	292	..	364	..	436	..	508	..
5	..	77	..	149	..	221	..	293	..	365	..	437	..	509	..
6	..	78	..	150	..	222	..	294	..	366	..	438	..	510	..
7	..	79	..	151	..	223	..	295	..	367	..	439	..	511	..
8	..	80	..	152	..	224	..	296	..	368	..	440	..	512	..
9	..	81	..	153	..	225	..	297	..	369	..	441	..	513	..
10	..	82	..	154	..	226	..	298	..	370	..	442	..	514	..
11	..	83	..	155	..	227	..	299	..	371	..	443	..	515	..
12	..	84	..	156	..	228	..	300	..	372	..	444	..	516	..
13	..	85	..	157	..	229	..	301	..	373	..	445	..	517	..
14	..	86	..	158	..	230	..	302	..	374	..	446	..	518	..
15	..	87	..	159	..	231	..	303	..	375	..	447	..	519	..
16	..	88	..	160	..	232	..	304	..	376	..	448	..	520	..
17	..	89	..	161	..	233	..	305	..	377	..	449	..	521	..
18	..	90	..	162	..	234	..	306	..	378	..	450	..	522	..
19	..	91	..	163	..	235	..	307	..	379	..	451	..	523	..
20	..	92	..	164	..	236	..	308	..	380	..	452	..	524	..
21	..	93	..	165	..	237	..	309	..	381	..	453	..	525	..
22	..	94	..	166	..	238	..	310	..	382	..	454	..	526	..
23	..	95	..	167	..	239	..	311	..	383	..	455	..	527	..
24	..	96	..	168	..	240	..	312	..	384	..	456	..	528	..
25	..	97	..	169	..	241	..	313	..	385	..	457	..	529	..
26	..	98	..	170	..	242	..	314	..	386	..	458	..	530	..
27	..	99	..	171	..	243	..	315	..	387	..	459	..	531	..
28	..	100	..	172	..	244	..	316	..	388	..	460	..	532	..
29	..	101	..	173	..	245	..	317	..	389	..	461	..	533	..
30	..	102	..	174	..	246	..	318	..	390	..	462	..	534	..
31	..	103	..	175	..	247	..	319	..	391	..	463	..	535	..
32	..	104	..	176	..	248	..	320	..	392	..	464	..	536	..
33	..	105	..	177	..	249	..	321	..	393	..	465	..	537	..
34	..	106	..	178	..	250	..	322	..	394	..	466	..	538	..
35	..	107	..	179	..	251	..	323	..	395	..	467	..	539	..
36	..	108	..	180	..	252	..	324	..	396	..	468	..	540	..
37	..	109	..	181	..	253	..	325	..	397	..	469	..	541	..
38	..	110	..	182	..	254	..	326	..	398	..	470	..	542	..
39	..	111	..	183	..	255	..	327	..	399	..	471	..	543	..
40	..	112	..	184	..	256	..	328	..	400	..	472	..	544	..
41	..	113	..	185	..	257	..	329	..	401	..	473	..	545	..
42	..	114	..	186	..	258	..	330	..	402	..	474	..	546	..
43	..	115	..	187	..	259	..	331	..	403	..	475	..	547	..
44	..	116	..	188	..	260	..	332	..	404	..	476	..	548	..
45	..	117	..	189	..	261	..	333	..	405	..	477	..	549	..
46	..	118	..	190	..	262	..	334	..	406	..	478	..	550	..
47	..	119	..	191	..	263	..	335	..	407	..	479	..	551	..
48	..	120	..	192	..	264	..	336	..	408	..	480	..	552	..
49	..	121	..	193	..	265	..	337	..	409	..	481	..	553	..
50	..	122	..	194	..	266	..	338	..	410	..	482	..	554	..
51	..	123	..	195	..	267	..	339	..	411	..	483	..	555	..
52	..	124	..	196	..	268	..	340	..	412	..	484	..	556	..
53	..	125	..	197	..	269	..	341	..	413	..	485	..	557	..
54	..	126	..	198	..	270	..	342	..	414	..	486	..	558	..
55	..	127	..	199	..	271	..	343	..	415	..	487	..	559	..
56	..	128	..	200	..	272	..	344	..	416	..	488	..	560	..
57	..	129	..	201	..	273	..	345	..	417	..	489	..	561	..
58	..	130	..	202	..	274	..	346	..	418	..	490	..	562	..
59	..	131	..	203	..	275	..	347	..	419	..	491	..	563	..
60	..	132	..	204	..	276	..	348	..	420	..	492	..	564	..
61	..	133	..	205	..	277	..	349	..	421	..	493	..	565	..
62	..	134	..	206	..	278	..	350	..	422	..	494	..	566	..
63	..	135	..	207	..	279	..	351	..	423	..	495	..	567	..
64	..	136	..	208	..	280	..	352	..	424	..	496	..	568	..
65	..	137	..	209	..	281	..	353	..	425	..	497	..	569	..
66	..	138	..	210	..	282	..	354	..	426	..	498	..	570	..
67	..	139	..	211	..	283	..	355	..	427	..	499	..	571	..
68	..	140	..	212	..	284	..	356	..	428	..	500	..	572	..
69	..	141	..	213	..	285	..	357	..	429	..	501	..	573	..
70	..	142	..	214	..	286	..	358	..	430	..	502	..	574	..
71	..	143	..	215	..	287	..	359	..	431	..	503	..	575	..
72	..	144	..	216	..	288	..	360	..	432	..	504	..	576	..

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	..	439	..	445	..	451	..	457	..	463	..
434	..	440	..	446	..	452	..	458	..	464	..
435	..	441	..	447	..	453	..	459	..	465	..
436	..	442	..	448	..	454	..	460	..	466	..
437	..	443	..	449	..	455	..	461	..	467	..
438	..	444	..	450	..	456	..	462	..	468	..

Balance on hand July 1, 1891 \$54,459 36
Received during month 4,232 00

Balance on hand August 1, 1891 \$58,741 36
Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Magazine Agents

ATTENTION!

PRIZES FOR 1891.

\$350.00

— IN CASH PRIZES —

The following prizes will be awarded by the Grand Lodge for the year 1891, viz.:

FIRST PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the largest number of paid subscribers to his credit on the Grand Lodge books December 1st, 1891, Two Hundred (\$200.00) Dollars in Cash.

SECOND PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the second largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars in Cash.

THIRD PRIZE.

To the Magazine Agent having the third largest number of paid subscriptions to his credit, Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars in Cash.

The foregoing cash prizes should prove an incentive to every Magazine Agent in the order to roll up his sleeves and enter the competition.

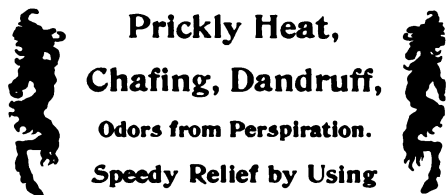
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Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

"The Best for Baby's Bath."
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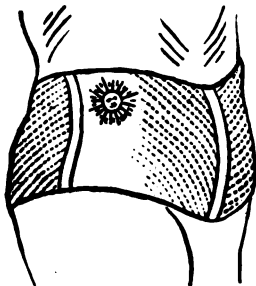
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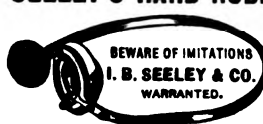
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safety, thereby com-
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cure of all curable
cases. Impervious
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body, are worn without inconvenience by the youngest
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EITHER IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

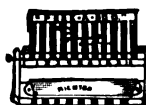
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Agnew, Willard Parker, W. H. Pancoast, Dr. Thomas G.
Morton, and Surgeon-Generals of the U. S. Army and Navy.
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of a passenger car. The new QUICK ACTING TRIPLE VALVE, and the
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dling them are given. A diagram of SLIDE VALVE MOVEMENT, 16½ by
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VALVE MOTION, from the eccentric to the steam chest, as well as the
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in the cylinder. It shows the piston also and everything connected
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in all, in a pocket in each book. The whole work without doubt con-
tains MORE VALUABLE INFORMATION IN FEWER WORDS, and is easier un-
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DEL RIO, TEXAS, Dec. 30, 1890.

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Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
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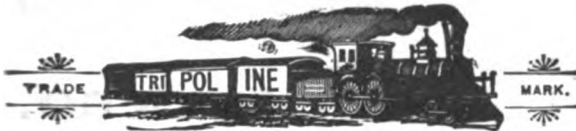
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LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

857

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WHEEL**

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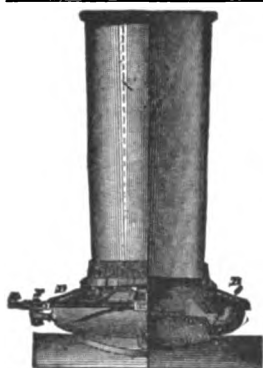
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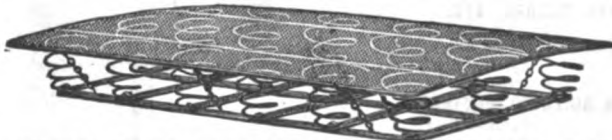
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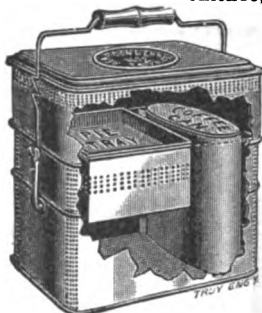
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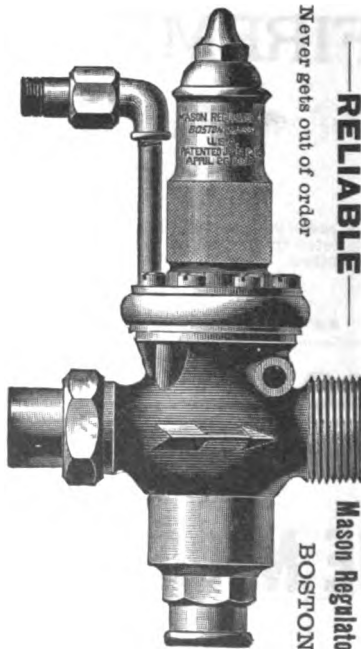
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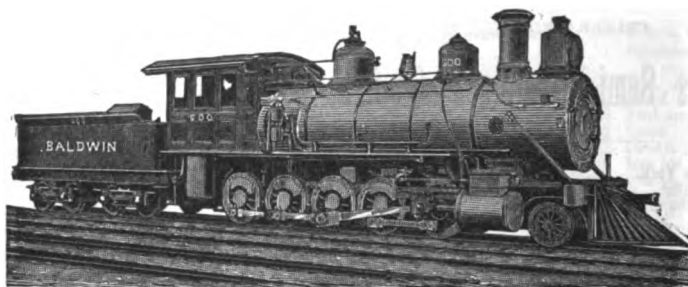
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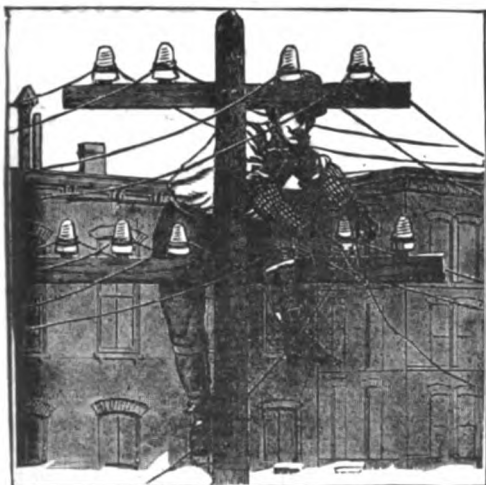
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LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 10

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EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . Editor and Manager.

SANITARY SCIENCE vs. SANITANIC POLICY.

A writer in the *Iron Age* discussing "Sanitary Science and Industrial health," remarks that "the sanitary conditions of industrial life are of vital and of deepening importance. They are in touch with the health of society and the vitality of the nation. We perpetuate or vanish, develop or die, in ratio with our progress in science. Pure air and a clean skin, enough of oxygen and no stint of soap are among the conditions of longevity, physical vitality and general freedom from vice, discontent and the devil. Civilization inhaling sewage aromas, forgetting to wash its cuticle and loving a dirty shirt, becomes a feast for microbes and bacteria, and is distinguished for its invalids, its demons and its dead."

Sanitary science is not to be derided, or its value underestimated. Soap is in affinity with sanitary science, and opposed to dirt, whatever may be said of the devil—indeed, we are not aware that the devil is an

enemy to soap, or the special advocate of dirt—unless in either or both cases, he can the more effectually establish his kingdom and carry forward his enterprises.

Our readings lead to the conclusion that the devil is quite as much at home in the palace of the millionaire, where hot and cold water is always on tap and soap is abundant, as in the homes of the industrial classes, where such conveniences are not to be found. True it is, that the methods of the devil, when operating in the palace with his millionaire coadjutors are different from those employed when dealing with the victims of squalor who inhale "sewage aromas," the "dirty shirt" brigade, the breeders of "microbes and bacteria" and who because they are the victims of studied injustice, are compelled to live beyond the boundaries where "sanitary science" operates.

In dealing with the victims of millionaire robberies, there is a deal of scientific slush. There is any quantity of toploftical philanthropy which expends itself in the discussion of ways and means to mitigate the sufferings of the poor, but there is never a word said about paying fair wages for work; never a word said about fewer hours of toil. We are told that "modern intelligence and humanitarianism have rightly estimated the ominous significance" of the dangers arising from "sewage aromas, "dirty shirts," "microbes and bacteria," etc., and that unless we are to have a wider application of "sanitary science," more cleanliness, more soap, more fresh air, we shall have more burials, more suffering,

more work for doctors and undertakers, and a more active demand for space in the Potter's fields of the country.

In this connection, it is noticeable that there is great activity, in boards of charity, legally organized, and others that are self constituted, the latter being responsible to themselves, while the former are nominally responsible to the state, but in both cases nothing, or to be strictly just, very little transpires of any practical value. In the self constituted charity organizations, money in sums more or less important, is collected, offices hired and furnished, and several positions are provided with salaries of no little liberality, and the balance sheets show that when the poor receive a dime, the manager obtains dollars, while society at large receives large installments of wind. Nor are matters much improved by the operations of State Boards of Charity. These boards meet, and dissertations are read, in which the various phases of poverty are deplored, but if conditions are thereby improved the fact is not visible to the naked eye.

The one underlying truth, that poverty and its attendant ills are owing chiefly to the ceaseless piracies of the rich, is totally ignored, and as a result a class of subsidized philanthropists are constantly telling American working people how much better off they are than their fellow toilers in lands where they are simply "dumb driven cattle," or, they are putting science to the task of informing the wretched victims how three square meals can be gotten up on an expenditure of *ten cents*, and these bills of fare are practically the outcome of the whole shameful business.

No self respecting man or woman, can read these papers, in which there is a studied effort to reconcile workingmen to cut throat charity, scientifically treated, without feelings of supreme disgust.

Says the writer from whom we have quoted, "Human life is precious, no matter how poorly fed or thinly clad." Who esteems it precious? What evidence have we of such estimates? Where is the solicitude? In what way is it manifested? As a proposition human life ought to be precious, but if men will consult statistics re-

lating to wages, it will be found that there are few things so cheap as human life. So little is it regarded in multiplied thousands of instances, that when wages are demanded sufficient to keep a healthy soul in a healthy body, the demand is denied and human life not only becomes cheap but a ceaseless horror. Says the writer, "Profits are no offset to public health, nor can dividends replace the dead." In theory, profits are not an offset to health, but practically, they are. To make profits wages are reduced; with wages down to a starvation point, little protection can be given to health; there will be poor food, poor shelter and poor clothes. It is not required that dividends should replace the dead workingman, or woman, or child. For every one that goes two stand ready to take the vacant place, and perish in the regulation way. If there is a revolt, a strike, the dead increase, but the methods of destruction, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. We are told that "Anarchy spawns in bad air," and bad air comes of the methods by which labor is robbed. If the robberies continue, anarchy is inevitable.

A man rearing a family, receiving one dollar a day or less, is almost certain to find shelter where he breathes *bad air*. Hence it is that the robbers of labor, rob men of good air, rob them of health, dwarf and deform their souls and make earth a living hell. Sanitary science is powerless. There is one remedy: pay honest wages. Money lifts—lifts from beastly surroundings into the realms of pure air. Talk is well enough, it is important, but let it be, when poverty, squalor and degradation are the topics, practical. Gush, soft, flabby sentimentality, does not answer the purpose. It has been tried and found wanting in elevating power. It is often nothing more than senile drool, the product of flatulent cranks, who go forth, like christian science doctors, with Ohs! and Ahs! and other exclamations to relieve human suffering but who, in fact, expedite death.

There is a panacea for poverty, a redeeming remedy, pay honest wages and let labor have its rightful share of the wealth it creates. All else is illusive; jack-o'-lanterns, which if followed will lead to disaster.

SLEEP.

Whatever may be said of others, the question of sleep is one of special importance to men engaged in the railway train service of the country. That too little attention is given to it by the men themselves, we do not doubt, and that employers ever consider the subject as one of vast consequence to the public at large, it would be, we think, difficult to establish.

Our attention is called to the subject of sleep by the question, "What really is sleep?" which is going the rounds of the press. Some one says, "What sleep is, no one knows." That is not exactly true, because it refers, we conclude, more to what causes sleep than to a simple definition of the term. Webster says, sleep is "a natural and healthy, but temporary and periodical suspension of the functions of the organs of sense;" or to be still more concise, sleep is "temporary unconsciousness." Hence, we know what sleep is, but the whys and wherefores of sleep is quite another subject. Physiologists have not been idle with reference to investigating the subject, and "many hypotheses have been advanced to account for the phenomena of sleep." And it may be interesting to the reader to read them in this connection. "According to some investigators, sleep arises from mere exhaustion of the sensorial (nervous system), the brain ceasing to act because it is fatigued, and cannot act further until restored by rest. Others, again, refer sleep to a change of the cerebral (brain) circulation, regarding it as arising from congestion or a retarded movement of the blood in the cerebral vessels, especially the veins, or, according to some, from a diminished flow of arterial blood to the brain." Again, it is held that "refuse matter accumulates in the nervous centers in such quantities as to bring about insensibility, which continues until the brain has been relieved of the waste matter by its absorption into circulation." Such theories could be indefinitely continued, but it would not help the reader to arrive at a conclusion more satisfactory than that the brain ceases to act because it is fatigued.

Referring to the approach of sleep it is

said that "it is announced by diminished activity of mind and loss of the power of attention. The senses become blunted to external impressions and we feel an unconquerable desire for stillness and repose. Our ideas grow confused, our sensations become more obscure, our sight fails us, and if our ears still perceive sounds, they are indistinct and seem as though distant. The eyelids close, the joints relax, and we instinctively assume an easy position and fall into a sleep."

Such statements regarding the approach of sleep are known to be absolutely true by every man engaged in the railroad train service in the country, and yet there is not a day of the year that men in charge of railroad trains are not kept at work long after their brains are "fatigued," long after they feel the benumbing approaches of sleep; until they experience the unconquerable desire to sleep.

Is it required to say that at the instant the train man feels the approaches of sleep dangers arise, and that they multiply with fearful rapidity? Is it too much to say that an astonishing per cent. of the railroad wrecks and disasters which horrify the world, should be charged to the account of loss of sleep, to brain fatigue, to the refusal of the brain to act? We do not doubt it in the least, and we feel assured if railroad engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and switchmen were interviewed upon the subject, their statements would startle the country. Nor would we omit the testimony of railway telegraphers, in fact, it is quite possible that their testimony would cap the climax of horrors and compel society to demand a reform.

As we write we recall a conversation with an engineer who stands high in the craft, in which he detailed his experience and in which a wreck was directly attributable to a loss of sleep.

He said: "My run was between L. and C. on the ——. I had made forty-six consecutive days work. I had slept as I could catch time, an hour or two at a time. I was utterly worn out; making a home run I registered 'worn out, must rest twenty-four hours,' and went home. I told my

wife I was completely exhausted and would not go out again for twenty-four hours. I went to bed. In two hours I was called to go out. I refused. In less than two hours I was called again, and again I refused, tell the caller I would not go. Again I was called, and unconsciously replied, 'all right,' but I did not get up. My wife aroused me and told me I had agreed to go out on my engine. I was totally oblivious of the fact, but, having given the caller to understand that I would go, I dressed, took my place on my engine, started her, after which I knew nothing until aroused by a crash. Cars piled upon cars, and while I escaped, my fireman was frightfully injured." "What else?" we inquired. "This," rejoined the engineer: "Notwithstanding I had registered 'worn out and must have twenty-four hours rest,' I was called within two hours, and finally, more asleep than awake, I took charge of my engine, and, though my eyes may have been open, I was asleep. The penalty was sixty days suspension."

Does the world require more testimony with regard to what sleep really is, or what it must inevitably lead to when forced upon men in charge of railroad trains? Is not the subject of sufficient importance to attract the attention of railroad officials? Is it not a supreme question? Does it not involve the question of life, not only of trainmen but of passengers? In a word, is it not a question that demands legislative interposition? If not, why not?

It is said that "whatever feats of endurance men may accomplish, they cannot live long without sleeping. Under every condition of bodily and mental suffering, men sleep. Those condemned to die, although they fear their fate, generally sleep the night before execution. Soldiers have been known to sleep when on a long and wearisome march while walking in the ranks, or lying in a bed of stones, or in the mud and water." Certainly, and railroad train men, as conscientious as any class of men in the world, will sleep on duty when the brain is so fatigued that it refuses to act, though every life in the land were in peril. It is the law of man's physical and mental organism and no power can revoke it. It will be obeyed.

"The question," we quote, "is often asked, 'How long can a man live without sleep?'" And the answer is given that "the victims of the Chinese 'walking torture' seldom survive more than ten days. Those condemned to die by the walking torture are given all they wish to eat and drink but sleep is denied them." But are they awake, though they walk? As much so as the soldier who marches in his sleep.

The subject, in connection with the moving of railroad trains, expands to commanding importance. It is worthy of great consideration. Who is to blame, need not here be discussed. Railroad officials should at once inaugurate a needed reform, even though train men, in some instances, might be willing to place life and property in peril to increase their bank account.

PRINCE BISMARCK owns a brewery, a paper mill and several distilleries. He has an income of \$100,000 a year. The government has given him, besides his regular pay for services, the sum of \$1,100,000. He tells beggars of all classes that it is useless to ask him for money. This man of "blood and iron" is of the opinion that education unfits men for service as workmen, lifts them out of the old ruts, makes them independent, etc. He says that "over education had led to much dissatisfaction and disappointment in Germany, but in Russia it had led to disaffection and conspiracy. There were ten times as many people educated for the higher walks as there were places to fill. Further, education was making pedantic theorists and visionaries unfit for constitutional government. It would be madness to put such men in authority. Russians do not know yet what they want. They must, therefore, be ruled with a rod of iron." Referring to the labor question, the Prince ridiculed the idea that workmen would ever be contented, because, he said, "the rich are never contented." One of these days the workmen of Germany will teach such men as Bismarck that they are stronger than standing armies, and though they may not be contented, they will have three square meals a day, with sundry trimmings.

WE notice going the rounds of the press, reference to a few rich men of antiquity, and their style of living. It is said that "Cræsus possessed, in landed property, a fortune equal to \$8,500,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of \$13,000,000. Lentulus, "the soothsayer" had \$18,000,000. The Emperor Tiberius, at his death, left \$118,125,000, which Caligula spent in less than six months. Cæsar before he entered upon any office, owed \$5,000,000, yet he purchased the friendship of Curio for \$2,500,000 and that of Lucius for \$1,500,000. He gave Servilia, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of \$40,000. Apicus spent in debauchery \$1,500,000, and finding on examination of the state of his affairs that he had no more than \$200,000 left, he poisoned himself because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. One single dish cost Æsopus \$400,000. Caligula spent for one supper \$400,000 and Heliogabalus \$100,000. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was \$100,000. The fish from his ponds were sold for \$175,000. Scaurus's country house was destroyed by fire and his loss was estimated at \$4,250,000." There may have been a time when American youth, in reading such statistics would be filled with wonder and amazement, but that was "befo' de wah." Since that little unpleasantness was arranged, facts convince the average census taker that his occupation is perplexing when estimating the wealth of American millionaires. Referring to the figures, it will be noticed that Cræsus, Seneca, Lentulus and Tiberius all combined, were worth only about \$166,000,000, a sum which a Vanderbilt or an Astor could duplicate without inconvenience. As for Cræsus, there are a hundred men in the United State, who, in a game of "draw" could make him, were he alive and disposed to play, take water. As for Senecas, men worth \$13,000,000, all of our great cities have them. California could turn out a dozen or more Lentuluses, and even Tiberius, were he a citizen of New York, would be some millions below first place. Cæsar, it seems, was liberal in purchasing friend-

ships, but Jay Gould, long ago learned that if he wanted a legislature or a judge, to do his bidding, the way to proceed was to go out and buy one or the other, or both, as exigencies might require. As for luxurious living, it may be that the ancients were the greater gluttons, and gave more attention to eating than our modern free livers, but it is safe to say, Vanderbilt's \$10,000 a year chef fixes up dainties for the railroad king's palate that Æsopus never dreamed of. The point is, that in wealth, luxury, snobbery and a' that, there is no occasion for going outside of the United States, for examples that take the cakes.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW IN CHICAGO.

The employés of the city of Chicago are required to work only eight hours a day, but it appears that certain employés are permitted to draw their pay on five hours a day, and even for the time named, manage to do a great deal of lounging. These favored gentlemen are, we infer, the clerks in the various departments of the city government. If the city has other work to be done, those charged with its performance do not get off with five instead of eight hours work. It is stated that it is an easy matter to enforce the law, and that if eight hours were demanded of the force, about one-third of the employés could be dismissed, thereby saving money for the city, and the reason why this is not done, it is claimed, is "political influence"—that it would not be popular nor politically healthy to enforce the eight-hour law. But it is safe to say that, were mechanics and laborers to reduce their time to five hours, the power to enforce the law would be applied in a hurry.

The labor world, at least the United States part of it, is demanding the eight-hour day, and it follows, if by increasing the hours of work from five to eight a large number of employés could be dismissed, that by reducing the hours from ten, twelve and fourteen to eight, a demand would be created for more men. The proposition is axiomatic, and the universal eight-hour day is coming.

THE BACCARAT PRINCE OF WALES.

Kate Field's *Washington* deplores "poverty in purple," and says:

Government Civil List, \$500,000; Duchy of Cornwall, \$200,000; Total, \$700,000. That's the income of the Prince of Wales. Then the Princess, whose father, the King of Denmark, was too poor to endow her with worldly goods, was voted by Parliament \$130,000 a year. Good natured John Bull also allows her five children \$30,000 apiece, which makes \$150,000 over again, so that the heir apparent and his family cost the Empire \$1,000,000 annually, or the interest at three per cent—the British borrowing rate—on more than \$33,000,000.

This would seem to be enough to meet the requirements of the Prince of Wales; but, after all, think what is required of him. Divide \$1,000,000 between three residences and seven people, and see how much is left. Marlborough House, London, Sandringham in Norfolk, and Abergeldie in Scotland are enough to deplete a far more plethoric purse than that of England's future King. Review the army of servants and the stables! There are, also, more functionaries and officials than you can shake two sticks at. Here are a few:

- Comptroller.
- Treasurer.
- Equerries-in-Chief.
- Supplementary Equerries.
- Private Secretary.
- Librarian.
- Superintendent of the Household.
- Assistant Superintendents.
- House Chaplain.
- Three Honorary Chaplains.
- Three House Doctors.
- Five Honorary Doctors.
- Three Surgeons and a substitute.
- Dentist.

Such an array of impediments is enough to make one content with love in a cottage. The Prince of Wales is expected to play the part of royalty while the Queen draws the salary. No monarch in Europe, except his brother-in-law, the King of Greece, has so limited a civil list, yet from no monarch is so much asked.

I have not the least doubt that if the Prince turned over a brand new leaf and went in for economy, the very people who proclaim his extravagance would be the first to denounce what would be called the niggardliness of advancing years. Who has a good word to say for the Duke of Edinburgh? He is called "mean"; that settles him even in the estimation of the British beggar. Charles Surface always was a favorite character with John Bull, and whether he be Prince or subject, will have the sympathy of the people. It means what is known as good fellowship, and until human nature changes its skin, the good fellow will be forgiven his debts and everything else—if he be a *royal* good fellow.

Here it is seen that this royal "Baccarat" gambler, this good-for-nothing fellow called the Prince of Wales, this exceedingly me-

diocre spawn of royalty who is born to rule by "divine right," costs the workingmen of England \$2,740 a day, and taking the whole royal breed, \$10,000 a day would not foot the bills. What is true of England is also true of every king cursed country of Europe. It is not surprising, therefore, that the victims of such governments are trying to get away from them, and that those who remain discuss dynamite as a remedy.

Kate Field is of the opinion if the Prince of Wales should become economical and squanderless cash, the English people would denounce him for "niggardliness." Not the people but the snobs, the aristocracy who think of the people as the priest did of his flock when he said, "I am your shepherd and ye are my mutton."

A GRAPHIC PRESENTATION OF THE ISSUES.

In the *Farmer's Voice* we note the following appeal:

Ho, ye Marshall'd Band of Apparitions! whom do ye accuse?—and through the starry silence millions of shadowy lips whisper the same reply:

We accuse a civilization that defies material progress, and forgets God's justice and man's right.

We accuse a scientific savagery—that mouths the atheistic formula of "The survival of the fittest!" and thereby justifies every crime against lowly humanity.

We accuse a nation that scoffs at the Divine moral law which inculcates mercy from the strong to the weak, and help from the wise to the simple.

We accuse a wealth dominated Christianity which banishes the reign of universal charity and justice to an unseen world.

And finally we accuse an order of society that by its practice repudiates the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

Friends! Embattled millions of American toilers are now determined on securing far-reaching national reforms.

This they can only do through a new party of the great plain people, and that party is now in process of rapid organization.

This great popular movement received its first impulse through the needs and personal interests of large masses of oppressed producers.

It was born of the material, but it must be vitalized by the spiritual, if it achieves a high and permanent success.

All class lines between toilers must vanish.

A sympathetic solidarity, where the well-being of each one is the concern of all, must obtain.

The wealth creators of America, "though many as the billows must be one as the sea."

The broad foundation of this new popular party must be a recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

The day has come in our republic when the governing power in the nation must either ascend to higher ground and sublimer policies than were ever known in the past, or else our entire social, commercial and political fabric will topple down to tumultuous ruin.

The conquering party of the future must first merit triumph—and it can only do so by planting itself on the divine moralities of charity, mercy, mutual helpfulness and brotherly love.

Sordid self-interest, either on the part of men, classes or political organizations, must be kept in a subordinate place, or the new party of the masses will go down in overwhelming defeat.

Such are the ringing words that are caught up on ten thousand times ten thousand tongues and repeated throughout the land. Are they idle words? Are they false or true? Are the people required to heed them?

They are in the nature of seed. They are being sown in soil where they will take root and produce fruit. Is it too soon to inquire what the harvest will be?

SOME years ago the union was in peril. It was saved by union soldiers. Saved by those who survived, not by those who were killed; not by those who were wounded or imprisoned or got sick, but by those who escaped such misfortunes, and marched and fought and conquered. Every time a measure is proposed in Congress to pension soldiers who saved the union the country is reminded of the *value* of the union, the *cost* of the union. When men boast of the union, the flag of the union, the boundaries of the union, the blessings the union confers, they may prudently remember who saved the union. Not the generals, colonels, majors and captains, but the men who carried the muskets. To pension them is simply to pay them, and when they are all dead the country will be so rich that mathematicians will find it difficult to compute its wealth.

We notice that the government does not hesitate to retire officers on pay which enables them to live sumptuously; the hue and cry is set up only when the private soldier is to be pensioned. One of the great daily newspapers of the country, in discussing the subject, remarks: "If when the workingman came home each Saturday night with his wages of \$12.50 for a week's

service the agent of the government stepped up to him and collected 50 cents as his share toward paying the present great pension donations, how long does any one suppose the present pension payments would be continued? The injustice of such immense appropriations would then be brought home so directly to the people that in less than a month's time there would be a revolt against them all over the country. They are tolerated now, not because our people are so insanely patriotic that they are willing to squander their money in this way, but because there is not one man in a thousand who appreciates what the tax is that is imposed upon him." We are not authorized to speak for the workingmen of the country, but assume if they could be assembled in one vast meeting and the question was put, "Shall the private soldier, who saved the union, be pensioned?" it would be carried with such a storm of applause as would demonstrate their patriotism and their appreciation of the services of the private soldier who saved the union.

It is stated that machinery is producing 90 per cent. of the manufacturing labor of the country, the remaining 10 per cent. is performed by men and women and children. In spinning cotton, one machine to-day can do as much as 100 operatives could do two generations ago. A man in Boston, discussing the power of the machinery says that "a little shoe shop in Brocton, Haverhill or Lynn can with its improved machinery turn out more in one day than the 30,000 shoemakers of Paris can by hand. One planing machine can do the work of 50 men with hand tools." The machine is what gives overproduction, and when that occurs the machine stands still until the surplus is disposed of. It is in testimony that during the depression of 1885-6, caused by overproduction, the reduction of wages was 20 per cent. The aggregate daily wages of 1886 was \$8,000,000; 20 per cent. reduction resulted, equal to \$1,600,000 a day. With this amount, if the wages idlers would have earned but for overproduction, the daily loss in wages was not less than \$2,000,000 a day.

INCUMBRANCE OF FARMS AND HOMES.

The eleventh census of the United States will disclose conditions which will tone down the exuberant joy experienced when contemplating the growth of the country in wealth during the last decade, from 1880 to 1890, which is set down at \$22,000,000,000. The census reports have it that there are in the United States 2,491,930 farms and homes occupied by owners and incumbered by mortgages. It will be some time before the actual sum total of mortgages on farms and homes will be known, but preliminary results indicate that the average debt for a farm in Iowa is \$1,283; home, \$719; average for farm and home, \$1,140. If these averages hold good for the union the incumbrance on the farms and homes of the United States occupied by owners is about \$2,565,000,000. The question arises how many families live on farms and in homes that are incumbered, and the statement is made that of the 12,500,000 families in the United States, 2,250,000 live on and in incumbered farms and homes. Again, estimating the mortgaged farms at \$10 per acre, then it is seen that 255,500,000 acres are under mortgage, an area equal to the area of the following states:

Illinois	35,464,900 acres
Indiana	21,637,700 acres
Iowa	35,228,800 acres
Kansas	51,770,240 acres
Michigan	36,128,640 acres
Minnesota	53,459,840 acres
West Virginia	14,720,000 acres
Vermont	6,535,680 acres

254,946,000 acres

The foregoing shows that an area equal to eight sovereign (?) states is mortgaged, with 554,000 acres, which is about equal to the state of Rhode Island, surplus, sufficient to tempt an English syndicate. As has been remarked the outlook is not *rosy* for the men who have got to pay off these mortgages with big interest, or lose their farms and homes, and if paid, the sum is to be taken from the surplus earnings of labor.

In plug, fine cut, cigars and snuff, the people of the United States manage to consume, annually, 310,000,000 pounds of tobacco. And that's one of the ways the money goes.

A NEW YORK paper is moved almost to tears because the poor of that metropolis, when dead, are buried in "unhallowed" Potter's Fields, and asks, "Can anything more melancholy be imagined than the sight of a public burying ground for the paupers of a great city?" Yes. We think vastly more melancholy sights can not only be imagined, but found, in any of the great cities of the country, and nowhere in greater number than in the city of New York. No Potter's Field, where "outcasts are buried," awakens reflections half so horrid as some of the New York tenement houses, where the poor live, work, starve and die, the victims of man's inhumanity. Such places are more repulsive and loathsome, hateful and abominable than any Potter's Field in the world. They are tombs in which the living are buried in filth, where children are born to breathe pestilence and die, places fit only for rats and vermin, as much more disgusting than any Potter's Field as Potter's Fields are more repulsive than Jay Gould's Hudson river parks and play grounds. It does not matter where prince or peasant is buried. Death is a great leveler, and in the banqueting halls where loathsome things feed upon corruption, the pauper is as delicious as the millionaire. What is wanted is not senseless croakings about the dead, any place will do to go back to dust, but ceaseless protests against dens into which the rich force the poor and exact rents, the injustice of which cries to heaven for redress.

STRANGELY paradoxical as it may appear it is nevertheless true, as the *Laster* states, that "people go barefoot because there are too many shoes; naked because there is too much clothing; hungry, because there is too much food; cold, because there is too great an output of coal." Over production closes shops, men cease working, earning and buying. The few who control commodities and products grow rich while workmen grow poorer. When accumulated stocks grow sufficiently reduced to begin work again, workmen are sufficiently reduced to accept any wages they can get, and thus the processes of degradation to the Chinese level go steadily forward.

Money and Its Functions.

AN we say that money is wealth? Let us see. Gold and silver are wealth like every other labor product. Money *per se* is, anyhow, a contrivance with which to facilitate the exchange of wealth. It happens that the production of gold and silver implies a great deal of concentrated labor, and appeals to the mind as the most convenient labor product with which to embody the reality of wealth in the exchange of all other forms of wealth or labor products. Humanity clings with great tenacity to its first impressions, often independent of their merits or demerits. Even in our days many minds can not disassociate those two ideas, wealth, and a contrivance with which to exchange wealth with the least possible trouble. It happens, also, that gold and silver, apart from their adaptability to serve as the reality of wealth in the exchange of wealth, are among the few least useful products in nature. They hardly meet a single absolute need or comfort in life except as mere ornaments, and outside of instruments in exchanges. A long grain of gold and silver dust all over the earth, or of \$5 gold pieces, if we prefer, would not increase the general comfort of humanity by a single atom. A long shower of cotton, wool, or any other useful product of labor would very materially increase human comfort, for some time, anyhow. The illustration is rather silly, but such illustrations are often good to carry certain truths into minds of a certain order.

The fact that money *per se* is not wealth has been proven again and again in the course of human history. Take France in 1796, when she had over \$250 paper money per capita of population. Instead of being prosperous France was then commercially and industrially wretched because of too much money. In 1780 this nation had about \$70 paper money per capita, besides \$4 gold money per capita, and still the nation was far from wealthy. And so with the Southern Confederacy, and many of the nations of South America, etc.

We don't need to object to the circulating medium being sufficient in quantity, only, the quality is at best as indispensable as the quantity. All in human life is more or less subject to a code of morality, of honesty, of ethics.

We can choose between two monetary systems, one consisting of a circulating medium resting on positive wealth, and one resting simply on national credit. The latter requires higher moral perception than the former, on the part of the rank and file of nations. If we want a circulating medium embodied in coins of precious metals, then the face value of each coin should approximately correspond to its intrinsic market value. A silver dollar worth but 80 cents in metal and labor coinage, for instance, is

a dishonest dollar which shall invariably rob and victimize labor, because it will buy only 80 cents worth of bread or shoes.

If we prefer a circulating medium resting on national credit, that is, exclusively paper money, then the volume should be fixed for a certain number of years, to be increased at the end of each specified term, in proportion to population, but not to be increased above that proportion except by a majority popular vote, and then not less than two years should elapse, it seems to me, before that increase takes place, so as not to produce any sudden disturbances in prices and industrial activities conducive to the special interests of any set of men at the expense of the rest. Under such conditions an exclusive paper currency would be strictly honest, strictly ethical. It would give us a fixed measure of values and so a complete commercial and industrial stability.

The price of money is, of course, regulated by the supply and demand, just like every article of commerce. But money is not subject to consumption, like articles of commerce, and appears and re-appears again and again for years and years. That is the only advantage we derive from money. The supply of money being fixed, as per above plan, its demand would adapt itself to its supply. To be sure, under monopoly rule the demand for money is always fixed by the monopolists, because, independent of quantity and quality, money flows where wealth flows, and wealth flows where monopolists make it flow. Without monopoly the demand for money would be fixed by labor, and both wealth and money would flow where labor wanted it. But while monopoly can afford to have an unhealthy monetary system, labor requires a healthy one. Only the spirit of evil can thrive under evil conditions.

Now, let us ask to ourselves, "Can we conceive of any great monopoly exclusively resting on money?" Imagine for a moment an island inaccessible from all other lands. That island contains a Peter, a Paul, and ten Johns. Peter owns all the land in the island. Paul owns all the money, and does not want to bother about any land. The ten Johns own neither money nor land. Who shall control the labor of the ten Johns? My impression is that Peter shall control that labor. And my impression is, also, that Paul's money shall gradually be drained in paying for the needs of life. He will have to buy from Peter, who, through his ten Johns, will raise all the needs of life to be had, and control the markets, and fix prices for all products, since he controls the land, and hence the labor market, too. It is simply a question of time when Paul, himself, shall be at the mercy of Peter, as long as Paul insists upon not controlling any land

with his money, or Peter insists upon controlling all the land himself alone.

Outside of the miser, men only want money for the purpose of obtaining something else to supply human needs, comforts or vanities. The miser alone derives any joy from the mere fact of keeping money in large quantities. It is only when financial disturbances are feared that clear minds try to keep much more money than they may require for their weekly or monthly payments in their business transactions.

Any special surplus is used for the purpose of increasing our revenues, and hence our capacity for additional payments in exchange for additional joys.

From all the above conceptions we can see the fallacy of what some call Money Power.

Money is powerful for good when used in developing healthy industries. Money is powerful for evil when used in evolving some form of direct or indirect land monopoly. When locked up, money is inert. Inertia means incapacity for good and for evil. As an ultimatum land monopoly is the only means through which men can oppress each other. Money can only be an instrument of oppression when used to foster monopoly on land or on land products, and so always land monopoly! Money left unused is just as useless to the monopolist for purposes of oppression as a plow left unused is useless to the farmer for the development of his farm. It seems to me, then, that we are justified in saying that there is no such thing as Money Power apart from its connection with land monopoly. Suppress the latter and the money power, for evil, vanishes like a morning fog under the rising sun of a July day in the tropics!

A monetary system resting on the precious metals is always more or less connected with land monopoly, those metals constituting a very valuable land product. A monetary system resting on credit, on paper money, is subject to the dangers we have mentioned in the historical experiences of many nations, when left to the caprice of legislators. But that system can become perfect, ideal, under the conditions already suggested of a fixed volume for a fixed period, with no proportional increase above that of population every few years, but through a majority popular vote, not to be enforced for two years after, for instance, and thus give time for all industrial relations to adapt themselves to the measure of values. Such a system would lie above all partisan caprices, above any gambling aspirations of any set of men!

As for international balances, we know that they are settled on the basis of the market price of bullion, and our mines contain an abundance of bullion. International commerce, like home commerce, aims at the

exchange of products to be used and consumed for human comfort. In the commercial battles the victory belongs invariably to the nations possessing the greatest amount of intelligence and enjoying the greatest amount of freedom from all petty or paternal governmental interference.

The only solid gift that labor—the people—can derive from human governments is Industrial Freedom. Give them such a gift, and all other gifts and all other joys the people shall receive direct from the Divine Government of the Universe.

José Gros.

Bear It In Mind.

The "power of money to oppress" is its unrestricted power to draw interest while owned by individuals or corporations.

HERE seems to be, in some quarters, an utter miscomprehension or lack of knowledge as to what is the real vital issue between the people and the plutocracy. Many editors of reform papers even seem to be considerably "mixed" in this regard, and are continually clamoring for an increase in the volume of money, who either say nothing about a reduction in the rate of interest, or else contend that in making money more plentiful they will effect a lowering of the rates of usury. In this contention they are wrong, and then again, they are right.

An increase in the volume of money begets an increase in both legitimate and speculative enterprises, which in its turn begets an increased demand for money, which *per se* causes an advance in the rates of interest. Then again, the money lenders or capitalists must themselves, for self protection, increase their rates of interest in the case of an increase of the volume of money. The reason for this is plain—the value of money is its *purchasing power*, and as an increase in the volume of money decreases its purchasing power, i. e., raises the price of labor and its products, the rate of increase must be raised to correspond with the increase in the price of commodities. Six per cent. interest with labor at one dollar per day is better than eight per cent. interest at one dollar and a half per day.

But there is a class to whom an increase in the volume of money means a reduction of interest charges, and not only of interest charges but of principal also. This is the debtor class, or those already in debt for certain fixed sums, at a fixed rate of interest. As an increase in the volume of money means increased prices for the product of their labor, it takes a less quantity of such products to pay both interest and principal than formerly, and this is equivalent to a reduction in the rate of interest and in the principal also.

But the Alliance has in view not only the

rectifying of past abuses and the ameliorating of present evil conditions, but also the building up of a just, humane and equitable system of social and political economy for future posterity; for coming generations. And in the financial features of the grand plan for the emancipation of the human race from industrial servitude, the volume of money is but a secondary consideration. The primal object is to rob money of its power to enslave and oppress, and make of it the beneficent friend and ally of labor, instead of the weapon used in the hands of avarice and oppression to strike industry to the earth.

I wish now to formulate certain propositions, which I earnestly hope every Alliance man and reform editor who reads, may study, comprehend, assimilate and commit to memory.

1st. The American people are suffering from the blighting effects of an all-powerful factor, the Bible name for which is usury, but which, in our more modern nomenclature, is known as interest. This factor is bounded, defined and governed by certain axiomatic and immutable laws, a knowledge concerning which at once suggests the means of escape from its baleful influences.

2d. Eminent political economists, by means of more or less carefully kept tables, have arrived at the conclusion that in the absence of the disturbing influences and ravages of war, pestilence and famine, nations increase their material wealth in a certain fixed progressive ratio. This ratio is generally conceded to be about 3 per cent. per annum for England and European countries, but it is claimed that for the period between 1870 and 1890 in the United States such ratio of increase has been just about *four per cent.* This increase has been called by political economists the "residual increment."

3d. This increase in material wealth, amounting to only 4 per cent., represents both the savings of labor and the earnings of capital. Now interest stands in the same relation to capital as do wages to labor, so that if the rate of interest in America has been equal to 4 per cent., labor has had to be content with a "bare subsistence," while capital has absorbed the total net earnings of both.

4th. If the rate of interest has been more than 4 per cent., then whatever it amounted to above that rate must have come out of the wealth owned and possessed by labor at the beginning of each successive year. When we fully grasp the vast significance of this immutable law, we can clearly perceive why it is that those who own and control the money of the country, under the present system, must sooner or later own everything else.

Let us see if the propositions will "prove out." In 1870 the wealth of the United States was, approximately, thirty-four and a half billions of dollars. At that time labor owned and possessed three-fourths of the nation's wealth, or, in round numbers, twenty-five billions of dollars. In 1890 the nation's wealth had increased to sixty-two billions of dollars and labor owned only one-fourth of the same, or, in round numbers, fifteen billions of dollars. We thus see that labor during the period of twenty years lost two and a half per cent. of the wealth owned by it at the beginning of each successive year, or for the whole period, forty per cent. of the wealth owned by it in 1870.

I have already stated that this net annual product, or residual increment, included

both the earnings of capital and the wages of labor. But it also includes more than this, and in new countries, like the United States especially, it includes very considerable of an uncertain quantity which is neither the earnings of capital nor the wages of labor. I refer to the increase in the value of land, much of such land being unused and unoccupied, so that such increase in value is in no sense the result of labor either aided or unaided by capital. In England where the value of land is much more nearly stationary this *net* annual product, or residual increment, is not nearly in so large a per cent. as in the United States and consists almost entirely of material wealth produced by labor aided by capital. Rates of interest in England, although probably not averaging one-fifth as high as in the United States, are yet just high enough to attain the ends of plutocracy, being just high enough to absorb for capital the total net product of the nation's efforts. It has been many decades since labor in England has possessed any wealth to be absorbed, so the efforts of the plutocrats are simply directed to keeping labor in the same condition of hopeless impoverishment.

In the absence of any reliable statistics to consult, I am unable to say how much of the net increase of our national wealth since 1870 consists of increased value of real estate and so I cannot make the proper deductions on that account. We may, however, reasonably assert this much; if the net increase in our wealth from June 30, 1890, to June 30, 1891, should be 4 per cent., it would amount to \$2,444,837,339. Two thousand four hundred and forty-four millions of dollars. The question to be solved is this: How much of such increase can fairly be said to represent the increase in the value of land and other elements which cannot be said to be the result of labor, either aided or unaided by capital? I have before me a table which gives the *assessed* valuation of all the property, real and personal, in June 1888 at \$22,637,383,298. Of this amount, real estate represented \$15,000,000,000—as nearly as I can determine; some of the states assessing real and personal property in a lump without separating them.

This assessment for taxation was upon a 40 per cent. basis, which makes the actual value of the real and personal property of the United States in June 1888, \$56,600,000,000 in round numbers, and the value of real estate alone, \$37,500,000,000 in round numbers. Now add two thirty-thirds of the sum of \$37,500,000,000 to such sum and we have \$39,772,727,272 as the value of the real real estate in 1890. Four per cent. of this amount would be the annual increase in real estate values, amounting to \$1,590,909,090, leaving as the increase in the value of personal property, the sum of \$853,928,249.

It is impossible for one to tell, without access to elaborate statistics, just how many states assess *buildings* as real estate or how many include them in personal property assessments. However this may be, it is probable that any over estimate in increase of real estate values from that direction is more than balanced by the notorious under valuation of valuable real estate as compared with the value put upon personal property. And then there are millions of acres upon which little or no valuation was put in 1870, that in 1890 are assessed as valuable lands. It is likely that the increase in real estate is under, rather than over estimated. In any event, I am only illustrating a principle. Real estate, however, is popularly supposed to increase in value as fast as money increases at the current rate of interest, or investors would invest their money in other channels. Six per cent. is more nearly the correct ratio of increase in real estate values than is 4 per cent.

Our next inquiry is this: What amount of money invested at 4 per cent. will yield a revenue of \$853,928,249? The answer is \$21,348,206,225. Can we locate that much money loaned out at interest? Let us see. 1st, there is five billions of railroad bonds; 2d, at the very lowest estimate four billions of farm and city mortgages, and the several state, county, and city municipal debts amount to another billion. Then the national banks show two billions of dollars loaned out upon chattel and personal security. It is difficult to tell just how much money at interest upon other than real estate security the state, savings and private banks and loan and trust companies have loaned out, but we are safe in putting the amount at another two billions. Then there are the building and loan associations and various other institutions of that kind. But it is a conservative estimate to put the entire sum of interest bearing securities represented by the foregoing enumerated institutions at fifteen billions of dollars. Then we have water gas and electric light company bonds, all of which represent interest exacted from the people, above the cost of operation and profits to the owners or stockholders. Even the stocks may be said to represent interest bearing securities, as they pay large dividends above the cost of operation, including all large salaries paid to managers, superintendents, attorneys, etc. So also do the express and telegraph companies, and the various trusts and monopolies, including the Standard Oil company and the sugar trust. Yes, it is easy enough to count up twenty-one billions or more of interest bearing securities, upon which people pay an average of—how much? Just 6½ per cent., because 4 and 2½ make 6½. The 4 represents the net annual product of the nation and the 2½ represents the per cent. paid by labor out of the wealth

owned at the beginning of each successive year since 1870. Usury is the leech that is sucking the life blood of the nation's toilers. A short mathematical calculation will prove that in a few more years less than two per cent. of the population, who now own three-fourths of the wealth, will acquire possession and legal ownership of the entire landed and material wealth of the United States.

"The power of money to oppress" consists of its unrestricted power to draw interest while in individual possession and ownership. The only method by which this "power to oppress" can be destroyed is for the people, community or "government" to enter into competition with the individual money lender, and establish a national, legal, current rate of interest by standing ready at all times to loan the people's credit (money) to the individual at a rate of interest so low as that labor shall be left in possession of the wealth produced by it. *No other remedy will suffice.*

And, in this connection, it must be remembered that interest paid by the individual to the community, people, or "government" is not really interest at all, where considered in its relation to the *whole people*. If we pay interest to ourselves as a people, or community, such interest enriches no one individual or corporation, or any set of individuals or corporations, because it is paid to the whole people. Such interest, or all of it above the amount necessary to defray the expenses of the people's banking system, would be used to defray the expenses of the national government, and would relieve the people of just that amount of other taxation. To be brief, a system of government loans direct to the people, means *money at cost of issue—FREE MONEY*. Under such a system labor would get the product of its efforts, and would find itself, at the end of each year, in possession of the product of the nation, less the amount consumed during the year.

Let us then destroy usury, by establishing a system of free money. Transport our own products at cost, upon railroads operated by ourselves. And having accomplished that much, let us destroy land monopoly and equalize the burdens of taxation, by levying a heavy tax upon unused and unoccupied land—graduated and cumulative—and raise the residue of our revenue by a tax upon *net incomes*. Neither of these taxes could be shifted, but must be paid by those upon whom they are levied.

Geo. C. Ward.

Going Back to the Wilderness.

THAT portion of New England, known as Massachusetts, was given to emigrants from England for settlement, about A. D. 1625, or two hundred and sixty-six years ago.

After the discovery of America by Columbus, Spain was the greatest land grabber the world had ever seen, but later, England came to the front and has distanced all the nations of the earth, and her policy is still the same as when under Henry VII.

1496, she authorized the Cabots, "to seek out, discover and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathens and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, and take possession in the name of the King of England, and his vassals, to conquer, possess and occupy," etc.

Under this sort of roving commission England secured her share of the area of the earth and her possessions included Massachusetts, which after many changes of boundaries, now includes 7,800 square miles or 4,992,000 acres.

Massachusetts has always boasted of being the most civilized, the most enlightened, the most advanced, and the most educated land on the western hemisphere, and Boston has been termed, not only the "Hub of the Universe," but the "Athens of America."

It is not required in this paper to controvert such stilted boasting, since only the codfish aristocracy of Massachusetts treat it as anything of more consequence than buncombe—our object being to show from such high authority as the twenty-first report of the Bureau of Statistics and Labor of Massachusetts, that the land of the state is going back to a wilderness condition, in which it was two hundred and sixty years ago.

In the year 1890 there were 1,461 abandoned farms in Massachusetts. Of these farms there were 689 without buildings and 772 were supplied with buildings, all going to ruin, given up to weeds and brambles, coverts for beasts and reptiles, and having an area of 126,509 acres.

It is held that in New Hampshire and Vermont, the showing of abandoned farms to area is still greater than in Massachusetts, but assuming it is the same, then it will be seen that in Vermont and New Hampshire these 3,690 abandoned farms, having an area of 320,210 acres, which with the showing in Massachusetts, gives for the three states 5,151 abandoned farms with an area of 446,719 acres. The average of these farms is about 86 acres, showing that 5,194 farmers and their families have abandoned their homes, their lands and have given them back to the wilderness. Omitting Maine, we have five New England states absolutely without the ability to feed their population, amounting in 1890 to 4,039,659. Assuming that they could supply the required food for one-half of the population, then we have 2,019,829 inhabitants of the states as dependent as England for imported food.

As an indication of the sterile and worn out condition of New England farms, it may be stated that while this decay is proceeding, population in the States named is increasing—the increase being for ten years, 1880 to 1890, 668,066.

Already efforts are being made in some quarters to colonize foreigners upon these

abandoned farms and rescue them from jungles, since the native population regard them as practically valueless and prefer to abandon them rather than occupy them and starve.

The lessons such facts teach are serious or otherwise, as political economists and statesmen may regard them. It is worthy of remark, however, that the states going to decay are appealing to Europe to send out some of their surplus population to stay the wilderness march of portions of New England, and the subject is well worthy of the consideration of men who discuss "land for the landless."

The one fact however, stands forth telling the world that decay has set in from Maine to Georgia. The desert is moving west, and while statisticians are deploring short crops in Europe it is well to note the increasing demand of our own country, when land no longer supplies food for the people.

While this gloomy condition of things exists in the east, the farmers of the territory west, who must supply the deficiency in food, complain that the plutocrats and millionaires of the foodless states, by the use of their money and money power, are reducing them to bankruptcy and beggary.

The subject is eminently fruitful of reflection, and well worthy of consideration by "single tax" advocates.

Horatio Manning.

Indian Corn.

JUST now, the scarcity of food is up for debate throughout Europe. It is a grim question, productive of alarm. In every European country the corn crops are vastly below the average. By "corn crops" is meant wheat, rye, oats and barley. In the United States we add maize—Indian corn, and the probabilities are that during 1892 large quantities of this bread grain will be exported to Europe for bread.

Already statistics relating to the bread crops of Europe have been compiled from sources of information believed to closely approximate correctness, and it is affirmed, if errors exist in the estimate, they will be found in placing the product of the countries named too high rather than too low.

Hitherto Russia has been relied upon to make up a large per cent. of the deficiency in the food crops of other European countries, but now Russia, unable to supply her people with bread, must be an importer of bread grain; indeed, about 39,000,000 of the population of European Russia are already confronted with famine conditions, the statement being that even now, before the ordinary date for the harvest, famine prevails in the provinces of Kaluga, Kazan, Kostroma, Kursk, Moscow, Nijni-novgorod, Orel, Penza, Ryazan, Samara, Saratoff, Simbirsk, Tamboff, Tula, Vladimir, Vorenej, Vyatka and the northern Don Cossack coun-

try; indeed, in a few of these provinces famine has already existed for some months. It is most significant that eighteen of the most populous and productive of the fifty-one provinces of Russia proper, containing a population of 30,000,000, or 45 per cent. of the empire, should be reduced to a state of famine before the harvest season. It shows conclusively that the grain reserves of this great exporting country have been completely exhausted, and the rich black earth region has oversold itself. It also goes far to prove that notwithstanding the fact that the world's wheat crop of 1890 was 50,000,000 bushels above the average, the world is to-day the possessor of less wheat and rye than for many years, and that population has so increased that current production is less than current needs. Such facts intensify the danger that now threatens Europe, and when all the facts available are grouped the outlook is most disheartening.

The question of famine anywhere excites the sympathy of the Christian world, and when confined to some one district, a modification of its horrors is possible, but when millions, inhabiting vast districts, are within its grasp, the situation becomes appalling. No calamity within the range of facts or fancy approaches the direfulness of famine. To indicate conditions, the following conservative estimate of requirements to be met, and a most liberal one as to possible supplies, results as follows, wheat and rye being treated as one, since the world has come to that pass that the hungry will be glad to get either:

REQUIRED IMPORTS OF RYE AND WHEAT.

	Bushels.
United Kingdom	162,000,000
France	165,000,000
Germany	111,000,000
Italy	44,000,000
Spain	26,000,000
Belgium	40,000,000
Holland	20,000,000
Switzerland	15,000,000
Portugal, Greece, Scandinavia, etc.	20,000,000
Tropical Islands, Cape Colony, Brazil, Central America and Eastern Asia	25,000,000
Russia	250,000,000
Total	878,000,000

PROBABLE EXPORTABLE SURPLUS.

North America	150,000,000
India	45,000,000
Roumania and Bulgaria	25,000,000
Austria-Hungary	10,000,000
Australasia	6,000,000
South America	6,000,000
Servia	3,000,000
Turkey	2,000,000
Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, Cyprus and North Africa	12,000,000
Total	259,000,000
The apparent world's deficit of wheat and rye	619,000,000

It will be observed that Russia, having hitherto about 120,000,000 bushels surplus, is omitted from the countries which are set down as exporters this year, and therefore it is said that, eliminating Russia from the

problem, either as a source of supply, which she cannot be, or as an importer, the remainder of Europe will still be short 369,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye after the outside world has sent to that continent every bushel of grain that can be spared. What does this portend? Is it possible to conceive the unutterable misery and distress, disease, desolation and death which a famine of such proportions is likely to bring in its train.

Is not Europe face to face with a state of want such as has never threatened so great a population since the dawn of history?

Has man ever witnessed starvation upon the scale which is probable as the result of this continent-wide destruction of crops?

On all the earth there is but one substitute possible for the deficient rye and wheat; but one means of preventing, even in part, the devastation threatened, and that is by the use of American maize, should we be so fortunate as to harvest a full crop.

If there are ships enough on the sea to transport it, Europe will take not only the 150,000,000 bushels of wheat which we may squeeze out, but hundreds of millions also of our corn. The distaste for such food will disappear in the presence of famine, and we may command any price for our products that we have the heart to exact.

The reader, in contemplating the foregoing will, doubtless, feel sensations of pride or gratitude as he reflects that his own great country is exempt from the dangers of famine—death, wide-spread and horrifying, by hunger, and yet, the fact is, that in this God-favored land there are deaths from starvation, and that thousands who work are ceaselessly the victims of hunger pangs, the result of *starvation wages*, eked out to them by a gang of piratical employers, who coin the life-blood and the souls of their helpless victims into cash, live sumptuously, dress in purple and fine linen, and who, though they may finally wake up in hell and plead for a drop of cold water to cool their scorched and protruding tongues, in no wise help their victims who, like the coral insect, work and die, with this difference, the coral does not starve.

Nevertheless, there may be, and should be, we think, sensations of satisfaction in the reflection that we have Indian corn in such vast abundance as will make up, in some measure, the deficit in wheat and rye, the indications being that the crop for 1891 will reach 2,000,000,000 bushels, which ought to enable this country to export at least 800,000,000 bushels.

Should conditions in Europe teach the people that Indian corn makes good bread, and thereby overcome a prejudice to this grain and increase its future consumption, such results will be of incalculable benefit to the poor of Europe.

Frank L. Hesson.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month.

Current Notes and Comments.

W. B. Baldwin asks: 1. What should I do in case a side rod of a locomotive break; the eccentrics are on the forward axle and the main rod connected to the middle drivers?

Answer. Whenever one side rod is disabled it is the rule to take both of them off as in the case of a slip taking place just as the single rod goes over the dead center it might wrench that pin off too and do further damage. In considering the question as asked it is evident that if the least slip occur, or if there is any difference in the size of the driver it would soon disarrange the movement of the valve and piston if they were free to move independent of each other. The question being to get the engine out of the way with as little delay as possible it would be best probably to run the risk of slipping and leave the one rod to keep the valve and piston motion in unison. By starting carefully and running with reduced pressure it might be possible to get her in and even to bring a light train along.

2. What should be done if a trailing driver axle break outside the box?

Answer. Take the side rods and the loose wheel down. Place a block in the cellar under the broken axle to keep it as level as possible. In some cases it might be possible to carry some of the weight of the missing wheel by using a piece of rail as the bearer and the tender or tender truck as the carrier.

3. What should be done if a main driving axle on an ordinary locomotive break?

Answer. If broken outside of the axle block up the broken end, take off the wheel and disconnect on that side, and by running slow and taking no train, being very careful at frogs and switches the engine may be taken to the shop, by working the one driver only. Of course in all cases provision has to be made by blocking or chaining to keep the weight distributed as equally as possible under the circumstances.

Crazy Again. There are 30,000 locomotives in the United States, that if strung in a straight line would be 300 miles long. They cost \$450,000,000 to build. The largest locomotive works is at Philadelphia, the Baldwin, and they turn out three engines a day when pushed. It takes 1,000 men a whole day to build an engine, on the average. — *Virginia Manufacturer.*

The average total wheel base of our largest loco-

motives with their tenders is about 58 feet; putting it at 60, and allowing that all the locomotives in this country are full length, the 30,000 would not cover 35 miles of track, and would doubtless go inside of 30 when all collected in the general round-up.

The above clipping and comment is from the *Locomotive Engineer*, John A. Hill, editor, and we reproduce it here for a double object. The first is to see who is "crazy again?" Mr. Hill is ready to give 60 feet as a good size wheel base and then makes it only 30 to 35 miles, while if we assume a wheel base of only 52.8 feet as an average, it is evident that it will take 528 feet to place 10 locomotives or 5280 feet (a mile) for 100 locomotives. According to this it would take 10 miles for 1,000 locomotives and 30 times 10 miles or 300 miles for the 30,000 locomotives under consideration. Mr. Hill must have dropped an 0 somewhere in his calculation, and as an 0 is often of no account he did not stop to pick it up.

Col. Davy Crockett, of famous memory, was once appealed to for a text to ornament a Sunday school banner and gave them this: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." This is as good a motto for a railroader as it is for a Sunday school, and hence let us try to be sure of our position. On first reading the above in the *Locomotive Engineer* I came very near accepting the comment as correct, because Mr. Hill, who has certainly earned for himself the fame as an authority on locomotive mechanics, said so, but what would have been the result? Only another disciple led into error by false teaching and acceptance without consideration. Now the point is just here: If Mr. Hill can make mistakes and fall into error, does it not become a matter of some moment to all to closely scrutinize every statement, and see whether the facts will bear the test of reason, and not accept things as thus and so because some one whom we have a right to expect to be posted has said so?

Since writing the above the September number of the *Locomotive Engineer* has come to hand, and in it Mr. Hill explains that he made the above mistake "on purpose," as the boys say, and wanted to try the credulity of his readers. While a man may once in a while tell an untruth which, by the very telling, he does not expect his hearers to believe, it is far different when such things are put into print, where the intonation of the voice, the glance of the eye that nullifies it is not reproduced, and while it may have satisfied the curiosity of the editor to know how far his statements will be accepted and quoted as the truth, it is at once apparent that hereafter the readers will have to be on their guard about anything stated in the paper, for the whim to try their faculties may again seize upon the editor and he may impose upon them in the same manner. On the whole it is probably the

best course to abstain from such trials and twistings of the truth, for there are errors enough in the world without wilfully introducing more of them. It has been said that a word spoken cannot be recalled; how much worse must it be with a word printed which may have reached thousands where the other was only heard by a few.

Wm. Weiler.

The Wheel and Lever.

MR. EDITOR:—The September *Magazine* is at hand, and in it "Amboy Division," after a long silence, comes to my help on the wheel question, by sending a clipping from the *Scientific American*, which he thinks fully supports the ideas heretofore advanced by him and me in these columns. But the very next article to "A. D.'s" is contributed by Mr. Lockwood and by a strange perversity of human nature the very same paragraph is used in support of his theory. It has been very aptly said that none are so blind as those who do not wish to see, and it does seem that Mr. Lockwood has arrived at such a state of determination that he does not wish to see, or he could not try to make Mr. Knisely's article fit his theory. Now what is there in Mr. Knisely's to afford any satisfaction to a man who has repeatedly said that "the bottom of a wheel stands perfectly still and the top moves four times as fast"? Perhaps Mr. Lockwood is glad to find another man who is willing to admit that the bottom of the wheel does stand still, but beyond that the two propositions do not agree. I cannot understand why Mr. Lockwood would want that article quoted, as it just as flatly contradicts him as any of us unbelievers ever have.

As the lever in the wheel question has had a good rest, I have complied with "A. D.'s" request and have carefully read over both of his articles in the volume for 1888, and find nothing but truthful statements in them. Nevertheless a statement built upon the most substantial truths can be warped and twisted if the plumb and rule are not constantly applied, as may be seen in the case of the celebrated "hammer blow champion." I look upon a locomotive from an engineman's point of view and the only point that I can find about the locomotive that fully meets the definition of a fulcrum in the language given by "A. D." in his article is the centre of the axle, and I think that "A. D." himself admitted that in a stationary engine that is the fulcrum. Now why must there be a radical difference in the engine? The stationary engineer starts his engine and it does its work while he is sitting and watching it and at the end of the day's run the fulcrum is in the same relative position that it occupied all day. The locomotive engineer starts his machine

in the same manner, sits down and watches it in the same manner and the fulcrum as located by me never loses its state of rest so far as the machine and the engineer are concerned and they arrive at the end of the day's run in the same relative position. Much as I would like to agree with all men, and especially with so good a fellow as "A. D.," I cannot yet see how I am to acknowledge my errors, being as yet unconscious of them.

Vulcan.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 26th, 1891.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to have some of the firemen give their experience in firing, and think if they would all give an account of their experiments in firing different kinds of engines and coal it would help a great many brothers. I have fired seven years or more and can learn yet. I have found in firing soft coal, such as Pittsburg or Alabama, that the best result is obtained by firing light. Some will say you can't fire it light, but I say you can, for I have tried it and proved it. On an engine with small nozzles, if you will shut your front damper tight, and hook up your back damper, you will find she will steam just as well and burn less coal. I am firing an engine now which shows a difference of eight barrels, or 1,640 pounds, in a run of 100 miles, between both dampers and the back one only, and the saving is in favor of the back damper. Will some of the "boys" tell me the reason? In firing soft coal if you carry from four to eight inches of fire, (eight inches at the most) you will have a white flame which you can keep up by one and two shovels of coal at a time and have more steam and make better time than you will by keeping a heavy fire. A heavy fire means grate shaking and that means ash pan cleaning, which is unnecessary work and can be avoided by keeping a light fire and firing regular.

M. J. L.

A WONDERFUL story of growth is told in the following figures showing the railway mileage of the United States by decades for the past sixty years:

In 1830	23 miles.
In 1840	2,818 miles.
In 1850	9,021 miles.
In 1860	30,636 miles.
In 1870	52,922 miles.
In 1880	93,296 miles.
In 1890	166,817 miles.

In the last ten years the increase was 73,521 miles, or more than 78 per cent.—an average of 7,350 miles each year. If the increase in the next decade is only 5,000 miles per year our railway mileage in 1900 will be about 217,000 miles.—*Railway Age*.

Kerrunt Noats and Komments.

MISTER EDDITER:—I haint had much time on mi hands laity, but in reedin over September Magazeen it sort ov struk me it was time ter chip in agin, ez fur ez it war in mi line. Willyum Wiler, ses he dont no as to the speed ov steem, and it aint sartin ez the riter duz, but in reedin sum ov the books it is found to be lade down, and the book sez, that if steem eskapes inter eny presure less'nthre fifths ov the inishul, that it goze at the rait of ate hundred an aty ate, feat in a secunt, an ez that amownt iz tu b multiplied by the sekunts in a minit, it sorter looks like an ezy wun? az 888x60, maiks 53280 feat in a minit, or if he wants it in milez, he kan divide 53280 bi 5280, the feat in a mile, and he gits up inter a ten mile gait or huslin, but what I spoze iz wanted iz the speed of Steem in wurkin kondishuns, or whar it kums inter kontakt with a a pistun hed, or an old blokked like mine, then it is fownd that the extreme spead it travils and duz effishunt work is not much risin ov SIX THOWSUN feat in a minit, and not the saim kind ov feat sum ov us wair, but a twelve inch fut, Now I dont spoze eny of the old boys kare eny grate for thes pints, but your old unkle finds it ezier to look up this kind ov stuff than to be foolin away my time on the Hy Siuns of whether a felly or a hub or the turnpike is the fust ter git thar, an I aint shure if steem haint got az much ter du with my old kole chewin Barker, as the foldyrol, ov sum sich kwestun as I'm tawkin on. If it don't take eny branes tu run a barker, how meny braines duz a Dewd need to be a fust klass phool? Av koars it aint none ov mi bizness ter kriticize, but sumtimes it strikes me that a man doant looze nothin if he tucks sum little lernin under his skull, as sum da he ma be asked if he noze whether steem is runnin off or inter the silinder, and it ma be if he duz no, that he will git moar pa for a weeks workin, or he may git fired into the ole junk of the sweat bi & bi, an be huntin stuffin, an not fool kwestuns, I sort ov hait to see a good sized man set down & throw awa so much time, on the size of a muskeeters leg, when he haint got nothin to mezhur any neerer than a pare of tongs, but I'm an old fool, and kant thro awa eny time, for it is aisy to lurn, yit, I wunder sumtimes why the boys, dont git inter Mekanikle to sum extent, and not argy, but git rite down to bizness, and try'n lern, insted of argying on sich funny no use topicks, Dont mind it and then yu aint sorry?

I've lawt fore firemun in two yeers, tha tride tu larn suthin, and now Im tryin to git number five so to klime in on tother side, so I'll say "So long" and git my old girl redy to make her run and have my smook before the kondukter yells at me "to Git."

"Uncle Silus."

That Motionless Bottom.

Those of the *Magazine's* readers who believe in the absolute immovability of the bottom of a rolling wheel, seem to have had their faith confirmed in what is to them, no doubt, an all-sufficient manner. Mr. Knisely's article, quoted in the September number, essays to put the proposition everlastingly at rest by declaring that "the bottom of the wheel is as motionless as the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument," and that's "pretty motionless," isn't it? That is relatively speaking. But here I wish to submit a proposition which I would like to have Mr. Knisely or any of his disciples explain in harmony with the foregoing statement:

Take an engine at Chicago headed for New York, note the relative position of top, bottom and sides of the wheel in question, and let her proceed to New York. On her arrival we inspect her and find the same old wheel, same old sides, same old top and the same old bottom that we had in Chicago. Now, for the benefit of a doubting "Tucker," please tell me how that bottom got from Chicago to New York, at the same time remaining as motionless as the celebrated monument? This seems to me a hard question, but to those who dwell on the dizzy heights of an "inconceivable something above nothing," I presume the answer is apparent.

To my obstinate mind there are but two ways in which the change could be made. First, by the bottom moving from Chicago to New York. Second, by New York moving to Chicago. In the light of passing events and comments, does anyone imagine that New York could be induced to go to Chicago except under an assumed name?

A. H. Tucker.

A Funny Definition of a Locomotive.

MR. EDITOR:—The definition of a locomotive, page 695, August issue, as "a wheeled machine, driven by boiler and one or more steam engines," hardly holds water. A traction engine, or road engine, or a self propelling steam fire engine is "a wheeled machine driven by a boiler and one or more steam engines," yet it is not a locomotive. Further, an electric railway motor car, is "a wheeled machine driven by a boiler and one or more steam engines," acting through the conducting cable and the motor, yet it isn't a locomotive. And yet further, a cable grip car is "a wheeled machine driven by a boiler and one or more steam engines," yet it is not a locomotive. And further yet, the press which prints this issue of the *Magazine* is "a wheeled machine driven by a boiler and one or more steam engines," yet it is not a locomotive.

Some definitions do not define!

NEW YORK.

Robert Grimshaw.

The Rolling Wheel.

MR. EDITOR: For "Vulcan's" kindly consideration to have something further to say to me on the rolling wheel question, many thanks. August *Magazine*, 1891, page 693.

I regret that "Vulcan" did not receive his invitation in time to ride with us from Harrisburg, in the train pulled by the "Shaw Locomotive." What is a fellow to do who only knows him by the name of "Vulcan," and his only address through the *Magazine* office?

One part of "Vulcan's" article above alluded to I must take exception to, and ask for the following correction: "At which time Mr. Lockwood insisted on making several of us the proud owners of a number of shares in a cemetery association."

The truth about this matter is, while the Locomotive Firemen's convention was in session in the main hall of the association building, 15th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., 1885, there was in a smaller hall in the same building, making with the convention common use of the same lobby, an election pending of the Central Transportation Co.—the first sleeping car company in the world—controlling all access to the seaboard. This company was leased to the Pullman Company. To-day, under that lease, the Pullman Company is running one hundred and nineteen of the cars of the Central Company, and owe them nearly two millions of dollars of rental, which they decline to pay, and for which equity proceedings are pending. It being a most important meeting of a thousand stockholders, many of them ladies, a proxy was prepared which required two witnesses to the signatures. No doubt "Vulcan," as many other of the brotherhood did, kindly consented to sign as such witnesses.

In correction of "Vulcan" I have admitted an error of statement in this wise:

"Not twice nothing, or even four times nothing," as "Vulcan" had it, but

"Not two times nothing, but four times something," and that something is not a phantom, but is well located, and well defined. In the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* for July, 1891, the subject is treated from the standpoint of an interview with Mr. N. Forney, Esq., the celebrated railway and locomotive expert, for many years the editor of the *Railroad Gazette*, now publisher and editor of the *Railroad Engineering Journal*. It was while I was preparing and demonstrating an answer to Mr. Forney's inquiries, that I found out the fallacy of "two times nothing," and that what seemed substantially "two times nothing" was twice as great, or "four times something" next to nothing, or rest.

"Vulcan" says, using the rack-rail and guard wheels, "I find the bottom at rest."

On this we agree. We also agree "that the top moves twice as fast as the center."

"Now (says "Vulcan,") if Mr. Lockwood wishes to know the exact spot whose motion is to the top as four to one, he will find it, not at the tread, but just half way between the tread and the center of the axle," &c., &c., &c. In this I can not agree with "Vulcan," because he says the bottom is at rest. Then the movement must be between the center to rest in the wheel on the rail, and not at a point one foot above the point of rest, between the center and rest. Certainly if the top moves twice as fast as the center, then from the center to the rail, rest must be in the same proportion. Again says "Vulcan," "for as all well know, the locomotive does not carry its load on top of the wheel like this rail, but on the axle." I have always supposed the drivers carried all the weight above it, it resting on the rail; "Vulcan" seems to think it is carried on the axle. This is true in a stationary engine, but not in a locomotive. Again, we have this further proposition, "the wheel rolling on the rail and the rail on the wheel create no friction." I have always been taught that frictional contact was necessary in both cases, for the wheel to move over the rail, or the rail to be moved on top by frictional contact with the wheel. The material difference between "Vulcan" and myself is, is the fulcrum at the axle and in the axle box, or is it at the point on the driving wheel at rest, and in contact with the rail. "Amboy Division" has always agreed with me that this last proposition is correctly stated, and that the first of these was where "Vulcan" erred.

In August *Magazine*, 1891, page 695, you have editorially referred to me the question of "G. E. R.," Westown, Pa., to which I make reply. The fulcrum is at the point of the driving wheel in contact with the rail; in a four foot wheel the least leverage is when the crank-pin is on its lower limit, one foot from the rail. This is a pushing leverage, and at fifty miles per hour at the center, the crank-pin is moving at twenty-five. The greatest leverage is on the upper limit of the crank-pin, which is a pull as contra-distinguished from a push, and is three feet from the fulcrum; in addition the speed at that point is seventy-five miles per hour as compared with twenty-five at the lower limit of the crank-pin. This question resolves itself into this inquiry: A wheel being a lever, can you get as much leverage with a lever one foot in length pushing, as you can in a lever three feet long pulling? When you can, then "there is no difference in the leverage when the pin is above or below the axle." "G. E. R." might try this experiment with a pair of drivers on a rail.

"Amboy Division," September *Magazine*,

page, 797, is fairly answered in this article, so far as it relates to myself and "four times" and "times nothing." For further particulars I beg to refer him to December *Magazine*, 1888, pages 893 and 896: "Not two times nothing, but four times something." As I remember, this article is especially addressed to "Amboy Division."

"Amboy Division" asks me to "let the 'rolling wheel' have a rest at both top and bottom, for awhile." I have no objection that the bottom shall remain at rest, as that is what I have been contending for, but the top of the rolling wheel must be kept moving four times as fast as something next above this point of rest until it is settled beyond controversy.

William E. Lockwood.

One Hundred Miles an Hour.

MR. EDITOR:—The following from the *Philadelphia Record* of September 9th is in the line of the application of *correct mechanical principles to locomotive practice*, and is also in the line of that for which I have been contending since 1872, "steam counter-balancing." There can be in a locomotive so constructed, no dead centre, no hammer blow, no centrifugal lift and tangential throw of counter-balances, no rocking, thrusting, rolling forces. The full text of the article is as follows:

"If the new engine I am about to have constructed is not capable of making one hundred miles an hour I'll give her a way to the first person I meet."

This astounding statement was made yesterday by Mr. Jackson Richards, the master mechanic of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, who was exhibiting to a party of deeply interested persons the drawings for a locomotive which, if successful, is almost sure to revolutionize the construction of the high-speed locomotives of the future. Mr. Richards, who is recognized all over the United States as having no peer in knowledge concerning locomotives and railroad machinery, has been working on his latest invention for the past ten years, and a few days ago the drawings were completed and the patent was applied for.

The new invention will enable a gigantic stride to be taken in the matter of high-speed locomotives, and, if the new flyer is as successful as experts predict she will be, it is more than likely that the time between Philadelphia and New York will be made in less than an hour. A specimen engine will be built for exhibition at the World's Fair, and the trial trip will be made between here and that city.

A LOCOMOTIVE WITH FOUR CYLINDERS.

In outward appearance the new locomotive will not differ materially from the speedy engines now used on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad between this city and New York. The peculiarity of construction lies in the fact that instead of the two cylinders as used at present there will be four. One cylinder will be located on each side of the locomotive frame as at present, and the other two will be cast in what is known as the cylinder saddle. The inside pair of cylinders are to be in one piece, and will lie on an angle. The outside cylinders are to be horizontal as at present. The four cylinders will entirely overcome what is known to engineers as the dead centre, and the engine will be perfectly balanced without any counter-balance in the wheels. This later improvement will, to a large degree, do away with the vicious pounding, which has proven so destructive to modern road-beds. The perfect balancing of the engine will be largely due to the

working of the two cylinders so near her centre, and these same cylinders, working as they do, from such a central point of vantage will help out in the matter of speed to a great degree.

A PERFECT VALVE MOTION.

According to the experts who have examined the drawings, the valve motion is perfect. There will be four valves—one to each cylinder—and they will be operated by two links, the same as now used for two cylinders. The engine is designed to be built on the Wootton fire-box, the same as is now used on the famous "206," which made a mile in the remarkable time of 39.45 seconds on August 27. The ordinary speed of the destined world-beater will be eighty-five miles an hour.

William E. Lockwood.

What the Man from Tennessee Said.

"Ten years ago," said a Tennessee machinist, "I had a little machine shop, with four journeymen, and 'Sim' for an apprentice. In the spring rains I took a severe cold, and didn't go out of the house for four months. I worried a good deal, for I expected my little struggling business would go to the wall soon, but most of the time I was too sick to think much about the matter. Finally, when I got so as to get out, I wandered down to the shop. Instead of four journeymen I found nine, and Sim was busy in the little 7x9 office closing a contract with a rich inventor to build a steam road wagon."

"It seemed," said this machinist, "that during my sickness Sim had been in consultation with my wife, and that she, with a woman's intuition, had let him go ahead about as he pleased, and his way—with only his three years' experience—had been a better way than mine. He always had money to pay off Saturday night, and there was a little standing to my credit."

"The old shop had a brighter look than ever before. The windows were clean, and some tons of old junk had gone to my neighbor's foundry in payment for good castings. Sim had ordered a new lathe, fixed the old engine, lined up the line shaft, and had the floor swept out and the walls whitewashed."

"Sim and I," concluded the narrator, "are partners now, and the only thing that I really miss is the little old shop that he made look so homelike."—*American Machinist*.

At the late convention of the National Association of Railway Surgeons one of the speakers, in referring to the importance of ventilating passenger cars, asserted that "fifteen million people are moving on cars every twenty-four hours in the United States." Another speaker challenged this statement, saying that it could not possibly be true that one quarter of our population was on railway cars every twenty-four hours. To this the maker of the original statement replied that his authority was a civil engineer who was employed by the Chilean gov-

ernment to look up statistics of the number of people who travel on railway cars, street cars, ferry boats and vessels of various kinds in this country, and that his report showed that in New York city alone five hundred thousand people move to and fro daily on wheels, and that fifteen millions in the United States travel every twenty-four hours on the conveyances described. Even with this explanation and modification of the original statement the figures seem excessive, although, as one speaker suggested, we must take into consideration the fact that in our large cities a great many passengers are counted several times a day in traveling on public conveyances. Of course such figures must be largely estimates, but when the vast number of railway passenger trains, including those in the suburban service, that are daily moving back and forth in this country is taken into consideration, it is evident that a very large fraction of the population spends some of its time in railroad travel, and from this fact appears the importance of good ventilation and a cleanly condition of the cars in which they are confined for longer or shorter periods.—*Railway Age*.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, Sept. 1. 1891.

MR. EDITOR: In August issue of your *Magazine*, Wm. Pierce, of New Alger, Iowa, writes in reference to Alexander's rule for setting a slipped eccentric.

I think he must have been in too great a hurry to give himself time to think, as his experience proves Alexander's rule to be correct and both his eccentrics to have been in place. Now suppose his forward eccentric had slipped. After he had placed his engine on forward center and marked valve stem with reverse lever in full back motion, and thrown her ahead he would have looked for his mark in vain, as it would have been hidden in gland of stuffing box, providing he had made his mark snug up against the gland, as I presume he did. Then he could have advanced his eccentric until his mark appeared in its former position, when his eccentric would have been in place.

In intermediate connected engines, such as Taunton builds, I have always heard the rocker arm he refers to, called the intermediate rocker.

It would not be necessary to take down the intermediate connection, as when engine was disconnected its function would be only to tie two idle rocker arms together.

I am not a member of your order but am a subscriber to and a careful reader of your *Magazine*.

Yours truly,
Northern Pacific.

THE rolling stock in railways in the United States aggregated by Poor's Manual from the company returns for their fiscal years, ending at different periods in 1890, was represented as follows: Locomotives 32,241, passenger cars 22,958, baggage, mail and express cars 7,253, freight cars 1,061,970; total number of cars 1,092,241. These figures indicate an increase of 1,200 locomotives and 11,134 cars of all kinds in the preceding year. As many of the company reports from which this statement is made are now from six months to more than a year old the present equipment of our roads is considerably greater than the totals show (provided the latter contain no duplications) and it may be said that, in round numbers, there are now in the United States at least 33,000 locomotives and over 1,100,000 cars.—*Railway Age*.

It is stated that "the St. Paul road is building two engines at its Merrill Park shops, Milwaukee, which promise a revolution in locomotive building. The new engines consume their own smoke and have no smoke stack. They are fitted up with an electric headlight, which is placed on a stand immediately in front of the boiler, thus giving the engineer an unobstructed view of the line ahead. The drive-wheels are larger than the ordinary locomotives and intended for greater speed. The new engines are particularly designed to furnish power for lighting passenger trains with electricity and for furnishing steam heat. These engines will be used on the track between Milwaukee and Chicago, and it is intended to reduce the best time now made by one hour at least."

ILLINOIS still keeps the lead, as for many years, as the state of greatest railway mileage. The order of precedence in this respect among the states having 4,000 miles or more at the commencement of 1891, was as follows:

1. Illinois	10,129	9. Missouri	6,112
2. Kansas	8,900	10. Indiana	6,106
3. Texas	8,710	11. Wisconsin	5,615
4. Pennsylvania	8,700	12. Minnesota	5,545
5. Iowa	8,416	13. Nebraska	5,407
6. Ohio	7,988	14. Georgia	4,593
7. New York	7,746	15. California	4,436
8. Michigan	7,106	16. Colorado	4,291

It seems hard to realize that the great "Empire state" has now taken seventh place, while young Kansas has become second, and thinly populated Texas has already climbed to the third place, with a vast territory still calling for railways.—*Railway Age*.

"I NEED my Sunday for rest, and I know of no reason why every engineer, conductor, brakeman or other employé of the company does not want the same."—*Pres't Ledyard*.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

WOMEN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

There will be no subject more talked and written about during the next two years than that of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. That it will surpass all previous efforts of this kind is fully conceded and it is already evident that it will be a World's Exposition, as all of the civilized nations of the earth will contribute to its exhibit. The one class of all others, however, who have a right to be especially interested are the women of the United States. For the first time in history we have the spectacle of a legal body composed of women, created by national legislation, and engaged on an equality with men in a great work of public importance. This fact in itself should thrill every woman's heart with joy, just as, in the years to come, the results of these labors will inspire all woman-kind with pride for their sex. The Board of Lady Managers will occupy a considerable part of the public attention for some time, and it will, perhaps, be a matter of interest to understand something of its origin, scope and purposes.

Two years ago when the World's Fair was first taking definite shape, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and a number of other prominent and progressive women agitated the subject of giving women a representation in the management of the great exposition. At the first appointment of the Commission it seemed as if they were to be unsuccessful, but a sense of justice prevailed and Congress passed an act providing for a board of women, but leaving their control entirely in the hands of the National Commission. This simply gave to such a body a legal existence, and to their extended authority and influence they are indebted to the National Commission. At the first meeting of this body, in June, 1890, it declared this Board of Lady Managers to be officers of the exposition. At its second session, the following September, it prescribed the number of this Board, conferred upon it power to organize, placed in its hands full charge of the Woman's Department

of the exposition, and decided that it should be called together at such time and place as the head of the National Commission should designate.

The members of this Board were appointed by the National Commission and convened for the first time in Chicago last November. It consists of two women from each State and Territory and the District of Columbia and nine from the city of Chicago, 115 in all, and their alternates. Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, was elected President. This meeting did little but organize, as the Commission seemed undecided in regard to the powers and privileges that ought to be conferred. Last April, however, the Commission met and came to a definite conclusion in regard to all of these questions, granting all the authority that the women possibly could desire. The Board of Lady Managers was given full control of the Woman's Building and the choice of a site. The number of women authorized to award prizes is to be in proportion to the percentage of woman's labor represented in the exhibits. The Board is granted general charge and management of all the interests of women in connection with the Exposition. It is to be the official channel of communication through which all applications for space shall be made and all arrangements for the exhibit of woman's work conducted. All matters relating to woman's interests must come under the direction and approval of this Board of Lady Managers.

In brief, they have been invested with full authority in the Woman's Department which they are to manage without interference or hindrance. The plans for the Woman's Building have been selected, only women architects being permitted to compete, and the building is under way. This building is not, as many suppose, intended for the woman's exhibit, but is designed to be a headquarters for women during the Exposition. It will be the meeting point for all women exhibitors, committees, clubs, etc. In its immense hall congresses and conventions of women will be held, and lectures, musicales and entertainments of various kinds in which women are concerned, will be given. There may be some special display of women's work here but the regular exhibit will be placed side by side with men's productions throughout all the departments of the Exposition. This question was carefully considered and there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of the latter plan. In this way the work of woman will be put upon an absolute equality with that of man, and the Board of Lady Managers can extend its influence into every department of the great Fair and have an infinite power compared to that which it would have if confined to the nar-

row limits of one separate exhibit. The work of woman also is dignified by taking its place upon the same plane with that of all the world.

The members of the Board in the different states are already organizing their territory, and their efforts are supplemented in some places by the appointment of a state board by the governor to coöperate with them. An extended and careful examination will be made into all the avenues of labor in which women are employed. This has already progressed far enough to show that there is scarcely a department in the arts, sciences and manufactures in which is not found their work. This will be a grandly developing field for women. The advance they will make in executive ability, in knowledge of business, in general information, in self-reliance, during the next two years will be greater than that of the past ten. Every woman of the thousands who will attend the World's Fair, will be encouraged and stimulated by the examples she will see of the industry, energy and ability of other women. It will be an object lesson that will impress the young with the splendid possibilities that await them, such as their mothers never dreamed of. Women everywhere are to be congratulated upon the magnificent opportunities that are to be extended through this great World's Exposition.

LORD SALISBURY, Premier of England, has announced that woman suffrage may be made a feature of the government programme at the next general election. A majority of the English Parliament has long been known to be in favor of granting the right of suffrage to women but its opponents have been able to prevent the question from coming to a vote. It is now proposed by the party in power to carry it into a general election. A number of influential papers in this country have commented favorably, among them the *New York Press*, which says:

We do not doubt that in time the justice of allowing women to vote in the election of those who handle the taxes that are collected with a beautiful impartiality as to the sex of the taxed, will be as generally recognized as the justice of allowing a woman stockholder of the New York Central Railroad to vote or give a proxy on her shares when the managers are elected.

It seems very strange that any other view can be taken of this question. The conferring of the suffrage upon the women of England would hasten the same action in the United States.

W. F. COPENHAVER, Hope, Idaho, your letter was forwarded, as requested. Cannot you furnish the information contained therein, for publication in the *Woman's Department*?

We said last month that the warm weather would check the ardor of our correspondents and we would have an opportunity to find space for all waiting communications. The month of August brought us sixty letters, the largest mail of any month since the Department was opened, nine years ago. We are glad to know that the state of the thermometer does not affect the interest of our friends and we trust they will have patience until room can be made for their letters.

L. S. R. WRITES from Montpelier, Idaho, and compliments the "women-folk" of the firemen in the brotherhood at that place.

THE editor returns thanks to John Tierney, Jr., for his popular song, "Boyhood's Happy Days."

"DAISY," of Des Moines, Iowa, sends a kindly greeting to the *Magazine*.

G—, ARK., July 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The chief problem of my married life has been not the management of husband, children or finances, though all these have had their share of attention, but how to obtain an abundant supply of good water for domestic purposes.

In my girlhood's home each house had a cistern. I still think a good cistern, frequently cleaned, is the best way of supplying water. When first married we lived in Central Illinois, and everybody there depended on wells. But the well water was hard. I knew lye in some form was necessary to cleanse or "break" the water. My hands suffered terribly while I was learning just how much lye to use. If just the right amount is used the hands will not be hurt at all. If enough is put in to turn the water white at once, it is too strong. If the water begins to turn white in half an hour, it is all right. My method was to draw a barrel full of water and soften it ready for use. A little borax added to hard water will make it nice for bathing purposes. If you have lye in the house by all means keep vinegar on hand also, for in case of an accident vinegar is the best antidote. In my opinion all the washing and cleaning compounds are a weaker and more costly form of lye.

We next moved to the Republic of Mexico, and had to buy our water. Strictly speaking the water is free, and people pay the carriers for bringing it to the house. The carriers have a wooden yoke across their shoulders, from each end of which is suspended by a short rope an earthen jar with a capacity of from one and a-half to two gallons. The price is merely nominal, but to one unaccustomed to obtaining water in that way it is often annoying to calculate the exact amount required for a day's work and order it when the carriers are around in the morning. In large cities, where the yoke and swinging jars would be in the way, one large jar is carried on the back, held in place by a leather band passed across the forehead. The drinking water is kept in unglazed jars, and evaporation keeps it cool as ice water. All the jars have rounding bottoms, and many are the accidents necessary to teach an American woman that they won't stand alone. It is all very well to prop them up with stones and blocks of wood, but I learned by sad experience that the average American baby has no idea of allowing those stones and blocks to stay there. There are a great many wells in the farming districts, the old-fashioned sweep being used to draw the water. I saw one comical method of drawing water from a

hillside well. Two men were needed to do the work. An upright post on each side of the well supported a windlass, over which was thrown the rope. One man, holding the rope, would run down hill. When the jar came to the surface the other man called halt and emptied the jar. The runner would then walk up hill and when he reached the well of course the jar was in the water again. The process looked very funny, but was it any harder, after all, than turning a crank to wrap the rope around the windlass?

After living nearly two years in that country we moved to Pine Bluff, Ark. There we had a limited supply of hard water, obtained from bored wells. These wells are about six inches in diameter. The bucket has a valve in the bottom which admits the water. When the bucket is full the weight of the water holds the valve down. A little peg in the spout pushes the valve up and allows the water to run out.

We next moved to the southern part of the same state. The well water here is as soft as rain water, but we had no well and had to carry the water so far. In the winter we depended on what we caught in barrels. But that is too warm to drink in the summer, and it breeds mosquitoes. But I have learned how to avoid that. If I have more than one barrel full I pour a tablespoonful of kerosene in the ones I am not using out of. That spreads over the surface and no mosquito ever goes beneath it to deposit her eggs. When ready to use the water it is not much trouble to skim off the oil. But now we have a good well at our own door. It has been completed about a week and I am happy: not perfectly so, however, for I have come to believe that I am not to have good water long at a time, and if nothing happens to our well I suppose we will move again.

If the editor says "Come again," I will tell you some of my housekeeping experiences in the "Land of the Sun."

Traveler.

[This experience will seem almost incredible to the average housekeeper. We shall be glad to hear further from our new correspondent.—Ed.]

HOPE, IDAHO, August 12, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In Woman's Department in the August number of the *Magazine*, there appears a very sweeping argument against novels and novel reading from the able pen of Emma E. Smith. Being one of the many that are so fond of reading, whether it be novels or works of greater merit, I cannot help believing her denunciation of writers and readers of fiction rather severe. There are good and evil contained in almost everything and novels are no exception to the rule. There are few joys and pleasures of this life that may not be indulged in to excess, and instead of their becoming as they should be a never ending source of joy and comfort they become by an over indulgence a bane and a curse. When civilization takes a step in advance there are always a few who take an especial delight in trying to keep us on the ragged edge of anxiety and doubt as to what the ultimate end will be; whether the evil resulting from such efforts and changes will not be far in excess of the good; who take pleasure in denouncing rather than praising; who love to show their dislike and antipathy to any great and growing change and, when it better serves their purpose to sustain their argument, they overestimate the evil and understate and belittle the good of such movement. It is useless to try to persuade these people that they are wrong. They need medicine, their case is not for a philosopher but a physician. Like the slave on the triumphal chariot of Scipio riding in triumph through the streets of Rome, lest he should enjoy the honors and praise that a grateful people bestowed upon him his enemies endeavored to make him feel miserable by having the slave whisper in his ear, "Remember thou art but a man." While the renowned lawyer, the able statesman and the great orator may not have attained their eminence by reading novels, there are numerous instances, not only among this class but including eminent divines, the greatest scholars, the greatest

scientists, the most advanced thinkers and people occupying the highest and most exalted positions in life, who have written novels and works of fiction. Moreover many of them can be bought for a dime—would that they could be printed and sold for a cent. It is among this class where we find those whose names are household words and whose works are to be found in every library and in every home of refinement and culture in every clime where civilization exists in its most advanced form, made famous by their works of fiction. It is among this class where we find the most noted writers of novels and literature, the greatest admirers and strongest supporters of writers of fiction and their works. Look into the columns of any of our great journals under the heading of "Literary Notes," for comments and notices of the latest novels and literary productions from this class of people and we find they praise more than they denounce, which should convince us without argument that novels are popular among our most eminent men and the reading of novels was no hindrance to them in attaining the high position they occupy in life. It is no ordinary brain that writes novels and fiction. Many eminent and learned writers and scholars give us their theories and ideas through the medium of a novel knowing as they do that is the best way of bringing their views before an intelligent public.

Truth is mighty and will prevail; whether we receive it by aid of a novel or more sober works the result is the same. It should be gratifying to all who like to read and be entertained by a story well told that the good class of fiction is far in excess in point of numbers of the evil and pernicious, easier to be obtained and the demand for them is greater and they are becoming cheaper in price. In many of our school books and works on recitation, readings and elocution, we often find selections that are taken from works of fiction as literary gems. Man does not toil for pleasure. Labor is the primal curse of man. There are many lowly homes and firesides that are made bright and cheerful by the reading aloud of a good story. There are many overworked and toiling persons whose existence to them seems to be almost a burthen, whose thoughts are detracted from the cares and toils of the day, whose minds are lost in happy seclusion, refreshed and entertained, by reading a good story. For this reason alone novels should receive our warmest approbation. Those who are fond of reading do not always like to read dry and sober works. We often find ourselves in a frame of mind when we like to read for entertainment and pleasure rather than instruction. On such occasions the good and wholesome story is a boon. Sometime ago in a certain state prison the convicts gave out through a paper they printed and edited themselves the direct and indirect causes that led them to commit crime, and there was not a case that attributed his downfall to reading novels. It is not ungenerous to suppose that the few who languish in prison and howl in lunacy from reading novels would have landed there just the same had they never seen a novel. The wrong of reading vile and pernicious literature and the evil resulting therefrom is a mole hill when compared to other mountains of sin and evil that are Himalayan in height and extent that surround us. A wife whose brain is mellow enough to neglect her loved ones and her household duties, and a husband who allows weeds to grow in his potato patch and devote their time to reading novels, need a guardian placed over them, they are not safe to run at large. It is gratifying to know that such instances are few and far between. That there are novels where the scenes of the plot begin and end as they should in the dens and slums of vice and crime, that familiarize the reader with such scenes, that teach that the perpetration of crime is a laudable calling, that parental control is a bondage, that the school and church are mild sorts of prisons gotten up to especially pamper the youth, that give us false and overdrawn ideas of life, I will admit. But there are many evils that can be bought in quantities of a dime's worth and for less that will do more harm than a dime's worth of fiction ever can. Instead of holding up our hands in horror and lifting the finger of warning at this mild sort of evil which can never assume proportions large enough

to cause any general alarm, we should, by our individual efforts, endeavor to meet it more than half way. The place to begin is the fireside and home circle, the mother is the one to bring about the greatest change. Good books and good reading matter of all kind are cheap and within the reach of all. Get a variety to suit all tastes, from the youngest to the oldest member of the family, the greater the variety the better is the result, and the more interest is taken. By so doing the dawn of the day will soon appear when all vile and pernicious literature, that barnacle-like clings to all great movements, will be scraped off and literature will be purged and purified of all evil, and the art of reading in every case will prove a universal blessing to all mankind. In conclusion I will say I have been helped instead of harmed by reading novels. Hoping the editor will pardon me for taking up so much space and with a kind wish for all, I am

Bystander.

[An able defence of novels and novel reading.—Ed.]

TROY, N. Y., August 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

It is more than a year since I wrote you before, and then you bade me "come again," so here I am.

The *Magazine* has improved very much and the Woman's Department is getting to be such a pleasure. The letters are interesting, and it is so helpful many times to sit down and read of others who have just such trials as we are having, and yet have lived through them. The old saying, "Misery likes company" is illustrated there.

Did any of the sisters ever try apple sauce as a filling for layer cake? For the benefit of those who have not I will say, stew the apples as for sauce, then run them through a strainer to get all the lumps and stringy parts out, add sugar and nutmeg, and spread between the layers. It is very good, and so simple.

I have a recipe for cookies I am certain somebody's John would like if he would only try them. Two cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sweet milk, 2 eggs, 5 cups of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Roll thin and bake quickly.

When we were first married we had a great many callers, often perhaps, on the point of leaving when my husband came home and they wishing to see him, too, he would wash up a little and come right in, for his train did not arrive here until 6:55 P. M., and often later, so often it was quite late before he would come. I soon found his clothing was soiling the furniture, so I devised a means of remedying that. I bought Butcher's linen and made tidies for back, seat and arms of the parlor furniture. Then, being somewhat of an artist, I sketched out designs on the tidies and worked them with Tambour cotton in Kensington stitch. Everyone likes them, and it is so little work to keep them clean, and yet they are such a saving to the furniture. I fringed the edges, and on some I knotted the fringe. I fancy I hear someone say, "Humph! guess she is a married old maid. I am going to take the good of my furniture, and shall use it without cover." I have some very pretty fancy tidies I put on when I am expecting company, and then my furniture is clean to put those tidies on, and not so worn that I am obliged to keep them so closely covered all the time.

Why do we never hear from Troy City Lodge, No. 315? According to all accounts it seems to flourish, or, at least, so the members say, for they do not allow us there, you know. When we ask if we may go to meeting with them, they say yes, if we will sit out on the back steps and wait until meeting is over. Aren't they very hospitable? The only objection I have is on account of their day for meeting being on Sunday. They plead as an excuse that they cannot get many of them together on a week day evening, as their trains get in so late, or they are delayed, or they are so tired. I think if a very great effort were made it might be held during the week just as well.

Have you heard of our new monument to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of Rensselaer county, State of New York? The cost is \$50,000. It

is on Washington Square and as you come up from the New York boat you get a fine view. It is to be unveiled September 15. They are raising funds also for the erection of another monument, in honor of one of America's noblest women, Mrs. Emma Willard; the monument will cost \$15,000, and will be placed in the Seminary Park fronting the Seminary, the scene of her labors. She was born in Connecticut in 1787, and died in Troy in 1870. It is almost seventy years since she established the seminary. She was a historian and poet as well.

The third monument to be erected while the fever is on, is one to the memory of Chief Lane of the fire department, but that will be placed in Oakwood Cemetery. Will try and tell you more about Troy sometime if no one else ventures.

I just wish you might see our garden; the flowers are at their best now and are beautiful. We took a beautiful bouquet to the cemetery, yesterday, where our baby lies buried. He stayed with us but a few days, and yet we loved him so. It seems even now as though we must have him back, and yet we know it is well with him, for he has returned to Him who gave, and now hath taken away. We know our little one is waiting for us to come, and may we so live that we shall meet our babe in heaven. I will close now with best wishes for you all, from

Troy.

[Was it not Mrs. Willard who founded the first girl's seminary in the United States? Thanks for the pansies, every color was perfectly preserved.—Ed.]

LEADVILLE, COLO., August 17, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Here we are, around the curve, across California Gulch and steaming in at Colorado Midland depot, in the City of the Clouds. Our city lies at the headwaters of the Arkansas river and California Gulch, surrounded by the sunny peaks of mountains Massive and Elbert to the west and Bald Mountain, Sheridan's Peak and Mosquito Range to the east, and other small mountains too numerous to mention, where we take from Mother Earth the precious metals, gold, silver, iron and lead.

We also have our smelters with which we smelt our ore into bullion. Our smelters are the Arkansas, American and Harrison Reduction works, which are situated in the famous California Gulch, where such large quantities of gold were discovered in 1861. Silver, iron and lead were discovered on Carbonate Hill in 1877. Our mines are producing a large amount of minerals and the people of Leadville are anticipating more than has ever been produced here before.

We have three railroads running in here, the Denver and Rio Grande; Denver, South Park and Pacific, and Colorado Midland, on which I suppose Bro. Patsy is a tallow pot. Well, Patsy, I am very thankful to you for upholding poor M. I. P. in the mistakes made by me in my poor but well meant letter. I was a little bit discouraged, but with the kind editor's encouragement I will make one more attempt. I have drifted away from my subject, and as it is most time to quit I will just say a few words.

The population of Leadville is about 16,000. We have a delightful climate in the summer time, but have had considerable rain this summer, more than usual. We have about six or seven months of cold weather in winter. We have five fine school buildings, the two largest being the Ninth street school and the Central, the latter in which we graduate for a second class certificate for teaching. We have eight churches, all fine buildings, and a fine hotel, six stories high, called the Hotel Kitchen. We have five railroad orders and all are in a flourishing condition. New members are joining the B. of L. F. most every lady's night.

Wishing the B. of L. F. and Woman's Department success, I remain,

A Fireman's Friend and Daughter, M. I. P.

[That was a very fortunate criticism which resulted in bringing us so interesting a letter. It shows what our correspondents can do when they try.—Ed.]

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS., July 31, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

After a long summer vacation busily, yet pleasantly spent both at the quiet "Prairie" and amid the hustle and bustle of Milwaukee, I come again to the *Magazine* for a short visit with its readers. Other people and papers may take one's time and attention, yet there are moments of quiet when one turns instinctively toward the *Magazine* for a friendly chat with some of the dearest mothers and sisters and truest sweethearts whom this country knows. These friendly chats, although they do come through the silent medium of the pen, are of more benefit than many think. To know that we are thought of and sympathized with, to know there are others that feel as we feel, and to know that perhaps we are of help to others, are thoughts which brighten many a woman's life. Although they be small they are like the little round spots of sunshine which find their way through the leaves and light your pathway through the woods.

I had occasion this summer to travel quite a distance on a freight, or accommodation, as it is called, and during the ride the brakeman jumped down from his seat and took out a large dinner basket. Now this dinner basket was his only material reminder of the dear little wife and cosy home he left behind. Is that not all the reason in the world why it should be "perfection," if such a thing is to be had? Well, it was. There was a napkin of snowy whiteness lying over the top and beneath it were viands such as to make any mouth water. Another brakeman soon came in to eat his dinner, but there was a marked contrast between the two. The napkin of the latter looked as if he had used it for a towel for a week, and his bread was dry, black and hard looking. The meat which he gnawed from a large chunk was evidently tough and under done. I did not see all in either basket, for I was afraid they might think I wanted part of it if I watched them too closely. I was thinking only of the *Magazine*. Now let me suggest some nice things for a dinner pail: Veal loaf is a dainty "fit for a king," therefore let it sometimes find its way into the dinner of a "knight." Another very nice article is cherry batter balls. To make them, stew the cherries partly soft in a small amount of water and add some sugar and cinnamon; canned cherries can be used. For the batter take five eggs, leaving out the whites of two, and cream and flour enough to make a batter thick as pancake batter. Let your own judgment determine the amount of baking powder. Some put in a little white wine, but this can be dispensed with. Stir batter and cherries together, then drop this from a large spoon into hot lard. Drop quickly and evenly so they will be round and evenly shaped. Fry till light brown and when done sprinkle with powdered sugar and a little cinnamon.

Above all things have a good supply of good bread and butter and at least one kind of meat nicely done and seasoned to his taste. If your fireman has a "pie mouth" I would suggest a liberal piece of his favorite pie. Pains should be taken to make his dinner look as well as taste good, and you will be well paid by his enjoyment of the same.

To change the subject, one of the features of the *Magazine*, which I greatly admire, is the sermons of Rev. Emory Pollisher, Dee Dee. There is so much encouragement and sound sense in them and it is so simply told that one cannot but admire the author. There! there! Mrs. Pollisher, I really have no designs on Mr. P. I am an old (?) maid school teacher, love cats, and write for two weekly newspapers, so you see I positively have no time for your fireman in particular.

A word to "Minnesota" before I go. A number of months ago "Minnesota" wondered if I was the "Nora" she had known since I was a baby and knew my mother years before. Since "Minnesota" has aroused my curiosity, I too would like to know. It has been twenty years since I was a baby, and my mother's initials before marriage were M. T.

Hoping that the *Magazine's* oldest and best writers will not let their pens grow rusty, I bid all adieu with best wishes for the Woman's Department and its readers.

Nora Bull.

[A good letter.—Ed.]

DUBUQUE, IOWA, July 28, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The editor having said that receipts and suggestions were welcome, I will take the liberty to send several I know are good and that our railroad boys like for lunches. A nice fruit cake is made as follows: Butter and lard mixed, 1 cupful; sugar, (dark brown is best) heaping cupful; 2 eggs, 1 cup of sour milk or water, 1 pound of raisins and currants mixed, half teaspoon of soda, and any or all kinds of dark spices. I also put in lemon peel or citron, if I have it handy. This cake keeps nice and moist for quite a while if put in a box and covered close.

A nice white cake is $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, 1 pound sugar, 1 pound flour, 4 eggs, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of soda, 1 cream tartar, or 1 teaspoon of baking powder. A pinch of maize is very nice in this, or you can take the half of the mixture when all put together, and add raisins or currants or both, and have two kinds at once, or the half of this rule will be enough for two lunches or teas. Raisins are much more easily stoned if put on the stove to boil for half an hour and they keep the cake more moist. In mixing my cake, after the butter and sugar have been beaten together, instead of beating the eggs all together or dividing them (except for sponge cake), I break one at a time in with the butter and sugar and beat well up. It is just as good a way and saves lots of time and "elbow grease," and we need to save the latter for other work. I hope these receipts will be of use to some of the readers of the Woman's Department, and if this is not too long, will send others sometime.

I have read the *Magazine* for a number of years and enjoy every part of it. I have two brothers and two brothers-in-law and my father who work on the railroad, so, of course, I have a decided liking for the "greasy railroaders," and many a time I have a black face myself, when the boys come home. I am waiting with patience for the August number, to see how the courting question will be settled. My idea is girls should always be neat and clean, and if the meals are not ready, get them as soon as possible and have them good and hot, "if it is winter and you live in Canada." Also be pleasant and quick in serving them; you will find it as good a way as any to win the "boys' good will. With best wishes for the B. of L. F., I remain an

Engineer's Sister,

Sliver.

NORWALK, OHIO, Aug. 23, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I knock for admittance to your charming circle this rainy afternoon. I am afraid if you should knock at my sitting room door I would cry out, "not at home," for in one corner is a chair turned over for a buggy, in front of it is a rocking horse, here are some childish dishes and broken crockery, there is dolly with one or two sisters, a book and a number of other toys to show that the babies are at home, while the clock tells us that "papa" will be here in one hour. I am afraid if we retained his affections by keeping a tidy house they all would be lost. He says, "The children are not one half the trouble if they are busy and they must do something."

Miss Smith, in August number, tells us that novel reading is wrong. Now, did you ever feel so tired after the babies were put to bed that you could not read anything that required any amount of mental exertion? If you have, then take one of Mrs. Henry Woods' "The Duchess," or some good writer's novels and it will rest you. Your mind is taken from the cares of the day and you are at rest. I think that there is wrong in all things carried to excess. Intemperance in all things should be guarded against. There are those who are intemperate in dress, eating or reading, as well as drink, and it often leads to as unhappy an end. The same with card playing; when we are master of ourselves and do not carry it to excess, "all is well." When it is master then the trouble begins. It depends on our own will whether we will be slave or master of our desires. If you find any amusement gaining control of you, give it up entirely until you feel that you can indulge yourself without excess. Sometime I will tell you of our pretty Maple City, but for now, Adieu.

Jennie.

A FACT.

It was on an English summer day,
 Some six or seven years ago.
 That a flagman before his cabin paced
 With a listless step and slow.
 He lit his pipe—there was plenty of time,
 In his work was nothing new.
 Just to watch the signals and shift the points
 When the next train came in view.

He leaned 'gainst his cabin and smoked away,
 He was used to lounge and wait.
 Twelve hours at a stretch he must mind those points
 And down trains were mostly late.
 A rumble—a roar, she is coming now,
 She is truer to time to-day.
 He turns, and not far off, between the rails,
 Sees his youngest child at play.

Not far, but too far, the train is at hand,
 And the child is playing there,
 And patting the ground with crows of delight
 And not a moment to spare!
 His face was dead white but his purpose was firm,
 As straight to his post he trod.
 And shifted the points and saved the down train,
 And trusted his child to God.

There's a rush in his ears though the train has passed,
 He gropes, for he cannot see,
 To the place where the laughing child had played,
 Where the mangled limbs must be.
 But he hears a cry that is only of fear,
 His joy seems too great to bear,
 For his duty done, God saw to his son,
 The train had not touched a hair!

FREEDOM, KY.

Mrs. Mattie Eubank.

A WORD ABOUT NOVELS.

BY IRENE.

What a load of sin is laid at the door of novel readers and writers by Emma E. Smith in the August number. I thought it had long since been conceded by the intelligent public that the greatest reforms known to the world had been the outcome of novels in more than one sense. To-day the surest and most approved way of reaching the ears and hearts of men, both small and great, is through the pages of an eloquent, well written novel. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the pen of one of America's famous daughters, was the indirect cause that led to the emancipation of millions of black slaves. Where is there a person that can read at all that has not perused its pages with heart and sympathies made more tender for so doing? Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has been read and commented upon by the learned and great everywhere and is having an effect upon the civilization of to-day equal to that of the former in its time. Who knows but "Looking Backward" will be said in years to come to have been instrumental in liberating millions of white slaves, or redeeming from misery the lives of the poor and oppressed everywhere by freeing them from shackles cast upon them by unjust laws and libelous law makers. E. E. S. asks: "Is it by reading novels that the renowned lawyer, the able statesman or the great orator has attained his eminence?"

Perhaps, we know of no lawyer, statesman, or orator more renowned or eminent than Robert G. Ingersoll, and he says, speaking of "Robert Elsmere," a novel that any one at all conversant with the times would blush to acknowledge they had not read: "A good man, living in England, drawing a certain salary for reading certain prayers on stated occasions, for making a few remarks on the subject of religion, putting on clothes of a certain cut, wearing a gown with certain frills and flounces starched in an orthodox manner, and then looking about him at the suffering and agony of the world, would not feel satisfied that he was doing anything of value for the human race. In the first place, he would deplore his own weakness, his own poverty, his inability to help his fellow-men. He would long every moment for wealth, that he might feed the hungry and clothe the naked, for knowledge, for

miraculous power, that he might heal the sick and the lame, and that he might give the deformed the beauty of proportion. He would begin to wonder how a being of infinite goodness and infinite power could allow His children to die, to suffer, to be deformed by necessity, by poverty, to be tempted beyond resistance; how He could allow the few to live in luxury and the many in poverty and want, and the more he wondered the more useless and ironical would seem to himself his sermons and prayers. Such a man is driven to the conclusion that religion accomplishes but little—that it creates parasites. Such a man would be forced to think of the millions wasted in superstition. In other words, the inadequacy, the uselessness of religion would be forced upon his mind. He would ask himself the question: 'Is it possible that this is a divine institution?' Is this all a man can do with the assistance of God? Is this the best? The moment a man reaches this point where he asks himself this question he has ceased to be an orthodox Christian. It will not do to say that in some other world justice would be done. If God permits injustice to triumph here, why not there? Robert Elsmere stands in the dawn of philosophy. There is hardly light enough for him to see clearly; but there is so much light that stars in the night of superstition are obscured."

That Gladstone, the peer of statesmen, the acknowledged "Grand Old Man of the Universe," has thought fit to read, answer and comment upon a popular novel is an established fact.

Everyone who has read "Robert Elsmere" has also read "John Ward, Preacher" and "An African Farm," or wished he could do so. Having read these three novels, which together throw into concrete form three distinct attitudes of current thought, they find themselves upon a sea of profound religious unrest that will eventually cause them to do something, be it ever so little, towards bettering the condition of humanity in this world. Therefore the speculations of these novels are the seething flow of religious opinion, which is such a characteristic of modern christian thinking.

Leaving modern novels, let us speak of those written in the dim and misty past, those that have gone down on record side by side with the history of the times in which they were written as portraying even a truer record of the scenes, manners, and customs of the times than can be gathered from the history of hard facts.

Who is not the better for having read Scott's "Ivanhoe?" that wonderful novel that will enlarge the feeling of patriotism and benevolence in every heart when they read of the feats of Ivanhoe or Richard Coeur de Lion.

What heart is not filled with veneration for pure womanhood at the matchless life of Rebecca, "Annie of Gherastine," "The Lady of the Lake," with her sweet filial love and affection for dear old Douglas, to the last tender and true? There is much to learn by the reading of those beautiful, tender lives. While from the bold and handsome Rhoderic Dhu one may learn a lesson of hospitality that in these days seems to be needed.

My letter is already too long and I have not begun. What a rare, sweet pleasure we would miss without reading the story of "Little Nell." If Dickens had left nothing but "The Old Curiosity Shop" behind him his life would yet be fuller and the good done to the world far more than thousands of the lives of some have been who have never read or written a novel. But besides this we have so many more from his pen that are in themselves sermons, prayers, praise, and salvation almost to the poor and unfortunate. "Our Mutual Friend" with its dear, quaint Mr. Boffin and Mrs. Boffin. I wish E. E. S. would tell me how she likes "The Literary Man with the wooden leg." Poor, old selfish Webb, how many there are like him, and how many "Pod-snaps" we have to-day, to be sure. Ah, my experience in novel reading has been that the colors are drawn too true to life even. "Tim Fagan," "The Artful Dodger" and "Claypool," as well as "The School Master," are still abroad in the land, while all the poor little "Oliver Twists" have not found a safe refuge.

Who has not learned lessons of hope and endurance from "David Copperfield?" What have we lost

by our sympathies with him in his early struggles and final success; by weeping with him over the loss of dear, bright, sunny little "Dora," and rejoiced with him on gaining the peerless "Agnes," whose example and life, pure and simple, should be placed in the hands of all our girls, with a word of interest for rugged "Aunt Trotwood" and honest "Peggy." Even "Micawber" with his pathetic belief in "something turning up" and the smiling "Barkis" is willing; are friends we would not willingly lose.

Then the sneaking, thieving, "Umbie Uriah Heep" and the too confiding "Wickfield" are characters met with almost every day. The sad, sweet story of "Little Emily" is one that would soften a heart of stone toward the Marthas of to-day. Ah, never say that novels are but the idle fancy of a chimerical brain, while some of the purest aspirations of life, some of the holiest impulses are born of their perusal.

"Cast a glance at the books that the young collegian has to study and you will readily see that the novel is not among them," says E. E. S.

This may be true, yet methinks it quite likely that there will be found "Milton's Paradise Lost," "Pope's Essay on Man," "Lallah Rookh," and others that cannot be called less than fiction, and yet are considered the best classics. There will also be found probably Homer's "Iliad," another poetical novel, read by scholars grave and gay.

There are hundreds of other novels that I would like to mention if I had space. There is "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Miss Alcott's "Little Woman" that have performed a miracle of good already. And "Dora Thorne" and the "Scottish Chiefs" and so many more, but to come directly to a close, did not our own Editor acknowledge that she had read "Dr. Jeckyl and Richard Hyde?"

[We fear our correspondents on the other side will not find it easy to answer the arguments in this very convincing letter.—Ed.]

OMAHA, August 15, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Now, Sister Emma, do you think it liberal to execute poor Mr. Novel without a chance to defend himself? Bear in mind we should respect old age and not forget past favors. I am a very dear acquaintance of his, therefore am inclined to be lenient. To say the least, he possesses many good traits, many a pain he helps us forget, many an hour passes quickly by his entertaining, and we could all always profit by his visit. You say, "put a novel in a novel reader's hand and all else is forgotten." That may be, but take the same man or woman, deprive him or her of their novel and put liquor within their reach, and they will become drunkards. Let them have cards, and they are gamblers. Why? The only reason I know is they must have been launched into this life bereft of a limit bump. Think a minute, sister, and you will see that by carrying any of our pursuits in life too far we are monomaniacs.

True, our great statesmen did not attain their greatness, nor our mechanics master their trades by reading novels, but I have no doubt when their bodies and minds were tired Mr. Novel was not excluded. I don't think we read novels to imitate the characters therein. We may see where they made their mistake, and profit by it. By reading other people's ideas it helps our own. I am aware there are degrading novels, but we don't have to read them. Good ones are just as easily purchased and just as plentiful, and as we are all able to discern right from wrong before we can read, there is no excuse for those who read a degrading one. When my hands and feet are tired I rest myself by reading, first the daily papers, after those, if I have time, whatever fancy dictates, as I am blest by having much from which I can choose. It may be something historical, one of my old school books, just as often it is a novel. It may be one of Dickens, Thackeray, a trifle more sensational, such as Queenie's Secret. No doubt many of you, dear readers, will close your eyes and say I am past redemption when I tell you I crossed the plains with Deadwood Dick, and went abroad with Muldoon, admire the keen wit of the author, laughed heartily at his ludicrous situations, then perused the cablegrams and sincerely wished

America could boast of fewer Muldoons. I see no harm in a slight acquaintance with Mr. Novel or Mr. Card either. It never does to get too intimate with any person, and those are very agreeable and entertaining men if kept in their places. The happiest family I know, and I may add, as good as the best, play cards frequently. When they asked their mother her reason and she said, "I know they are with their sisters and at home, I know they are with good company. You see we always amuse each other."

I see one of my city brothers suggesting to write of the future. Bless you, child, where is the sense in writing of what may never be? If you wish a happy and prosperous future, be earnest in the present, let your days be happy remembrances, where you give a kind word or helping hand to a fallen sister or brother, keep pace with our enterprising city, and I predict for you a great future, and as you reach the top of the ladder, towards where our city is making such rapid strides, don't forget there is some poor fellow below and give him a helping hand.

A. B. C.

[A good letter. Come again.—Ed.]

MILWAUKEE, WIS., August 8th, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

An article entitled "Novel Reading," in the August number of the *Magazine*, prompts me to say a few words in friendly criticism on the same subject.

In the first place the writer assails novels and novel-readers with a string of adjectives quite wonderful.

She makes no distinction between the writers of *flimsy productions* and such writers as Scott, Dickens, Black and dozens of others who have attained eminence as great as most of our renowned lawyers, statesmen and orators. If our correspondent will study the good novels and not the "trashy" sort, she will find them instructive and entertaining and will also see that in not even one of them are the refining virtues underrated and vices palliated.

"Les Miserables," one of Victor Hugo's greatest works, is a novel written in the spirit of justice, purity and truth. This work, as we all know, had a wonderful influence in favor of the poor and oppressed people of France. If our modest young lady of to-day would imitate the example of William Black's heroine, Yolande, she would be a noble woman and perfect daughter.

A book, because it is sold for a dime, is not necessarily a dime novel and injurious to the mind of the reader; "Life and Letters of Thomas Carlyle" has been sold here in our city for a dime. "Robert Elsmere" is a novel; is there anything contaminating about it? Would its influence ever send one to prison? Is the author of "Robert Elsmere" one of those who write for bread? If so, I wish we could all earn bread in the same manner.

The true novelist portrays human life and character, ennobling always the better side of both.

Hoping that this side of the question will be discussed by some one more able to do it justice,

I am sincerely yours,

Dithie.

ELDON, IA., August 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Well, Maggie Miller, you think we have some bad men on the railroad. Perhaps we have, although I am not acquainted with any such; I think our good ones outweigh them. Where do you find nobler men than those belonging to the Grand Brotherhood? I am sorry you are not acquainted with some of them. I am sure you also would have a word of praise for them. As my hubby is a fireman, also a B. of L. F. man, I am a little partial to railroad men.

About novel reading, I would say I have read several good ones, and as long as we do not neglect our household duties, or the welfare of our family, I don't see any particular harm in reading them. If I, Elizabeth will correspond with me I will exchange some very nice lace patterns with her.

With best wishes for our railroad boys, I remain their friend,

Edith Wilson.

PALESTINE, TEX., August 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Will you please be so kind as to allow me space in your worthy and appreciated *Magazine*? Words are inadequate to express the feeling I have toward you and your valuable *Magazine*. If admitted, I would like to give you a description and location of the holy land, Palestine. It is situated 150 miles north from Houston, 100 miles south from Dallas, 100 miles east from Waco, 100 miles west from Marshall, Tex. It is on the divide between Trinity river on the west and Neches river on the east. Its altitude is 480 feet above sea level; free from malarial influences and settled by 10,000 thrifty, honest, law-abiding people.

Palestine has excellent schools and churches; a court house costing \$45,000; jail, \$22,000, and to-day untenanted, not a criminal nor a suspect within its walls; good school buildings costing \$30,000; and several factories from \$20,000 to \$50,000. At Palestine a splendid field for manufacturing industries presents itself and the citizens through this association will extend to all legitimate enterprises material aid and valuable assistance. Anderson county, of which Palestine is the county seat, was organized in 1846. It has 10,000 square miles.

As "Fannie" says, card playing seems to be the principal subject now. What harm can there be in having a pack of cards in the house? They say it will lead people to the gambling den, make drunkards and murderers out of them. I will just say in behalf of myself and others, my father and mother played cards; always had a pack in the house. They never made a drunkard or gambler out of me. Others say don't let your children see you take a drink of beer or whiskey, if so it will be ruination to them. Parents, why go behind their back? My father takes a drink whenever he wants it (I have never seen him drunk in my life); he smokes and chews tobacco, he plays cards in the house when he feels like it. Now they say children will follow their example. I neither smoke, chew, drink and seldom play cards; only with a friend in the house, and I'm a young man of 23 summers, in the market. My occupation is that of a fireman and I'm proud of it. All I regret to say is I don't belong to the Brotherhood, because I have not been firing long enough.

As "Kicker" has gone to the happy hunting ground, why can't we get up a debate? A subject like this: Which has more influence over man, women or money?

Wishing the *Magazine* and all railroadmen success in every aim in life. Yours.

Somebody's Darling.

[The Woman's Department is willing to discuss this subject.—Ed.]

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., August 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I look with much anxiety to the coming of the dear *Magazine*, in which my husband and I are deeply interested, especially the Woman's Department, which I take great pleasure in reading.

My husband is a fireman and we have only been married two months. I do all of my own housework except the washing, although not being very familiar with it before I was married, but it comes very handy to me now. I can make nice cake and pies and manage to keep my house as neat and clean as possible. In our own pretty little cottage which my husband owned before we were married. It is situated just outside of the town, where everything looks so pretty and green. In my description I might select just two lines from the song entitled "Annie Rooney."

"In a little cosy home,
No more from home I'll care to roam."

I need not venture to say any more in regard to that just now, but those dear railroad boys do hold a warm space in my heart. They are just as good as they can be. The brave boys; when they leave in the morning or in the evening little do they know what their fate may prove to be. Nevertheless, I am proud to think I captured a railroad boy for my husband.

But I must not take up too much of your valuable space, for this is my first attempt, but I sincerely

hope you will regard this missive worth publishing. Now I wonder if my hubby will guess who wrote from the Queen City of Egypt.

*Mertie.***TO MY SISTER.**

[Dedicated to my sister, Mrs. Anne Pugh, Rose Cottage, Wales.]

Sister, let us drive away sorrow awhile.
Let us exchange our cares for the old-time smile;
Let us think we are girls again just once more,
And be happy and gay as we were of yore.
With never a care—our minds were free—
In those bygone days, you, Sister, and me:
Do you mind the old house with its kitchen and hall,
Do you mind the garden and moss grown wall,
And the little bedroom beneath the sky,
Where we slept together—you and I?
Let us take a run thro' the fields again,
Pick the clover from midst the waving grain,
Shall I catch the pony and ride away,
That you said would be the death of me *sure* some day?

Ah, now we have reached the Aberlath stile,
Where 'neath the shade we can rest awhile,
And everything seems so hushed and still,
Save the stream that turns the old mill wheel.
Shall we go to the river and sing a song,
As we watch the pure waters rolling along,
Then on to the farm where the apples grow?
In our girlish pranks how many we throw
At each other, then laugh and shout so wild,
(Ah me, for the joys of an innocent child),
But the shadows are falling, we hie to the road,
While with apples and plums we each have a load,
There's the 'bus—let us give it the signal to stop,
And board it in fun with a skip and a hop:
Then ride to the village, of mirth have our share,
For the driver as usual forgets to take fare,
And he laughs as the lash o'er the horses he twirls,
Saying—"Boys will be boys, and girls are girls;"
Now we near our home and there by the gate
Stands our father exclaiming, "Why girls you are late!"

You've been up to some mischief I very well know,
Your mother must scold you—I do not know how."
But mother has ready the costliest tea,
In that old-fashioned kitchen for you and for me:
Now we'll think it is Sunday, we hear the church bell

As it bids us make haste to the place loved so well,
I will play on the organ, you sing in the choir,
As we list'to the anthem grow higher and higher,
And sometimes from behind the red-curtained pew,
Sly glances we throw at the folks—I and you—
Then up at our pastor who tries hard to frown,
As from his seat above us he often looks down,
And 'Squire Morris comes in, his features a smile,
And the family following each one in file,
The dear loved 'Squire long ago lies at rest,
Of this family it was hard to tell which we loved best.
Now the services over and out on the street
We hear a discussion of—Where shall we meet
On the morrow?—and oh, how we hope it won't rain.
For we are going to a picnic ten miles on the train.
Where a nobleman lives with a great honest heart,
In the frolics and fun he always takes part,
And his Castle Dynevor, whose towers reach the sky,
What fun we will have there, dear—you and I.
Those were halcyon days and these were not all,
Could I only keep on much more I'd recall,
But just as I am meandering in sweet days of yore,
I hear a gruff voice calling out at the door—
"Please get in your copy in good time to-night,"
You look as from earth you have taken a flight,
And my visions of childhood that gruff voice has
quailed.

And my fancies of long ago days are dispelled.
I return to the fact that between you and me
There are miles of broad lands and oceans of sea.
So it will be when you read the lines I have penned,
For a moment you'll dream and then comes the end,
In that beautiful land just beyond the blue sky,
Sometime we'll recall those sweet days—you and I.

Mrs. Henry B. Jones.

WASHINGTON, IND.

[The Woman's Department appreciates this very readable poem.—Ed.]

NOVEL READING.

Webster defines a novel as a fictitious tale or narrative intended to exhibit the operations of the passions, and particularly of love.

Edward Eggleston says in one of his prefaces: "Doubtless I shall hopelessly damage myself with some good people by confessing in the start that, from the first chapter to the last, this is a love story. But it is not my fault. It is God who made love so universal that no picture of human life can be complete where love is left out."

"Love is our highest word and the synonym of God," says Emerson.

I have heard that even the men read this Department first, and every correspondent expresses great interest in its pages. Is it not because on every page they find living examples of the happiness love brings into a life, and the misery consequent upon its absence or decadence?

Compare the feeling of indifference with which you peruse a history with the intense emotional interest that you feel in a tale of love and adventure. The former you read from a sense of duty, unless you have cultivated a taste for that kind of reading, while the latter takes hold of you with such power, that you can hardly lay it down until it is finished. Adding to this the testimony of such high authority as Henry Drummond, who tells us that love is "the greatest thing in the world," can anyone conclude that the novelist errs in choosing a theme of such universal interest?

Your correspondent seems to be particularly severe upon "dime novels." Every one knows that the expiration of copyrights, the cheapness of paper and printing inks, together with the demands of the people, have made it possible for us to obtain, not only foreign books, but the works of our own authors at an exceedingly small expense. Many of the classics of our language are sold for ten and twenty cents. I once purchased a volume of "Emerson's Essays" for a dime, but their influence upon my life and character has been of inestimable value.

Have I not established the right of the novel not only to be, but to be cheap?

An historian says of Garfield: "After he had been six or eight months at college, and had devoured an immense amount of serious reading, he began to suffer from intellectual dyspepsia. He found his mind was not assimilating what he read, and would often refuse to be held down to the printed page. Then he revised his notions about books of fiction, and concluded that romance is as valuable a part of intellectual food as salad of a dinner." He chose the best, however, and limited the quantity.

I would not, for a moment, be understood to uphold the reading of trash, or to encourage the neglect of a duty for the sake of reading any book whatever. The remark is trite that nothing is so intrinsically good that it may not be made evil. It is surprising that we are sometimes willing to vitiate our tastes and lessen our self-respect by the perusal of unworthy books, when even with our best efforts we could not scan one-half of the books bearing with them ennobling and refining influences. I have no place on my program for the bad novel. Through well selected fiction we may become acquainted with the everyday life of the people in other times, other lands, or different phases of society than our own. In this line the novelist is the true historian. We owe much to those authors who undertake long journeys and severe labors that they may adequately represent scenes and eras of paramount interest.

Every inexperienced young person harbors many "false ideas" about the great unknown world of beings. By means of judicious reading he might be placed on guard and saved much unhappiness. "Experience is the best teacher," you say, but that old saying is not altogether true. We know many things to be the truth which we pray daily we may never experience.

I doubt the sanity, or at least the intelligence, of any one who would expect to adopt into his own life the deeds of an imaginary hero. If we can choose daily the good from the evil, the right from the wrong, what becomes of this intelligent discrim-

ination if we fail to discern the evil and the good because we find them between yellow covers?

I have heard that reading fiction made people too "romantic." Perhaps that is what your correspondent means by "false ideas." It seems to me that in freeing ourselves from excessive sentimentalism we have gone to the opposite extreme, so that, with most people a slight cultivation of the sense of romance would be desirable.

"The story of any true life is wholesome, if only the writer will tell it simply."

WATERLOO, IOWA.

E. M. S.

[Our correspondent will please accept thanks for this excellent article, one of the best we have ever published. We hope to hear from her again.—Ed.]

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., August 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Although I'm neither the mother, sister, wife nor sweetheart of a fireman, and consequently will be excluded from the B. of L. F. Auxiliary (when there shall be one of those delightful organizations here), I am pleased to know that I am not deprived of the pleasure of either reading the *Magazine* or giving you a little piece of my mind occasionally if I like. I believe we are taught by St. Paul that women should not be heard in public, but if they have anything to say, tell their husbands and let them make it known. Not being the unfortunate possessor of such a valuable "mouth-piece," I have the pleasure of doing my own talking.

Charlie suggested in the June number that we should not let the married people monopolize these columns, and I think that a commendable idea. Now, Charlie, I am as bitterly opposed to monopolies as you could possibly be, and shall give you my hearty cooperation in the attempt to break this one. Please excuse me if I compliment you just a little. I am not much given to that sort of thing, but I must say, I admire your letter very much, and echo every sentiment you expressed. According to the theory that 'a man's writing is the outward expression of the inward man,' if we had more young men of your character, we would have fewer unhappy wives, and fewer girls becoming more frightened at married life every day. You ask how to judge a wife. I should say, judge the girls according to the standard you have set up for the boys. Find one that is perfectly frank and truthful, generous, a true Christian, finding her greatest pleasure in making others happy; study her disposition, teach her to love you because you are worthy of that love, and then you have a wife; not a mere advertisement for milliners, dress-makers, hair dressers, cosmetic peddlers, and "finishing" boarding schools, but a life companion after God's own model. If you are what I judge you to be you deserve one like that, and I trust you may be fortunate enough to get her. But I must not consume all my time with you as I want to say something to some others.

When I read Mr. Richmond's letter some time since, I almost lost my temper at first, and thought I'd write at once in defence of our sex, but after thinking the matter over, I decided that it was only done to arouse the ladies to argument, as no man who ever had a mother could believe all he said. Since I've read Mrs. C. R. R.'s letter and viewed Miss Grace Cutler's pen picture of the gentleman, I feel more real sympathy than contempt for him, for if his motive was argument he got it; if that was his real belief Miss C. has left nothing unsaid that would benefit him. Thanks to Miss C. I sincerely trust he will improve by her pen picture.

I think the letter from a Fireman's Mother, W. L. W., is just splendid and there are several good hints in it which older married people might take to themselves, as well as prospective brides.

I agree with Olive in almost everything she said, only she didn't say quite enough.

I intended to say something about novel reading, but having already made my letter too long will leave that for another time.

Best wishes for the B. of L. F.,

"Butterfly."

MONETT, Mo., August 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

For the first time I will ask for admittance into the Woman's Department, and if welcome, may in future call again. We have had the *Magazine* in our home only about six months, and I take great pleasure in reading the Woman's Department, the rest I don't care so much about. I have never seen but one letter written by any of the ladies living in Monett. I really do think that more of the B. of L. F. boys' wives ought to write and give Cherish Lodge an abundance of praise, for I don't think a more noble or braver set of men ever constituted a lodge than does Cherish Lodge, No. 440. Of course I am partial, I must admit, to Cherish Lodge, for my own dear hubby is a member of that lodge. The lodge has prospered very fast ever since organized, and I sincerely hope it will still continue to do so until it is one among the largest.

I was so glad when the subject of managing husbands was disposed of, for I do think it was one of the silliest questions I ever heard discussed. It made me so tired reading some of the letters written upon that subject. Such an idea, that any husband would need the management of a woman! I think that if he is really capable of being a husband, he surely is capable of managing himself.

I think, of all the recipes given for pie or cake, those given by a "Fireman's Mother" are the best, none can equal them.

May God bless the noble firemen and protect them from all danger, and may His choicest blessing ever rest upon the dearest one of all to my heart from the time he is called to go until his return home. With much pride I sign myself

A Fireman's Wife, Jennie.

[We believe the discussion on the "Management of Husbands and Wives," or rather the domestic relations of the two, was productive of much good. All women are not so fortunate in their husbands as this correspondent seems to be and many wives also make mistakes. It is beneficial sometimes to talk these things over, compare experiences and listen to suggestions.—Ed.]

SOUTH CHICAGO, Aug. 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I am a constant reader of the *Magazine* and have never attempted to write on any subject before. In the August issue I noticed an article about "Tramps" which interested me very much. Every one has had more or less experience with "tramps;" no one will hesitate to say they are a regular nuisance, and still when one comes to their door they will feed him and the result is, in a short time they have another and so on. It is only your kindness brings them there; refuse them and in a very short time you won't be bothered with tramps. It may seem unkind to refuse, and as Prue has said, "What little they receive seems poor enough," but giving them even a little encourages tramping, which is a nuisance to the community at large. Tramps in general are a lazy, degraded set of men who would rather live like a dog than work like a man. I know several cases where tramps have had the chance of making a few dollars besides three square meals a day, and as soon as the first meal was devoured the tramp would sneak off satisfied rather than work any more. Where you will find one who will thank you for your kindness, you will find one hundred who will give you impudence if their fare don't exactly suit them. And again, how many poor creatures have been murdered or assaulted in a most brutish manner by some tramp they were kind enough to feed. Of course we know not what has caused their downfall, but even though a man has trials and troubles in abundance, if he has any manhood in him at all, he will keep from anything so low as tramping. My motto is "help the poor and needy," but "beware of tramps." Hoping I have not intruded, I will close with best wishes to the *Magazine*.

An Engineer's Wife.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., August 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The August number of the *Magazine* is at hand, filled with interesting letters, and in one I see a fireman's Annie would like a recipe for pickling fruit. Here is one that has never failed me in the ten years I have used it, and can be used for pickling most any kind of fruit: Seven pounds of fruit, three pounds sugar and one pint of vinegar; spices to suit the taste. Annie, if I lived near you I would rub the clothes and let you write for me. The firemen and their wives here in Syracuse are as dumb as an oyster. Plenty of them could write a much more interesting letter than I, but I suppose they are so afraid of being criticized by their friends they are fearful to try. Now about that fuchsia: Water all your plants twice a week with warm water; be careful when watering them to get it on the dirt and not the stalk. This will make them bloom if they are in the right kind of dirt, without fail.

I am going to send all the firemen's wives a recipe for making washing fluid. I believe there are more clothes rubbed to pieces on the board than there are worn out, but some of these old-fashioned folks wouldn't use anything to make washing easy if you made it and gave it to them. They are afraid it would spoil the boiler. They seem never to think it hurts them to rub five or six hours on clothes they could get out in half the time. One can Rabbitt's potash, one-half ounce salts tartar, one-half ounce dry ammonia. Dissolve the potash in one gallon hot water, when cold add the ammonia and salts tartar. Soak the white clothes over night, in the morning add two-thirds of a cup to a boiler of clothes. Put in the fluid when the water is cold; when it gets good and warm, have the clothes soaked, put them in, let them boil up nicely, then proceed in the old-fashioned way. Put the "pets," as I call those terrible overclothes, in a pail and fill with the boiling suds, and let them stand until you want them, or rather until you are obliged to take them. The dirt and grease will roll down the board in a way that will surprise you and the overalls as well.

I am almost afraid to send this for publication. Perhaps the Editor will think it more suitable for a recipe book, but I am sure this last recipe will bring joy to more than one fireman's wife. With best wishes for the brave firemen and still braver wives who write for the *Magazine*, I bid you good night.

Belle.

[The Woman's Department gladly publishes well-tested recipes. The one given here for pickles should have described the process of making.—Ed.]

NO MORE TO ME.

Alone and silent I sit in my room,
When the garish light has fled,
And wait to hear, through the gathering gloom,
The footsteps of my dear.
But no sound I hear and no sight I see
For my love comes back no more to me.

How soft the light of his tender eyes
As he smiled in the sad, sweet way.
As we stood beneath the glooming skies
At the close of that blissful day.
That smile when I close my eyes I see,
But my love comes back no more to me.

Too fond for kisses or warm embrace
What could we do but stand
And give and take with tender grace,
The thrill of a clasping hand.
That hand in mine no more may be,
For my love may never come back to me.

If love and pity go hand in hand,
How quickly they may learn
What grief remains for those who stand
And wait their love's return.
That grief in my heart may always be,
For my love may never come back to me.

Poetry.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., Aug. 3, 1891.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Subscribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

CONSOLIDATED.

The Unification of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers and the Order of Railroad Telegraphers Consummated—A result in the Highest Degree Satisfactory. Evidencing the Largest Comprehension of the Welfare of Telegraphers.

THE OUTLOOK FULL OF CHEER.

On September 14th the Brotherhood of Telegraphers met in annual convention in the city of St. Louis, Mo. The attendance was large and the delegates brought to the tasks before them as large a share of intelligence as has fallen to the lot of any convention of railroad employes within our knowledge.

There were two organizations of telegraphers, viz.:

The Brotherhood of Telegraphers and the Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

The best judgment of the membership of these organizations was that there should be but one organization.

To harmonize conflicting interests, real or apparent, was the desideratum—something easy to talk about, but most difficult to secure—requiring always the highest order of diplomacy. It is a case in which rights are to be maintained and when anything is surrendered it is because a greater good can be secured.

In such giving and taking there are opportunities for the exhibition of broad gauge views; non essentials give place to practical requirements, and when the work is accomplished men are amazed at the simplicity of their achievements.

They discover that there were a hundred cogent reasons for unification, where there was something *less than one* for isolation.

The B. of T., from the first, was a protective order, and at the convention of the O. of R. T. held in June, 1891, protection was decided upon.

This action opened the way for consolidation, and during the convention of the B. of T. at St. Louis this unification of the two

orders was consummated and the organization will be known as the Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

There is no more important class of railroad employes than the telegraphers. The trains of the continent, on all of the 162,000 miles of track, are run by the telegraphers.

A moment's reflection suffices to demonstrate in the mind of any man at all able to comprehend the problem, that no class of railroad employes are subjected to greater burdens of responsibility, and it is true, all things considered, that their compensation has been shamefully meager—indeed, so small, as to excite universal comment.

The consolidation brought about at St. Louis puts an entirely new phase upon the matter.

Protection is not a vagary, it is not a visionary theory. It means *protection*, and protection simply contemplates right and justice to a class of men whose rights hitherto have not been protected.

We hail the consolidation of the orders of telegraphers with more than ordinary satisfaction. We see in it a movement in the right direction, because in securing rights no wrong is done, while in perpetuating a wrong, not only the victims upon whom the injustice falls are made to suffer, but society at large feels the outrage.

In due time the Order of Railroad Telegraphers will apply for admission to the Supreme Council of the federated orders of railroad employes.

Under the new regime, the order will grow in membership and power, and is destined, we doubt not, to become one of the most influential of the orders of railway employes.

The *Magazine* wishes the new order the largest possible measure of success. In the next issue the matter will be more fully presented to our readers.

MRS. H. B. JONES.

The various orders of railway employes have no warmer friend than Mrs. H. B. Jones, and it affords us special satisfaction to notice that recently her devotion to the welfare of "the boys," was recognized by the presentation of a beautiful and costly silk dress and elegant kid gloves to match. We congratulate Mrs. Jones, not so much on account of the beautiful presents she received, as that her services are appreciated by those upon whom they have been so lavishly bestowed. May her good services continue to be rewarded as they deserve.

UNION MEETING.

A union meeting on a large scale is to be held at Martin Opera House, Albany, N. Y., on Sunday, November 1st, 1891. A grand time is expected and all members of the order are invited.

AN ANONYMOUS SLANDERER.

We violate an established rule to give space to the following anonymous communication:

ARKANSAS CITY, August 15, 1891.

Mr. Debs:

DEAR SIR:—Please answer through the *Magazine* if you received any subscription fee for non-Brotherhood men for 1889 or 1890 from W. S. Ballou, as there was a good many of us gave him a dollar and received no *Magazine*, and he said you were none too good to keep the money.

A Subscriber.

Upon receiving the foregoing we mailed a copy thereof to W. S. Ballou, the *Magazine* Agent referred to, and here follows his answer:

ARKANSAS CITY, September 10, 1891.

E. V. Debs:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Your letter came to hand on the 9th, and I can say that I did not collect a dollar for the *Magazine* in 1890, and I have handed your letter to the Secretary of Division 255, and I am sure they will investigate the matter. I will close, hoping to hear from you in the near future.

I am yours fraternally,

W. S. Ballou,
Magazine Agent.

Next follows the letter received from the Secretary:

ARKANSAS CITY, September 19, 1891.

Eugene V. Debs:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—In regard to Bro. W. S. Ballou case on complaint of Subscriber we will say we know nothing in regard to it, as we have no grounds to work on as there has been no complaint made by anyone to this Lodge.

Yours, fraternally,

Jas. Wallace.

By order of 255.

For the information of Mr. "Anonymous," alias pole cat, we append the names of subscribers received from Canal City Lodge, No. 255, Arkansas City, Kan., for 1889 and 1890, as follows:

1889.

W. M. Chase, Arkansas City, Kan., $\frac{1}{4}$ year.
I. Kiser, Arkansas City, Kan., $\frac{1}{4}$ year.
A. O. P. Nickelson, Arkansas City, Kan., $\frac{1}{4}$ year.
Sam Bennett, Arkansas City, Kan., $\frac{1}{4}$ year.
O. Davis, Arkansas City, Kan., $\frac{1}{4}$ year.
C. M. Stuart, Agent.

1890.

Jas. Bennet, Arkansas City, Kan., 1 year.
Ivan Kiser, Arkansas City, Kan., 1 year.
C. M. Stuart, Agent.

It will thus be seen that Br. Ballou was not agent for 1889, nor for 1890. If "Subscriber" paid for a *Magazine* and didn't get it, why didn't he say so like a man? Why wait two years and then play assassin by shooting from ambush? If upon reading this "Subscriber" is not convinced that he has acted the part of a sneak, then he is even more destitute of decency than we had thought him to be.

The Robinson Monument Fund is increasing. Every railroad man in the country ought to have his name on the roll of honor.

RECIPROCAL.

At the last biennial convention of the B. of L. F., held at San Francisco, it was announced that the grand officers of the Brotherhood had been made honorary members of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen of England. The high compliment was reciprocated by the convention, and Thomas G. Sunter, General Secretary, and Thomas Ball, Assistant Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, were unanimously made honorary members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and as a further recognition of the honor conferred upon the grand officers of the B. of L. F. by the great English Society, the following resolutions were ordered:

WHEREAS, In a spirit of fraternity, which is now more than at any previous period animating and influencing labor organization, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen of England have made the grand officers of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen honorary members of the Society, and

WHEREAS, The great honor thus conferred, is esteemed by this convention as an expression of good will on the part of our English fellow-workers in the cause of labor and a compliment of the highest value, therefore

Resolved, That this Biennial Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen recognizing and appreciating the generous expression of friendship, which animated the membership of the Associated Society of Engineers and Firemen of England, hereby expresses its thanks, and offers the wish that uninterrupted prosperity may attend the Society.

Resolved, That it will be the earnest endeavor of the B. of L. F. to cultivate fraternal feelings with the Associated Society of Engineers and Firemen of England, and to aid, as it may have opportunity to advance the interests of all railway employees.

Suitable certificates of honorary membership have been executed and forwarded to Messrs. Sunter and Ball, as also a certified copy of the foregoing resolutions. The *Magazine* expresses the wish that the time may come when mutual kindness may be the distinguishing feature of all labor organizations in their relations with one another.

ORGANIZATIONS of railway employees should labor with the one object in view of making their services indispensable to their employers. If it were known that the brotherhoods would guarantee from their members first-class service, attention strictly to duty, sobriety and a readiness at all times to submit to a majority rule of the organization, how long would it be until the companies would refuse to employ any but members of the orders? Not one month. It is the inattention to rules of the order which make the corporations antagonize them, not because they do not like their principles. Moral: Stop it.—*National Federationist*.

A GRAND monument worthy of the "grand old man" must be erected where W. D. Robinson sleeps.

THE NATIONAL FEDERATIONIST.

We have on our table the *National Federationist* for September, and a superb number it is from cover to cover.

It is brim full of matter and the matter is brim full of common sense.

The *Federationist* is on the alert for items of interest, and nothing seems to escape its vision. Without being an alarmist it gives forth warnings based upon facts. As, for instance, in the August number it had an article captioned, "Approaching a Crisis." Following up the warning, it says, "We are now ready to speak other words on the same subject," and adds:

The time has come when it is absolutely imperative that organized railroad labor throw aside all notions of dissension, of whatever nature, and get together. The actions looking toward harmonious proceedings in the future, if taken at once, will be at best, but tardy, but probably in time to prevent any more harm than has already been done. The publication of facts regarding the intention of certain railroad managers may have the effect of causing them to change their plans, but they will not forego the attempt to crush out the orders, for the large sum of money which has been raised, and is now in the hands of the person appointed for that purpose, must be used, under the agreement made when the first steps were taken. The corporations realize that the exposure of their plans has detracted considerably from their usefulness, but it is reasonably certain that they will only be changed to meet the recent developments. This makes the necessity for united action the more imperative.

Strife and dissension have done as much harm as should be allowed. The hatchet should be—must be—buried, and a solid front created with which to meet the attack. We have confidence that the railroad men will see these facts as they are presented, and act accordingly. If this is done, well and good, but mark our words, if it is not done a total undoing of organizations will be the result.

Manifestly, railroad employes cannot be too thoroughly aroused or too watchful of their interests, and in calling attention to the subject, the *Federationist* is performing a duty of incalculable value.

OUR FRIENDS.

The world looks askance at those who boast of their possessions, their prowess, their lineage or endowments, and listens with indifference, if not with disgust, at recitations of egotism and self-laudations, except in the one instance of friends and friendship. These are treasures of which a man may speak as he may of the flowers he has planted, of the fruits his garden supplies, and of the birds that come at his call to bless his home with their melodies. Long-fellow says:

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart?

It is natural, we conjecture, for one, in counting his friends, to wish that they, in addition to being his friends, should be the friends of each other, and if such is not the case, he is often perplexed in seeking for an explanation for the quasi hostility. Knowing them to be congenial, he finally con-

cludes that the difficulty grows out of the circumstance that they do not know each other, have not been brought in friendly contact, and therefore are unaware of the fact that they are the possessors of generous natures, of noble impulses and purposes which, if known to each other, would enable them to achieve splendid results, all the more important, if they happen to be engaged in the same line of endeavor.

Knowing this, we are anxious that our friend Dan. Honin of the *Railway News Reporter*, published at Omaha, and our friend Charley W. Martin of the *National Federationist*, should be acquainted with each other, and become friends and therefore, it affords us the greatest pleasure imaginable to introduce them to each other, as our friends, because we know that once acquainted, their lives would flow on in parallel channels, accomplishing for their fellow men all that their high ambitions could demand.

With the hatchet buried, and the bugle no more calling to arms, the war drums hushed to silence, we can fancy our friends, Honin and Martin, marching under the banner of peace, friendship and good will, everywhere hailed as they pass, as the champions of labor, as the exponents of advanced thought and as avants couriers of the emancipation of workingmen.

Dan, allow us to introduce to you, Charley, and vice versa.

CAVNER'S INVENTION A SUCCESS.

We took occasion some time since to call attention to Mr. A. R. Caver's invention, for which it was claimed, "First, greater economy in the consumption of fuel. Second, the entire abolishment of the smoke nuisance. Third, reducing the back pressure on pistons to the lowest possible minimum. Fourth, reducing the vibration on flues. Fifth, making the locomotive available for an incandescent electric lighting system at a small expense and without material change in construction or appearance of the engine."

In referring to the subject, a contemporary says:

Perhaps one of the most noteworthy inventions of modern times is the perfect smoke consumer, which was patented by Mr. A. R. Caver, a well known scientist, who occupies a high position among railroad men. He was ably assisted in the constructive work on Chicago and Alton engine No. 34, by Mr. A. W. Quackenbush, Master Mechanic of the Chicago and Alton road, at the company's great shops in this city. A reporter for this paper has seen this wonderful engine, and to all intents and purposes it is a grand success.

The result so far secured from this device, since placed on engine 34, has been remarkable, and fully sustains the claims of the inventor, and the judgment of Mr. Quackenbush, Superintendent of Machinery of the Chicago and Alton railroad, who from the first inspection of the principles employed, was convinced of its merits.

As nothing succeeds like success, the *Magazine* is pleased to state, for the benefit of

its readers, that Mr. Cavner has conquered every obstacle, and the road is clear for him to realize expectations which, like his locomotive, are not obscured by smoke.

The paper from which we have quoted, says:

The inventor of this device, Mr. A. R. Cavner, of Chicago, is also the inventor of an entirely new type of locomotive—compound-condensing—with full weight of engine as traction. This engine will soon be in service on one of the suburban trains in Chicago, and from performances of the engine already secured, this design of locomotive bids fair to mark a new era in locomotive construction.

In Mr. Cavner locomotive engine men are permitted to see vividly outlined the possibilities for close students of the machine, the opportunities afforded them to obtain a place on top, where there is room for all whose energy and indomitable will enables them to climb. The paper from which we have quoted contains the following readable sketch of Mr. Cavner, which is worth preserving. It says:

Mr. Cavner is a practical locomotive engineer and mechanic of twenty odd years service, and is well known in railroad circles from ocean to ocean and from Old Mexico to Manitoba. He was for many years second grand officer of the Engineers' Brotherhood, and was the gentleman selected by the Richmond convention to settle the famous C., B. & Q. R. R. strike, after Arthur, Hoge & Co. had been in charge for over a year and hopelessly abandoned the field. Mr. Cavner at that time was in the service of the Southern Pacific railroad company, at Oakland, Cal. After the affairs of the brotherhood were turned over to Mr. Cavner and his committee, it took them just four days to settle the strike to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. The shrewd diplomacy and executive ability displayed by Mr. Cavner caused his name to be prominently mentioned as Mr. Arthur's successor. But he positively declined to be a candidate for that or any other office in the organization, and at the Denver convention following the C., B. & Q. settlement he resigned his office and withdrew from all participation in brotherhood affairs.

Mr. Cavner is an intelligent, broad-viewed progressive man; has traveled extensively, and is familiar with railroad matters and men. As a grand officer he was opposed to the C., B. & Q. strike, and was always fearless and pronounced in his opposition to the methods of Mr. Arthur, preaching one doctrine to the order and an entirely different one to the public. This bigoted boasting of the brotherhood's strength, influence and invincibility was the direct cause of the C., B. & Q. strike, and others as well. His sympathies were always with the C., B. & Q. engineers, as he claimed openly and repeatedly that the men were misguided and misled, inflamed with the idea that they could secure almost any demand. Facts were misrepresented to them. They were told the fight would be won if it culminated in stopping every wheel in the country. With this assurance they struck, and were left to their fate in forty-eight hours, after men deserted and left without a source of authority to direct and meet the emergencies of the hour, in their foolish desperation resorted to unlawful acts.

Instead of placing the brotherhood's seal of condemnation upon such acts, men who in their individual efforts endeavored to stay these unlawful acts are to-day being blackmailed and persecuted by the hand that should be extended to thank and assist them to an honorable and honest livelihood. We are informed that these were the causes that prompted Mr. Cavner to permanently retire from any official position in the brotherhood. Since then he has been quietly but steadily working at his present enterprise, developing the devices and securing patents, and has succeeded in not only working out the problems of his inventive genius but

has also organized a powerful company of prominent business men in Chicago to push the business. The company is organized for \$200,000, fully paid up capital, and consists of the following well-known gentlemen: A. R. Cavner, President and General Manager; P. S. Hudson, Vice-President, of Baker & Smith Heating company; Jas. P. Graner, Secretary, of Graner Tank Line company; C. H. Vehmeyer, Treasurer, banker and capitalist; A. A. Turner, Superintendent of Works; J. R. Branden, Mechanical Engineer.

THE ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The following subscriptions to the Robinson Monument Fund have been received since our last report:

J. H. Cunningham, Pan Handle, Texas . . .	\$1 00
J. L. Smith, Pan Handle, Texas . . .	1 00
James Dewey, Clarendon, Texas . . .	1 00
J. P. Mullins, Denison, Texas . . .	1 00
Chas. Appel, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Frank Nimnicht, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Jno. Ormsby, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Henry Friend, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Mike Toohy, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Jno. Berry, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Jas. Hogan, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Rea Robinson, Washington, Ind . . .	1 00
Jos. McLean, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Chas. Halk, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Jno. Kernan, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Geo. Gibson, Washington, Ind . . .	25
C. N. Moore, Washington, Ind . . .	50
M. O'Brien, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Jno. Kennedy, Washington, Ind . . .	50
P. H. Goss, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Mart. Forsythe, Washington, Ind . . .	50
W. H. Griffith, Washington, Ind . . .	25
Wm. Wood, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Geo. Craus, Washington, Ind . . .	50
J. C. Haulon, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Henry Alberty, Washington, Ind . . .	50
M. V. Thompson, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Frank Rankin, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Jno. Mooney, Washington, Ind . . .	25
Sam. M. Huffman, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Frank Green, Washington, Ind . . .	25
Mike Mooney, Washington, Ind . . .	50
James Donahoe, Washington, Ind . . .	50
Previously acknowledged . . .	\$1 10

Total . . . \$102 60
Remittances should be directed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

ASIDE from the financial and benevolent advantages which it is designed to secure by means of the O. R. T. when once its house is fully set in order, there are many little pleasures which its members enjoy that are worth all the effort and expense incurred. One of these is the acquaintances and friendships formed. We can call to mind several particular cases where some forcible writer two, three or four years ago, attracted the attention of an admirer of sound thought, who would write to us asking the name of the writer. We, of course took great pleasure in giving the same, and introducing the two. A correspondence arose between them, and to-day they are bosom friends; each tracing their present relations to the influence of our order. The above described case is only one of more than a hundred which ye editor has been personally interested in. There are perhaps several hundred very similar. We are glad to do some good even in this way.—*Railway Telegrapher*.

WM. D. ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the *Magazine* we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer, We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallows ground
where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured
piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far
distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or gentil twine beneath the
deep
Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?
'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls
of worth!
Peace! Independence!
Truth go forth.
Earth's compass round
And your high priesthood
shall make earth
All hallowed ground.'"

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the Brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unaided, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods will be constituted to take charge of the fund and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.



WM. D. ROBINSON.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices, the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in poverty,

that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, *Terre Haute, Indiana*, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

THE LABOR PRESS.

Chicago & Northwestern Annual Report. The report of the Chicago & Northwestern for the year ending May 31, 1891, was published yesterday.

The earnings were published at the time of the annual meeting in June. Briefly, gross earnings were \$27,793,647, an increase of \$628,837 over the previous year. Operating expenses, taxes, and interest on bonds increased considerably, and net earnings reached \$3,680,563, a decrease of \$390,402 as compared with the previous year. The funded debt is \$112,580,500, an increase of \$7,585,000 over the previous year's statement. The increase was caused mainly by the issue of bonds on account of construction and permanent improvements.

"On all the lines of the company," says President Hughitt, "the requirements of train service called for many additions and improvements of permanent character, and much new work has been done in the construction of new sidetracks, extensions of industrial works, for station buildings, yards, shops, bridges, and culverts, fencing, gates and crossings, and for maintenance and betterment of the railway track and equipment, all of which are in good condition, and will, it is believed, take favorable rank in comparison with other first-class railroads."

All things considered, the report is a very fair one, and speaks well for the Switchmen, under whose management such a creditable showing was made.—*Switchmen's Journal*.

Read, Educate. Every railway employé should read and obtain all the information he can on every subject. We wish it were possible for the *Gazette* to impress upon every railway employé one great truth, after which we feel nearly all would become readers, and the effort to obtain information would be general. There have been very few young men in railroad employ of average intelligence who were persistent readers, that have not risen to positions of influence and profit. There are few who may not still do so.

However expert one may become in his work through practice; however faithful he may be in his position, it is still exceedingly difficult for him to advance to higher places if he is sadly deficient in all general knowledge of the affairs of the world. Many a faithful, competent railroader has no doubt been at a loss to understand why his promotion has been so slow when he has undoubtedly been held back by the narrow, contracted and prejudiced opinions he entertains and expresses, and which can only be corrected by a wider and more general knowledge of the world. Education is the lever that moves the world. There is no

other power that can raise the masses of struggling humanity to better position. Organization will do much, for organization educates.—*Railway Service Gazette*.

Organization as an Educator. Much has been written as to the advantages of organization from an educational standpoint and the discussion of economic questions among the laboring world has indeed resulted in much good and organized labor has made wonderful progress in this line. Among no class can you find men who better understand the condition of our country than a very large number of organized workmen. The questions are discussed at the meetings, they are discussed in private, in fact the usual conversation of the organized workman of to-day is the discussion of these great questions. Here is an opportunity for each and every lodge of carmen throughout the country. Let individual members read. Be sure you have at least one good daily paper and as many more as you can get hold of. Read them carefully, post yourselves on the issues of the hour, discuss them at every opportunity and you will soon see where you can help your cause. Another form of education that demands your attention is in regard to your particular branch of work. Post yourselves on the interchange of cars, the kinds and quality of materials. Why not make a school of your lodge room. Set aside a certain time at each meeting or give one whole meeting per month to the discussion of these matters and whenever any particularly good point is raised give your entire membership the benefit through the columns of the *Journal*.—*Journal of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen*.

We deem it advisable at this time to inform our contributors that articles sent to the grand office for publication in the *Journal*, touching upon the subject of general federation will in the future be consigned to the yawning waste basket. The Pittsburgh convention provided a law whereby those who desired it might enter into a system of federation. We believe the space devoted during the past to this subject can be utilized in the future to other matters of greater fraternal interest.—*Locomotive Engineers' Journal*.

The report elsewhere published shows that the Robinson Monument Fund has reached \$102.60. This is doing very well for a beginning but we shall not abate in our zeal to build a monument to the "grand old man" until the Fund has reached the thousand dollar point.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the fifteenth day of each month.

"ONLY A SWITCHMAN."

[Dedicated to the *Yardmen of the Nashville Yards.*]

As the midnight hour tolled from the bell,
'Twas sounding for one a dying knell;
Another soul was passing away
With the dawning of a new born day.
Just then passing a motly throng,
Mingling jest with merry song,
One chiding another with friendly chaff,
Now breaking into joyous laugh.
Ah! had they known how sad a scene,
How different would their actions be,
For at that moment their dearest friend
Was fast approaching to the end.
In upstairs room, with gasping breath,
A man was struggling with grim death.
'Twas only a switchman that was upstairs dead,
Only a railroad man some one said:
Aye: 'twas true, he was one of that class
Who during each day many dangers must pass,
And have escaped such dangers by merest hair-breadth
That they think not of danger, not even of death.
And how many lives in their very hands lay
On the numerous trains which pass every day,
And the least deviation from the right to the wrong,
Many souls to their Maker he'd hurry along.
Such was the man in the upstairs room
With fast glazing eyes and cold as the tomb.
Surrounded by friends, and such friends too,
Who in sickness or health are always friends true,
As they gazed on the form with sorrowing heart,
They knew 'twas the day for his soul to depart.
They were not dressed in broadcloth or gaudy attire,
They were brakemen and firemen, just from the fire,
The switchman, flagman, and brave engineer,
Who were in workclothes and grime pressing so near.
Then all stood in silence, all with bowed head,
As they listened the words "It's all over, he's dead."
Then they looked once again on the form that there lies,
Through the thick flood of tears that flow from their eyes,
They are tears that are precious, more precious than gold,
For they express more than words can, a thousand-fold.
He had made his last coupling, he had thrown his last switch,
He was on that long journey traveled by poor and by rich.
To that "great," "great" tribunal, the judgment bar,
And there with the multitude await the pay car.
When the pay roll is signed and each has his share,
Each face a different expression, one joy, the other despair.

In the little church just 'round the corner,
Where for two score and ten years he's spent,
The preacher in his pulpit that morning,
His old form trembling and bent,
He turned o'er the leaves of his bible
And tremulously reading his text
Turns to his hearers and asks them,
Friends, do you know "Who'll be next?"
Then knelt down on the rostrum
And in quivering voice did pray
For the soul of poor Charley Ludlum.
Who had gone to his long home that day.
It mattered not to that old parson
What be his kith or his clan,
He prayed with just as much fervor,
Although he was but a switchman.

Edward O. Easley,

Plan for Federation.

MR. EDITOR:—Having read considerable in the different railway journals about federation, and as no one has thus far advanced my idea in regard to federating the labor organizations, I have taken the task upon myself to make public my idea. It may or may not be feasible or practicable, although I think it is both, still there may be thousands who may disagree with me, and for that reason I ask you kindly to give publicity to my plan, as I should like to see what comments or controversy may arise therefrom.

My plan is as follows: Let the O. R. C., B. R. C., B. R. T., B. L. E. and B. L. F. elect delegates next year for a grand joint convention to be held in 1893, all to meet at the same time and place, and then and there organize a new organization by which these five organizations become extinct and combined in one grand organization of train and engine employes, by which the four avocations retain their individuality but still are combined in one grand, strong combination. I believe such an organization could be created, and that it would do away with all the friction, petty strifes and jealousies that we now have between the different occupations. The organization to consist of four degrees, one degree to be assigned to each of the four associations. For example, we will say degree one be assigned to locomotive firemen, degree two be assigned to railroad conductors, degree three be assigned to railroad brakemen, degree four be assigned to locomotive engineers. No one to be eligible to membership in any one of these degrees except such as are following or have followed the occupation of fireman, brakeman, conductor or engineer, a certain length of time.

The subordinate lodges to have a joint meeting place where all four degrees meet at one and the same time and place, to be governed by one president, four vice-presidents, one secretary and treasurer and such other officers as may be needful for the proper administration of the affairs of the lodge. Each degree to be entitled to and elect by ballot one vice-president and he to be elected from such degree only. For example, any member of degree one in good standing in the lodge is eligible to hold office as vice-president of degree one, and can be elected to that office only by members of degree one. The president and all other officers of the lodge to be chosen by popular ballot in the lodge irrespective of what degree the candidate may be a member of, thus a member of any one of the four degrees is eligible to one of the popular elective offices. The president to be presiding officer of the meetings with the vice-presidents to assist him. Should he be absent one of the vice-presidents shall

act as presiding officer. In event of more than one of the vice-presidents being present when the president is absent the one to act as president to be the oldest in age of the vice-presidents present, irrespective of the degree of which he is a member.

The president and vice-presidents to constitute the board of control before whom all grievances or troubles should come for adjustment, the president to act as presiding officer of the board. All grievances and troubles which may come before it to be acted on by ballot, and in the event of a tie vote the presiding officer to have the deciding ballot. If they are then unable to adjust the difficulty they be authorized to call on and request the grand board of control to adjust the trouble or grievance for them.

Each degree to be entitled to and elect by ballot one delegate to the grand lodge, thus each subordinate lodge would have four delegates.

The grand lodge to meet annually, elect officers and transact such business as may come before it, the officers to be elected by ballot and hold office for two years, but suggest that at the first convention held two of the vice-presidents be elected for a term of two years and two for a term of one year. By doing thusly in case of a change in the administrative offices there would always be a sufficient number of experienced officers in office to hold the newly elected vice-presidents level, or until they become accustomed to the work required of them in their new official position. Then we would have two vice-presidents to elect at each annual convention, and one president, secretary and treasurer, *Journal* editor and manager and auxiliary officers to elect at every second annual convention.

The president to be presiding officer of the grand lodge with the four vice-presidents to assist him. All officers to be elected by ballot, and of the four vice-presidents one to be elected from each degree and by ballot in such degree only. For example, any member of the grand lodge in degree one, and of good standing, is eligible to hold office as vice-president of degree one, and can be elected to that office only by members of degree one.

The president and other officers of the grand lodge to be elected by popular ballot, and any member of the grand lodge in good standing is eligible to hold one of those offices irrespective of the degree which he may be a member of.

The president and the four vice-presidents to constitute the grand board of control before whom all grievances and troubles should be carried that cannot be adjusted by the board of control of the subordinate lodges. All grievances and troubles brought before it to be acted on by ballot, and in

event of a tie vote the president to have the deciding ballot. The decision of the board to be final. It and it only to have the power to authorize a strike. It is also to have the power to adjust any and all difficulties between the railroad employes and employers, and to have the power to contract with any railroad or system of railroads to furnish and keep them furnished with employes in the different branches of train and engine service.

The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer, editor and manager of the *Journal*, and other officers of the grand lodge should be paid a sufficiently large salary so we can command the services of the very best material amongst us to fill these important offices.

I have proposed an organization of only four degrees, for the reason that as a starter it would be amply sufficient, but additional degrees could be created to take in other branches if so desired.

By my plan, subordinate lodges could exist of one, two, three or all four degrees, and each subordinate lodge would be entitled to representation in the grand lodge by one delegate for each degree it may have; that would cover localities where it would be impossible to have a four degree lodge.

I advocate this plan of federation, as it would be a union of the men in the branches I have proposed, and such a union in which there would be a wonderful amount of strength. Strikes would be almost unheard of. There would be no petty strifes and wrangles amongst the organizations as a whole nor petty jealousies amongst the individual members thereof, such as there are now, by one organization feeling that they have been imposed upon, their rights trampled or trespassed upon, and in retaliation making trouble for each other, because there we would be one grand organization of brothers, and an injury to one would mean injury to all, whereas we now have in these four branches five distinct organizations and frequently find one pulling against the other, and making enemies amongst each other, which is just what railroad corporations want, because just so long as one organization is pulling against another just so long are the employes at their mercy, but once union is established on a firm basis we can demand our rights, and unless unreasonable, we can expect to get them, because we will have means by which we can compel them to give us our reasonable rights as wage earners.

By my plan the secret work should be alike for all four degrees, so that a member of degree one can hail a member of degree two, three or four, as the case may be, the only distinguishing feature to be a card on which is to be written, printed or officially

stamped the degree and division number to which such member may belong.

I also advocate such an organization on the score of economy, as by my plan for the four avocations there would be only one set of grand officers, one journal, one convention for the grand lodge, and one meeting place for subordinate lodges. But as we are now situated, we have five sets of grand officers, five separate conventions, five separate journals, and five separate meeting places for the subordinate lodges. It is reasonable to suppose that my plan would save thousands of dollars to the train and engine men, besides give them a strength and service from their one organization that never could be obtained from the five separate ones as they now exist. Would not this plan virtually be system and general federation combined? Some may have objections to this plan, on the score of insurance being interfered with. Of such I ask, could not the insurance feature for the different organizations be incorporated in the new organization and could it not be carried out more safely, cheaper and more satisfactorily than is now being done?

Some might think that such a powerful organization should have more officers in control, so as to assure a more conservative management of affairs. If such an idea should prevail it would be an easy matter to substitute eight for the four vice presidents, thereby making the grand board of control consist of nine instead of five.

In regard to transportation, would we not be in a position to ask that our cards of membership should be honored by the railway corporations over their lines, and would we not have an organization that would make it necessary for every honorable train and engine man to seek membership therein?

I should like to hear from my co-laborers in regard to such a plan as I have proposed.

Yours for federation.

G. F. Habernigg.

JIMULCO, MEXICO. Div. No. 159 O. R. C.

Shun Them.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late issue of the *American Machinist*, under the caption "To be Shunned," appears the following timely article:

We have frequently warned our readers against "Companies" and "Organizations," Loan Associations and the like, that propose to give them returns that can be only described as enormous for money that is deposited with them. As we have before said, there must be, in the course of things, something wrong about such proceedings. Workmen are generally honest, and are not looking for dishonest traps and pitfalls. We are glad to note that the daily press is beginning to take hold of this matter. The following from the *Evening Post* is illustrative of the point we have been making. The extract from the *Post*, which we give below, follows an allusion to a Western concern with a high sounding title:

A clerk in a distant city was induced to buy

twenty-five of its shares at \$1 each, paying \$25 down and agreeing to pay an assessment of twenty-five cents a share monthly. Section 14 of the by-laws provided, in somewhat ambiguous terms for withdrawal from the society at the expiration of six months. The clerk after paying his fourth assessment, wrote saying he would like to withdraw and receive back his money. He received a reply from the "secretary," who quoted the 14th section of the by-laws, and told him after he had been a member six months he could withdraw by forwarding a formal application therefor, and one dollar in cash to the society, but he would not be entitled to any dividend. The clerk waited for the expiration of the six months, and then did as directed. In reply, he was informed that the "directors" would consider the application at their next meeting. After waiting in vain for some time to learn the result of the "directors'" consideration of his application, the clerk placed the matter in the hands of a friend in this city for collection, offering to take \$50 in full discharge of the \$82.50 he had invested in the society. This friend happened to be a pretty well informed man in such matters, and he succeeded in collecting the \$50, but not until the "secretary" had first offered him \$6.25 (one month's assessment) in full discharge of the claim, and eventually increasing the offer to two months' assessments, and finally offering \$25. He, however, at last paid the \$50, but with a very bad grace.

This "clerk" mentioned by the *Post*, succeeded much better than men generally succeed with such associations; he had a streak of luck—just as if he had been struck by lightning, for instance.

On general principles, a workman should set it down as a fact that any one who offers him an abnormally high rate of interest cannot give him good security for his money.

The writer recalls a case in an Eastern town, where the members of one of these "endowment" orders were to receive \$100 at the end of six months, but the six months still lacked some twenty days of being filled, and the members had already been taxed \$119 each by the frequent and heavy assessments, thus making it probable that each would have to pay about \$140 for their \$100, but when the fact is noted that the officers have to be paid to "manage" the business, it surely ought to be apparent to the "partners" that they must take less than they pay in.

Vulcan.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written on the death of Edward Paley, of Lodge No. 238, B. of L. F., Paducah, Ky.

He is gone from the heart-cherished hopes of his friends

And deep are the sighs that deplore him,
But vain is the grief that around him extends,
For alas, it will never restore him.

His pure soul from its mansion of clay
Has bounded o'er life's troubled ocean,
And now in the high radiant glory of day,
It joyfully sings its devotion.

But still is the heart that was constant and true,
And cold is that bosom once warm,
And dead is each thing that flushed on his mind
And bent every feeling to charm.

He was gay, he was kind, he was noble and brave,
He was all that his friends could endeavor him,
So perfect, so pure, so guileless to see
That all who once knew did revere him.

Then peace to his soul, good, gentle and brave,
And long be his memory undying;
And green be the grass that grows on the grave
Where our faithful comrade lies lying.

Lloyd H. Hutchinson.

Acknowledgments.

SULLIVAN, IND., Sept. 20, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—We wish to express our sincere thanks for the prompt payment of \$1,500 due us on the policy of our dear son, Fred. L. Eaton, through Mr. A. Underiner, Receiver of Vandallia Lodge. We also desire to express our thanks for the beautiful flowers presented by Vandallia Lodge, No. 405, and to those who so kindly assisted at the funeral. Dear Fred often spoke of the advantages of being a member of your noble order, but we certainly never appreciated its value before his death. We can scarcely express our gratitude for the kindness shown us by the Brotherhood. God grant that trouble may never come near you, but if Providence appoints it your lot, we earnestly hope you will have friends who will be as kind to you as you have been to us during our great affliction. Our appreciation of kindness compels us to especially return our heartfelt thanks to the members of Lodge No. 405, of Effingham, Ill. We assure you that the Lover of Charity whose power is unlimited and whose mercy is unbounded, will liberally repay you for your kindness to us. From the depths of our hearts we wish you prosperity, health, and all earthly happiness. We earnestly pray that when this painful exile is ended you will enjoy the vision of God.

Your sincere friends,
MR. & MRS. T. B. EATON.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Sept. 9, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—I earnestly desire to express my sincere thanks to you for your prompt payment of Fifteen Hundred Dollars, the full amount due me on policy held by my son, Lorin S. Lightner, whom the Allwise Providence saw fit to remove from our midst by an accident on the K. C. O. & S. R. R. near Osceola, June 20. Also my most heartfelt appreciation and gratitude to the Big Four Lodge, 337, for their kind sympathy and assistance at the time of our sad bereavement. Especially do I thank Messrs. John Leonard, John Richards, Charles Largent and Homer Howard for taking charge of and preparing for the funeral. May your prosperity be as great as you deserve in return for your many acts of kindness.

Respectfully,
MRS. HENRIETTA E. LIGHTNER.

FLORENCE, KANSAS, Sept. 20, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks for the draft of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) due me on the death of my beloved husband, J. B. Welty, who met his death in the discharge of his duty on the H. T. & S. F. R. R. I also extend my thanks to the brothers of Emporia Lodge, No. 53, for their heartfelt sympathy to me in my great trouble. May God bless and prosper your noble order in my prayer.

MRS. FANNIE WELTY.

SLATER, MO., Sept. 5, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of Lodge No. 18, B. of L. F. :

GENTLEMEN:—It is with sincere thanks that I acknowledge through the columns of the *Magazine* the receipt of a draft for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), the amount due on the policy held by my late husband, Wm. S. Dye, who was killed July 14, 1891. May God ever bless and protect your noble Brotherhood in my earnest prayer.

MRS. ELLA DYE.

ESCANABA, MICH., Sept. 7, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—I have this day received from M. A. Harring, Master of Mineral King Lodge, a draft for \$1,500 in settlement for my claim for total disability for which accept my thanks. With best wishes for the B. of L. F. I am

Yours Fraternally,

ALEX. ROBERTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4, 1891.

To the Members of F. rymount Lodge No. 333, B. of L. F. :

GENTLEMEN:—I have the pleasure herewith to acknowledge the receipt of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) by the hands of Mr. John A. Boehm and Mr. Chas. H. Maul, on behalf of your lodge, which sum was due me on account of the death of my husband, William Griffiths. I also desire to express my thanks for the kind attention shown me during his sickness and at the funeral by your membership. May God be with you and prosper you in the work of your noble order, is the wish of

Yours truly,
LILLIAN L. GRIFFITHS.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Sept. 7, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—We desire to extend our most sincere thanks to the B. of L. F. Golden Range Lodge, No. 341, for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) due to my daughter, May, by the death of my dear son, Thomas Irwin, who was killed at Revelstoke B. C. May 2, and to the lodges for their kindness to him while at Donald. We also extend to Huron Lodge, No. 221, our warmest thanks for their kindness. May Heaven's blessing rest on the Brotherhood.

Yours in gratitude,
MRS. IRWIN.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., September 24, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I wish to return my sincere thanks for the kindness shown me during my misfortune and also the draft of \$750.00 for balance due on my disability claim; and furthermore, I wish to thank the brothers of Federation Lodge, No. 122, for their kindness during my sickness, and their aid in getting my claim allowed. May God bless our Brotherhood. With this wish I remain always a Brother.

AUGUST PRECK WINKLE.

RICHMOND, QUEBEC, Sept. 20, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen for the prompt payment of \$1,500 due me on the policy of my beloved husband, James Damant, through Mr. John Kelly, Receiver of Star of the East Lodge, No. 118. May God ever bless and protect your noble Brotherhood, is the sincere wish of his wife.

MRS. MINNIE L. DAMANT.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 8, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to express my gratitude to the Brotherhood for the prompt payment of \$1,500 on the death of my husband, Chris Ketterer, and to the members of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, my appreciation of the exquisite floral tribute. Trusting that you may continue in prosperity and increase in power for good, I am

Respectfully,
MRS. MARY KETTERER.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Sept. 16, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I wish to return thanks to the Brotherhood and the officers and members of No. 31 for their kindness to me during thirteen months of illness, and also for the draft for \$1,500 in payment of my total disability claim. Wishing prosperity and success to the order, I remain always a brother.

EDWIN B. MESSICK.

Address Wanted.

THOS. RATCLIFF—When last heard from was in Fontain, Kansas. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please correspond with B. W. Blue, 736 East Washington Street, Louisville, Ky.

Jeweled Carriages.

The traveler who visits St. Petersburg in the summer time, while the Emperor and his court are absent at Peterhof, is shown, among other curiosities, the wonderful collection of state carriages which is used at the coronation of each one of Russia's rulers. Most of them are relics of the magnificence of Empress Catherine II, but every succeeding reign has added to the barbaric splendor of the jeweled coaches. The first object that strikes the eye is a plain but elegant carriage of modern construction and style, and painted dark blue, the whole wood-work on the back shivered and hanging loose, like the wooden slats of a blind, while the interior is a mass of torn cushions. This is the vehicle in which the late Czar was driving when the first shell destined for his destruction burst, leaving him uninjured, but shattering his equipage. It was not until he stepped out into the street to ascertain the cause of the disturbance that a second shell annihilated the autocrat of Russia and his assassin at the same moment. The next object of interest is a primitive sledge, fashioned by the 'prentice hand of Peter the Great, the worshipped hero of Russia. It is wood, roughly constructed, painted dark gray, with coarse woolen cushions, and poorly lighted with small panes of glass. Alongside of this much prized relic is the sumptuous sleigh, drawn by mimic swans of white and gold, in which once reposed the voluptuous figure of Catherine the Great. The sedan chair of the late Empress, who was for many years an invalid, is another curiosity with its gilded doors adorned by the jeweled monogram of its royal owner, and its cushions of rose colored silk. In the inner departments the display of coaches is superb. About a dozen of these are gorgeously painted in red, and glitter with varnish and rich gilding, from the pole to the old fashioned rocking springs in the rear. The tops of some of them are surrounded by ornamental borders studded with jewels and surmounted by a crown set with precious stones. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds outline the imperial monograms on the doors, and even the hubs on the wheels and curving supports of broad doorsteps are set with the same brilliant gems. It seems almost incredible, says a writer in the *Horological Review*, that this vast quantity of jewels should be genuine, but the uniformed cicerone gravely assures his visitors that they are real stones of great value. The doors of one coach were painted by Watteau, and another by Boucher, precious pictures even more costly than old mine stones. Indeed, the guide affirmed that the British government had offered \$75,000 for one small pannel by Watteau, which it wished to place in the National Gallery.

This offer, however, has been refused, and the beauty of the coach thus splendidly adorned, is still intact. For each coronation a new carriage is made, and all, including many in Moscow, are brought out for the grand pageant.

The present Czarina selected for her use at the late coronation a coach presented by Frederick the Great of Prussia to the Empress Catherine II. It is beautifully painted, richly jeweled, and cushioned in embroidered satin with magnificent hammer-cloth and harness inlaid with gold.

Submarine Boats.

[English Mechanic.]

Submarine boats are a much older invention than is generally conceived; but they are now coming prominently forward, because there is a useful field for their employment, and also because modern devices have rendered it possible to construct vessels which can be propelled safely beneath the surface of the water. Who first suggested the idea is not known; but it seems well authenticated that in the reign of James I., a Dutchman named Drebbel designed a boat which was actually propelled by twelve oars under the surface of the Thames, the air being revived by some liquor, the composition of which Drebbel kept a secret.

The Marquis of Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions" (1663), refers to a similar invention, and there is a record that a man named Day sank with his submarine boat in Plymouth Sound in 1774. It is, however, to Robert Fulton that we are indebted for the first definite ideas on the subject, for so long ago as 1801 he descended to a depth of twenty-five feet in the harbor of Brest, and demonstrated the fact that his "plunging boat" could be trusted to take himself and three companions under the water and return to the surface in safety. This boat was named the *Nautilus*, and beneath the surface was moved about 500 yards in about seven minutes, by two men turning the "engine," while Fulton regulated the position of the boat. On one occasion the boat remained beneath the surface for nearly six hours; but nothing in the shape of effective warfare was accomplished when Fulton was persuaded to lend his services to this country, though he did by way of experiment blow up some old vessels with torpedoes. Fulton published his work on the subject, "Torpedo War and Submarine Explosions," in 1810, at New York, in which he shows that a system of harbor defense based on stationary and movable torpedos is the surest and quickest plan for protecting maritime cities against the naval forces of an enemy.

In 1860 a submarine boat was made in France, in which compressed air was utilized for working the propelling device, and

also for expelling the water taken in to produce submergence; but this vessel, too, does not seem to have been a success. A submarine boat has, however, been used for some time by the Pacific Pearl Company in carrying out their fishing operations; but it is not intended to serve as a torpedo boat, being flat bottomed, with "doors" in the bottom, through which the oysters can be collected. Toselli's submarine exploring vessel is a fairly perfect device for diving, but has no means of propulsion; it is, in fact, an elongated diving bell, with reservoirs of compressed air and two or three stories.

Much attention has been devoted to the subject of submarine vessels in Russia, and many experiments were made in that country about twenty years ago; but no practical device of the kind was produced. The inventions of Denayrouse and Fleuse, which disclosed a method of carrying sufficient air to enable a man to breathe either in the ways of an exploded coal mine or beneath the water, gave an impetus to the search for a submarine boat, and modern inventions in connection with electricity have helped to place the scheme on the road to ultimate success. A few years ago two submarine boats were built at Liverpool from designs by Mr. Garrett, who employed chemicals to revivify the air and render it respirable over and over again; but the most successful of these boats was lost off the Welsh coast. Since then Mr. Nordenfelt has turned his attention to the subject, and has lately demonstrated that boats can be propelled for a few hours under water, although not with sufficient accuracy for torpedo work. A large and powerful vessel is being built from his designs, and will probably be ready for trial in the spring. Meantime Prof. Tuck is progressing with the Peacemaker, which we briefly described, and which has since been astonishing those who have witnessed her performances in the Hudson river.

Both Nordenfelt and Tuck employ steam for driving the propeller, the former carrying the heated water in reservoirs, the latter using the Honigsmann caustic soda (or potash) boiler. Recently, further trials were made with the modern Nautilus in the Tilbury docks. That is a cigar-shaped vessel, sixty feet long by eight feet in diameter, with a short raised deck in the center, through which a conning tower projects, and provides access to the interior.

The vessel is built of steel plates five-sixteenths of an inch thick, with 3x3x $\frac{1}{2}$ inch frames one foot nine inches apart, and estimated to be strong enough to withstand the pressure of fifty feet of water. The boat is fitted with two screws, each driven by an Edison-Hopkinson motor at about 750 revolutions, the current being supplied by 104 secondary cells; but owing to the com-

paratively confined space of the dock, no trials of speed were made. The method of sinking and raising the vessel was designed by Mr. A. Campbell, and consists in a simple method of decreasing or increasing the displacement without affecting the weight of the vessel. This is accomplished by means of four horizontal cylinders on each side of the hull, which can be thrust outward into the water or drawn into the hull.

The cylinders work through water-tight sleeves, and can be moved either by hand or by screws worked by gearing from a shaft so arranged that corresponding cylinders on each side are pushed out or withdrawn simultaneously. It will be readily understood that if the vessel with water ballast tanks full and the cylinders within the shell sinks to the bottom, the extra displacement which can be obtained by thrusting out the cylinders will bring her to the surface, while the tanks will enable her trim to be regulated. Besides a rudder of ordinary pattern, the Nautilus has a horizontal fin or rudder for guiding the vessel or preventing a tendency to rise or dive, thus keeping a uniform depth below the surface.

It is said that the air contained within the vessel is sufficient for a two hours' submarine trip with a crew of six; but no doubt if other vessels of the kind are constructed, either compressed air will be carried, or some means will be adopted for revivifying the air, as men engaged in such work as submarine torpedo warfare will need clear heads, and must run no risk from air heavily charged with carbonic acid. A patent has recently been secured in this country by Mr. C. D. Goubet, of Paris, for a submarine torpedo boat in which equilibrium is maintained by a pendulum acting through a horizontal bar on a clutch that actuates one portion of a double action pump, which displaces water from one or the other of two reservoirs at the ends of the vessel. Water ballast tanks assist in the submergence of the boat, and the motor is driven by electricity supplied from storage batteries.

The screw propeller is movable, so as to be capable of giving the vessel an oblique direction in any sense in relation to the vessel's axis while having a regular continuous rotary motion. The vessel can thus be guided without a rudder, and can perform various evolutions. The torpedo is placed at the after part of the vessel, and is connected to an insulated wire wound on a drum. The crew enter an opening at the top closed by a dome, and sit on a compressed air reservoir from which air is taken and moistened by being caused to pass into the water compartments, whence it is discharged by a pipe into the dome. The vitiated air is constantly expelled by an air pump.

The torpedo vessel is fitted in front with

a cutter or spike which can be projected forward several feet; it is worked by a lever, and serves to cut torpedo wires or nets. An obturator tube serves to discharge signal cartridges, which on reaching the surface explode, and thereby give an indication to the ship with which the torpedo vessel is connected. A special arrangement enables this vessel to be propelled also by means of oars. We are not aware that any trials have been made with this vessel, or whether one has been constructed; but we may rest assured that it is only one of many patents which will be taken out for vessels and machines adapted to submarine navigation for the purposes of warfare.

The Tide of Emigration.

[San Francisco Call.]

The tide of emigration from Europe to the United States is rather increasing than diminishing. People are leaving the various ports of Europe for this country at the rate of about 20,000 a week. This would give us 100,000 in five weeks, or 600,000 in the thirty weeks which constitute the emigration season. The average per year has been somewhere near 400,000. There is no apparent reason why the volume of previous years should be increased. Times are not especially bad in Europe nor especially good in this country. The average condition, however, is higher in this country than in Europe, and people who are in a position to make the change do so on general principles. In making estimates of the effect of causes which induce immigration we are inclined to look for too quick response. We expect people to pull up stakes and move upon the show that a better country exists than that in which their lot was cast. While a good year in the United States doubtless stimulates immigration the steady volume is kept up by the fact that one year with another the workingman has a better chance here to improve his condition than in the old countries. The same law will operate to stimulate the tide of emigration from the old states to California. The fact is being demonstrated every year that this state offers better rewards to labor and capital than the most favored of the eastern states. Our industries are not yet sufficiently diversified to give all who might like to come a certainty of employment, and consequently there is a limit upon the number of wage-workers we can accommodate. But the fact of an occasional surplus of workers will tend to the establishment of new industries and the enlargement of old ones. The most beneficial immigration is that composed of men with capital and men whose ability to work is their capital in proper proportion. Capital is about as helpless without labor as labor without capital.

Man's First Chart of Freedom.

"In the beginning of the world, we are informed by Holy Writ, the all bountiful Creator gave to man dominion over all the earth, and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon the subject. The earth, therefore, and the things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of all other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator."—*Blackstone.*

Our righteous Father—He who changeth not—
In the beginning of our old-world life
Unveiled His majesty in Eden fair.
Ere yet the taint of sin had blanch'd its bloom
Or human waywardness had marred its bias.
In words of inextinguishable love
This primal mandate God enjoined on man:—

"Be fruitful, multiply, replenish the earth;
Subdue it, have dominion over all.
Behold! I give thee each herb bearing seed,
The fruit of every yielding tree for meat;
Fowls of every wing, cattle of the field,
The fish, and every living thing is Mine.
By Me created for the use of man,
And equally and freely given to all."

Such was the first and still-abiding, Chart
Of human rights! Imperative and fixed
By Him who is the only Source of Law.
Chart! old as the world, lasting as our race.

Alas! distrust and disregard of God,
Man's first offense and still enthralling sin,
Is source and origin of all our wrongs.
Man's crave for private ownership in land
Involves rejection of God's first great Chart,
Asks Him to stand aside; man much prefers
A personal, clear title to the soil,
Conferring income, privilege and renown.

How long, O Lord, shall rank injustice reign?
How long shall man prey on his brother man?
Oh! in these latter days arise! Strike forth,
And rid the world of selfish, savage wrongs!
Restore Thy people their lost ancient rights;
Oh! vindicate Thy equity and love,
Rescue Thy fair world from the grasp of greed,
And stop the martyrdom of man by man.
William Forryth.

HUMAN life is estimated to have lengthened twenty-five per cent. during the last half century. The average of human life in Rome under Caesar was eighteen years; now it is fifty. The average in France fifty years ago was twenty-eight; the mean duration in 1867 was 45½ years. In Geneva, during the thirteenth century, a generation played its part upon the stage and disappeared in fourteen years; now the drama requires forty years before the curtains fall.

PROFESSOR Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College has given to the Connecticut Valley Historical Society a piece of the rock from which the soldiers in the Shay rebellion made their flints 100 years ago. It was not a "one-horse Shay" rebellion either.

Burdette's Advice.

My son, your brow is clouded ; something has happened that didn't and doesn't agree with you. Were you neglected in the invitations ? Didn't you get on any of the committees ? Were you overlooked in the convention ? Hasn't the Secretary written you a personal letter asking your advice upon the campaign ? Have you been coldly passed over for men of less ability ? Do you feel that an intentional slight has been put upon you ? Can you see clearly that everything is going wrong because you have not been consulted ? Have you been directly snubbed by inferior people ? I thought as much. At your time of life such things are likely to occur. They used to happen with me, now and then. You will grow wiser as you grow older, unless you take the other chute ; then you will grow more foolish, and there is only one cure for an old fool, my boy—that is, death. Ordinary death won't cure him, either. "Though thou shouldest bray him in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." See how awfully dead he has to be killed ? Smashing him only makes him worse.

But now, if any or all these slights have been put upon you, listen to me, my tender Telemachus. Don't show your sores. Oh, don't show your sores. They are not pleasant things to look at, nobody wants to see them, and they will heal much more rapidly and naturally and healthfully, if you don't expose them. Keep them covered. Don't show them to anybody but your surgeon, and don't show them to him unless you have to. And, don't look at them yourself. Leave them alone under the healing plasters of time and the cool compresses of forgetfulness, and you'll be surprised, some day when you happen to think of them, to find that they have healed by the first intention without a scar. Don't tell people when you are hurt ; don't tell people how keenly you feel a slight when, perhaps, there was no slight intended. Don't get yourself snubbed by people who never see you, and who don't know you and never think of you. And if you really are hit, and hit hard, it belittles your manhood and drives away human sympathy when you lift up your voice and howl on the streets. Keep quiet about it. Don't whine ; don't yell. One day, at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22d of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishing that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the great round globe which we inhabit and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he was holding up had

no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it. He was a brave man or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would think it was the only thumb in the whole United States army and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of the men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face. And he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak ; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt ; but he died like a king. Oh, my boy ! don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when, only three files down the line a soldier salutes his Captain before he faces about to go the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us ; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think ; there are people who don't care, and there are thick skinned people, who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick-skinned race ; in fact, the air is full of darts and arrows and singing bullets all the time, and it's dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holler" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan ; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them ?

Good Health.

A gentleman subject to severe attacks of nervous headache relieves them entirely in four or five minutes by the use of the following prescription, and has seen the same successfully employed by many of his friends. Take a dessert spoonful of common soda, such as is used in making bread, and dissolve it thoroughly in a quart of cold water. With this shampoo the head for about five minutes, scratching the skin of the head and back of the neck with the finger nail. Then rinse the head with cold water. This remedy is for nervous headaches and not for those arising from a deranged stomach.

Held Up on a Train.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I saw an editorial in a newspaper the other day roundly abusing the passengers on a train on a Western railroad who allowed themselves to be "gone through" by a trio of robbers, and the editor closed by rubbing them a set of arrant cowards. That's the way it probably looked to a great many others, but let us view the matter from the inside of the train.

Five or six years ago I was booming along over an Arkansas railroad, and the time was 11 o'clock p. m. The one sleeper on the train had every berth taken, and the two passenger coaches were pretty well filled with men, women and children. There were twelve men in the sleeper. Of these eight had their wives along. I had a revolver, and I presume most of the other men had. We were all asleep, and the train had stopped at a water-tank in a lonely spot, when three desperadoes boarded the train. One got on between the two passenger coaches, threw open both doors, and standing on the platform in such a way that he could guard both coaches, he shouted:

"Now, then, the first one who makes a move will get a dose of buck shot!"

He had a double-barreled shotgun, and had he fired into either car three or four or five people must have been hit. The second robber got on between the last coach and the sleeper, and the third on the rear platform of the sleeper itself. Both doors of the last car were thrown open together and the two men entered from opposite ends. We were awakened from sweet slumber by one of them calling:

"Now, gents, turn out your valuables! We don't want to hurt nobody, but if a trigger is pulled we'll open fire on the whole car!"

Well, now, what would the belligerent editor have done under the circumstances? They were desperate men, bent on desperate work, and held human life as worth no more than a pound of dog-meat. His revolver would have been in his pantaloons at the foot of the berth, as mine was. His wife would have begged him for God's sake to give up everything, as mine did, and as all the other wives did. He would have realized, as we all did, that no revolver could be poked out from behind the curtains without being seen in a second, and that one shingle shot from any one of us would have exposed each side of the car to a fusillade of buckshot. It would have been the same had we been up and dressed and in our seats. There would have been a man to face us and another behind our backs. Just take a seat on a chair and see how quick you can pull a pistol from your hip-pocket. Note the movements you have to make, and then assert, if you dare, that you

could get the drop on two men whose hawk eyes were watching the move of every finger.

The conductor and baggageman and brakeman were in the baggage car. They all had revolvers, but they saw at once that a shot from them would be the death of three or four passengers. A bullet may miss by a hair's breadth; buck shot can't help but hit.

The two men came down the car, each with his gun in his left hand, and knife and revolver in his belt, and stopped at each berth. I had \$185 and a gold watch and a diamond pin. My wife hid \$135 of the money and the watch and pin before the fellows got to us. I handed out the other fifty, and as it was crumpled up it looked like a big roll.

"All right—that's business!" chuckled the man as he received it. "Now for your tickers."

"Never had one."

"Oh, you didn't! I'll look for that as I come back!"

In this way the two fellows passed each other, taking whatever was handed out, and as they reached the ends of the car one of them fired a shot which went through the roof, and next moment they were off. No one in the passenger coaches had been robbed, and no one on the train had been injured. Why? Because all had exhibited common sense. That so-called bravery which the editor referred to sighs for, might have tempted some one to fire his pistol. The result would have been the killing of half of us. Those men boarded the train with the determination to kill whoever resisted them, and they probably would have done it.

And let me say that among the "cowards" in that sleeper were five ex-army officers, a Mississippian who had fought three duels, and two or three other men who would have shot down the man who impugned their bravery.

A Mock Marriage.

[New York Weekly.]

Clara—Oh, mother, we had such fun at the party! Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock-marriage ceremony—just in fun, you know—and it was too funny for anything! Afterward some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married, but we're not, are we?

Doting Mother—Of course not. Besides, young Smith couldn't support a wife if he had one.

"Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith, from Gold City, the one who owns a bonanza mine, you know."

"Eh? That Smith! My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding."

All for a Purpose.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

In a conversation drifting toward the many wise provisions of nature, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell said: "The other day, in my intellectual excursions, I came across a wonderfully sensible paper treating of the use of snakes. The long black snake is especially useful. He goes into the dense swamps, worms himself among the reeds and flags and devours thousands of scorpions and lizards, which, without his timely interference, would become too numerous. So, you see, everything, even the black snake is useful, being created for a purpose."

"That is all very well," one of the reverend gentleman's listeners replied. "We recognize the usefulness of the snake, because he devours scorpions and lizards, but of what use, pray tell me, are the scorpions and lizards?"

"They eat innumerable insects," the minister triumphantly replied.

"All right; but of what use are the insects?"

"The insects? Why, er—they serve as food for the lizards."

"Yes; but of what use are the lizards?"

"Why, you must be blind not to see that they serve as food for the snakes?"

"Of course I see that, but that only brings up the question of what use are the snakes."

"To eat the lizards, I tell you. My dear sir," the minister added, "it is not strange that philosophy advances so slowly when we think of man's narrowness of understanding."

Making a Home.

[Waverly Magazine.]

At a reception in Washington lately a woman, famous in the last generation, fell under the discussion of a coterie of her old friends, one of whom spoke of her wit and fine conversational powers, another of her charity, a third of her keen instinct in reading character.

"To me," said Gen. P., "she was most remarkable for her ability to make a home. Put her—as I have seen done in the West—in a log cabin, with nothing but some wooden chairs, a piece of muslin, an open fire, and the odds and ends which she had stored in her trunk, and she would turn it in a few hours into a charming dwelling place. Of all her gifts that was to me the most attractive and womanly."

An American who saw in his youth an Englishwoman, famed at that time for her learning and genius, was questioned as to his impression of her. "She overwhelmed me with her knowledge; her broad, liberal views and her philanthropy opened a new world to me. Yet the most distinct recollection I have of the visit is the torn and

dirty table-cloth, the greasy carpet and the ashes strewn half way across the floor."

Carlyle, who had been used to coarse surroundings in his early home, was deeply impressed by the refinement, the pretty "bits of plenishing," the gentleness, in the home of the woman he afterward married; and the most pathetic part of his wife's history is her heroic effort to give this dainty charm to the rough, unhomelike dwelling in which he placed her.

There is no trait in the Englishman stronger than his love of home, and hence he is apt to value in a woman the quality of making a home above all others. The sailor's wife makes the hearth clean to show her joy at his return. It is the "household motions" of Wordsworth's ideal women that are "light and free," and all Shakespeare's lovable heroines are domestic women.

"Let me see your home, and I will tell you what you are," the Russian Paulovitch says to his countrywomen. Our American girls, in their zeal for music, art, or it may be authorship, are sometimes apt to forget this. They leave the oversight and the details of housekeeping to servants, forgetting that the soiled tablecloth and greasy carpet tell a tale of character as loudly and emphatically as do neatness and taste. They forget, too, that while their picture or song or story may prove a failure, a dainty, cheerful home is a poem which any woman may give to the world, and one which all men can understand and will certainly take to heart.

It Was Only Acquaintanceship.

[Boston Home Journal.]

He was only a stray waif of a yellow dog with no ancestry to boast of, but, as he sat upon the wooden seat upon one of our city parks with a little child's tiny arm lovingly twined about his ugly, thick neck, and a sweet, cooing voice saying in his ear, "I love you, little doggie," he was as proud as any prize setter in the land. "Is that your dog, little boy?" asked a gentleman as he passed the happy couple. "No, he doesn't belong to me, only I'm acquainted with him," answered the affectionate friend of the little tramp dog.

JOSEPH WIENER has presented to New York city a bust of Washington Irving, modeled by the sculptor Beer. Wiener and Beer ought to be able to get up an eminently satisfactory bust.

"THIS is rather a spiral flight of steps," said a gentleman, as a party of sight-seers were climbing the Bunker Hill monument one hot day. "Yes, perspiral," responded a lady, as she wiped her brow.

A Printer's Success.

[Boston Herald.]

Moses A. Dow's experience in life furnished a singular example of the freaks of fortune, and, perhaps, a not altogether encouraging illustration of the prizes which come to men who cater to the reading taste of the public. Mr. Dow was originally an industrious and hard working printer. I made his acquaintance at this time. He was working in a printing office as a compositor. He was not so swift as younger men, his work was not constant, and he was able to make but \$6 a week. This sum went further then than it does now, for those were not days of extravagance like the present, but it would not support a family. Mr. Dow dropped his composing stick and determined to make a strike for a living in another direction. I met him one day in the street soon after. He had done nothing, and was poorer than ever. But he had then a scheme in his brain which he unfolded to me, and asked my opinion of it. It was to establish the *Waverly Magazine*. I told him it was as wild a project as was ever conceived; that there was no possibility of success in it. He said that was almost the universal opinion among those with whom he advised, and that no one had confidence enough in it to lend him the small sum of money with which he felt it necessary to start. Neither of the prominent type foundries would let him have type on credit, but he had hope of a smaller house which was thinking of advancing type and material and taking a mortgage on them.

It is a singular coincidence in this connection that I conversed last week in St. Paul, Minn., with a gentleman who told me that he loaned Mr. Dow the first \$50 (and probably almost the only one) with which he started this office. For he did manage to get the loan of the type and to start it. He worked himself, and he hired girls at a small compensation and doubtful pay to help him, and, after the most extraordinary effort, the first number of the paper was got out. It proved to be a very handsome paper, typographically. One of Mr. Dow's hobbies was to have a good looking paper, and he was wise enough not to let his poverty be seen in its appearance. By great personal effort he got it into circulation, and obtained money enough from the sale of the first number to print the second. The third was a little easier, and there began to be hopes that Mr. Dow's sanguine views were not so wild, after all.

WITHOUT AN EDITOR.

And now for the reasons why Mr. Dow's scheme had seemed chimerical. They were, first, because he was to make his own field of reading. There was no apparent call for

such a paper. Second, because he was to make the journal double in size and double in expense of manufacture of any existing. Third, because he was to do this without capital. Fourth (though we were shy of telling him this), because he had no literary talent to conduct it. This, on its face, appeared to be alone conclusive against him. It really proved his salvation from early ruin. If Mr. Dow had been a man of literary taste and judgment upon acknowledged standard, his enterprise would have gone the way of so many other literary journals which started with ample capital and bright prospects. It would have failed to find an appreciative constituency in the world of readers. But Dow avoided this fate in spite of himself. He started a paper that had literally no editing. He invited contributions and took everything that was sent him. There were no disappointed aspirants for the honors of type among those who offered matter to his columns. Writers got in there who could get in nowhere else, and hence heartburnings were unknown among the *Waverly* corps. I ought to make one exception, however. He was careful that the paper should not offend good morals. Good English was a secondary consideration, and, as regards good literature, he made no pretensions to knowledge. "I just print the pieces they send me," he said to me once. "They like to see them in print, and their friends are interested in their appearance. So they take the paper and their friends take it, too. I give them a good looking paper, also, which people think more of than is generally supposed." Mr. Dow was always proud of the typographical appearance of the *Waverly Magazine*. He thought the name a good one for a paper, as it undoubtedly was. It was not long before the paper began to be very profitable and there was the prospect of a fortune in it. At this time Mr. Dow listened to advice, and made an effort to improve its literary quality. He engaged an editor at \$20 per week to take the editing off his own hands. This movement proved to be, financially, a failure. This editor, who was an English gentleman of some talent and not a little experience in journalism, began to reject communications right and left. The result was that the circulation of the paper fell off by the hundreds. "I looked into the matter," said Mr. Dow, "and was soon convinced that I could better pay my editor to stay away than to remain in the office. My readers know what they want better than any editor does."

JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

The change was made, and the paper was restored to its original basis. Its prosperity steadily increased. Just before the war broke out Mr. Dow's income from it was large. It was netting him \$60,000 a year,

and he described his business as the smoothest and most satisfactory possible. "I have no subscribers and no exchanges," he said. "I would not exchange with the best newspaper in the land, for it would be of no use to me. I do not copy from other papers—my matter is all original. As regards subscriptions, I think my system is better. The news company take my entire edition each week. It gives me a check for it, which I at once cash, and thus my accounts are settled every seven days, and I know just where I am. The news company distributes the paper."

The *Waverly Magazine* was one of those papers which one knows to have a large circulation, yet which life is too short for many of those of us who have access to general literature to seek, and which we seldom see without seeking. It was never sent into a newspaper office. The singular fact is, that in this literary city of Boston it was the most successful appeal to the reading public ever made.

In the factory towns of the state it was large, and through the west it went by thousands. There was a great deal of reading in it; it had a handsome and inviting appearance to the eye; it appealed to an immature taste as no other periodical before it had done. I don't think Mr. Dow reasoned out its success because of this latter quality, though on that success it was founded. The difference between his success and that of the large number of successful papers that have followed, was that the latter have depended on advertising or an agent, while Mr. Dow spent no money for either. He constituted his first issues a nucleus, and they drew around them the immense circulation he afterward gained.

A Story of Two Words.

[The Quiver.]

"Oh, if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a youth. "And then?" said a friend. "Why, then, I'd pull down the old house, and build a palace, have lots of fine fellows around me, and keep the best wines and the finest horses and dogs in the country." "And then?" "Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke and drink, and dance and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose in the course of nature I should leave all these pleasant things—and—well—yes—die!" "And then?" "Oh, bother your 'thens!' I must be off." Many years after the friend was accosted with, "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you?" "How?" "By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"

The Man for the Emergency.

[N. Y. Sun.]

We were humping along down toward the Gulf on a trunk line road less than a year ago, when we stopped at a small station thirteen minutes late. We had been reported as late from the last, and expected orders here to change the run. A brief investigation disclosed the fact that the station master, who was also the operator, was drunk. He had felt a chill coming on, and had downed about a pint of redevye to keep it off. He sat in a heap in his chair, his strength all gone, and his eyes blinking, and all the reply he could make to the conductor was:

"Shay, ole feller, whazzer mazzzer wis you?"

The conductor pondered a minute. The side track there was full of freight cars. It was six miles ahead to the next station, but did the north bound express have orders to let us make it? He suddenly grabbed the operator, hauled him out of the office upon the platform, down upon the earth and then carried him to the water in a ditch and dumped him in. There were three feet of water, and it was cold as ice. He hauled the operator up and down for two minutes, dragged him out and stood him on his pins, and then said to him in a voice as menacing as the point of a dagger:

"Go in and telegraph for my orders!"

The man walked in all dripping, sat down to his table and sounded his call, and in fifty seconds our train had orders to make six mile siding, and make it like —!" The engineer got the word, and away we went, and five minutes later were at the switch. Just then old north bound tooted, and our last car was in and the switch thrown over not a second too soon. She came past us at the rate of fifty miles an hour, flinging dust and gravel over every car, but we had saved our bacon. Two months later I met the operator in New Orleans and asked him if his cold water bath left any ill effects.

"Not the slightest," was the reply. "The only trouble was the company objected to my way of taking a bath, and fired me out."

WHAT LACK WE YET?

When Washington was president,
As cold as an icicle,
He never on a railroad went,
And never road a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone;
He never licked a postage stamp,
And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at his knees,
By wire he could not snatch dispatch;
He filled his lamp with whale oil grease
And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done,
We've all these things—but then, alas!
We seem to have no Washington.

How Horses Act in Battle.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"It is remarkable how quickly horses adapt themselves to the military service," said Capt. Cox to a reporter. "Every artilleryman knows that they learn the bugle calls and the evolutions quicker than the men, as a rule. For one thing they soon acquire a uniform gait, which is about the same as the 'route step' or the usual marching step. If the horses did not acquire the same gait as the infantry there would be varying distances between the different arms of the service—that is, between the infantry and the cavalry, artillery and the commanders and their escorts.

"In the drills in the artillery service the horses will themselves preserve their alignment as well as the infantry. I shall always remember one illustration of this trait which I noticed at an exciting and critical period of a battle. In order to save some of our infantry from being surrounded and captured I quickly mounted the cannoners on the guns and put the whole battery at a dead gallop across a stretch of meadow about half a mile wide. I was quite accustomed to such sights, but when we were half way across the field I noticed the array, and for a moment I was lost in admiration of the magnificent picture. Every driver was plying whip and spur, and the great guns were rocking and thundering over the ground, and every horse reeking with foam and full of animation and excitement, was straining every muscle as he galloped forward; yet it seemed to me that a straight line drawn along in front would have touched the heads of the lead horses in front of the six guns. That was an artillery charge, one of the most thrilling sights in the evolutions of war.

"It is surprising how quickly they learn the bugle calls. After we had been in service some time my first sergeant once asked me what call that was, as the bugle blew some command. 'That's a pretty question for you to ask,' I said. 'How in thunder do you know how to march?' 'I don't know,' he said, 'but my horse knows.' Let the first note of the feed or water call be blown and there will be a terrible stamping, kicking, and neighing. Once, in a terrible storm, our horses and those of several other batteries broke loose, and there was a wild rush among the artillerymen to get horses in the morning. All was excitement, and the horses were hard to get, but when I ordered the bugler to mount a stump and blow the feed call, the horses all made such a mad rush for our battery that the men could hardly get out of the way quickly enough.

"When it comes to a battle a horse seems to know everything that is going on, but he does his duty nobly and seems to be in his

element. He enters into the spirit of the battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, and it is singular that if his mate is shot down he will turn to look at him and seem pleased. A horse in my battery was once struck by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loose. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up by the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would look away in the direction of the enemy as if to see the effect of the shot. When a shell would burst near by he would calmly turn and look at it. When he saw his own team going back for ammunition, he ran to his own place and galloped back to the caisson with the rest. When the lieutenant pushed him aside to put in another horse, he looked at the other one sorrowfully while he was being harnessed up, and when he seemed to realize that there was no further use for him he lay down and died. The lieutenant strongly asserted that he died of a broken heart.

"At the time that Adams's, Jackson's and Preston's brigades charged me at Murfreesboro some officer was killed and the brigades were driven back. But the fallen officer's horse had not been taught to retreat, and he did not. He just came at full speed through the battery, and I tell you he looked simply grand. He was a large, fine animal, his nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed, and he clutched the bit with his teeth as he came on. He came like the wind, and with his saddle flaps flying he looked as if he were flying himself, instead of running. Everybody gave him a wide berth, and I called to the infantry that I would give \$100 to the man who would stop him, but no one tried it, and he is running yet for all I know of him."

Politeness in Poverty.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"I wish to propound one simple interrogatory to you, provided you do not regard as presumptuous my venturing to address you without the empty conventional formality of the introduction prescribed by social etiquette," said a seedy looking person yesterday, who found the pavement of Brush street a world too narrow. "Is it quite consistent both with your policy and principles to advance to a fellow creature, suffering from temporary financial embarrassment, the small sum of ten cents, when with entire frankness he tells you in advance that the same is to be applied to purposes of imbibition, rather than falsely asserts, as is so commonly done, that it is required for sustenance?"

He got it.

"WHAT an uneven publication *Punch* is!"
"I don't know; I think it is flat enough."

A HAUNTING MEMORY.

BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

It is little I think of the old oaken bucket,
The old oaken bucket which hung in the well,
Though on tiptoe I've stood and endeavored to
suck it,

And could of its moss and pollywogs tell;
For my own recollection an object persistent
More often encounters with sentiment dire,
An object with form-life as truly consistent—
The old oaken woodbox that stood by the fire—
The old oaken woodbox, the never-full woodbox,
The terrible woodbox, that stood by the fire.

What visions of long, weary days in the winter
When the boy chopped away that old woodbox to
fill;

Now rubbing his hands, now extracting a splinter,
And envying other boys sliding down hill;
Or at the creek skating and tempting him, rather,
Though seldom he dared to fulfill his desire,
For an earnest and muscular man was his father
And the woodbox was waiting for wood by the
fire—

The wide-open woodbox, the ravenous woodbox,
The yawning old woodbox that stood by the fire.

What visions of summer days—schoolboys in swim-
ming—

While he in the woodyard was chopping away,
Tears of rage and annoyance his eyesight half dim-
ming,

For he didn't like work and he did like to play;
But the farm hands were hungry and dinner was
cooking,

And heavy the strap that was used by his sire.
The hired girl for fuel to him would be looking
When empty the woodbox that stood by the fire.
The ghostly old woodbox, the fiend of a woodbox,
The hobgoblin woodbox that stood by the fire.

Most memories old Time in his kindness will mellow,
As man becomes gray-haired and placid and old;
Forgotten the trials of summer days yellow,
Forgotten, the troubles of winter days cold;
But clear to the vision stands out the grim picture
Through life, and the memory still provokes ire,
Of that grisly old woodbox, containing the mixture
Of grief for the youth and of wood for the fire—
The ghost of the woodbox, the old oaken woodbox,
The boy-haunting woodbox that stood by the fire.

A New Motor.

[Washington Post.]

The public should be charitable toward innovations. Never laugh a thing down because it is new. Cause it not to run the gauntlet of your scorn because, forsooth, you never heard of it before. All advance is made by these cranks, the inventors and discoverers, who make or dig out something you didn't know existed. It did exist, only you were unaware of it. The fundamental laws of the universe are as old as the universe; the life principle, the laws of generation, are as old as life, as fixed and certain. There is a reason why two particles in space will seek each other's company; we don't know why—we merely know the fact and call it the law of gravitation. With all the accumulated knowledge of speculative and material research since man made his first record, mankind, the wisest of mankind is yet a sciolist blindly groping on the shores of knowledge and discovery.

All of which is prefatory to the statement that Dr. Walter M. Jackson, a New York

genius has built a novel craft, the Evolution, which is to be propelled by a jet of water thrown with enormous force from stern beneath the surface of the water. Now, don't laugh. This may be as great an advance over the propeller, as the propeller was over side wheels, or side wheels over sails, or sails over oars, or oars over paddles, or paddles over the hands of the first troglodyte who balanced himself on a floating log drifting down the current of a pre-Adamic river and felt the fire of discovery burning in his brain.

The Evolution is 100 feet over all, 25 feet beam and 33 inches draught, with a maximum depth of 7½ feet. Powerful engines will force 1,000 gallons of water per minute, at a pressure of 2,500 pounds per square inch through a three-quarter-inch nozzle. There will be a nozzle at bow and stern for forward or backward motion. These nozzles can be turned through arcs of 47 degrees furnishing both propulsive and steering power. The inventor claims that 60 horse-power will give a speed of 10 miles, 400 will give 20 and 1,500 will give her 30 miles an hour, the latter figure being her maximum power. to do the same work with a screw 8,500 horse-power would be necessary.

A little figuring shows that to do what the inventor claims calls for a jet with a nozzle velocity of nearly 650 feet a second, which is four-tenths the muzzle speed of a rifle ball. Such a current may seem impossible, but those who have witnessed the enormous power and speed of the jets used in hydraulic mining will know its possibility, and will also know that such a jet will kill fish, man or whatever living thing comes within its range. At the nozzle it will be powerful enough to cut a hole through a whale as if it were a bullet fired from a Hotchkiss cannon.

Protest Against the Japanese Craze.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Her Von Falke, the custodian of the Vienna industrial museum, protests against the Japanese craze which is flooding the western nations with the productions of Japanese art, and which he asserts is Japanizing even European art. In spite of the unsurpassable technical finish of Japanese art, its essence is that of caricature. Figures and drawings of Japanese men and women, even of trees and ships, are not intended to be representations of real types, but are more or less consciously distorted. It is a mistake to regard Japanese work as a model for European imitation.

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your pills?"

"Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I fancy the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

Strikes.

[Exchange.]

Workingmen should not go on strikes. Strikes inconvenience the public and make them suffer in consequence. Strikes cause a great loss of money to employer and employé. Strikes are bad, etc., etc. This is what we hear every time a strike is in operation, and, of course, the workingmen who strike are alone to blame. You will always find those who are ever ready to find fault with workingmen for striking for better pay or poorer pay. Yet we hardly ever hear the same persons have a word of censure for an employer who refuses all overtures of his employé to avert a strike. Workingmen are not in love with strikes. They do not quit work for the fun of the thing. In nearly all differences that arise they have no other alternative but the strike to bring employers to understand that they have some rights that should be respected. Arbitration in place of strikes was first offered by the workingmen's organizations, and where both sides of the controversy have been willing to arbitrate, strikes never occur. Yet there are employées who persistently refuse to submit their difference to arbitration, and in dealing with stubborn men of this kind workingmen have to go on strikes. An account of a recent strike in one of the northern cities reports that the men on strikes sought concessions from their employers and endeavored to adjust the difficulty before going out, but their efforts were of no avail. What else was left for the workingmen to do but either submit to what employers felt disposed to give them for their labor or quit work until the price they demanded was paid? They chose the latter course and struck for living wages. As usual they were blamed because they did not remain at work, and the labor agitators, of course, are the whole cause of the strike. The employer who refuses to listen to an equitable adjustment of the differences between his employé and himself has no share in the blame of inconveniencing the public. Oh, no! he is an independent citizen who refuses to be dictated to by trades unions and labor agitators. The trouble with these censors of the working people is that they are all one sided and do not decide impartially. They claim for the employer the right alone to say what labor is worth and to pay whatever wages he deems proper. It never enters the minds of the censors that there is such a thing as equal rights or at least they fail to admit that there is; that the workingman has as much right to say what he will sell his labor for as the employer has in saying what he will pay for labor. All fair-minded people concede to labor an equal right with capital in regulating the price which shall be paid for work.

While capital regards labor as a commodity to be purchased at the lowest market rate governed by the law of supply and demand, workingmen are compelled under this system, to organize, combine and strike to keep up the price of their commodity, labor. Strikes, are bad. Yes; but until capital recognizes labor as an equal partner, entitled to an equal share in the profits, until each recognize the rights of the other and endeavor to adjust differences and disputes by arbitration, there will be strikes and strikes to the end of time.

The Workingman.

One of the great advocates of the rights, liberties and welfare of the laboring classes was Charles Dickens, the immortal novelist. Read his books from beginning to end and there is not one of them but what its picture of the humble side of life tends to elevate and benefit the poor man. The following extract from one of his books is unparalleled in its tender pathos and eloquence:

"Cant as we may and as we shall to the end of time, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich, and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it.

"In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and fathers, whose private worth in both capacities is justly lauded to the skies, but bring him here upon this crowded deck, strip from his fair, young wife her silken dresses and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheeks with care and much privation, array her faded form in coarsely patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to deck her out, and you shall put it to proof indeed. To change his station in the world that he shall see those young things who climb about his knee not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread, so many poachers on his scanty meal, so many units to divide his every comfort, and further reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweet aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sickness and ill, its fretfulness, caprice and querulous endurance, let its prattle be not of engaging infant fancies, but cold and thirst and hunger, and if his fatherly affections outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender, careful with his children's lives and mindful always of their joys and sorrows, then send him back to parliament and pulpit and quarter sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the natural depravity of those who live from hand to mouth and labor hard to do it, let him speak up as one who knows, and tell those holders forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be high angles in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to Heaven at last."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Down in the depths of the factory gloom,
 They gather at early dawn,
 Where the ceaseless whirl of spindle and loom
 Goes on and on and on;
 And the god of gold in the tainted air
 An invisible Moloch stands,
 As he watches the fabrics woven there
 By the toil of childish hands.

Over and over and over again
 The shuttles fly out and in,
 Weaving the web of an infinite pain
 Of want and care and sin.
 Gay are the colors, indeed—ah, me!
 But what of the somber strands?
 Think of it, then, that this all should be
 The work of children's hands.

Backward and forward and over and up,
 Steadily still they go;
 But they hold to the lips a bitter cup,
 Whose dregs are the dregs of woe:
 For the hopes of youth grow faint and die,
 Held fast in these iron bands,
 And the cold, hard world, has never a sigh
 For the patient, childish hands.

Oh, ye whose darlings in flowery ways
 Know naught of grim despair,
 Think of the sweltering summer days,
 And your children working there!
 Where never a cooling zephyr comes
 Through the factory's stifling breath,
 Where the loom weaves on and the spindle hums
 In a tread-mill round of death.

And onward—onward—and up and back
 In the close and crowded rooms,
 In a dizzy race on an endless track
 Go spindles, shafts and looms.
 Till the angel of death with fateful glass
 Shakes out the dusky sands,
 As the merciful longed-for shadows pass
 Over worn out, childish hands.

Old Trade Unions.

The first organizations of laboring people known took the shape of trade unions, and 3,000 years has, in all probability, proved it the best possible form of organization. As one of our caustic labor editors tersely remarks: "Theories rise and theories fall; trade unions go on forever." Trade unions are the foundation upon which have been built every reform movement for the amelioration of the working class, not excepting even the religion of Jesus Christ, and behind the bulwarks of trade organizations have rallied the shattered battalions of many revolutionary movements when all else has failed them.

The red flag itself is an emblem of trade unions, and was carried by the Mechanics' Union (the "Eranoi" of the Greek) 1,000 years before Christ, when workmen were followers of Zoroaster, fire-worshippers, "Children of the Sun," the color of which was emblemized in their scarlet banner. At one time it was unlawful for working people to wear any color but red and black, or a combination of these—brown. Then for some reason the laborers were forbidden to wear red. This latter law operated so injuriously upon one organization—the dyers—that the secret of their peculiar brilliant dyes is now lost.

Removing Paint.

The ordinary process of scraping old paint, or burning it off, is hardly expeditious enough for general purposes, and is also laborious. Soda and quicklime are far more thorough, and the paint is more quickly removed. The solution of half soda and half quicklime is thus made: The soda is dissolved in water, the lime is then added, and the solution can be applied with a brush to the old paint. A few minutes is sufficient to remove the coats of paint, which may be washed off with hot water. Many preparations are sold for the removal of paint, all of them having some basis of alkali. A paste of potash and strong lime is far more effectual in operation, and the oldest paint can be removed by it. Afterward a coating of vinegar or acid should be used to cleanse the surface before repainting. One authority on the subject recommends the gasoline lamp, a quart of oil being sufficient to last three and one-half hours. The method is considered superior to gas, as the flame is stronger and the cost less, besides which the lamp can be carried to any part, which cannot be done conveniently with a gas jet. But the use of flame of either is dangerous and to be avoided when possible. Many a house has been burnt to the ground from using jets of flame. For removing varnish, spirits of ammonia is used, but it is a slow process, and several applications are necessary. Scraping and sandpapering can be employed, but it must be done carefully by experienced hands, or the surface of wood will be injured. The chemical process of removal has the advantage of leaving the surface in a better condition than burning off or scraping, and for large surfaces of paintwork is to be preferred.

An Old Mother's Pride.

[Chicago Herald.]

"I am reminded of an incident which I witnessed a few days ago on an outgoing train," says a writer in the *Indianapolis News*. "A plainly-dressed old woman and a tall, awkward young man, evidently her son, had been in the city and were going home. There was an uncertainty in the boy's step as he came into the car which indicated that he was considerably intoxicated. They sat down together and he at once began to talk in a loud voice. His words were driveling nonsense, without a tinge of humor. His mother, however, seemed strangely insensible of her son's disgrace. She laughed freely at the incoherent remarks and replied to them, though in so low a tone that her words were inaudible to the passengers.

"People exchanged surprised glances and began to talk of the unusual scene. Some thought the mother indifferent to her son's

condition and therefore little better than he herself. Others were more charitable and did not believe she realized his condition.

"As I listened it seemed to me the woman's tones were not natural. There was something that sounded strained and affected in her laugh. Her old bonnet was drawn down so that her face was entirely hidden, and I observed that she kept it so, carefully. Then I began watching her closely, for I wanted to see her features. I felt that a glance at them would assure me whether her cheerfulness was real or feigned.

"The train hurried along, and I began to think my watchfulness was to go unrewarded. The young man rambled foolishly on with his talk, and his mother continued to laugh at his pointless wit. Then the engine whistled, and the couple prepared to get off. I leaned forward and saw the woman fumble about searching for a package. The hand she put out trembled like an aspen. As she arose from the seat she turned her head and I caught a glimpse of her face. Her eyes were dimmed with tears and her furrowed cheeks were wet. The expression of her countenance was so sad that it rises up before me day and night. The poor woman in her pride had preferred to appear unconscious of her son's disgrace, hoping the strangers who witnessed it might not comprehend."

Funny Incidents About Authors.

[Lillian Whiting's Letter.]

My half hour's chat with an experienced publisher like Mr. Osgood brought out a number of funny incidents of authors. He told me of a well known contemporary to whom the United States postal service is a perpetual reign of terror, bringing down upon his defenseless head an avalanche of amateur MSS., which he is coolly asked to read, criticise, correct and bring up to a literary standard, who has recourse to sending them on to publishers, returning to the author the formula: "I have taken the liberty to send your MSS. to ———, the publisher."

To distinguished authors the mail has really become a terror. Dr. Holmes has regaled the public with many inimitable chapters from his experience, and has given many a useful hint to his brethren who are similarly afflicted. Mr. Longfellow was a saint and took the trials imposed upon him by people who certainly revered him, if they were not up to the level of appreciating him, in an angelic fashion that we all marvel at rather than follow. But to reconcile courtesy and candor is a more difficult undertaking than any other form of sailing through the modern Scylla and Charybdis. Dr. Holmes says that he has one unvarying form for the acknowledgement of the first books of young authors sent him, something to the effect that "I do not wait to open the volume

before I take my pen to thank you," after which obviously he is saved the trouble of opening it at all.

Look at the matter as one will, there is little excuse in all this. It is not genius, nor talent, nor even tenth-rate ability that imposes itself with such relentless audacity. Among all the sufferers no one is, perhaps, more diligently imposed upon than the editor. It seems to be in the nature of a popular belief that his mission in life is to engage in the personal service of literary adventurers. Not a day but that brings him more or less letters in which the "unknown and struggling" woman—for 99 times out of 100 it is a woman and not a man who is the imposer and relentless "devastator of a day"—in which the woman sets forth her autobiography and her aspirations in equal length and in equally appalling dimensions.

He was a Man and Took the Consequences.

[Lafayette Sunday Times.]

It is not so many years ago since ex-President Spencer of the B. & O. was a poorly paid station agent on the Metropolitan Branch of the Baltimore & Ohio road. One night there was an accident a few miles below his depot. A passenger train had crashed into a freight train, and the track was blocked with smashed cars and one shattered locomotive. Spencer went down on a hand car to help clear up the wreck. John W. Garrett, then President of the road, happened to have been on the passenger train, and stood by the side of the track watching the work of clearing away the wreck. The young station agent was strong and a hard worker. He slung the broken wood work and smashed iron off the track with careless quickness. "Look here, my man," said Mr. Garrett, near whom some of the pieces had fallen, "you had better be careful where you throw those things; I might get hurt." Spencer glanced up at him and answered: "Well suppose you get out of the way." Mr. Garrett was evidently annoyed.

"Young man," said he, "I am John W. Garrett, the President of this road, and I will not have any of its employes talk to me in that way; do you hear me?" "Yes," replied the doughty Spencer, "and if you stay where you are there will be a broken axle or a smashed board tumbling on you. I don't care who you are; this track has to be cleared." He went home to his little rooms over the station that night and told his pretty young wife that their \$40 a month was in danger. But he was mistaken. That night was the turning point in his life. John W. Garrett remembered the young man, gave him a chance in better places, recognized his worth, and he went from one position to another until he became President of the great railroad system that he had served so faithfully and so well.

IMMORTALITY.

Whate'er begins must end. So say
Philosophers both old and new,
And nature's round, birth, fruit, decay,
Doth prove the adage true.

Snug in the unripe acorn's coat
A fallen oak tree alumbereth;
The new born infant's lusty throat
Must rattle soon in death.

And so, whatever hath no end,
Never began and ne'er was born:
Its origin and finish blend
As night fades into morn.

Infinity was by a ring
In former ages signed and taught,
Surely a plain and simple thing,
Yet food for grandest thought.

God is the end and final cause,
The Alpha and Omega He,
Before beginnings, more than laws,
He was and is to be.

And if our souls are plumed to flit
Through being's circle, near and far,
They lived before the sun was lit
Or heaven had a star.

Oh listen, Brothers, listen well;
It was a cheerful thing to hear
An angel harp or shriek from hell
To rid us from this fear.

For we are brutes or prisoned gods;
And there is none of us can guess
What life we passed before these clouds,
This vile forgetfulness!

George Horton.

Private Drinking Glasses.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"Heah, bahkeeper, this is not my glass," said an eighteen carat dude in a fashionable Sixth street restaurant the other afternoon, petulantly pushing back the diluted julep before him and stroking his little moustache with an aggrieved look.

"Beg pardon sir, beg pardon," said the bar keeper, as he hastily withdrew the offending glass. Opening a little cabinet in the side-board he brought out a pretty cut goblet, in which he carefully mixed the dude's "pizen," saying apologetically as he pushed it across the marble: "So many people coming in here I clean forgot it."

The dude felt too much hurt to reply, but sipped his beverage and then faded away.

"That's the last fool notion of them ducks," said the drink dispenser, with a backward jerk of the thumb toward the retreating young man.

"What's that?"

"Why, each of them has to have his own glass now. You see this case? Well, I've got eighteen sets of private glasses in there, five different kinds of glasses in a set, and when one of them comes in I've got to get his own little cup to mix his liquor in. They are good trade, though, and I can't afford to object."

The glasses were very pretty, of fine cut ware and shaped like those used for ordinary every day customers. The sets, the

barkeeper said, cost \$5 and can be purchased at only one or two places in the city.

"They pretend," continued the man of mixed drinks, "that they're afraid of drinking out of the same glasses as the mob, as they might get some disease. They've been going it about two months now and they'll go clear across the city without a drink before they'll take a drop out of anything but their own glasses. I hear they've got the same wrinkle at one or two of the clubs here. They're daisies."

Government Clerkships.

[Chicago Herald.]

What profiteth a young man to spend his time and money in obtaining a Government clerkship at Washington which pays only enough to support him during the few years he may hold it? He is oppressed with a sense of insecurity every day of his tenure of place, for political appointments are ever uncertain. A hundred others are after his shoes, and should he chance to incur the disfavor of superiors, or if the superiors conclude that policy requires his displacement, he is set aside. But even if he retains his position, whether by real merit or by fawning at the footstool of power, the average department clerk is no better off after ten years of this service than when he entered it. Every community in this country offers better home opportunities to an enterprising man than any Washington clerkship affords. Ask the homeward bound Democratic ex-clerks if this is not true.

As between political clerkships and base ball playing, the latter is the thing. Indeed Congressional seats and salaries are tame and small in comparison with the honors and incomes of experts at the "diamond." What twenty-five United States Congressmen making a round of the globe would have received such welcomes from royalty as did that number of our professional base ball players, just returned from that tour? The arrival of the entire National Congress in a body would not have created such a *furor* in New York as did the landing of the twenty-five leaders in our National game. Why aspire to be a beggarly Congressman?—get you a bat and ball and become a \$10,000 "Slugger."

An Advanced Five-Year Old.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A professional friend has two children, a girl of seven and a boy of five. The former is just convalescing from an attack of measles, and, of course, the boy was expected to have a dose of them. One evening last week the boy came in and spoke as follows: "I'm feeling tough, and darned if I don't believe the measles have tackled me."

"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

[Exchange.]

When oppression springs up there is the seed of revolution planted and its development is as certain as the growth of oppression. The exigencies of the time, the increasing population, and the increasing inequality in distribution of wealth demand a remedy and that speedily. A broad charity and lessons of self-restraint are wholly adequate. They are questionable even as a partial remedy. Charity lowers the moral of the individual. For whatever destroys the self-respect shakes the very foundation of true manhood. Couple this with lessons of prudence and self-restraint to individuals smarting under injustice and you arouse all the demons in their natures; and opportunity and a show of success is all that is wanting for them to strike. Then the innocent as well as guilty will suffer. All that can be done is to educate that they may act intelligently and collectively. Philanthropists must learn that whatever truly benefits mankind must conform to nature's laws. The complexity of the human organism is such that whatever effects the physical reacts upon the moral and intellectual, and vice versa. The earth is capable of sustaining the increasing population of another century if her natural resources were properly distributed and the poor were given equal opportunities with the rich. The exact measures that shall be settled upon as best for all are matters for discussion, and to meet all the demands of an enlightened civilization the work of education must go on.

The Newspaper Man.

[Palatka Herald.]

The more a newspaper man exerts his ability to please a whimpering public, the more good he does for a town, the more charitable he becomes the more he is criticised. Speaking of this, a writer has said: "The man who can run a newspaper without being criticised, censured and threatened has never been found. He is a barren ideality, beautiful to think about, but incapable of talking on morality and associating with vulgar humanity. It is as impossible for him to please everybody as it is for everybody to please him, and the sooner he makes up his mind to this stubborn fact the better for everybody concerned. If he works hard for the public good, he receives private censure; if he compliments merit, he is censured by jealous demerit; if he approves morality, he is cursed by immorality; if he tries to be fair, he is censured by the unfair; if he makes a mistake, few are found to overlook it or apologize for him. No matter how good

his motive may be, how innocent his purpose or how studied his writings, he is picked to pieces, misrepresented, maligned, ridiculed, sometimes licked and seldom defended. He works from twelve to fifteen hours per day for a bare living, while other men get rich around him. He works up a marriage notice, many yards long, to the queen's taste for nothing, and is threatened with a libel suit or duel if he records a drunken spree of the groom six months afterward. Yes, it is impossible, we repeat, for a newspaper man to please everybody. As well attempt to chain the wind or stop the fury of the lightning."

The Working Girls of New York.

[New York Mail and Express.]

If any person has a desire to know just how much human nature can endure, and yet live on, he has but to investigate the actual condition of the working girls of New York, and by that time it will seem wonderful that the rivers are not full of despairing suicides. In one house live twenty-two working girls, not all of one family nor all of the same trade, and yet all belonging to one sisterhood of suffering, so that the song of the shirt might with equal propriety be sung of them all, as far as their misery is concerned.

The younger girls of families, or sisters of those who work in the harder trades either go to learn trades or else work at paper box making, at which they earn about \$1.50 per week, or making pills for druggists, which pays about the same, or else as cash girls in stores or capping and labeling medicine bottles and packing proprietary medicines. The labor in all these different businesses is light, with the exception of that of the cash girls, which is a strain that few strong men could bear under the most favorable conditions, and when taken into consideration the fact that these girls are just passing the most critical period of their lives, when good, wholesome food, outdoor exercise and tranquil minds are needs imperatively demanded by the system, it is the cruelest burden to lay upon them. The constant nervous strain, the hurrying to and fro in heated, crowded places, the scoldings and fear of fines, and the improper food they get, let alone its insufficiency, makes it a wonder one of them lives through it.

A FAIR and buxom widow who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman who in his younger years had paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dear departed. After contemplating them in a mournful silence, she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."

The Influence of Verbatim Reporting.

[Ben Perley Poore.]

We may not have the equals of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, John Rutledge, Webster, Clay, Calhoun or Prentiss, but as a whole the congressional orator of to-day is far superior to that of the near or distant past. Verbatim reporting has proved a great injury to congressional oratory. In the olden time the senators and representatives would listen to those who were speaking with the attention of assemblages of trained critics.

When verbatim reports of the debates were made and printed, these congressional listeners were no longer to be found.

A senator or representative who had carefully prepared himself would, as he commenced his speech, see his audience engaged in every other way than listening to his accents. Some would be in groups chatting, others would be reading newspapers or books, and the rest inditing epistles or directing public documents to their constituents. It would be difficult for him to say what he had intended, were there not another stimulus by which his tongue and his patience were rendered inexhaustible—the reflection that although his words were falling lifeless upon the ears of his ostensible audience they would be read by attentive constituents at home. It is to them that speeches in congress have been addressed since the introduction of verbatim reporting. Congressmen who were noted for their eloquence upon the home stump have flourished through written platitudes at the Capitol, often prepared for them by some journalist for a stated compensation.

Superstition in New York.

[New York Star.]

On the upper part of Broadway is a hump-backed Italian bootblack, who, although he dresses poorly, and will give you a patent leather shine for five cents, has accumulated an ample fortune by his deformity and the superstition of his customers. If you watch him at work, you will see the person whose boots are being polished lean over slyly and touch the hump with the tips of his fingers. Light as is the touch, the bootblack feels it, looks up grimly, and is silenced by a quarter or half a dollar. That touch of the hump is supposed to bring good luck to gamblers, stock brokers, business men and holders of lottery tickets. Sometimes when the superstition is verified by a coincidence, the customer gives the bootblack a \$5 or a \$10 bill out of the profits, and then the magic touch is repeated more openly. I know of a theatrical manager who keeps a humpback in his employ to bring him good fortune by this touch. Many otherwise sensible speculators never go down town with any confidence in their operations unless they have touched the old Italian in the morning.

Mr. Gorman's Nutmeg.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Senator Gorman was in the city to-day, looking after certain departmental matters which he desires to arrange before going away on his summer vacation. Mr. Gorman tells the following story on himself: For many years he has been a sufferer from regular attacks of neuralgia. On some occasions he has been confined to his home a day or two, so intense was the pain. An old lady friend once called upon him while he was suffering from one of his attacks. She displayed so much sympathy that she almost forgot to name the request she came to make—but she did not. Upon learning that the Senator was troubled with neuralgia, she volunteered to give him an infallible remedy, provided he would promise not to laugh at her or accuse her of being a believer in conjuration, spells, etc. The Senator, in a good natured way, informed her that he was under treatment of an eminent physician who sometimes afforded him temporary relief. The old lady finally prevailed upon the Senator to give her remedy a fair trial. Whereupon she suggested that he should get an ordinary nutmeg, such as is used in cooking, drill a hole through it, attach it to a piece of string or ribbon, and wear it around his neck continually.

The senator, while suffering one day, determined to give the nutmeg remedy a trial. He followed the old lady's directions, and in a few hours felt greatly relieved. He has worn the nutmeg ever since, and is seldom troubled with neuralgia. He has consulted several physicians on the subject, and they state that the nutmeg possesses certain virtues which may have effect on neuralgic pains.

The New Generation in Virginia.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about these "first families." They are usually represented as thriftless, vain and scornful to all outside the magic circle of their society. They lack, it is true, much of the go-aheadiveness of the northern man, but it must be remembered that most of those yet living were brought up under conditions that paralyze energy. With large estates and hundreds of slaves they had no motive for exertion, and now that the war has swept away all their wealth they must change their very natures before they can become the pushing business men who build up communities. The new generation is growing up quite different, and it is more than likely that when they come to the fore the Virginia farmer will no longer let his acres lie idle or half cultivated. The fact is that the landholders in Stafford county are yet in a dazed state over the result of the war. They can hardly realize the change, or if they have they think it is too late in life to start out afresh.

GRAND LODGE.

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Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

OCTOBER, 1891.



Notice to Secretaries.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F., }
 TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 1, 1891. }

To Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 130, of the Constitution, you are required to report to the Grand Lodge as expelled all members who fail to make payment of their quarterly dues for the quarter ending January 31st, 1892. The names of said members must be reported to you by the Collector of your lodge not later than November 2d, and by you reported to the Grand Lodge, in the prescribed form, immediately thereafter. Failing to report the names of expelled members as herein provided, the Grand Lodge will hold subordinate lodges liable for their assessments, as per Section 53 of the Constitution.

Fraternally yours,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Notice to Receivers.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F., }
 TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 1, 1891. }

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified, as provided in Section 54 of the Constitution, that no beneficiary assessment is required for the month of October, 1891, and that therefore none has been levied for said month. Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Bound Volumes.

We still have on hand a few bound volumes of the *Magazine* for the years 1887, 1888 and 1889, which can be had, postage prepaid, at \$1.50 per volume. Every wide-awake fireman should have these volumes in his library. Address *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Quarterly Dues Notice.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, B. OF L. F., }
 TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 1, 1891. }

To Members of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Pursuant to Section 129 of the Constitution, you are hereby notified that the dues for the quarter ending January 31, 1892, (such an amount as may be determined by the several lodges, provided in no case it shall be less than five (\$5.00) dollars) are now payable, and must be paid to the Collector of your lodge on or before November 1, 1891. This amount will be in full payment of all subordinate dues and beneficiary assessments levied by the Grand Lodge for said quarter, as provided in Section 132 of the Constitution. All beneficiary members now enrolled, and all those admitted prior to December 1, 1891, are liable for the full amount of quarterly dues for said quarter. All members initiated during the months of December and January are exempt from payment of quarterly dues for said quarter, as provided in Section 129 of the Constitution. Any member failing to make payment as above provided will be expelled from the order, as per Section 130 of the Constitution, said expulsion taking effect November 2, 1891, and the Secretary is required to make due report thereof to the Grand Lodge.

Very fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. AND T.

Columbus Drank It.

Or, at least, so they say! "It," refers to cocoa. There is a legend none too well authenticated it is true, but of sufficient interest to make it in point just here, to the effect that when Columbus had landed and sufficiently secured the confidence of the native American, he one evening approached the camp fire of a party of Indians, and found them drinking. To show their good will for him, a dusky maiden presented him, in a cocoanut bowl, with a liquid now so well known to people of refined tastes, and he, fearing that something might have been mixed with it to cause his death or serious sickness, at first refused to drink it; whereupon the maiden, to induce his confidence, seized the bowl and drank its contents. Filling it again she presented it to him with all the grace of a nature taught refinement, and without hesitation he drank it and liked it.

Well, whether this be true or not, certain it is that Spain, the country from which Columbus sailed, very soon learned to drink more cocoa (as it does today) than any other country in the world; and this is not remarkable, since Van Houten & Zoon have so perfected the manufacture of pure soluble cocoa as to make it not only delicious but thoroughly digestible and nourishing. They are a Dutch house, but they supply cocoa for almost all the world. Mr. C. J. Van Houten was the original patentee of powdered cocoa, and his unapproachable method of manufacture is still in the possession of the firm of C. J. Van Houten & Zoon, Weesp, Holland, as its most valuable secret; for the Van Houten process by eliminating the excess of fat, increase by 50 per cent. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements of this wonderfully nutritious article of food, thereby highly developing the digestibility, strength and natural aroma of the cocoa.

GEORGE W. HURLBUT, a member of Midland Lodge, No. 147, B. of L. F., has the agency for Kinne's Guide, Time and Pocket Book, which, owing to its merit and value, is having a wide sale among engineers and firemen. Those purchasing the book will not only receive full value for their money but will be assisting a brother who on account of impaired health, is unable to follow his usual occupation. The price of the book is \$1.00, invariably in advance. Address, George W. Hurlbut, 433 East Commercial street., Station A., Springfield, Mo.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., Sept. 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The following is a statement
of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of Aug. 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$166	73	\$90	145	\$122	217	\$70	289	\$118	361	\$136	433	\$44	440	\$84
2	32	74	58	146	164	218	50	290	12	362	42	434	72	441	102
3	482	75	208	147	102	219	92	291	122	363	164	435	28	442	62
4	106	76	54	148	94	220	96	292	44	364	60	436	24	443	34
5	196	77	282	149	340	221	84	293	40	365	36	437	44	444	92
6	114	78	162	150	166	222	72	294	72	366	54	438	38	445	42
7	74	79	74	151	100	223	32	295	44	367	68	439	42	446	32
8	234	80	82	152	108	224	54	296	90	368	82	440	44	447	36
9	194	81	150	153	60	225	297	297	96	369	104	441	44	448	32
10	148	82	266	154	80	226	100	298	72	370	30	442	44	449	42
11	160	83	146	155	90	227	68	299	94	371	40	443	44	450	42
12	300	84	162	156	92	228	268	300	60	372	72	444	44	451	32
13	270	85	138	157	46	229	301	70	373	38	74	445	44	452	30
14	360	86	152	158	164	230	84	302	30	374	74	446	44	453	30
15	98	87	70	159	248	231	184	303	46	375	44	447	44	454	36
16	194	88	130	160	132	232	70	304	86	376	58	448	44	455	38
17	78	89	62	161	30	233	40	305	48	377	124	449	44	456	38
18	100	90	114	162	212	234	78	306	156	378	180	450	44	457	38
19	102	91	163	96	235	120	307	110	379	100	108	451	44	458	38
20	82	92	96	164	96	236	90	308	54	380	44	452	44	459	38
21	176	93	124	165	126	237	132	309	94	381	76	453	44	460	38
22	34	94	128	166	126	238	118	310	66	382	90	454	44	461	38
23	22	95	188	167	100	239	106	311	34	383	66	455	44	462	38
24	122	96	92	168	92	240	154	312	100	384	58	456	44	463	38
25	142	97	186	169	250	241	282	313	72	385	38	457	44	464	38
26	142	98	88	170	88	242	202	314	116	386	42	458	44	465	38
27	142	99	202	171	76	243	32	315	114	387	44	459	44	466	38
28	118	100	114	172	112	244	112	316	114	388	88	460	44	467	38
29	54	101	74	173	90	245	106	317	52	389	62	461	44	468	38
30	76	102	100	174	128	246	112	318	44	390	60	462	44	469	38
31	58	103	264	175	168	247	168	319	84	391	88	463	44	470	38
32	50	104	92	176	4	248	126	320	140	392	52	464	44	471	38
33	108	105	78	177	72	249	118	321	46	393	30	465	44	472	38
34	48	106	44	178	102	250	148	322	56	394	80	466	44	473	38
35	50	107	198	179	36	251	322	323	40	395	58	467	44	474	38
36	108	108	70	180	36	252	160	324	48	396	88	468	44	475	38
37	78	109	116	181	36	253	78	325	46	397	42	469	44	476	38
38	112	110	68	182	38	254	114	326	78	398	60	470	44	477	38
39	62	111	178	183	146	255	82	327	74	399	40	471	44	478	38
40	146	112	64	184	52	256	66	328	96	400	56	472	44	479	38
41	60	113	120	185	64	257	164	329	34	401	70	473	44	480	38
42	38	114	50	186	54	258	116	331	84	403	58	474	44	481	38
43	132	115	106	187	54	259	76	332	128	405	108	475	44	482	38
44	186	116	140	188	208	260	62	333	190	407	48	476	44	483	38
45	136	117	94	189	92	261	62	334	138	409	24	477	44	484	38
46	84	118	48	190	38	262	100	335	84	411	90	478	44	485	38
47	174	119	58	191	100	263	110	336	44	412	48	479	44	486	38
48	110	120	154	192	190	264	110	337	152	414	68	480	44	487	38
49	98	121	106	193	70	265	134	338	86	416	68	481	44	488	38
50	228	122	58	194	128	266	90	339	218	418	128	482	44	489	38
51	118	123	146	195	58	267	80	340	48	419	64	483	44	490	38
52	150	124	84	196	160	268	58	341	48	421	32	484	44	491	38
53	100	125	60	197	100	269	76	342	64	423	36	485	44	492	38
54	210	126	78	198	78	270	188	343	64	424	166	486	44	493	38
55	64	127	98	199	68	271	64	344	36	425	82	487	44	494	38
56	70	128	62	200	44	272	40	345	50	426	84	488	44	495	38
57	416	129	144	201	104	273	134	346	36	427	56	489	44	496	38
58	76	130	140	202	88	274	60	347	48	428	92	490	44	497	38
59	206	131	114	203	136	275	58	348	126	430	32	491	44	498	38
60	24	132	110	204	42	276	82	349	84	431	36	492	44	499	38
61	133	133	142	205	132	277	32	350	80	432	38	493	44	500	38
62	112	134	102	206	106	278	42	351	38	433	84	494	44	501	38
63	88	135	90	207	170	279	62	352	86	434	90	495	44	502	38
64	94	136	40	208	62	280	44	353	54	435	42	496	44	503	38
65	92	137	52	209	88	281	74	354	118	436	42	497	44	504	38
66	88	138	86	210	38	282	58	355	66	437	44	498	44	505	38
67	148	139	40	211	130	283	246	356	12	438	36	499	44	506	38
68	90	140	158	212	76	284	138	357	106	439	62	500	44	507	38
69	68	141	280	213	40	285	6	358	62	440	66	501	44	508	38
70	76	142	238	214	76	286	182	359	78	441	66	502	44	509	38
71	138	143	200	215	116	287	40	360	76	442	46	503	44	510	38
72	142	144	52	216	288	288	40	360	76	442	46	504	44	511	38

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	\$44	440	\$84	447	\$36	454	\$72	461	\$28	468	\$48	475	\$48	482	\$48
434	72	441	102	448	36	455	38	462	28	469	66	476	38	483	48
435	28	442	62	449	64	456	32	463	66	470	40	477	38	484	48
436	24	443	34	450	134	457	22	464	44	471	38	478	38	485	48
437	44	444	92	451	32	458	38	465	38	472	38	479	38	486	48
438	38	445	42	452	20	459	38	466	38	473	38	480	38	487	48
439	42	446	32	453	30	460	40	467	38	474	38	481	38	488	48

Balance on hand August 1, 1891 \$58,741 75
Received during month 43,798 00

Total \$102,539 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477,
478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487,
488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497,
498, 499 \$45,000 00

Balance on hand Sept. 1, 1891 \$57,539 75

Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.



Prickly Heat,
Chafing, Dandruff,
Odors from Perspiration.
Speedy Relief by Using

Packer's Tar Soap.

"A Luxury for Shampooing."
Medical Standard, Chicago.

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
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"The Best for Baby's Bath."
Christine Terhune Herriek.

25 Cents. All Druggists, or
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NATIONAL HOTEL,

J. H. BREWER, Proprietor.
(B. of L. E. Div. 182.)

102 Park Avenue, Opp. Avenue Hotel.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Grand Lodge.

- F. F. SARGENT Grand Master
Terre Haute, Indiana.
- J. J. HANNAHAN Vice Grand Master
5949 Princeton ave., Englewood, Ill.
- E. V. DEBS Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
- E. V. DEBS Editor and Manager of Magazine
Terre Haute, Indiana.

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES.

- WM. F. HYNES Chairman
965 Eleventh St., Denver, Col.
- DAN'L E. BARRY Secretary
552 Swan st., Buffalo, N. Y.
- CHAR. W. MAIER Box 514, Parsons, Kan.

GRAND EXECUTIVE BOARD.

- HARRY WALTON Chairman
3880 Lancaster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.
- C. J. SINGLETON Secretary
L. Box 885, Mattoon, Ill.
- JOHN F. O'REILLY 624 N. 5th St., Terre Haute, Ind.
- T. P. O'ROURKE Pocatello, Idaho
- EUGENE A. BALL Stratford, Ont

Subordinate Lodges.**1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.**

- Meets in Deepark Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
- Robert King, 14 Front st Master
- F. S. Bishop, 53 Ball st Secretary
- C. W. Snyder, 8 Mt. William st Collector
- F. H. Bogardus, 14 Front st Receiver
- Wallace Stidd, 106 Front st Magazine Agent

2. SPARTAN; Monon, Ind.

- Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall 1st and 8d Sunday evenings.
- T. F. Doran Master
- C. M. Hill, Box 145 Secretary
- Arthur Holmes Collector
- E. J. Shields Receiver
- Clint Williams Magazine Agent

3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.

- Meets in Germania Hall, 140 Newark ave., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
- J. E. Welsh, 301 Pavonia ave Master
- H. A. Decker, 22 Chestnut ave Secretary
- J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St Collector
- J. B. Sweet, 125 Academy St Receiver
- Stewart Simpson, Fulton St., Rahway Magazine Agent

4. GREAT EASTERN Portland, Maine.

- Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 53 Temple St., 1st and 8d Sunday.
- J. E. Cook, St. John st Master
- C. D. Getchell, 402 Cumberland st Secretary
- A. E. Dennison, 23 Merrill st Collector
- F. A. Huff, 47 Hanover st Receiver
- Magazine Agent

5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.

- Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
- C. W. Dyer, Box 1273 Master
- J. W. Finney, Box 1273 Secretary
- M. McCarthy, Box 1273 Collector
- Wm. Couse, Box 1273 Receiver
- T. B. Burke, Box 308 Magazine Agent

6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; DeSoto, Mo.

- Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and Boyd Sts., every Monday at 2 P. M.
- C. E. Becker, Box 5 Master
- Fred. Showman, Box 52 Secretary
- H. B. Toler Collector
- W. A. Richardson Receiver
- W. H. Wonder, Box 4 Magazine Agent

7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.

- Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in McCauley's Hall, between 2d and 3d Sts., Pennsylvania avenue, southeast.
- R. M. Smith, 129 Carroll St., S. E. Master
- C. R. Bush, 1009 N. J. ave S. E. Secretary
- Wallace Baily, 417 G St., S. E. Collector
- Wm. Baldwin, 324 East Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md Magazine Agent

8. RED RIVER; Denison, Texas.

- Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, W. Main St., every Saturday at 7 P. M.
- M. H. Kildery, East Chestnut st Master
- M. H. Hann, 322 Hull st Secretary
- Jno. Hogan, 723 Munson st Collector
- J. E. Neville, 911 Austin ave Receiver
- Chas. Fullington, 807 Travis ave, Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.

- Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, 80% High St., alternate Mondays at 8 P. M.
- G. C. Lutman, 869 Arsenal ave Master
- C. C. Cott, 986 Pennsylvania Ave Secretary
- G. H. Landon, Pan Handle round house, Collector
- H. C. Schneider, 381 Curtis ave Receiver
- Leonard Lawrence, 860 Arsenal Ave Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.

- Meets at 182 Ontario St., 1st and 8d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
- Ed. Manzelman, 90 University st Master
- S. R. Tate, 374 Jefferson st Secretary
- A. G. Laubecher, West Cleveland Collector
- T. P. Curtis, 39 W. Madison ave Receiver
- A. G. Laubecher, 18 Seward St., West Cleveland Magazine Agent

11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.

- Meets in Grimer's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
- J. C. Headley Master
- David Gorgas Secretary
- E. E. Teel Collector
- J. W. Sinclair, L. Box 196 Receiver
- Abram Vanatta Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.

- Meets at 198 Seneca St., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
- W. R. Driscoll, 75 Fine st Master
- G. E. Chamberlin, Sloan Secretary
- W. J. Stone, 8 Seymour st Collector
- F. J. McNamara, 70 Michigan St Receiver
- G. B. Hawthorn, 68 Walnut St Magazine Agent

13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.

- Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Maple St. and Pacific Ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 10:30 A. M.
- H. R. Ayers, 140 Pacific ave Master
- Henry Klein, 135 Woodward st Secretary
- E. F. Jones, 111 Pacific ave Collector
- W. J. Lewis, 225 Whiton St Receiver
- T. J. Carroll, 152 Pacific ave Magazine Agent

14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.

- Meets at 34 W Washington St., fourth floor, every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
- W. J. Hugo, 79 North Noble st Master
- G. P. Kern, 77 E. Morris St Secretary
- E. J. Kling, 831 North West St Collector
- W. J. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St Receiver
- Henry Zink, 410 So. Illinois st Magazine Agent

15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Canada.

- Meets in St. Charles Club Room, Point St. Charles, every alternate Sunday.
- Jas. Ashcroft, 240 Magdalen St., Point St. Charles Master
- Henry Wheatley, 106 Charron st., Point St. Charles Secretary
- Sam'l Edwards, 172 Grand Trunk St., Point St. Charles Collector
- H. J. Clarke, 154 Charron St., Point St. Charles Receiver
- Albert Wright, 463 Wellington st, Magazine Agent

16. **VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
Meets 3d and 4th Wednesdays, at 7:30 P. M.
F. E. Dupell, 928 N. 9th st. Master
McK. B. Glenn, 1427 E 8th st. Secretary
Henry Balrsdorf, 621 N. 8th St. Collector
C. A. Bennett, 1004 N. 9th St. Receiver
W. C. Pearce, 521 N 14th st. Magazine Agent
17. **PINE RIDGE; Chadron, Neb.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at
7:30 P. M.
O. E. Collins Master
L. V. Bowman, L. Box 545 Secretary
Michael Devaney Collector
J. E. Platner Receiver
M. M. Shirley Magazine Agent
18. **WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall every Saturday night.
Albert Disney Master
John Reid Secretary
J. J. Day Collector
Rufus McCormack Receiver
W. W. Golladay, Box 196 Magazine Agent
19. **TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
Meets in B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. Hall, every
Friday at 7 P. M.
Theo. Wetmore Master
T. J. Giffen, Box 33 Secretary
G. W. Davis Collector
D. W. Strong Receiver
F. L. Rose Magazine Agent
20. **STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall every Monday at 7:30
P. M.
Grafton Zenor, Box, 17 Master
George Morse, Box 400 Secretary
H. E. Chalmers, Box 120 Collector
Grafton Zenor, Box 17 Receiver
J. F. Taylor, L. Box 52 Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets at Havlin's Hall, S W Cor Sixth and Wal-
nut sts, 2d and 4th Mondays.
A. McKechney, 4365 Hunt ave. Master
W. G. Canfield, 1122 Clark ave. Secretary
W. R. Grate, 944 Chouteau ave. Collector
W. C. Linck, 2419 Slattery at. Receiver
W. G. Canfield, 1422 Clark ave, Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
Daniel O'Connor Master
Scott Busey Secretary
Sylvanus Gibson Collector
Grant Miller Receiver
Sylvanus Gibson Magazine Agent
23. **PHENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd
Fellow's Hall, cor. Brook and Main Sts.
Joshua Proctor, Box 60 Master
F. J. Hight, Box 13 Secretary
G. H. Morris Collector
F. J. Hight, Box 13 Receiver
F. J. Hight, Box 13 Magazine Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kansas.**
Meets in Brotherhood Hall, Forest Ave., every
Wednesday at 1:30 P. M.
J. W. Terrell Master
B. H. Cloughley Secretary
P. H. Handly Collector
Lot Brandenburg Receiver
C. W. Maier, Box 514 Magazine Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
F. L. Maynard, Box 652 Master
F. H. Smith Secretary
B. H. Smith Collector
W. H. Cummings, Box 426 Receiver
Nathan Burlingame Magazine Agent
26. **ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall., 2d and 4th Mondays
Henry Wettstein Master
Fred VanLeeshout, Box 895 Secretary
G. B. Williams Collector
C. A. Rich Receiver
Francis Farwell Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**
Meets in Room 13, O'Hara's Block, 2d Sunday at
2:30 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. L. Jennings, 851 Bave West Master
J. R. Byerly, 403 G Ave West Secretary
Frank Hunter, 328 G Ave West Collector
H. H. Jacobs, 316 4th Ave West Receiver
H. J. Dawson, 68 5th ave. Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, every Sunday at 1 P. M.
W. L. Kingetty, Box 213 Master
S. H. Donehower, Box 117 Secretary
Lewis Clark, Box 803 Collector
H. F. Jeffrey, Box 241 Receiver
F. J. Doran, Box 623 Magazine Agent
29. **CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each
month, corner Second and Main Sts.
W. R. Rouse Master
Max Newbowers, Box 7 Secretary
W. R. Rouse Collector
Lewis Leitner, Box 32 Receiver
Alex. Mottershead, L Box 423 Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Iowa.**
Meets in Select Knights' Hall, Sycamore and 4th
streets, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. E. Penn Master
R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Secretary
R. M. Fern Collector
R. A. Corson, Box 1154 Receiver
H. J. Reynolds, 2 Grove st., Dubuque,
Magazine Agent
31. **R. E. CENTRE; Atchison, Kansas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M. in Wood-
man's Hall, cor. 6th and Kansas Ave.
H. L. Clark, cor. Roberts and Commercial
sts. Master
G. N. Conaway, 1417 Santa Fe st. Secretary
Edwin McKeen, 1531 Commercial st. Collector
John O'Connor, 1428 Santa Fe st Receiver
C. M. Noble, 1501 Main St. Magazine Agent
32. **BORDER; Ellis, Kansas.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
Harry Stigall Master
J. N. Stone, Box 303 Secretary
W. M. Griest Collector
G. L. Leisenring Receiver
Harry Stigall Magazine Agent
33. **SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, over Union Bank, 1st
and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th
Mondays, at 7:30 P. M.
T. E. Torpey Master
C. H. Torpey Secretary
C. W. Gallup Collector
W. C. Gallup Receiver
F. L. Cox, Box 495 Magazine Agent
34. **CLINTON; Clinton, Iowa.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 4th St., 1st and 3d Sun-
days at 2:30 P. M.
Theodore Ekstrom, 653 11th Ave Master
Wm. A. Preston, 133 8th Ave Secretary
W. N. Smith, 425 8th Ave. Collector
P. J. Coffey, 919 3d St. Receiver
Parker Lillis, 801 3d St. Magazine Agent
35. **AMBOY; Amboy, Ill.**
Meets in Khrel's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
T. W. Monahan, Box 458 Master
H. J. Brown Secretary
W. J. Clark Collector
W. T. Getty Receiver
J. W. Meyer, L. Box 77 Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 5th and Columbia Sts, at
2 P. M., Sundays.
Charles Ernst, O. S. Express Co Master
A. H. Kelley, 96 Green St. Secretary
G. E. Smith, Carrier No. 4 Collector
W. R. Johnson, 110 S 4th St. Receiver
W. H. Fox, 186 S 2d St. Magazine Agent

- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Thursday at 8 P. M.
H. G. Cormick Master
E. L. Welton, Box 19 Secretary
W. H. Meng Collector
G. C. Cairns Receiver
S. W. Maguire Magazine Agent
- 38. AVOH; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets in Foresters' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Robt. McIntosh, Box 318 Master
Jas. Burke, Box 318 Secretary
Wm. O'Brien, Box 318 Collector
Wm. Brown, Box 318 Receiver
W. H. Whitechurch, Box 318 Magazine Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 2d Sunday and 4th Monday at 2 P. M.
J. C. Kane, 2701 6th ave. Master
Daniel Moroney, 8th Ave. & 27th St. Secretary
J. T. Dolly, 2501 8th Ave. Collector
Daniel Moroney, 8th Ave. & 27th St. Receiver
E. J. Mooney, 2525 Vine st. Magazine Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ill.**
Meets at 910 W Chestnut street, Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Sage, 1908 N Oak st. Master
Jas. Kerr, 712 W Locust st. Secretary
Jas. Kerr, 712 W Locust st. Collector
Ed. Spreen, 509 W. Chestnut St. Receiver
W. H. Dowdy, 603 N. Allen St. Magazine Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Dickinson, N. Dakota.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
Prater Tucson Master
G. W. Poor, Box 111 Secretary
Alex. Fowler, Box 189 Collector
Charles Brislin Receiver
I. W. Lee, L. Drawer 1 Magazine Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets in Sharps' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
B. B. Wilber, 207 Park St. Master
Frank Lawrence, 416 W Mifflin St. Secretary
John Harrington, 620 W Main St. Collector
B. B. Wilber, 207 Park St. Receiver
W. J. Parsons, 619 W Main st. Magazine Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets in Gewitz Hall, 10th and Olive Sts., every Thursday.
Jno. Maurice, 2122 So 5th st. Master
Jas. Fahey, 1536 So 12th st. Secretary
B. B. Ricker, 706 So. 10th st. Collector
W. E. Sullivan, 2219 E. 6th St. Receiver
H. E. Slater, 1807 So 11th St. Magazine Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ill.**
Meets in Jackiesch Hall, corner Missouri and Main Sts., alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. P. Collins, 518 W Missouri ave. Master
W. W. Gillis, 739 Collinsville ave. Secretary
P. C. Cramer, 624 N 6th st. Collector
W. W. Beeve, 518 So 5th st. Receiver
I. E. Goodin Magazine Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets in Quapaw Hall every Monday night.
T. P. Homard, 722 W. Markham st. Master
J. H. Jordan, 917 W. Markham St. Secretary
J. H. Jordan, 917 W. Markham St. Collector
Chas. D. Sleeth, 123 Riverside Ave. Receiver
Mathias Laux, 1018 Water St. Magazine Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 217 South 5th St., 1st and 3d Sundays, at 2 P. M.
E. W. Rowland, 901 Capitol ave. Master
C. G. Brittingham, 513 So. 7th st. Secretary
Frank Magers Collector
W. E. Hall, 1604 So. 10th St. Receiver
J. F. DeSouza, Wabash r'd house, Magazine Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Prosperity Hall, N. E. corner State and 18th Sts., 1st Monday evening and 3d Sunday afternoons.
C. W. Watson, 181 E. 22d st. Master
J. F. Mulqueen, 45 E. 14th st. Secretary
J. F. Mulqueen, 45 E. 14th St. Collector
J. P. Lockyear, care C. W. Watson, 183 E. 22d st. Receiver
Merlin Jones, 1635 Wabash Ave. Magazine Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ill.**
Meets in Woodmen's Hall, 1512 So. Adam St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. C. Crane, 503 1st St. Master
W. A. McMillan, 206 State st. Secretary
W. A. McMillan, 206 State St. Collector
G. C. Watt, 617 1st St. Receiver
C. C. Crane, 509 1st st. Magazine Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, E Eldorado St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
E. J. Wilkins, 1330 E. William st. Master
Daniel Dineen, 537 N Broadway Secretary
Daniel Dineen, 537 N Broadway Collector
A. H. Sutton, 975 N Water St. Receiver
E. J. Wilkins, 1330 E William St. Magazine Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner 48th and State Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. M. Wolcott, 5001 State St. Master
W. H. Greene 4800 Dearborn st. Secretary
C. T. Dickerman, 5142 Dearborn St. Collector
T. G. Berry, 337 46th St. Receiver
Peter Brislen, 4700 Wabash ave Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Station A, Springfield, every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
Frank Gano, Station A, Springfield. Master
M. W. Reed, Box 457, Station A, Springfield Secretary
Geo. Hasler, Station A, Springfield Collector
H. F. Hill, Station A, Springfield Receiver
Michael Gaffney, Box 277, Station A, Springfield Magazine Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Loganport, Ind.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, corner 4th and Market Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
Jno. Wilson Master
J. A. Holland, 2 Elm st. Secretary
J. C. Irvin, 1712 Spears st. Collector
F. P. Beam, 202 Bates st. Receiver
J. J. Fitzgerald, 17 Uh st. Magazine Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kansas.**
Meets in K. of L. Hall, corner 4th and Commercial sts., 1st and 3d Monday at 130 P. M.
G. F. Cheshire, 16 Neesho st. Master
H. M. Seagondollar, 118 Congress st. Secretary
I. M. Hadley, 110 Neesho st. Collector
Howard Galey, 832 Congress st. Receiver
Biley Wolcott Magazine Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Neberly, Mo.**
Meets in Supplies Bros.' Hall, Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
J. T. Grimes, 612 Vincell st. Master
T. J. Clayton, 522 E Rollins st. Secretary
T. J. Clayton, 522 E Rollins st. Collector
J. T. Grimes, 612 Vincell st. Receiver
A. E. Cotty, 323 W. Reed St. Magazine Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets at K. of H. Hall, cor. 4th and Lewney Sts., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
Edw. Dwyer, 204 Mill st. Master
A. B. Klyce, 62 Mosby st. Secretary
L. W. Gullett, 30 2d st. Collector
A. B. Klyce, 62 Mosby st. Receiver
Thos. Carroll, 136 Manassas st. Magazine Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stanberry, Mo.**
Meets in B. L. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
E. W. Fisher, L Box 424 Master
W. E. Baldwin, Box 400 Secretary
J. E. Curry, Box 307 Collector
L. W. Shisler Receiver
Wm. Collicott, Box 143 Magazine Agent
- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets in Templar Hall, 724 Washington St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 10:30 A. M.
A. A. Kilburn, 11 Teleson ave, Mattapan Dist. Master
Sheridan Bisbee, 655 Broadway, 8 Boston, Secretary
J. Rowen, 63 Indiana Place Collector
W. H. Bigelow, 10 Hotel Salem, Charlestown Receiver
H. E. Stevens, 5 Davis St Magazine Agent

- 58. SACRAMENTO; Beeklia, Cal.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, every Monday and Thursday at 1:30 P. M.
W. D. Stevens Master
J. B. Hogan Secretary
Thos. Kelly Collector
J. H. Penny Receiver
Wm. Myers Magazine Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; Pueblo, Colo.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. High St. and Union Ave., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
Jno. Gallagher, 27 Block B Master
E. B. McAlpin, 26 Block B Secretary
Robt. Wilmunder, Block U Collector
M. C. Donnelly, 216 E 3d St Receiver
T. W. Hughes, 13 Block L Magazine Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Dover Hall, Marshall St., above Susquehanna Ave., 1st and 3d Sundays.
F. O. Metzger, 1815 Adams st Master
Howard Reader, 1943 Lawrence St Secretary
Jas. Werts, 2018 N 3d St Collector
B. F. Pettit, 1988 Marshall St Receiver
B. F. Pettit, 1988 Marshall St Magazine Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets in Druid's Hall, corner Jackson and E. 7th St., 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. V. Piper, 117 Acker st Master
H. E. Kemp, 677 L'Orion st Secretary
G. W. Klinefelter, 106 Lithfield st Collector
T. T. Hart, 709 Tuscarora St Receiver
W. F. Maher, 193 Penna ave Magazine Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. 7th and Church Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
E. B. Gardner, 34 N. Washington st Master
J. F. Banks, 1178 E. Terrace st Secretary
R. E. Banker, 54 Spring st Collector
Jno. McCawley, 23 River st Receiver
D. N. Swan, 768 E. Wyoming st Magazine Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ill.**
Meets in K. of H. Hall, West Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays.
Bernard Manion, 303 Collett st Master
John Tracy, 801 Collett st Secretary
C. C. Stevens, 436 Junction ave Collector
Herbert Kyser, 515 N. Hazel st Receiver
Frank Flaherty, Wellington st Magazine Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Leonard Lampeon, 803 Wall St Master
T. F. Dolan, 103 So. Wall st Secretary
A. W. Johnson, 1133 Fourth st Collector
T. F. Dolan, 103 So. Wall St Receiver
D. M. Price, 615 Iowa st Magazine Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Waseca, Minn.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
W. J. Flynn, Winona Master
M. J. Fitzpatrick, 321 W. 5th st, Winona, Secretary
H. E. Blowers Collector
W. B. Mitchell Receiver
J. W. Foster Magazine Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ontario.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, Station St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. J. Loque, Belleville Station Master
Wm. Andrews, Belleville Station Secretary
V. Wensley, Belleville Station Collector
W. J. Loque, Belleville Station Receiver
Jas. Williamson, Belleville Station, Box 69 Magazine Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
T. R. Brown, 7 Waterloo Terrace, King st. Master
G. E. Crowhurst, 20 Woodley St Secretary
Philip Richardson, 81 Stafford st Collector
L. K. Bell, 20 N. York st Receiver
K. L. Reddie, 136 Bathurst st Magazine Agent
- 68. KAU CHAIKE; Altoona, Wis.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Marti Duggan Master
Richard Hall, Box 61 Secretary
S. J. McCauley, Box 24 Collector
Ed. Bryan, Box 127 Receiver
E. E. Swann Magazine Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ontario.**
Meets in the Merrill Block, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
A. W. Dales, Box 206 Master
J. G. Goodison, Box 206 Secretary
Francis Flanigan Collector
W. J. Dowell, Box 183 Receiver
J. G. Goodison, Box 206 Magazine Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
Meets in L. O. O. F. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
L. D. Oden, Box 135 Master
C. M. Nelson, Box 123 Secretary
L. D. Oden, Box 135 Collector
A. E. Cuberly, Box 161 Receiver
C. M. Nelson, Box 123 Magazine Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
A. E. Loucks, 9 Ernst st Master
W. W. Bowe, 23 Franklin st Secretary
D. B. Howard, 57 1/2 Main st Collector
Irvin Baker, 38 Grove St Receiver
Jas. Walters, 8 2 W. Broadway Magazine Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets at 4d and Federal Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays.
Howard Barker, 226 Michle st Master
John Colton, 578 Benson st Secretary
Geo. Tash, 214 Baydon st Collector
John Colton, 578 Benson st Receiver
G. W. Tash, 226 Senate St. Magazine Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets at Stationary Engineers' Hall, 303 Main St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
J. W. Mead, 75 Prospect st Master
Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st Secretary
J. H. Crawford, 20 Harrison st Collector
Thos. Loynd, 8 Glenwood st Receiver
W. N. Holland, 9 Cutler St. Magazine Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Argentine, Kan.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, cor. River ave and M st., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Thos. Donohue, Box 421 Master
G. B. Campbell, L. Box 421 Secretary
Chas. Justice, L. Box 421 Collector
J. A. Uhde Receiver
Chas. Justice, Box 421 Magazine Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Erickson's Hall, 3547 Lancaster Ave., 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons.
Jno. Hayes, P. W. B. Round House, 10th and Washington ave Master
Henry Walton, 3530 Lancaster ave Secretary
J. F. Findley, 3504 Fairmount Ave Collector
Henry Walton, 3530 Lancaster ave Receiver
J. F. Findley, 3504 Fairmount Ave, Magazine Agent
- 76. NEW ERA; Williams, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1 P. M.
Thos. Marshall, Box 306 Master
W. E. McLaughlin Secretary
Nels Larson Collector
Jos. Shinsky Receiver
C. E. Huffman Magazine Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Colo.**
Meets in Gibson's Hall, 3235 Market St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
T. N. Worth, 314 Gilpin st Master
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St Secretary
S. L. Kanaga, 2901 Market st Collector
W. F. Brundage, 1216 Larimer St Receiver
T. H. Duggan, 300 LaFayette st Magazine Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets in Hart's Hall, E 12th St., every Thursday at 7 P. M.
W. M. Collins, 1301 E 5th st Master
S. A. Nelson, 10 E 5th st Secretary
E. F. Fieck, 10 E 5th st Collector
P. A. Nelson, 10 E 5th st Receiver
G. D. Hulse, 1223 E Sixth st Magazine Agent
- 79. J. H. BUCKLE; Rockhouse, Ill.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays, at 2d and 4th Sundays.
Richard Carroll Master
C. E. Stone, Box 25 Secretary
F. L. Carr Collector
Dante O'Donnell, Box 25 Receiver
C. A. Sheppard Magazine Agent

0. SELF HELP; Aurora, Ill.

Meets over 26 and 28 Broadway, every 2d Sunday.
 J. S. Slick, 463 Sertown St. Master
 G. J. Waters, 283 5th St. Secretary
 G. J. Waters, 283 5th St. Collector
 O. O. Spencer, West Lake st. Receiver
 Frank Rennel, 279 N. Union st. . . Magazine Agent

1. FINE CITY; Staples, Minn.

Meets in Miller's Hall, 6th St., South, 2d and 4th
 Sundays 2 P. M.
 Rowland Arundel Master
 O. T. Dubois, Box 1831, Brainerd . . . Secretary
 D. C. Warne, Box 118 Collector
 J. F. McGinnis, Box 1871, Brainerd . . Receiver
 F. W. Dunlap Magazine Agent

2. NORTHWESTERN; Muskego, Wis.

Meets in Lodge Parlor 55 4th St. So. 1st Satur-
 day 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 C. M. Bolles, 1111 Holden st. Master
 W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave . . Secretary
 E. E. Mayo, Oak Lake Eng. House . . Collector
 W. E. Richmond, 820 N Girard Ave . . Receiver
 Jas. Carroll, 308 Aldrich Ave. N. Magazine Agent

3. TRINITY; Fort Worth, Texas.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Wednesday, at
 8 P. M.

G. H. Tucker, Box 590 Master
 Jacob Weaman, Box 590 Secretary
 L. M. Dean, 801 Clawford st. Collector
 G. Y. Lee, 1811 Crump st. Receiver
 J. M. Rues, 300 R. R. ave. Magazine Agent

4. CALHOUN; Battle Creek, Mich.

Meets in B. L. E. Hall, 256 E. Main St., 2d and 4th
 Sundays at 2:30 P. M., and 1st Monday at 7:30
 P. M.

T. J. Scanlan, 56 E Hall st Master
 J. J. Beffer, 52 E. Hall st Secretary
 Frank Minshall, 88 Bennett st . . . Collector
 John Tighe, 79 Hart st Receiver
 Louis Zang, 44 Beach st Magazine Agent

5. FAIRGO; Fargo, N. Dakota.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 8 P. M. in I. O. O.
 F. Hall, corner Robt's St. and 2d Ave.

W. W. Green Master
 E. A. Ball, 1507 N. 4th ave Secretary
 Silas Wright Collector
 Wash. Terrett, 17 Sixteenth st So. . Receiver
 A. J. Thometz, Jamestown Magazine Agent

6. BLACK HILLS; Laramie, Wyoming.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, Friday evening at 7:30.
 G. W. DeForrest, Box 455 Master
 W. N. Roth, Box 458 Secretary
 G. W. DeForrest, Box 455 Collector
 W. N. Roth, Box 458 Receiver
 T. J. Farrell, Box 261 Magazine Agent

7. SUMMIT; Rawlins, Wyoming.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Thursday, at 7:30
 P. M.

J. P. Hansen, Box 206 Master
 O. H. Behmeyer, Box 94 Secretary
 Henry O'Donnell Collector
 J. M. Gillespie Receiver
 J. O. Quinn Magazine Agent

8. MORNING STAR; Evanston, Wyoming.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, Sunday afternoon at
 1:30 P. M.

J. F. Shibley Master
 T. H. Hollingworth, Box 212 Secretary
 R. J. Clark Collector
 P. J. McGarvey Receiver
 E. B. Hall, L. Box 228 Magazine Agent

9. CHERAW; Selma, Ala.

Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, cor Broad and Ala-
 bama sts.

E. L. Cranford, W. of A. R. R. Office . . Master
 F. E. Lathrop, 919 Maxey st Secretary
 E. O. Harris, 308 Alabama st. Collector
 E. L. Cranford, W. R. R. Office . . . Receiver
 W. E. Coen, 129 Water st. Magazine Agent

10. SAN DIEGO; San Bernardino, Cal.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, alternate Sundays at
 7:30 P. M.

Lester Burt, 851 Third st. Master
 S. E. Fulton, Box 645 Secretary
 O. H. Wickder, Box 645 Collector
 Harvey Smith, Box 645 Receiver
 J. M. Walker, Box 645 Magazine Agent

91. GOLDEN GATE; San Francisco, Cal.

Meets corner Valencia and 16th Sts., 2d Tuesday
 at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 2:00 P. M.

T. D. Manhire, 123 Julian ave Master
 J. L. Mayne, 208 Fifteenth st. Secretary
 W. S. Johnson, 24 Shotwell st. Collector
 W. S. Runyon, 232 Shotwell st. Receiver
 J. R. Cassidy, 1721 1/2 Mission st. . Magazine Agent

92. FRONTIER CITY; Owego, N. Y.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in Frontier City Hall,
 Jefferson Block.

Jas. Gorman, 222 W. 8th st Master
 M. H. Counsell, 16 E. 5th St Secretary
 Jas. Whalen, 290 W. 7th St Collector
 Jas. Whalen, 290 W. 7th St Receiver
 Thos. Bradley, 123 W. Cayuga St. Magazine Agent

93. GATE CITY; Keokuk, Iowa.

Meets in Horn's Hall, corner 8th and Main St., 2d
 and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

J. J. Crimmons, 1128 Bluff st Master
 J. M. Watson, 22 So 12th St Secretary
 Henry Montgomery, 222 Exchange st. . Collector
 E. J. Kelly, 619 Ridge st. Receiver
 Henry Montgomery, 222 Exchange st. . Magazine Agent

94. CACTUS; Tucson, Arizona.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, corner Tool Ave. and
 Pennington St., every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

J. W. Callaway, L. Box 218 Master
 F. G. Church, L. Box 218 Secretary
 Robt. Gael, Box 841 Collector
 W. D. Anderson, L. Box 218 Receiver
 J. W. Walker, Box 218 Magazine Agent

95. CHICAGO; Chicago, Ill.

Meets at 237 Milwaukee Ave., 2d Tuesday at 8 P.
 M., and last Sunday of each month, at 9:30
 A. M.

D. M. Leavitt, 36 Temple St. Master
 L. H. Evans, 50 Board of Trade Secretary
 J. J. Doyle, Ravenswood Collector
 D. M. Leavitt, 36 Temple st Receiver
 M. Flaherty, 38 Weason st Magazine Agent

96. ALEXIA; Wellsville, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
 Main St.

J. M. Peoples Box 99 Master
 J. A. Russell, Box 695 Secretary
 C. E. Allman, Box 695 Collector
 W. H. Wilhelm, Box 211 Receiver
 M. B. Kerr, Box 635 Magazine Agent

97. ORANGE GROVE; Los Angeles, Cal.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, at corner Leroy and
 New Main Sts., every Friday evening

J. F. Brown, 129 Elmira st Master
 H. C. Forsyth, 536 Washington st . . . Secretary
 W. S. Nay, 146 Downey ave Collector
 C. G. Fluhr, 987 Buena Vista st . . . Receiver
 P. E. Stellwagen, 1488 1/2 San Fernando . Magazine Agent

98. PERSEVERANCE; Terrace, Utah.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday.

Harry Grubnau Master
 Nepht Gudmundson Secretary
 A. H. Biddle Collector
 L. F. Zimmerman Receiver
 J. H. Taylor Magazine Agent

99. ROCHESTER; Rochester, N. Y.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, above 88 State st., alter-
 nate Tuesday evenings.

E. E. Pruyn, 41 1st Ave Master
 W. P. Couch, 24 Thompson Ave Secretary
 G. N. Kingsley, 71 Hayward ave . . . Collector
 G. N. Kingsley, 71 Hayward ave . . . Receiver
 C. A. Washburn, 9 Grand Ave Magazine Agent

100. ADAIR; Bowling Green, Ky.

Meets in Wright's Hall, corner Main and Adams
 Sts., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.

Harry Navrocker Master
 W. H. B. Rue, 1127 Kentucky st Secretary
 Joseph McGuire, 302 church st Collector
 J. D. Jesse, 126 Main st Receiver
 C. M. Moore, 142 Potter st Magazine Agent

- 101. ADMIRATION; Buffalo, N. Y.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 612 Walden ave., every Wednesday evening.
Preston King, 112 Gatchell st., E. Buffalo, Master
Robert Fowler, 19 Rapin Av., E. Buffalo, Secretary
Wm. H. Seib, 42 Arthur Ave., E. Buffalo, Collector
P. J. Stoddart, 39 Gatchell st., E. Buffalo, Receiver
R. C. Hickey, 672 Walden ave., Magazine Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE; West Des Moines, Iowa.**
Meets in Druids Hall, 215 Walnut st., alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. C. French, 1016 E. Center st., Master
W. L. Carss, 849 W 18th St., Secretary
Albert Brown, 802 E Elm st., Collector
W. J. Sparham 1321 W. Walnut st., Receiver
Wm. Beebe, 1457 E. Court ave., Magazine Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets in Colgan's Hall, corner 10th and Walnut Sts., every Thursday at 2 P. M.
J. L. Burkhart, 1029 Broadway., Master
Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st., Secretary
Murray Cook, 912 Magazine st., Collector
Thos. McGuire, 1508 7th st., Receiver
Murray Cook, 912 Magazine st., Magazine Agent
- 104. "OLD KENTUCKY," Ludlow, Ky.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Ash st., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
H. G. Chrissinger, Master
M. J. Connelly, L. Box 33, Secretary
Chas. Helmburger, Box 151, Collector
E. A. Fleming, Receiver
Chas. Helmburger, Box 151, Magazine Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Chillicothe, Ill.**
Meets in McLean's Hall, 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 P. M.
Jas. Twobig, Master
J. F. Cunneen, Secretary
W. R. Allen, Collector
J. F. Cunneen, Receiver
F. D. Fenn, L. Box 340, Magazine Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets in Dotts Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Jos. Chaloupka, Queen St., Master
E. A. Fenger, 785 Rhomburg ave., Secretary
Sam. Schaner, C.M. & St. P. Shops, Collector
D. W. Mason, Lincoln ave., Receiver
E. C. Redmond, 1552 Jackson st., Magazine Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets in Zimmerman's Hall every Wednesday night.
August Gerhart, Box 199, Master
C. E. Dyer, Box 474, Secretary
P. D. Gregg, Box 677, Collector
Thos. Wilson, Box 925, Receiver
H. U. Grenolds, Box 95, Magazine Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mexico.**
Meets in D. & R. G. Passenger Depot, every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
J. L. Jones, Master
Fred Wendell, Secretary
J. L. Jones, Collector
G. W. LaPorte, Receiver
F. A. Morse, Alamosa, Colo., Magazine Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
Meets in Summit Hall, corner Ewing Ave. and Market St., 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. W. Leathers, 3007 Rutger st., Master
Louis Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave., Secretary
Louis Fisher, 2300 Scott Ave., Collector
G. A. La Bee, 609 W Jefferson ave., Receiver
G. A. La Bee, 609 W Jefferson ave., Magazine Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Sandusky & Mansfield St., every 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. P. Collins, Box 773, Master
E. H. McGuire, Secretary
Wm. Grimes, Collector
J. W. Davis, Receiver
Thos. Quilter, Magazine Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ill.**
Meets in K. of L. Hall, Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
G. W. Coen, L. Box 744, Master
A. E. Marshall L. Box 758, Secretary
W. E. Lawton, Box 581, Collector
F. W. Baker, Receiver
A. B. Cavins, L. Box 756, Magazine Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Howell Sta., Evansville, Ind.**
Meets in Barnett's Hall every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.
W. R. Summers, Master
J. H. Hollencamp, Secretary
Chas. Moore, 128 Clark st., Evansville, Collector
E. A. Ferguson, Receiver
W. R. Summers, Howell Station, Magazine Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Pocatello, Idaho.**
Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. H. Shannon, Master
Con Cadigan, Box 184, Secretary
W. J. Brew, Collector
Frank Walton, Box 166, Receiver
H. H. Maguire, Magazine Agent
- 114. BLACK HAWK; Keltsburg, Ill.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. E. Mason, Master
W. H. Weir, Secretary
Jno. Anderson, Collector
F. L. Venable, Receiver
W. H. Weir, Magazine Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in the Temple of Honor.
H. L. Briggs, 317 8th st., bet. C and D, Master
Wm. Powell, 39th St. & Broadway, Collector
Wm. Powell, Ave 1, bet 37th and 38th sts., Receiver
F. Oehlert, Ave N, bet. 31st and 32d sts., Magazine Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
J. W. Chown, Box 291, Master
C. G. Miller, Box 291, Secretary
E. K. Hayward, 805 Prospect st., Port Huron, Collector
E. G. Hubbard, Box 127, Receiver
E. K. Hayward, 905 Prospect St., Magazine Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ontario.**
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in K. of P. Hall, Carling's Block, Richmond St.
Robt. Lister, 411 Hill st., Master
Geo. Black, 460 Simcoe st., Secretary
E. T. Fletcher, 221 Matland St., Collector
John Dickson, 367 Simcoe St., Receiver
Thos. Roddam, 418 Horton St., Magazine Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets in Pearson's Hall, Main St., opposite Skating Rink, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Geo. Scott, Richmond Station, Master
J. F. Linahen, Richmond Station, Secretary
Albert Laroche, Richmond Station, Collector
Jno. Kelly, Richmond Station, Receiver
G. A. Pye, Richmond Station, Magazine Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
Meets Wednesday and Thursday nights, alternately, in English School Room.
W. H. Rougeau, River du Loup Station, Master
L. D. Poulin, River du Loup Station, Secretary
L. D. Poulin, River du Loup Station, Collector
Wm. LeBrock, River du Loup Station, Receiver
Alfred Ouellet, River du Loup Station, Magazine Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets in C. M. B. A. Hall, Cor. Fayette and Bina Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 3 P. M. and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
Wm. Houston, 505 Marcellus st., Master
D. E. Curran, 704 Belden ave., Secretary
L. G. Rousen, 101 Bertha Place, Collector
Isaac Gilbo, 809 W Fayette st., Receiver
Fred Demars, 208 Oswego st., Magazine Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, Market st., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 8 P. M.
C. S. Wilson, Master
J. F. Roody, 333 E Market st., Secretary
J. F. Roody, 333 E Market st., Collector
E. E. Everts, 87 Mill st., Receiver
C. F. Ramadell, 801 Tioga Ave., Magazine Agent

- 122. FEDERATION; Pana, Ill.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Walter Leach Master
W. E. Gray, L. Box 305 Secretary
W. J. Miller Collector
W. E. Gray, L. Box 305 Receiver
Wm. Wolf Magazine Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
Meets at 1316 Douglas St., second floor, every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
Wm. Anderson, 1111 So. 7th st Master
H. F. Marsh, 914 So. 18th St. Secretary
G. W. Carr, 1021 So. 18th st Collector
Jno. Nilsson, 1021 Pacific Receiver
H. Blackmore, 111 N. 8th st. Magazine Agent
- 124. FILOTT; Perry, Iowa.**
Meets in Red Men's Hall 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
B. W. Zille, Box 389 Master
Wm. Murphy Secretary
Ernest Banyard, Box 267 Collector
T. F. Gendy Receiver
John Hinton Magazine Agent
- 125. GUIDE; Marshalltown, Iowa.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 158 Center St., 2d and 4th Sundays.
Alex. Thompson, 510 S. Fourth st Master
J. P. Boyce, 405 S. Fourth St. Secretary
J. P. Boyce, 405 S. Fourth st Collector
J. M. Larimer, Victor Hotel, Oskaloosa, Receiver
E. H. Minster, 611 S. 3d st. Magazine Agent
- 126. COMET; Austin, Minn.**
Meets in Hays' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. A. Brossard Master
Wm. Ryan Secretary
Henry Matthews Collector
W. A. Brossard Receiver
G. L. Hazen Magazine Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT; Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
Meets in Assiniboine Hall, 133 Ross St., 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday evening.
W. H. Woods, 52 8th st N Master
S. S. McKenzie, 52 8th st N Secretary
E. M. Sawyer, 626 7th ave N Collector
J. G. Norquay, 73 Hallett St. Receiver
G. S. McKenzie, 52 Patrick St. Magazine Agent
- 128. LANDMARK; Glendive, Montana.**
Meets in Coleman's Hall, every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
Arthur Todd, Box 106 Master
T. F. Hagan, Box 55 Secretary
C. S. Taylor, Box 55 Collector
Jas. McKenzie, Forsyth Receiver
J. C. Sorenson Magazine Agent
- 129. MINERAL KING; Escanaba, Mich.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
A. A. Haring, L. Box 821 Master
F. B. Levalley, Box 402 Secretary
M. A. Berrigan Collector
H. C. Gibbs Receiver
F. B. Levalley, Box 402 Magazine Agent
- 130. GUIDING STAR; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. S. McAuliffe, 3116 Mt. Vernon St Master
J. F. Scott, 256 Mineral st Secretary
J. C. Callahan 525 Clybourn st Collector
J. C. Callahan, 525 Clybourn st Receiver
J. H. Brady, 467 Fourth ave Magazine Agent
- 131. GOLDEN RULE; Stevens Point, Wis.**
Meets in Bedford's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
John Noonan, Box 234 Master
Chas. Simpson, Box 199 Secretary
John Noonan, Box 234 Collector
Chas. Simpson, Box 199 Receiver
R. C. Bloye Magazine Agent
- 132. MARVIN HUGHITT; Eagle Grove, Iowa.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays 2:30 P. M.
W. R. Hammond, Box 408 Master
S. S. Coleman, Box 12 Secretary
Nelson Marshall Collector
J. H. Howell, Clarion Receiver
J. H. Luce Magazine Agent
- 133. SPRAGUE; Sprague, Wash.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
J. S. Burns Master
C. A. Philhour, Box 180 Secretary
L. H. Davis Collector
J. S. Burns Receiver
Sam. Shepherd, Box 198 Magazine Agent
- 134. EASTMAN; Farnham, Quebec.**
Meets in Eastman Hall, every Sunday at 3 P. M.
J. F. Cody Master
H. E. Cowan Secretary
W. C. Burney Collector
E. W. Gibson Receiver
Louis Lepine Magazine Agent
- 135. NEW YEAR; El Paso, Texas.**
Meets in Opera House every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
J. C. Simino, Box Box 184 Master
O. W. Bernard, Box 420 Secretary
J. C. Wall Collector
G. P. Walker Receiver
W. B. Sisson Magazine Agent
- 136. J. SCOTT; Lindsay, Ontario.**
Meets in S. O. E. Hall, alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
T. G. Dayman, Box 516 Master
J. A. Watson, Box 516 Secretary
Wm. Dolby, Box 516 Collector
J. A. Watson, Box 516 Receiver
Sam'l Harris Magazine Agent
- 137. PROTECTION; Eldon, Iowa.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
S. Arenschield, Box 478 Master
H. E. Fehr, Box 225 Secretary
G. W. Wright, Box 674 Collector
A. Shunterman, Box 423 Receiver
G. W. Wright, Box 674 Magazine Agent
- 138. UNION; Freeport, Ill.**
Meets in J. H. Adam's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Thomas Cumminsford, Jr. Master
Charles Antill, 16 Taylor ave Secretary
Wm. Carrigan, 177 Benton st Collector
G. W. Showalter, 50 N. Galena ave Receiver
Wm. Neidleigh, cor. Chicago and Clark Ave Magazine Agent
- 139. MT. WHITNEY; Tulare, Cal.**
Meets in Schultz's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Fridays at 2 P. M.
Parker Barret Master
F. H. Green, Box 228 Secretary
Ralph Toland Collector
Jno. Sanderson Receiver
F. H. Wheeler Magazine Agent
- 140. MOUNT OUBAY; Salida, Colo.**
Meets in Fraternity Hall every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Worden, Box 180 Master
W. S. Brewster, Box 517 Secretary
G. E. Korn, Box 522 Collector
Henry Wise, Box 599 Receiver
S. W. Seellinger, Box 517 Magazine Agent
- 141. A. G. PUMPER; Fort Wayne, Ind.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall at 79 Calhoun St., Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Dexter, 16 Breckinridge st Master
J. W. Stackhouse, 24 Boone st Secretary
Wm. Dexter, 16 Breckinridge st Collector
C. C. Ward, 10 Leith st Receiver
C. F. Sweny, 429 So. LaFayette st. Magazine Agent
- 142. SAFETY; Toledo, Ohio.**
Meets at 329 Broadway, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7 P. M.
Henry Harnes, 418 Forte st E Master
Geo. Bittman, 634 So. St. Clair st Secretary
P. J. Sholdt, 924 Vinton st Collector
J. J. Miller, 426 Walbridge ave Receiver
Ira Root, 141 Indiana ave Magazine Agent
- 143. K. C. FELLOW; West Oakland, Cal.**
Meets in California Hall, 1015 Clay St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
Frank Kimball, 357 Webster st, Oakland . Master
A. J. Clark, 849 Madison st, Oakland Secretary
C. W. Pangburn, 930 Wood st, Oakland, Collector
A. J. Clark, 849 Madison st, Oakland Receiver
T. J. Roberts, 1008 Pine st Magazine Agent

144. DECORATION; Chicago, Ill.

Meets at Lincoln St. and Veston ave. 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2 P. M.
 G. A. Lindsay, 839 W 12th st. Master
 E. T. Sullivan, 437 Ogden ave. Secretary
 Martin Murphy, 491 So. Robey st. Collector
 C. E. Tillman, 805 W 14th st. Receiver
 Grant Lewis, 441 Ogden ave. Magazine Agent

145. DAVY CROCKETT; San Antonio, Texas.

Meets in Jonas' Hall, 601 Austin St. every Tuesday at 7 P. M.
 Robt. Nicholson, 319 10th St. Master
 G. A. Cook, 321 Sherman st. Secretary
 J. E. Norton, cor. Burleson & Olive sts, Collector
 S. E. Williams, 939 Ave D. Receiver
 H. N. Norton, 1110 Ave. D. Magazine Agent

146. BAYOU CITY; Houston, Texas.

Meets in Bell's Hall, 1st and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 3d Mondays at 2 P. M.
 Harry Hofman, 21 Hardy st. Master
 Thos. Ballard, 88 Hardy st. Secretary
 Edmond Wheeler, 22 1/2 Providence St. Collector
 D. M. Moody, 101 Hardy st. Receiver
 A. W. Brown, 105 Hardy St., 5th Ward Magazine Agent

147. MIDLAND; Temple, Texas.

Meets every Monday at 8 P. M.
 Arthur Haines, Box 105 Master
 L. B. Rogers, Box 105 Secretary
 W. F. McGinnis, Box 105 Collector
 T. L. Stevens, Box 105 Receiver
 Wm. Holden, Box 105 Magazine Agent

148. SUNNY SOUTH; Tyler, Texas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, every Friday at 1:30 P. M.
 John Linehan, Box 416 Master
 S. F. James, Box 416 Secretary
 J. L. Dalton, Box 416 Collector
 M. E. Stafford, Box 488 Receiver
 J. W. Bain, Box 416 Magazine Agent

149. JUST IN TIME; New York, N. Y.

Meets at 110 East 126th St., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 A. H. Hawley, 250 W. 133d st. Master
 P. A. Donahue, 293 Amsterdam ave. Secretary
 E. T. Roscoe, 1858 3d Ave. Collector
 Jas. Hough, 1418 Avenue A. Receiver
 F. W. Charney, 62 E 114th st. Mag. Agent

150. S. M. STEVENS; Marquette, Mich.

Meets in Mack's Hall, cor. Washington and 3d Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. W. Watt 347 Fisher st. Master
 Jno. Healy, 307 Fisher st. Secretary
 Thos. Brown, 307 Jackson st. Collector
 George McK. Gibson, 212 Division St. Receiver
 R. J. Dobson, 140 Rock St. Magazine Agent

151. MAPLE LEAF; Hamilton, Ontario.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 J. D. Mills, 32 Inchbury st. Master
 J. E. Morris, 198 Macauley st. Secretary
 Jas. Gaskin, 3 Jones st. Collector
 J. D. Mills, 32 Inchbury st. Receiver
 Wm. Broughton, 128 Cannon st. Magazine Agent

152. NORTH POLE; West Bay City, Mich.

Meets in Royal Aramum Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 F. E. Ayers, 1003 N Linn st. Master
 R. A. McPeak, 608 King st. Secretary
 J. O. Goodwin Collector
 R. A. McPeak, 608 King st. Receiver
 Frank Potter, Box 762 Magazine Agent

153. H. C. LORD; Fort Scott, Kansas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner 2d and Main Sts.
 J. E. Miller, 107 N Little st. Master
 J. M. Parmley, 102 1st and Barbee st. Secretary
 H. L. Wright, 15 N Barbee st. Collector
 N. B. Lane, 202 Hill st. Receiver
 J. M. Parmley, 102 1st and Barbee Sts. Mag. Agent

154. McKEEN; Chanute, Kansas.

Meets in Masonic Hall, on every Thursday at 7:00 P. M.
 R. W. Cameron, Box 141 Master
 E. K. Brehl, Box 535 Secretary
 J. E. Flint, Box 46 Collector
 T. H. Jackson Receiver
 F. O. Hughes, Box 247 Magazine Agent

155. J. F. BINGHAM; New York, N. Y.

Meets in Central Hall, 147 W 32d St., 1st and 3d Saturdays at 8 P. M.
 H. A. Fountaine, Care D. W. Bell, 218 W 6th st. Master
 A. M. Greene, Box 423, New Rochelle Secretary
 Theo. Fry, 222 W. 16th St. Collector
 D. W. Bell, 177 E 6th St. Receiver
 L. G. Logan, 118 E 85th st. Magazine Agent

156. NECHES; Palestine, Texas.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
 Leo Delaney Master
 W. H. Buford Secretary
 Fred. Closson Collector
 A. O. Stelzel Receiver
 W. T. Shroyer Magazine Agent

157. ECHO; Peru, Ind.

Meets in Echo Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 G. H. Smith Master
 M. E. Whetsel, L. Box 111 Secretary
 F. L. Wade, Box 183 Collector
 Hector Loughran, Box 1023 Receiver
 G. M. Jackson Magazine Agent

158. STANDARD; Detroit, Mich.

Meets at Odd-Fellows' Hall, 47th and Monroe sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 D. M. Sowle, 463 Dragoon ave. Master
 J. B. McElroy, 404 Baker st. Secretary
 Alex. Mortimer, 783 Cavalry ave. Collector
 Ed. Hiedenrich, 124 Hastings St. Receiver
 Jos. Nopper, 115 La Salle St. Magazine Agent

159. W. H. THOMAS; Nashville, Tenn.

Meets in Simmons' Hall, cor. Summer and Union Sts., every Monday at 9:30 A. M.
 P. O. Richman, 1216 Martin st. Master
 J. H. Porter, 128 McNairy st. Secretary
 J. H. Porter, 128 McNairy st. Collector
 W. C. McCombs, 128 McNairy st. Receiver
 R. H. Powell, 18 Arrington st. Magazine Agent

160. C. J. NEPBURN; Evansville, Ind.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 3d and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 9 A. M.
 W. H. Boleman, 30 William st. Master
 R. T. Skinner, 1508 Walnut St. Secretary
 H. P. McLeish, 1010 Chestnut st. Collector
 Edgar Hitch, 316 Olive st. Receiver
 R. T. Skinner, 1508 Walnut st. Magazine Agent

161. HERALD; Burlington, Iowa.

Meets in Knights of Pythias Hall cor. Third and Jefferson sts., every other Sunday at 2 P. M.
 J. A. Richards, 1117 S 8th St. Master
 Lewis Benthel, 818 N 10th st. Secretary
 J. A. Richards, 1117 S 8th St. Collector
 J. D. Hawksworth, 2008 Madison St. Receiver
 C. O. Newell, 832 Columbia st. Magazine Agent

162. PROSPECT; Elkhart, Ind.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 505 Main St., 1st Sunday and every Wednesday.
 D. F. Wagner, 326 Jefferson st. Master
 L. D. Price, 903 So 2d st. Secretary
 B. C. Ward, 608 Main st. Collector
 Stephen Dusseau, 323 Jefferson st. Receiver
 F. J. Swartz, 185 St. Joe St. Magazine Agent

163. ETHA; Pine Bluff, Ark.

Meets in Masonic Hall, every Friday at 7 P. M.
 Eugene Hartnett, 1915 E 2d ave. Master
 J. A. Frazier, 1116 E 2d ave. Secretary
 W. B. Wilson, 510 Texas st. Collector
 W. H. Rice, 519 E 8th Ave. Receiver
 W. H. Rice, 519 E 8th Ave. Magazine Agent

164. KEL RIVER; Butler, Ind.

Meets Tuesday nights in I. O. O. F. Hall, on Broadway.
 F. F. Goodsite Master
 C. E. Blair Secretary
 W. H. Tucker Collector
 David Plowe Receiver
 C. E. Blair Magazine Agent

- 165. ROBERT ANDREWS; Andrews, Ind.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st, 2d and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Ed. McClure Master
G. W. Adams, Box 186 Secretary
L. L. Wisner Collector
G. W. Adams, Box 186 Receiver
O. M. Leedy Magazine Agent
- 166. WM. HUGO; Huntington, Ind.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall 1st Monday at 2:30 P. M., and 3d Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
C. M. Keller, Box 619 Master
J. P. McCaulay, Box 340 Secretary
Wm. Gemmer Collector
Alvin McEndrfer, Box 925 Receiver
Wm. Gemmer Magazine Agent
- 167. MOUNT HOOD; The Dalles, Oregon.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
W. H. Congdon Master
Daniel Marshall Secretary
W. W. Young Collector
Mark Dashiell Receiver
G. Letford Magazine Agent
- 168. GUARD RAIL; North La Crosse, Wis.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 129 Rose St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
A. E. Ross, 1545 Loomis st. Master
J. E. Wells, Batavian Bank Building, Room 15 Secretary
Patrick McBride, 521 Mill st. Collector
Thos. Cawley, 521 Mill st. Receiver
H. V. Schneider, 1024 Avon st., La Crosse Magazine Agent
- 169. E. G. BROOKS; Hornellsville, N. Y.**
Meets in Washington Hall, Broad St., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. L. Collins, 41 E Main st. Master
T. J. Glynn, 11 Pardee st. Secretary
A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St. Collector
A. H. Spencer, 18 Elm St. Receiver
C. S. Kimball, 35 Erie ave Magazine Agent
- 170. PRAIRIE; Huron, S. Dakota.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
G. E. Briggs, 454 Utah st. Master
J. R. McNickle, Box 673 Secretary
T. C. Lauters, 520 Utah St. Collector
Wm. Whalen, 419 Beech st. Receiver
Ed. Sampson, 1036 8th St. Magazine Agent
- 171. SUNBEAM; Truro, Nova Scotia.**
Meets in Hall 1st Saturday and 4th Thursdays.
T. W. Hennessy, Box 167 Master
Jas. Richmond Secretary
Wm. McLean Collector
J. K. Fraser Receiver
Wm. Hanway Magazine Agent
- 172. F. G. LAWRENCE; Ottawa, Ontario.**
Meets alternate Sundays in Manchester Hall, cor. Sparks and Wellington Sts.
F. W. Morrison, 89 Spruce St., Rochester-ville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Master
W. S. Blyth, 285 Nicholas St. Secretary
Edw. Woode, 89 Spruce St., Rochesterville P. O., Ottawa, Ont. Collector
Hugh Handyside, Hintonbury, via Ottawa, Ont. Receiver
Wm. Ellis, Hintonburg P. O., via Ottawa Magazine Agent
- 173. PACIFIC; Winslow, Arizona.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. W. Greenwood Master
W. J. Wagoner Secretary
H. R. McGowan, Albuquerque, N. M. Collector
W. C. Glover Receiver
G. W. Greenwood Magazine Agent
- 174. HARRISBURG; Harrisburg, Pa.**
Meets cor 3d and Cumberland Sts., Sible's Hall, 2d Sunday at 1 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
S. J. Fulton, 1718 N 5th st. Master
H. O. Motter, 1638 N 6th st. Secretary
R. J. Seitz, 613 Harris st. Collector
Wm. Blessing, 422 Riley St. Receiver
H. C. Sarch, 1129 Wallace st. Magazine Agent
- 175. TAYLOR; Newark, Ohio.**
Meets in O. R. C. Hall at 12½ N 2d St., every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
R. T. Coffman, 257 Race st. Master
S. A. Boon, 180 Monroe st. Secretary
W. Stoebe, 76 Gay st. Collector
Brad. Toben 228 Indiana ave Receiver
Wm. Moessner, 27 Spencer st. Magazine Agent
- 176. MAIN LINE; Clinton, Ill.**
Meets in Warner's Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings.
S. F. Burt Master
W. S. Reid Secretary
S. J. McFall, Box 200 Collector
C. H. Porter, Box 41 Receiver
R. J. Simpson, Box 335 Magazine Agent
- 177. SUNSET; Marshall, Texas.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, every Thursday at 7:40 P. M.
John Dwyer Master
C. C. Leach Secretary
A. C. Nichols Collector
H. H. Edwards Receiver
H. H. Edwards Magazine Agent
- 178. SALT LAKE; Salt Lake City, Utah.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Main and 1st S. Sts., Tuesdays, at 8 P. M.
J. F. Keim, 26 Sullivan ave. Master
E. L. Hawkins, Progress Building Secretary
G. C. Woodruff, 346 N 3d West st. Collector
G. H. Brown, 168 S 3d st West Receiver
J. E. McCarty, 552 West Fourth So st. Magazine Agent
- 179. BEE-HIVE; Lincoln, Neb.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M.
J. W. Barber, University Place Master
J. K. Robinson, 718 H St. Secretary
J. W. Barber, University Place Collector
J. K. Robinson 718 H St. Receiver
Jos. Sherer Magazine Agent
- 180. THREE STATES; Cairo, Ill.**
Meets cor. 12th St. and Washington Ave., 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
M. J. Kiley, 602 Jefferson Ave. Master
Wm. O'Connell, 2,017 Poplar St. Secretary
G. H. Shaw, 2007 Commercial Ave Collector
M. J. Kiley, 612 Jefferson Ave. Receiver
H. Siefke, 1231 Broadway, Paducah, Ky Magazine Agent
- 181. WELLINGTON; Palmerston, Ontario.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
Jas. Nicholson, Box 21 Master
W. J. Nicoll Secretary
Alex. Dunbar Collector
Jas. Nicholson, Box 21 Receiver
Alex. Dunbar Magazine Agent
- 182. MAGIC CITY; Roanoke, Va.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, cor. Salem ave and Jefferson st., 2d and 3d Sundays at 9 A. M.
W. J. Smith, 625 Third ave N W. Master
W. R. Thrasher, 625 3d ave. N. W. Secretary
E. S. Vaughn, 813 1st ave. N. W. Collector
W. R. Thrasher, 625 Third ave N W Receiver
D. Ledgenwood, 118 1st ave. N. W. Mag. Agent
- 183. LAKE SHORE; Collinwood, Ohio.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall alternate Thursdays at 7 P. M.
C. B. Cook Master
W. H. Cross Secretary
L. H. Pickard Collector
H. I. Miller Receiver
W. H. Cross Magazine Agent
- 184. LIMA; Lima, Ohio.**
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in Irish Hall.
T. J. Finley, 728 S Elizabeth St. Master
M. R. Lacy, 700 W. Wayne st. Secretary
A. L. Wyatt, 747 S Elizabeth St. Collector
Laurence Giebel, 628 S Main St. Receiver
Laurence Giebel, 628 S Main St. Magazine Agent

185. FIDELITY; Delphos, Ohio.

Meets in Beyer's Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 A. T. Hogarth, Box 153 Master
 C. L. Young, Box 311 Secretary
 Isaac Powell Collector
 J. F. McGee, Box 100 Receiver
 Harmen Cramer Magazine Agent

186. CHAMBERLAIN; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Walther's Hall, 3834 State St., 1st and 3d
 Sundays of each month.
 J. M. Nolan, 3927 Dearborn st Master
 J. W. Rogers, 4205 Atlantic st Secretary
 W. H. E. Green, 3741 La Salle st Collector
 Jas. Everitt, 4219 School St Receiver
 J. W. Rogers, 4034 Wabash ave Magazine Agent

187. LITTLE GIANT; Charleston, Ill.

Meets in Federation Hall, every Sunday at 7 P. M.
 G. W. Durrell Master
 W. W. Donaldson Secretary
 B. S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Collector
 R. T. Cassidy Receiver
 B. S. Sleeth, L. Box 752 Magazine Agent

188. S. S. HERRILL; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Michle Hall, 609. Western Ave. and
 Indiana St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Dell Miller, 33 Arctian ave Master
 C. E. Wheeler, 91 N. Western ave. Secretary
 Fred Myers, C. M. & St. P. engine house.
 Western ave Collector
 L. L. Gay, 90 N. Sacramento Ave. Receiver
 L. P. Smith, 644 Fulton St. Magazine Agent

189. BALDWIN; Ft. Howard, Wis.

Meets in Narris' Block, Green Bay, Wis., 2d and
 4th Sundays.
 Martin Sheehy Master
 Dennis Hogan, L. Box 152 Secretary
 G. E. Wallace, Green Bay, Wis Collector
 Martin Sheehy Receiver
 Jno. La Hole, Grand Rapids Magazine Agent

190. FERGUSON; Mitchell, S. Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2
 P. M.
 Emmet Wentworth, Box 102, Sanborn, Ia. Master
 Fred L. Powell, Sanborn, Ia. Secretary
 C. J. Walston, Sanborn, Ia. Collector
 C. J. Walston, Sanborn, Ia. Receiver
 Thos. Helman, Sanborn, Iowa Magazine Agent

191. CUSTER; Livingston, Montana.

Meets in Thompson's Hal every Wednesday at
 7:30 P. M.
 Royal Haxton, Bozeman Master
 Henry McCue, L. Box 310 Secretary
 Walter Jellison Collector
 A. M. Getchell Receiver
 E. B. Kelley Magazine Agent

192. MT. TACOMA; Tacoma, Wash.

Meets in Danish Brotherhood Hall, cor. East D
 and 28th sts., every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 W. E. Wheeler, Box 498 Master
 Jno. Cartwright, 405 Puyallup ave. Secretary
 Jas. Doran Collector
 F. S. Stevens, Box 1088 Receiver
 J. E. Connolly, 1122 Pacificave Magazine Agent

193. J. B. MAYNARD; East Portland, Oregon.

Meets in Ross's Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2 P. M.
 D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Master
 Jno. Valche, Box 287 Secretary
 E. J. Stroud, Box 287 Collector
 D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Receiver
 D. J. Byrnes, Box 287 Magazine Agent

194. BONANZA; Missoula, Montana.

Meets in K. of P. Hall 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30
 P. M.
 T. J. Burke, Box 385 Master
 E. C. Lynch, Box 385 Secretary
 L. D. Sterne, Box 385 Collector
 Geo. Slade Receiver
 Thos. Wilkins Magazine Agent

195. RE-ECHO; Montpelier, Idaho.

Meets in Montpelier Hall, Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
 C. C. Hammond Master
 T. A. Asple Secretary
 Edw. Singent Collector
 L. H. Lubben Receiver
 B. W. Cunningham Magazine Agent

196. CLOUD CITY; Leadville, Colo.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 125 E 6th St., every
 Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 Fred Hyde, 321 E 12th st Master
 M. H. Flynn, L. Box 607 Secretary
 W. B. Goff, 217 W 6th st Collector
 H. C. Newell, 211 E. 11th st Receiver
 H. S. Smith, 508 Poplar St. Magazine Agent

197. RIVERSIDE; Savannah, Ill.

Meets 1st Sunday at 9 A. M. and 3d Sunday at
 1:30 P. M. in B. of L. E. Hall, Law's Building.
 Jas. Bailey, Box 184 Master
 C. P. Ingunsundson, Box 44 Secretary
 J. H. Full rd, Box 375 Collector
 J. H. Fullford, Box 375 Receiver
 S. A. McCormac, Box 300 Magazine Agent

198. MAPLE CITY; Norwalk, Ohio.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.
 W. W. Drury, 112 Hexton Master
 Theo. F. Welsh, 49 Newton st Secretary
 E. C. Somers, 44 Pleasant st Collector
 W. Y. Dennis, 31 W. Seminary St. Receiver
 Jos. Herron, 16 Courtland st. Magazine Agent

199. MAHONING; Youngstown, Ohio.

Meets in B. of E. B. Hall, over First National
 Bank, 21 Federal St., 2d Sunday afternoon and
 4th Thursday evening.
 W. J. Reese, 1233 Emma st Master
 R. R. Jenkins, 1023 Orange St. Secretary
 Michael Hallisy Collector
 Receiver
 M. J. Welch, 25 Darrow St Magazine Agent

200. FAITH; Meridian, Miss.

Meets in Engineers' Hall every Thursday evening
 at 7:30 P. M.
 J. L. Stutz, 307 21st ave. Master
 W. A. Connors, 307 21st ave. Secretary
 A. R. VanNorman, 372 5th st. Collector
 S. F. Baker, 423 41st Ave Receiver
 B. J. Mitchell, 5th st and 57th
 ave Magazine Agent

201. FRIENDLY HAND; Jackson, Tenn.

Meets in I. A. of M. Hall, cor. Main and Market
 sts., every Thursday evening.
 Wm. Quinn, care M. & O. Shops Master
 J. C. Lindsey Secretary
 L. C. Payne Collector
 J. T. Gaffany, M. & O. Shops Receiver
 U. G. Chilton Magazine Agent

202. SCIOTO; Chillicothe, Ohio.

Meets in Clough's Hall, 1st and 3d Sunday at 2
 P. M.
 D. C. Green, E Second st Master
 L. O'Day, 350 E. Main st Secretary
 W. H. Cutter, 272 E Main st Collector
 Wm. Hyson, 294 E 4th at Receiver
 J. W. Rumpf, 215 N Hirt st Magazine Agent

203. GARFIELD; Garrett, Ind.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, every Sundays at 2 P. M.
 D. P. Olden, Box 164 Master
 Sherman Leek, Box 74 Secretary
 G. E. Campbell, Box 193 Collector
 C. F. Reneman, Box 193 Receiver
 G. W. Artis, Box 103 Magazine Agent

204. COTTON BELT; Jonesborough, Ark.

Meets in K. P. Hall, Main st, every Saturday at 2
 P. M.
 H. S. Ferguson, Box 183 Master
 A. W. Morris Secretary
 C. P. Bond, Box 258 Collector
 A. A. Gofin Receiver
 F. W. Riga Magazine Agent

06. FLOWER OF THE WEST; Topeka, Kansas.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Christ. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st. Master
Olmstead Hollister, 630 Jefferson st. Secretary
E. H. Powell, 101 E. 4th st. Collector
Christ. McGinnis, 322 Jefferson st. Receiver
J. L. Spalding, 810 Hancock st. Magazine Agent

06. FORT PICKERING; Memphis, Tenn.
Meets in Miller's Hall, Cor. 5th and Jackson Sts. every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. A. Weatherall, K. C. M. & B. round house Master
D. L. Forsyth, 471½ Georgiast Secretary
H. G. Oates, 653 Shelby st. Collector
D. L. Forsyth, 471½ Georgiast Receiver
G. A. Robinson, 121 Rayburn ave, Magazine Agent

207. LOYAL; Meadville, Pa.
Meets in Corinthian Block, 912 Water st., every Wednesday evening.
F. C. Stebbins, 257 North st. Master
E. L. First, 048 Markwt st. Secretary
G. T. Patton, 371 North st. Collector
G. A. Oster, 347 Poplar St. Receiver
P. E. Morrison, 825 Liberty St. Magazine Agent

208. KEYSTONE; Susquehanna, Pa.
Meets in Doran's Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Daniel Creggan, Box 291 Master
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Secretary
John Hile, Box 32 Collector
C. W. Anderson, Box 337 Receiver
J. J. Hogan Magazine Agent

209. SARATOGA; Whitehall, N. Y.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 3d story Old National Bank building, alternate Sundays 2:30 P. M.
J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Master
Wm. J. Rivers Secretary
J. H. Nelson, Box 151 Collector
Walter Johnson, Box 59 Receiver
J. W. Farrar, Box 361 Magazine Agent

210. 18-K; Schenectady, N. Y.
Meets in Mohawk Valley Lodge Room every other Thursday.
Julius Zeller, Box 497 Master
J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Secretary
J. W. Vrooman, Box 497 Collector
J. E. VanVranken, Box 497 Receiver
Wm. Hogan, 429 Hamilton st. Magazine Agent

211. ONOKO; South Easton, Pa.
Meets in Bragg's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M.
Wm. Gausline, 1066 Butler st., Easton Master
C. L. McKee, 209 S 5th St., Easton Secretary
J. S. Smith, 912 Wilkesbarre st. Collector
A. J. Mickley, 725 Berwick St. Receiver
D. W. Henry, 445 Wilkesbarre St. Magazine Agent

212. EMPIRE; Watertown, N. Y.
Meets in Good Templars' Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. T. Ames, 96 Arsenal St. Master
Willis Graham, 39 Meadow St. Secretary
Van C. Bockus, 27 Cross St. Collector
F. C. Nichols, 28 Meadow St. Receiver
F. E. Root, 27 Orchard St. Magazine Agent

213. WEST SHORE; Syracuse N. Y.
Meets in Doolittle Hall, Pine St., alternate Sundays.
C. E. Blanchard, 142 Oak St. Master
M. J. Melroy, 140 Oak St. Secretary
C. W. Prime, 339 Elm St. Collector
Edward Davis, 140 Oak St. Receiver
Jno. Sullivan, 103 Henderson St. Magazine Agent

214. ORIOLE; Baltimore, Md.
Meets in Beruyn Hall, on 1st St. 2d and 4th Sundays.
G. C. Wilson, 411 W. Fifth st. Master
T. C. Lambden, 1309 Valley st. Secretary
A. F. Gibbons, 403 W. Fifth st. Collector
Jas. L. Stewart, 141 Falls Road Receiver
W. E. Martin, 2025 Oak st. Magazine Agent

215. EAST ALBANY; East Albany, N. Y.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. W. Reed, 106 2d st. Master
D. F. Teeling, 21 Broadway, Bath-on-Hudson Secretary
W. A. Buckbee, 54 Pine st. Collector
C. J. Wriker, 21 Glenn st., Greenbush Receiver
V. D. Rhodes, 439 Broadway Magazine Agent

216. BLACK RIVER; Lorain, Ohio.
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Benson Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 12 o'clock noon.
J. C. Crouch, L. Box 1134 Master
F. L. Cutting, Box 353 Secretary
H. A. Eddy Collector
Thos. Burns Receiver
J. B. Liggett, Uhrichsville Magazine Agent

217. HEADLIGHT; Brazil, Ind.
Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons.
E. P. Collins Master
M. T. Wilson, Box 5 Secretary
Thos. Gribble Collector
J. M. Brown, Box 10 Receiver
Henry Schade Magazine Agent

218. PIKES PEAK; Colorado City, Colo.
Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.
Geo. Hopkins Master
Richard Griffith, Box 238 Secretary
Jos. McIntyre Collector
Richard Griffith, Box 238 Receiver
Chas. Snyder Magazine Agent

219. SMOKEY CITY; Allegheny, Pa.
Meets cor. Bidwell and Pennsylvania Aves. every Monday at 2:30 P. M.
H. B. Shaffer, 307 Allegheny Ave. Master
H. W. Robb, 191 Juniata st. Secretary
Jno. Frost, 6 New Superior st. Collector
H. E. Vogan, 269 Allegheny ave. Receiver
E. F. McCarty, 2 Refuge at Magazine Agent

220. PROVIDENT; Sanbury, Pa.
Meets in Masonic Hall, 3d St. 1st and 3d Sundays, at 1 P. M.
J. F. Walls Master
Wm. E. May, Box 212 Secretary
J. B. Cawley Collector
C. C. Bowen Receiver
C. F. Kline, Box 597 Magazine Agent

221. HURON; Point Edward, Ontario.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 31 Tuesdays at 8 P. M.
Jos. Lester Master
Wm. Shortman, Box 59 Secretary
Donald Campbell Collector
Chas. Wikie Receiver
Wm. Holmes Magazine Agent

222. WEBSTER; Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
Jos. Kelly Master
O. G. Anderson, Box 49 Secretary
Frank Evans, Box 481 Collector
C. E. Snook Receiver
C. L. Carter Magazine Agent

223. POTTAWATOMIE; Junction City, Kan.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. A. Easterday, Box 555 Master
H. A. Edwards Secretary
J. M. Munroe Collector
W. A. Easterday, Box 555 Receiver
B. S. Quick, 114 Porter St. Kansas City, Kan Magazine Agent

224. T. C. BOOEN; St. Cloud, Minn.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
E. J. Farrell, 220 11th ave N Master
H. B. Harding, 817 Thirteenth ave N Secretary
John Mournan, 323 Ninth ave N Collector
Walter Bach, Box 159 Receiver
Jas. W. Uptygrove, Box 432 Magazine Agent

225. SUPERIOR; Fort William West, Ontario.

Meets in Smith's Hall every Monday night.
 I. N. Maxwell Master
 W. T. Reid Secretary
 M. A. Bryant Collector
 Joseph Fregeau, Fort William East Receiver
 Joseph Fregeau, Fort William East Magazine Agent

226. MAGNOLIA; Ennis, Texas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall 2d and 4th Wednesdays.
 2d at 1 P. M. and 4th at 7 P. M.
 Jno. Barry, H. & T. C. Shops Master
 W. M. Nicol, L. Box 136 Secretary
 John Barry, H. & T. C. Shops Collector
 W. M. Nicol, L. Box 136 Receiver
 G. D. K. Redmon, H. & T. C. Shops, Mag. Agent

227. MAGNET; Binghamton, N. Y.

Meets in Mudge Hall, cor. Eldredge and Chenango sts., 2d and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 R. C. Rathrock, 11 Emmett st. Master
 J. D. Pritchard, 83 Eldridge st. Secretary
 R. G. Rathrock, 11 Emmett st. Collector
 Theo. Haskins, 25 Frederick St. Receiver
 U. G. Weaton, 30 Verdrel St. Magazine Agent

228. ACME; Scranton, Pa.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, No. 332 Lackawanna Ave.
 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
 R. S. Gillingham, 128 10th st., Hyde Park, Master
 W. W. Frothingham, 313 Monroe Ave. Secretary
 A. J. Thomas, 317 S Hyde Park Ave. Collector
 E. H. Belden, 305 Forest St. Receiver
 W. H. Brutzman, 329 Franklin Ave. Magazine Agent

229. RICKARD; Utica, N. Y.

Meets in Post Bacon Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:00 P. M.
 J. J. Quirk, 155 Catherine st. Master
 C. A. Pease, 721 Whitesboro st. Secretary
 J. A. Weigand, 82 Hubbell st. Collector
 C. A. Pease, 721 Whitesboro st. Receiver
 G. H. Bowman, Deerfield Magazine Agent

230. ALBANY CITY; Albany, N. Y.

Meets in Cappella Hall, 613 Clinton ave, corner Quail st., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 G. W. Gikerson, 185 First st. Master
 M. J. Jeffers, 38 Ontario st. Secretary
 Courtland Maher, 11 Prospect Ave. Collector
 C. M. Jeffers, 36 Ontario st. Receiver
 Edw. Van Epps, 32 Hunter Ave. Magazine Agent

231. DELAWARE; Wilmington, Delaware.

Meets in R. of L. F. Hall, corner 3d and Market sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 G. F. Fagan, 47 So. Jackson st. Master
 G. H. Larimore, 1019 Poplar St. Secretary
 G. H. Larimore, 1019 Poplar st. Collector
 W. J. Johnston, cor. Cedar and Anchor-age sts. Receiver
 Harry Mask, 1006 Lombard st. Magazine Agent

232. LUCKY THOUGHT; Middletown, N. Y.

Meets in A. O. H. Hall 2d Monday and 4th Wednesday nights.
 T. F. Farrell, 19 West st. Master
 Thos. Dwyer, cor. Prince and Cottage sts. Secretary
 H. R. Weeden, 281 North St. Collector
 C. E. Ward, 78 Warner Ave. Receiver
 M. J. Quinn, 284 North st. Magazine Agent

233. GLAD TIDINGS; Moncton, New Brunswick.

Meets in Victoria Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 John Stewart, Jr., Box 378 Master
 H. S. Cullen Secretary
 Frank G. Brown Collector
 Harry S. Lee, Box 79 Receiver
 G. W. Speed Magazine Agent

234. NORTH BAY; North Bay, Ontario.

Meets in R. of L. F. Hall, alternate Tuesdays.
 H. J. Reid Master
 J. A. Lynch Secretary
 J. T. Lindsay Collector
 John Christenson Receiver
 Jno. Lyons Magazine Agent

235. THREE BROTHERS; Pittsburg, Pa.

Meets in Welsh Bros.' Hall at cor. 26th St. and Penn Ave., alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M.
 John Beswick, 3005 Penn ave Master
 E. A. Hazlett, 3045 Penn ave Secretary
 O. J. Werle, 4733 Laurel ave Collector
 G. C. Parrshall, 3105 Penn Ave Receiver
 E. F. McKeezie, 2,906 Penn Ave. Magazine Agent

236. HINTON; Hinton, West Virginia.

Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 M. F. Vanstravern Master
 T. E. Cobbs Secretary
 C. J. Andrews Collector
 D. L. Eubanks Receiver
 R. P. Boyd Magazine Agent

237. CENTRAL PARK; Central Park, Ill.

Meets in Tilton School Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Thaddeus Chew, 4104 Carroll ave. Master
 E. H. Brown, 119 So. Green st. Secretary
 David Leavitt Collector
 Thaddeus Chew, 4104 Carroll ave. Receiver
 G. J. Rowbottom, 211 Harding Ave., Chicago. Magazine Agent

238. PLAIN CITY; Paducah, Ky.

Meets in Rogers' Hall every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Lloyd Grimes, 1301 Broadway Master
 J. W. Twyman, 1025 Broadway Secretary
 J. W. Brust, 1023 Broadway Collector
 J. P. Wesley, 1105 Broadway Receiver
 J. P. Wesley, 1105 Broadway Magazine Agent

239. BUCKEYE; Delaware, Ohio.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, 51 N. Lake St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1 P. M.
 T. F. Parker, 281 E Central ave. Master
 H. A. Briner, 99 E. William st. Secretary
 W. F. Ferris, 173 E. Central ave. Collector
 Ed. Baker, 79 Mill st., Cincinnati Receiver
 C. O. Norton, Mauds Magazine Agent

240. GILBERT; Jackson, Mich.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Jackson and Main sts., 1st and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Monday at 2:30 P. M.
 E. J. Coy, cor. Pleasant st and Grove ave, Master
 M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St. Secretary
 Henry Mosher, 214 E Pearl st. Collector
 M. A. Henry, 327 Quarry St. Receiver
 F. K. Perrine, 106 Pringle ave. Magazine Agent

241. LAKE ERIE; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 421 S. Division St., alternate Fridays, at 7:30 P. M.
 J. W. Jacobs, 340 N Division St. Master
 F. C. Loomis, 126 N Ogden st, E Buffalo, Secretary
 P. W. Springweiller, 145 Monroe St. Collector
 I. H. Crossman, 500 Swan St. Receiver
 F. H. Goodenough, 653 Eagle St. Magazine Agent

242. LIBERTY; Elmira, N. Y.

Meets in Redmen's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Robt. Pearce, 711 1/2 Lake st. Master
 H. F. Millins, 108 First St. Secretary
 L. E. Gillespie, 100 1/2 Hall St. Collector
 H. F. Millins, 108 First St. Receiver
 P. P. Davies, cor. Fulton and South Ave. Magazine Agent

243. J. H. SELBY; Texarkana, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M., in R. of L. F. Hall, Ohio Block.
 Geo. Desborough, Box 2 Master
 J. P. Reinhardt, Box 2 Secretary
 J. P. Reinhardt, Box 2 Collector
 W. F. Rowe, Box 50 Texarkana, Ark. Receiver
 W. F. Rowe, Box 220, Texarkana, Ark. Magazine Agent

244. T. P. O'DOURKE; Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Schwedrich's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8 P. M., and 2d Sunday at 2 P. M.
 F. C. Winn, 500 S. Boley st. Master
 Jno. O'Malley, 14 O'Brien st. Secretary
 Jno. Larkin, 139 Newberry ave. Collector
 C. J. Lynch, 302 S Boley St. Receiver
 B. E. Amerl, 284 28th st., Brighton Park, Chicago. Magazine Agent

5. GEORGIA; Savannah, Ga.

Meets in Firemen's Hall, Sorrell Building, cor. of Bull and Bay Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 G. L. Kempf, 44 Sims st. Master
 I. R. Stelts, 209 Perry St. Secretary
 M. J. Barrett, 183 Charlton st. Collector
 Fleming Goolsby, 84 Montgomery st. Receiver
 Adam Hutton, 271 Bull st. Magazine Agent

6. MACON; Macon, Ga.

Meets in M. & W depot every Sunday.
 T. E. Jordan Gordon st. Master
 W. H. Lofley, 704 Third st. Secretary
 C. J. Wilson Collector
 Edw. Almy, Gordon st. Receiver
 C. E. Stone, 1440 4th St. Magazine Agent

7. KENNESAW; Atlanta, Ga.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, 6½ W Mitchell st., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 W. F. Hetzel, 192 S Forsyth st. Master
 J. M. Barrett, 159 Davis st. Secretary
 W. A. Woolbright, 89 Walton st. Collector
 G. W. Manning, 53 W Simpson st. Receiver
 J. C. Burnett, 79 Davis st. Magazine Agent

8. WESTERN RESERVE; Ashland, Ohio.

Meets in K. of H. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 C. D. Weisell, Box 328 Master
 H. S. Redhead, Box 228 Secretary
 William Weisell, Box 328 Collector
 Jas. Coutts Receiver
 Jas. Coutts, West st. Magazine Agent

9. CALUMET; South Chicago, Ill.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, South Chicago, 2d Sunday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 Wm. Muldoon, L Box 17 Master
 Daniel O'Connell, L Box 77 Secretary
 P. F. Roach, L Box 17 Collector
 H. A. Purvis, L Box 17 Receiver
 W. J. Price, Box 118 Magazine Agent

10. GOLDEN LINK; Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Eo. Main st., and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Peter Becker, 15 Ralph st. Master
 J. C. Hollenback, 313 N Canal st. Secretary
 E. O. Hale, Kingston Collector
 C. H. Lamont, Box 52, Kingston Receiver
 E. O. Hale, Kingston Magazine Agent

11. LEHIGH; Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Meets in Stahl's Hall, Upper Mauch Chunk, 1st and 3d Sundays.
 Lafayette Wildoner, L. Box 365 Master
 N. E. Reinart, L. Box 324 Secretary
 L. H. Yetter, L. Box 365 Collector
 Charles Roberts, L. Box 365 Receiver
 Wm. Spencer, Box 365 Magazine Agent

12. COLUMBIA; Columbia, Pa.

Meets in Fendrich's Hall, 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 William A. Glosser, 446 Chestnut st. Master
 H. G. Klough, 242 New Second st. Secretary
 Jos. Dennison, 640 Chestnut St. Collector
 M. M. Hinkle, 711 Walnut St. Receiver
 J. D. McBride, 246 New 2d st. Magazine Agent

13. TRENTON; Trenton, N. J.

Meets in Stradling Building, 181 N. Green St., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 T. J. Berrien, 228 Pearl st. Master
 Robert Stackhouse, 697 Broad St. Secretary
 T. H. Decator, 79 Bothard st. Collector
 F. P. Parsons, 175 Brunswick Ave. Receiver
 J. S. Shelly, 405 Monmouth st. Magazine Agent

14. CLIMAX; Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M., and 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 J. D. McKinney Master
 Frank McGinnis, Box 712 Secretary
 Geo. Thompson Collector
 D. J. Kennedy Receiver
 Pierce Welch Magazine Agent

255. CANAL CITY; Arkansas City, Kan.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday nights.
 J. E. Drennan, 719 Eo D st. Master
 A. O. P. Nicholson, W Adams ave. Secretary
 Andrew Craig Collector
 S. S. Small, 1005 S. 1st st. Receiver
 W. S. Ballou Magazine Agent

256. HIGH LINE; Como, Colo.

Meets in Slater's Hall every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M.
 Edward Conahan Master
 Joe Ebers Secretary
 J. B. Clark Collector
 A. E. Harvey Receiver
 G. N. Chadwick Magazine Agent

257. KIT CARSON; Raton, New Mexico.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, on 1st St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 J. R. Smith Master
 Ray Harvey Secretary
 A. E. McCredy Collector
 J. M. McPherson, L Box 50 Receiver
 A. R. Cullen, Box 50 Magazine Agent

258. RENO; Nickerson, Kansas.

Meets in K. P. Hall, over Eagle Drug Store, every Thursday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. D. Fox Master
 C. W. Arnold, L. Box 29 Secretary
 L. M. Hill Collector
 O. N. Newland Receiver
 W. F. Smith, L. Box 472 Magazine Agent

259. B. J. CHASE; Ashland, Wis.

Meets in Good Templars' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 Wm. Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave. Master
 J. J. Orrick, Commercial Hotel Secretary
 Fred Godfrey, Box 929 Collector
 Wm. Buckley, 720 Ellis Ave. Receiver
 T. A. Hubbell, Ellis ave. Magazine Agent

260. CALIFORNIA; Sacramento, Cal.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, Masonic Building, 6th and K Sts., every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 Jno. Hurley, Box 107 Master
 R. E. Nobel, Box 107 Secretary
 T. L. Thompson, 1319 K st. Collector
 D. A. Smith, Box 107 Receiver
 A. G. White, 781 F St. Magazine Agent

261. MAGDALENA; San Marcial, New Mexico.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Sunday and 3d Tuesday.
 W. H. Alder Master
 J. R. Parrish, Box 76 Secretary
 Chris Lembke Collector
 Gus Lesemann Receiver
 T. J. Burns Magazine Agent

262. QUEEN CITY; West Toronto Janct., Ont.

Meets in Campbell Hall, Dundas St., alternate Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 W. B. Ritchey, 41 Hook ave. Master
 F. G. DREWITT, 89 Northcote ave, Toronto, Secretary
 Albert Connors, Box 163 Collector
 Jno. Donaldson, 39 Vanborn st., Toronto Junction Receiver
 Ernest McConnell, 12 Clark st., Parkdale Magazine Agent

263. ALAMO; Taylor, Texas.

Meets in Alamo Hall 1st and 3d Thursdays at 2 P. M. and 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 8 P. M.
 Geo. Surkey, Box 68 Master
 W. H. Pipkin, Box 68 Secretary
 Geo. Steadman, Box 68 Collector
 Louis Francis, Box 151 Receiver
 L. L. Clark Magazine Agent

264. J. K. GILBREATH; Butte City, Montana.

Meets in Frost's Hall, South Butte, Mont., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 Geo. Cross, Box 3, S Butte Master
 Chas. Gallagher, S. Butte Secretary
 A. E. McDuffy, S. Butte Collector
 E. E. Sweeney, Box 11, E. Butte Receiver
 J. L. Shute Magazine Agent

265. GRAND RIVER; Grand Rapids, Mich.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, 8 Division st, 2d and 4th
Sundays at 2 P. M.
E. E. Decker, Hall st Master
L. A. Ogden, 247 Centre st Secretary
H. L. Brown, 427 Cass st Collector
L. A. Ogden, 247 Centre St Receiver
S. D. Heath, 232 12th ave Magazine Agent

266. JOHN HICKEY; South Kaukauna, Wis.

Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M., in Dug-
gan Hall.
R. B. Nichols, Box 120 Master
J. M. Golden, Box 324 Secretary
Bernard Finnegan Collector
Albert Schrader Receiver
J. J. Palmer Magazine Agent

267. ENDEAVOR; Algiers, La.

Meets in Castle Hall 1st and 3d Thursdays at 1:30
P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
A. G. Donely, 88½ Pacific ave Master
J. E. Coyne, 88½ Pacific Ave Secretary
P. J. Coyne, Jr., 121 Pacific ave Collector
Jno. Mitchell, 107½ Chestnut st Receiver
S. P. Vallette, 28 Vallette st Magazine Agent

268. CLIFTON HEIGHTS; New Albany, Ind.

Meets in Hadden's Hall, cor. State and Market
Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
C. T. Dillard, Box 74 Master
G. L. Stein, 34 W Third st Secretary
B. B. Barbee Collector
J. R. Keane, 106 W Main St Receiver
Arthur Lister, Bedford, Ind Magazine Agent

269. O. K.; Cincinnati, Ohio.

Meets in Chapel Hall, B. E. cor. Genesee and Cen-
tral Ave., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. B. Sheehan, 25 Storrs st Master
Harrison Crank, 497 W 5th Secretary
Harry McGeary, 85 Pendleton St Collector
J. B. Sheehan, 25 Storrs St Receiver
Lonis Huttenlocher, 1630 W 6th st Mag. Agent

270. MINNEAPOLIS; Minneapolis, Minn.

Meets in K. P. Hall, corner Bloomington and
Franklin Avenues South, 1st Sunday at 1:30
P. M., and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
Oliver Johnson, 621 11th Ave. S Master
Patrick Ferruse, 116 Cedar ave S Secretary
J. F. Emerson, 2500 Bloomington Ave. Collector
A. H. Titus, 3103 Cedar Ave., South Receiver
C. D. Sharrah, 325 5th Ave S Magazine Agent

271. BYRAM; Port Morris, N. J.

Meets at Union Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30
P. M.
Jos. McConnell Master
Wm. Weller, Box 26 Secretary
T. F. Ayers Collector
Wm. Weller, Box 26 Receiver
C. D. Leffler Magazine Agent

272. WILSON; Junction, N. J.

Meets in Wells' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 3:30
P. M.
J. S. Eveland, jr., Box 106 Master
Jeremiah Desmond Secretary
J. P. Butler Collector
John Everett Receiver
J. S. Eveland, Box 106 Magazine Agent

273. DENVER; Denver, Colo.

Meets in room 25 Barnard's Block, cor. Clark
and 4th Ave., every Monday evening at 7:30.
G. D. Blackford, 105 So 9th st Master
R. B. Hind, 1024 South 7th st Secretary
C. W. Curtis, 830 S. 9th St Collector
R. B. Hind, 1024 S. 7th st Receiver
E. A. Schlereth, 911 S. 9th St Magazine Agent

274. JACKSON; Clifton Forge, Va.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays
at 2:00 P. M.
H. M. Newcomb Master
W. L. Mahany Secretary
Richard Hamilton Collector
H. M. Newcomb Receiver
O. F. Jordan Magazine Agent

275. LEE; Richmond, Va.

Meets in Druid's Hall, cor. 17th and Main Sts.
1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
W. B. Sanders, Box 168 Newport News, Va. Master
C. F. Smith, C. & O. Round House Secretary
D. C. W. McLeod, C. & O. Round House Collector
W. B. Sanders, Box 168, Newport News Receiver
A. L. Jones, 905 N 5th st Magazine Agent

276. REGINA; Vancouver, B. C.

Meets in Good Templars' Hall every Wednesday
at 2 P. M.
Harry Andrews Master
G. B. Govett Secretary
C. L. Austin, North Bend Collector
Robt. Bunt, Box 58, Kamloops Receiver
J. T. Little Magazine Agent

277. ALABAMA; Mobile, Ala.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. Dauphin and Jack-
son Sts., 2d Sunday at 1 P. M.
F. I. Carney, L. & N. Shops Master
W. B. Kerns, L. & N. Shops Secretary
T. W. Kerns, L. & N. Shops Collector
Chas. Barnard, L. & N. Shops Receiver
Theady Green, L. & N. Shops Magazine Agent

278. WHITE BREAST; Laredo, Tex.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at
2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Sundays at 8:30 P. M.
W. B. Metcalf, Box 108 Master
Ed Chamberlain, Box 108 Secretary
J. B. G'Sell, care Mex. Nat'l Shops Collector
W. B. Metcalf, Box 108 Receiver
J. B. G'Sell Magazine Agent

279. MONTE SANO; Tusculum, Ala.

Meets in K. P. Hall 1st Saturday.
W. C. Shrader Master
C. E. Spaulding Secretary
R. L. Word Collector
C. E. Spaulding Receiver
J. A. Johnson Magazine Agent

280. OZARK; Thayer, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 9 A. M., 2d and 4th
at 7 P. M., in Boyd's Hall.
C. D. Rice Master
J. P. Brady Secretary
G. P. Stephens Collector
W. W. Owen Receiver
J. H. Lanahan Magazine Agent

281. MISSION; Yoakum, Texas.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Sunday at 7:30
P. M.
B. D. Corey, L. Box 88 Master
F. L. Douglas, L. Box 156 Secretary
Louis Barnard, L. Box 150 Collector
W. H. Martin, L. Box 88 Receiver
F. L. Douglas, Box 88 Magazine Agent

282. BURNSIDE; Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Main St., between 4th
and 5th Sts., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
Calvin Minniear Master
J. D. Devore Secretary
W. C. Christian Collector
Harry Standing Receiver
F. H. Orland Magazine Agent

283. LACKAWANNA; Great Bend, Pa.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, 2d Sunday at 9:30 A. M.
and 4th Sunday 8 P. M.
W. M. Oswald Master
Elwood Edinger Secretary
W. B. Trowbridge, Hallstead Collector
S. H. Wells, Hallstead Receiver
A. M. Silker, Hallstead Magazine Agent

284. KLM CITY; New Haven, Conn.

Meets in Elk's Hall, 622 Chapel St., 1st and 3d
Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. E. Eldridge, 38 Spring st Master
E. A. Ferrill, 82 Spring st Secretary
L. H. Rude, 54 DeWitt st Collector
E. A. Bishop, Care C. H. Bullard, New
London Receiver
G. E. Caldwell, 53 W Court st., Spring-
field, Mass Magazine Agent

285. CHARTER OAK; Hartford, Conn.

Meets in Bliss Hall, cor. Pratt and Main Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 C. D. Moore, 106 Albany ave Master
 A. M. Porter, East Hartford Secretary
 J. H. Osmond, 55 Allen Place Collector
 H. L. Stearn, 45 Bancroft st., Springfield, Mass Receiver
 A. M. Porter, East Hartford Magazine Agent

286. SAGINAW VALLEY; East Saginaw, Mich.

Meets in Lester Adams Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 John McGaffigan, 903 N. 6th st Master
 Alfred Bush, 320 Farwell st Secretary
 H. M. Martin, 212 Astor st Collector
 B. M. Curtis, F. & P. M. Engine House Receiver
 Dan McGaffigan, 903 N Sixth st, Saginaw, E. Side Magazine Agent

287. ALTOONA; Altoona, Pa.

Meets in Couch's Hall, cor 11th ave, and 13th st., 2d and 4th Sundays.
 David Hammell, 1623 11th Ave Master
 J. C. Kochenderfer, 1814 Union ave Secretary
 J. I. Anthony, 1204 Eighteenth st Collector
 Alex. McGaughey, 1610 Eleventh ave Receiver
 J. C. Kochenderfer, 1814 Union ave Magazine Agent

288. KEMET; Estherville, Iowa.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Tuesday and 3d Monday at 7:30 P. M.
 R. S. Robinson, Box 102 Master
 P. J. Sullivan, Box 43 Secretary
 A. L. Houlthouser, Box 5 Collector
 Wm. McCardle Receiver
 F. C. Little, Box 35 Magazine Agent

289. MT. LOOKOUT; Chattanooga, Tenn.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Third National Bank, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 H. H. Carter, Clin. Sou. R. R. Shops Master
 W. M. Manker, Box 268 Secretary
 J. C. Gilbreth, 618 Cowart st Collector
 M. W. Manker, Box 266 Receiver
 Jas. Pinion, 211 Fairview ave Magazine Agent

290. MARION; Hannibal, Mo.

Meets in Emmet Hall, on Broadway bet. 7th and 8th Sts., 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. T. Hart, 416 Washington st. Master
 C. E. Lowe, 640 Clay st., S. S. Secretary
 B. E. McClain, 148 Riverside st. Collector
 Michael Reardon, 416 Washington st. Receiver
 B. E. McClain, 148 Riverside st. Magazine Agent

291. ATLANTIC; Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meets in Schiellein Hall, 26th Ward, 2d Saturday evening and 4th Sunday morning.
 Edw. Locke, Sackman st. and Liberty ave Master
 J. J. McClinchey, 80 Alabama ave Secretary
 Wm. Young, E New York ave near Sackman st. Collector
 T. H. Smith, 730 Monroe St. Receiver
 T. H. Smith, 731 Monroe St. Magazine Agent

292. POCAHONTAS; Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 8:00 A. M.
 C. M. Kidd Master
 F. H. Richards Secretary
 H. W. Manpin, L. Box 50 Collector
 M. C. Andrews Receiver
 J. R. Phelps Magazine Agent

293. LAFAYETTE; Marion, Iowa.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 1st Sunday at 6:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 J. H. Riley Master
 H. A. Heberling, Box 646 Secretary
 F. H. Bernhardt Collector
 H. A. Heberling, Box 646 Receiver
 Jas. Thomas Magazine Agent

294. OHIO RIVER; Huntington, W. Va.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor 3d Ave. and 8th St., 1st Saturday and last Saturday. 1st Thursday after 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 J. C. Leake Master
 L. A. D. Tate Secretary
 L. A. D. Tate Collector
 L. A. D. Tate Receiver
 H. A. Wells Magazine Agent

295. U. S.; Davenport, Ia.

Meets in workmen's Hall, cor. 4th and Brady Sts., 1st and 3d Sunday.
 J. J. Shehan, 2715 8th ave, Rock Island, Ill. Master
 F. W. Duncan, 110 W 5th st. Secretary
 F. W. Duncan, 110 W Fifth st. Collector
 Martin Gillin, 813 Swift St. Receiver
 G. H. Austin, 804 W. Locust st. Magazine Agent

296. IRON RANGE; West Superior, Wis.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Ritchie Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 M. T. Osborne Master
 C. M. Mitchell, 1314 Ogden ave Secretary
 F. L. Benedict Collector
 T. R. Taylor, 1025 Banks ave Receiver
 B. F. Lantry, Box 107 Magazine Agent

297. CLARK; Jeffersonville, Ind.

Meets in Beck's Hall, every Sunday at 9 A. M.
 Harry Delchunt, 109 S Locust st Master
 P. R. Ditzler, 240 Missouri ave Secretary
 S. J. Jamison Collector
 B. M. Bennett, 93 Chestnut st Receiver
 M. S. Bennett, 721 E. Market st, Indianapolis, Ind Magazine Agent

298. SNOW FLAKE; Glasgow, Mont.

Meets 2d Saturday at 7 P. M., and 4th Saturday at 8 A. M.
 D. L. Haraway Master
 Henry Neate Secretary
 C. T. Doctor, Fort Assinaboine, Mont. Collector
 Alex. McLaughry Receiver
 John Goss, Great Falls, Montana Magazine Agent

299. CENTRAL OHIO; Crestline, Ohio.

Meets in Jenner's Block every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
 G. W. Reed, Box 83 Master
 W. H. Zink, L Box 80 Secretary
 J. W. White, Box 303 Collector
 B. W. DeHaven, Box 592 Receiver
 J. L. Davis, Box 688 Magazine Agent

300. HARBOR CITY; Michigan City, Ind.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall alternate Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Chas. Holgreen, Box 916 Master
 W. H. Roe, L Box 644 Secretary
 Frank Smotzer Collector
 W. H. Williamson, Box 153 Receiver
 P. J. Cassidy, Box 183 Magazine Agent

301. GREEN MOUNTAIN; Lyndonville, Vt.

Meets in Brown's Hall, Chestnut st., cor. 3d ave., 1st, 2d and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.
 T. G. Averill Master
 W. M. Weeks Secretary
 J. C. Oakley Collector
 S. J. Norris Receiver
 R. O. Renaud, Farnham. Que Magazine Agent

302. YOUGHIOGENY; Connellsville, Pa.

Meets in Reisinger's Hall, Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. F. Payne Master
 J. D. Cunningham, Box 453 Secretary
 S. A. McPhee, Box 387 Collector
 S. A. McPhee, Box 387 Receiver
 Jno. Tooland Magazine Agent

303. VILLA PARK; Streator, Ill.

Meets in Schlitz' Hall, cor. Main and Vermillion St., alternate Sundays at 7 P. M.
 Moses Cantlin, 709 N. Park St. Master
 J. M. Rathbun, 806 Jackson St. Secretary
 H. B. Mumaw, 208 S. Park St. Collector
 Thos. Jefferson, 311 S. Illinois St. Receiver
 J. M. Rathbun, 806 Jackson St. Magazine Agent

304. THREE BRANCH; Argenta, Ark.

Meets in Faucett Hall every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.
 J. S. Sharp Master
 E. D. Jones, Box 32 Secretary
 J. S. Sharp Collector
 Geo. Lannan Receiver
 G. F. Barry Magazine Agent

305. UNWIN; Bat Portage, Ontario.

Meets in Garfield Hall every Wednesday evening.
 Russell Woods Master
 J. O. Dauphin Secretary
 J. H. Castlake Collector
 Jno. Bosman Receiver
 Geo. Robinson, Box 131 Magazine Agent

306. GRANITE STATE; Concord, N. H.

Meets 2d Saturday at 7:30 P. M., and 4th Sunday at 4 P. M., in Temple Hall, Sanborn Block.
 C. S. Woods, West Lebanon Master
 W. A. Cutter, Box 367 Secretary
 N. J. Miller Collector
 H. W. Morrill, West Lebanon Receiver
 J. C. Muzzev, Box 117, W. Lebanon Mag. Agent

307. HAMPDEN; Springfield, Mass.

Meets in Crescent Hall, 218 Main St., 1st and 3d Sundays.
 G. H. Lelkam, Box 127, Merrick Master
 C. A. Chapin, Box 255, Merrick Secretary
 Jno. Fenton, 585 Chestnut st. Collector
 F. B. Child, 87 Main st. Receiver
 F. B. Child, 87 Main St. Magazine Agent

308. SANTA ROSA; Portofrio Diaz, Mexico.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 Emory Spradling, Box 121 Eagle Pass, Tex. Master
 W. A. Moffatt, Box 121, Eagle Pass, Tex. Secretary
 Jacob Scheyer, Box 121, Eagle Pass, Tex. Collector
 E. T. Manning, Box 121, Eagle Pass, Tex. Receiver
 W. A. Moffatt, L. Box 121, Eagle Pass. Mag. Agent

309. BARTHOLDI; Long Island City, N. Y.

Meets 2d Mondays and 4th Saturdays at 8:00 P. M. in Schwallenberg Hall.
 Wm. Carroll, 184 Eighth St. Master
 A. J. Walker, Mineola, L. I. Secretary
 J. J. Galvin, 46 Clay St., Green Point, L. I. Collector
 A. H. Rauffe, 70 East ave Receiver
 W. J. Rooney, 129 East Ave Magazine Agent

310. CHESTNUT RIDGE; Derry Station, Pa.

Meets alternate Mondays and Third Sundays in Chosen Friends' Hall.
 H. E. Hartman Master
 H. O. Beltz Secretary
 S. J. Huber Collector
 T. S. Krepps Receiver
 T. S. Krepps Magazine Agent

311. BELLE PLAINE; Belle Plaine, Iowa.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in B. of L. F. Hall.
 C. M. Goodrich Master
 Edward Zimmerman Secretary
 M. A. Quigly Collector
 Robt. Rippin Receiver
 C. M. Goodrich Magazine Agent

312. MOUNT SHASTA; Danismuir, Cal.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Monday night.
 G. E. Schuler Master
 W. P. Haskell, Box 9 Secretary
 Leo Martin Collector
 H. L. Walther Receiver
 Archie De LaMontanya Magazine Agent

313. KAW VALLEY; Armourdale, Kansas.

Meets in Melville Hall, alternate Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. H. Kane, 700 Colorado Ave., Kansas City Master
 B. L. Kilgemann, Box 263, S S S, Kansas City Secretary
 G. W. Richardson, 352 S 7th st, Kansas City Collector
 W. N. Haddock, 3 E S 5th st, Kansas City Receiver
 W. J. Myers, 381 So. 8th st., Kansas City Magazine Agent

314. GRAND FORKS; Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Kelson ave and 4th St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 G. W. Seabastien, Box 365, Crookston, Minn Master
 L. J. Kenney, L. Box 114 Secretary
 Albert Hutton, L. Box 114 Collector
 Jas. M. Hamm, L. Box 114 Receiver
 Wm. Watkins, Barnesville, Minn, Magazine Agent

315. TROY CITY; Barnes Island, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. in Odd Fellows Hall, 101 Pine st.
 E. B. Lamb, 152 Pine st. Master
 E. D. Brize, 59 Middleburg st., Troy Secretary
 W. J. Spafford, 490 Ninth st., Troy Collector
 J. M. Williams, 2 W Sunnyside, Troy Receiver
 J. H. McCoy, 60 George st. Magazine Agent

316. OMEGA; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets in Siebert's Hall, cor. Jefferson and Bristol Sts., every Tuesday at 8 P. M.
 J. E. Rumley, 20 Jones st. Master
 W. H. Walsh, 903 Broadway Secretary
 Allen Nicol, 845 Eagle St. Collector
 J. J. Kinney, 31 Walter st. Receiver
 J. J. Hardin, 539 Perry St. Magazine Agent

317. WELCOME HOME; Henderson, Ky.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 E. H. Zircel, Cloverport Master
 M. H. O'Brien, L. St. L. & T. R. R. Secretary
 E. H. Zircel, Cloverport Collector
 T. J. Cutts, O. V. R. R. Receiver
 Dennis Glenn, 109 Olive st, Evansville Ind Magazine Agent

318. IRON CITY; Glenwood, 23d Ward, Pittsburg, Pa.

Meets on 2d avenue near Vespucius st., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. F. Willis Master
 W. E. McMinn Secretary
 P. W. King Collector
 J. E. King Receiver
 P. W. King, 2d Ave., 23d Ward, Magazine Agent

319. MOUNT MORIAH; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Miller's Hall, 6215 Woodland Ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 W. J. Clisham, 6201 Woodland ave Master
 J. E. Sentman, 60th st & Woodland Ave. Secretary
 C. C. Craig, 60th st & Woodland Ave. Collector
 B. W. Pace, 6201 Woodland Ave Receiver
 J. A. Mouldsade, 62d St. and Woodland Ave Magazine Agent

320. ARBITRATION; East St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in Wilde's Hall, cor. 7th and Bradley Sts., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Dennis Lordan, 957 Edgerton St., St. Paul, Master
 D. C. Morrison, 641 Minnehaha st., St. Paul Secretary
 H. A. Young, 113 Arch st., St. Paul Collector
 C. L. Work, 911 Lawson St., St. Paul Receiver
 Adelbert Gillette, 345 Minnesota st., St. Paul Magazine Agent

321. SNOW DRIFT; Chapleau, Ont.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, every Monday at 8 P. M.
 Jas. Rose Master
 G. B. Nicholson, Box 113 Secretary
 Harvey Pellow Collector
 E. W. Hilliar Receiver
 Barney Patterson Magazine Agent

322. JULIEN; Dubuque, Iowa.

Meets in United Workmen's Hall, cor. 13th and Clay Sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
 M. D. Densmore, 280 Broadway Master
 J. F. Welsh, 2884 Coulter ave Secretary
 H. F. West, 280 Broadway Collector
 Thos. O'Brien, 3257 Jackson St Receiver
 J. H. Murray, 2805 Coulter ave Magazine Agent

323. MUSCOGEE; Columbus, Ga.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st ave., bet. 10th and 11th, 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 A. M.
 W. J. Proctor, 10th ave, bet. 15th & 16th sts. Master
 G. E. Wilhelm, 1314 4th ave Secretary
 E. L. Corley, G. M. G. R. R. Collector
 G. F. Castleberry, 907 Fourth ave Receiver
 W. J. Proctor, C. R. R. Magazine Agent

SOUTHERN CROSS; Gainesville, Texas.

Meets in K. of P. Hall 2d and 4th Thursdays at 8 P. M.

Frank John, 610 Moran st Master
W. E. Arnold, 514 Moran st Secretary
August Goike, 514 Demson st Collector
J. D. Varner, N. Weaver st Receiver
August Goike Magazine Agent

SATILLA; Waycross, Ga.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

G. W. Barnes Master
D. B. Coughlin Secretary
A. C. Nall Collector
W. L. Knox Receiver
E. E. Clark Magazine Agent

FOLWELL; Bradford, Pa.

Meets in G. A. E. Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

G. E. Lovelace, care Model Restaurant Master
C. W. Maxon Secretary
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison st Collector
G. P. Clough, 6 Allison St. Receiver
J. H. Fenner, Cory House Magazine Agent

SILVER MOUNTAIN; Needles, Cal.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Saturday evening.

Frank Hunt, Box 33 Master
Jos. Sullivan, Box 14 Secretary
W. H. Rogers, Box 51 Collector
Mark Devlin, Box 5 Receiver
J. P. Forbes Magazine Agent

SPANISH PEAKS; La Junta, Colo.

Meets in Grand Army Hall, Mondays, at 2 P. M.

Leslie Jones Master
W. H. Bragg Secretary
Noah George, Dodge City, Kan. Collector
A. P. Hanson Receiver
L. W. Gilbert, Box 156 Magazine Agent

BELVIDERE; Belvidere, Ill.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner State and Pleasant sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

J. D. Kellogg, Box 919 Master
C. C. Smith, Box 771 Secretary
Lee E. Coleman Collector
H. B. De Puy, Box 87 Receiver
J. D. Kellogg Magazine Agent

RIVER VIEW; Kansas City, Kansas.

Meets in Melville Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

S. J. Graham, 402 Berger ave Master
C. H. Smelser, 568 Park ave Secretary
Lester Rodes, 1207 Penn Kansas City, Mo Collector
C. H. Smelser, 568 Park ave Receiver
G. W. Smith, 11 N. 7th St. Magazine Agent

CHICAGO BELT LINE; Auburn Junction, Ill.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Cor. 79th st, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

F. J. Wall, Auburn Park Master
Adolph Rosbach, Auburn Park Secretary
C. M. Probst, Box 53, So. Englewood Collector
A. F. Lance, So. Englewood Receiver
W. T. Cloglio, Box 9, Auburn Park Magazine Agent

STONE MOUNTAIN; Augusta, Ga.

Meets in Library Building 1st Sunday and every Wednesday at 7 P. M.

W. H. Young, Ga. R. R. Shops Master
E. J. Graham, Care Ga. R. R. Shops Secretary
O. M. Burch, Ga. R. R. Shops Collector
Geo. E. Florence, Ga. R. R. Shops Receiver
W. E. Barnes, 434 Telfair st Magazine Agent

FAIRMOUNT; Philadelphia, Pa.

Meets in Erickson's Hall, 3947 Lancaster St., alternate Wednesdays at 8 P. M.

G. W. Reynolds, 3725 Aspen st Master
R. L. Tomlinson, 3837 Linwood st Secretary
G. H. Maul, 330 N 40th St Collector
J. A. Boehm, 3915 Wallace st Receiver
J. A. Boehm, 3915 Wallace st Magazine Agent

334. LONG DOUBLER; East Syracuse, N. Y.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Rooms every Monday night.

E. S. Freeman Master
G. M. Shaffer Secretary
E. S. Freeman Collector
W. M. Gott Receiver
C. H. Gould Magazine Agent

335. SAINT ADOLPHUS; Hechelaga, Canada.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 111 Moreau St.

J. C. Currie, 168 Mountain st., Montreal Master
Alphonse Tanquay, 44 Mountain st., Montreal Secretary
Arsen Naud, Smith Falls, Ont. Collector
J. G. A. Braseau, 83 Moreau St. Receiver
H. C. Pys, Smith's Falls, Ont. Magazine Agent

336. FALL RIVER; Neodesha, Kansas.

Meets in Pierce's Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 8:30 P. M.

R. W. Deardoff Master
J. R. Young Secretary
Edw. Gray Collector
W. W. Wood Receiver
Geo. Harman, Box 45, Monett, Mo. Mag. Agent

337. BIG FOUR; Kansas City, Mo.

Meets in Summerwell's Hall, 31st and Bellevue ave., every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

Frank Dickens, 1811 Reservoir ave. Master
C. T. Largent, 1673 Madison ave. Secretary
D. R. Jones, 2331 Terrace st Collector
Romer Howa d, 1210 Reservoir ave Receiver
R. I. Hopson, 1642 W Prospect Place Mag. Agent

338. WEST BRANCH; Reneva, Pa.

Meets in Spangler's Hall, cor. 6th St. and Huron Ave., 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.

Albert Marolf Master
E. B. Kbaum Secretary
L. L. Smart Collector
A. M. Stout Receiver
Albert Marolf, Box 97 Magazine Agent

339. RED MOUNTAIN; Birmingham, Ala.

Meets in Erswell Building, every Tuesday at 8 P. M.

E. C. Wright, 320 N. 16th st Master
W. G. Bailey, Box 708 Secretary
E. C. Alexander, 1604 7th Ave Collector
F. W. Mosby, Jr., 2506 1st Ave Receiver
H. M. Turner, 2221 4th Ave Magazine Agent

340. STAR OF THE WEST; Newton, Kansas.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 2d Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

W. S. Dix, 201 W First st Master
W. H. Whitehead, L. Box 147 Secretary
W. H. Whitehead, L. Box 147 Collector
C. E. Jackson, L. Box 147 Receiver
W. N. Breen, 129 W. Broadway Magazine Agent

341. GOLD RANGE; Denald, B. C.

Meets in Firemen's Hall 1st and 2d Wednesdays, and 3d and 4th Sundays.

H. J. McSorley Master
William Tomlinson Secretary
J. J. Nealon Collector
Robert Somes Receiver
W. J. Armstrong Magazine Agent

342. CASCADE; Medicine Hat, North West Terr.

Meets in General Hall, 2d Wednesday and 4th Thursday.

Wm. Lowe, Box 66 Master
Chas. Wagstaff Secretary
Wm. Rutherford, Box 66 Collector
Felix McKinnon Receiver
Wm Veal, Box 64 Magazine Agent

343. NEW STATE; Lima, Montana.

Meets in Engineer's Hall every Wednesday at 2:30 P. M.

M. L. Phillips, Lima Master
W. B. Dean, Box 9 Lima Secretary
S. W. Nugent, Lima Collector
T. J. Low, Lima Receiver
J. E. Mathews, Lima Magazine Agent

344. LAS ANIMAS; Trinidad, Colo.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, N Commercial St.,
1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
E. E. Biggs, 122 Kansas ave. Master
Frank Reeves Secretary
W. K. Hedges Collector
E. E. Durden, jr., 228 Pine st. Receiver
J. E. Perry, 381 San Pedro st. Magazine Agent

345. FRONT END; Paris, Texas.

Meets 1st and 3d Saturday at 8 P. M.
W. R. Clark, Box 24 Master
J. E. Nelson, Box 24 Secretary
C. B. Vanarsdall, Box 24 Collector
T. S. Kinlock Receiver
Meddie Phegley, G. C. & S. F. Shops, Dal-
las Magazine Agent

346. FLOWERY LAND; Pensacola, Fla.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Monday at 5
P. M.
F. T. Martin, 312 Haynes st. Master
T. J. Williams, 312 Haynes st. Secretary
J. B. Ross, L. & N. R. R. shops Collector
W. H. Bond, L. & N. R. R. Shops Receiver
S. C. Donaldson, 902 E. Belmont st. Mag. Agent

347. COKE KING; Scottdale, Pa.

Meets in Junior Mechanics' Hall, 1st and 3d Sun-
days at 2 P. M.
H. M. McFeaters Master
W. P. Kinkad Secretary
J. M. Mumaw Collector
W. L. Roush Receiver
J. R. Ridgway Magazine Agent

348. BLUE MOUNTAIN; La Grande, Oregon.

Meets every Wednesday at 3 P. M. in K. of P. Hall.
D. M. Neidigh Master
O. M. Abel, Box 142 Secretary
H. M. Wall Collector
H. W. Henson, Box 311 Receiver
C. G. Holmes Magazine Agent

349. HUDSON RIVER; Union Hill, N. J.

Meets in Concordia Hall, 2d Saturday at 8 P. M.,
and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.
W. H. Brewer, New Durham Master
M. Wisker, 114 Humboldt st. Secretary
J. M. Wisker, 114 Humboldt st. Collector
Henry Poynton, Box 2, New Durham Receiver
Geo. O'Marra, New Durham Magazine Agent

350. JAMES DONNELLY; Perth Amboy, N. J.

Meets in K. of P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays.
J. U. Kidd Master
W. J. Ditzler Secretary
Jno. Jones Collector
C. E. Compton, South Amboy Receiver
John Jones Magazine Agent

351. HOME; White Haven, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays
at 2 P. M.
N. M. Smith Master
J. N. Deterline Secretary
G. S. Heimbach Collector
Charles Prutzman Receiver
J. S. Purcell Magazine Agent

352. CHAMPLAIN; St. Albans, Vt.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at
1:45 P. M., and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
J. L. Sweeney, 9 Fairfield st. Master
J. W. McGarghan, 9 Fairfield st. Secretary
H. P. Hill, 73 Main st. Collector
C. P. Kelly, 89 Foundry St. Receiver
H. E. Broadhurst, 13 High St. Magazine Agent

353. MARBLE CITY; Rutland, Vt.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, corner Merchants' Row
and Center st., 1st and 3d Sundays.
J. H. Sheehan, 67 River st. Master
W. R. McQuirk, 96 State St. Secretary
D. J. McGuire, 9 Hopkins st. Collector
Dennis Toner, 57 Washington st. Receiver
W. R. McGuirk, 96 State St. Magazine Agent

354. HOBOKEN; Hoboken, N. J.

Meets in Burnett's Hall, cor. Bloomfield and 1st
Sts., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M., and 4th Saturdays
at 8 P. M.
Jno. Curran, 222 Erie st., Jersey City Master
Jno. Gademam, 7 Nelson ave., Jersey
City Secretary
Patrick Ash, South Orange Collector
E. E. Cunnings, 112 Webster ave., Jersey
City Receiver
J. J. Welsh, 16 Elephant Lane,
Morristown Magazine Agent

355. STONE CITY; Joliet, Ill.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 222 Jefferson St., 1st Tue-
day at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Chas. Quinlan, 304 Washington st. Master
Jos. McGrath, 405 South Chicago st. Secretary
J. W. Hunt, 304 2d ave. Collector
Jos. Cassidy, 405 S. Joliet st. Receiver
Daniel Lockwood, 118 Park ave. Mag. Agent

356. CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY; Albany, N. Y.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
D. L. Ingalls, 75 Perry st. Master
R. J. Lilly, 57 1st St. Secretary
R. J. Lilly, 57 1st St. Collector
M. E. Hogan, 96 2d St. Receiver
M. E. Hogan, 96 2d St. Magazine Agent

357. JUSTICE; Vancoborough, Maine.

Meets in Plummer's Hall, Vancoboro and Main
Sts., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. E. Shea Master
Whitfield Noble Secretary
C. J. Tabor, Woodstock, N. B. Collector
W. H. Parker, Woodstock, N. B. Receiver
D. W. Lounder, St. John, N. B. Magazine Agent

358. COOKE; West St. Paul, Minn.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, cor. Fairfield and Dakota
ave., 1st Saturday at 7:30 P. M., 3d Sunday 2 P. M.
Maurice Leahy, 391 Greenwood ave. Master
W. R. Perrin, 1805 14th ave. S., Minneapolis Secretary
Peter Ralston, 127 Isabel st. Collector
Peter Anderson, 398 South Wabasha st. Receiver
Robt. Kennedy, 400 6th ave., S. Min-
neapolis Magazine Agent

359. BIG FLINT; Wellington, Kansas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at
P. M., and 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 2:00 P. M.
S. H. Barner, 525 So F st. Master
O. N. Carpenter, 513 E Harvey ave. Secretary
Thompson Park, 327 So C st. Collector
W. F. Mahan, Chanute Receiver
Jno. Allen, Panhandle, Tex. Magazine Agent

360. COLD SPRING; Springfield, Ohio.

Meets in Engineers' and Firemen's Hall 1st and
3d Sundays.
F. J. Mills, 268 East st. Master
A. W. Binns, E High st. Secretary
J. F. Swable, 79 Scott st. Collector
A. W. Binns, E High st. Receiver
O. O. Tremp, O. S. K. R. shops Magazine Agent

361. TRIED AND TRUE; Washington, Ind.

Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M. at Sand
Hill Hall.
W. H. Cunningham Master
M. B. Wagoner Secretary
Jas. Hogan Collector
F. L. Nimnicht Receiver
G. E. Gibson, Seymour Magazine Agent

362. CATARACT; Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

Meets at Colts' Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
Chas. Baker, 243 4th St., Niagara Falls Master
J. C. White, Box 325 Secretary
H. J. Pitts, 56 4th St., Niagara Falls Collector
Chas. Baker, 243 4th st., Niagara Falls Receiver
Jos. McGarr Magazine Agent

363. METROPOLITAN; New York, N. Y.

Meets at Suburban Hall, 518 E. 140th St., 2d and
4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Frank Davidson, 517 E 146th st. Master
F. R. Elliott, 640 E 139 St. Secretary
Peter Keegan, 535 E 140th st. Collector
M. J. Lynch, 541 E. 139th St. Receiver
M. J. Lynch, 541 E. 139th St. Magazine Agent

364. SOUTHERN STAR; Sanford, Fla.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Hotchkiss Block, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 T. J. E. Wells Master
 C. T. McDaniel Secretary
 R. F. Johnson Collector
 A. J. Harvey Receiver
 Joe Hogan, Palatka Magazine Agent

365. VIOLET; Bellows Falls, Vt.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 J. W. Stack Master
 A. E. Wells, Box 568 Secretary
 F. L. Darling, Windsor Collector
 A. G. Firman, Windsor Receiver
 F. E. Keach, L. Box 525, Windsor. Magazine Agent

366. OASIS; Ogden, Utah.

Meets in K. of P. Hall, cor. 24th and Washington Sts. every Friday at 1:30 P. M.
 G. J. Burleigh, Box 372 Master
 M. P. McMillan, Box 372 Secretary
 Jas. Tomasek, Terrace Collector
 C. H. Bishop, Box 372 Receiver
 Henry Ward, Terrace Magazine Agent

367. MORGAN CRANE; Somerset, Ky.

Meets in Johnson's Hall, 1st and 3d Saturday evenings.
 G. L. Peffer Master
 J. T. Hughes Secretary
 eo. Johnson Collector
 Jos. Elliott Receiver
 J. T. Hughes Magazine Agent

368. DEEP WATER; Springfield, Mo.

Meets in K. of H. Hall on Booneville St. (Headly Blk.) 1st and 2d Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., and 2nd and 4th Monday at 2 P. M.
 B. S. Chinn, 802 W. Elm st Master
 Jno. Gallagher, 343 Brower St Secretary
 Geo. Devereaux, 758 W. Elm st Collector
 F. B. Squires, 737 Lincoln St. Receiver
 P. F. Cahill, 738 N. Grant st. Magazine Agent

369. WALNUT VALLEY; Eldorado, Kan.

Meets corner Main St. and Central Ave., 1st and 3d Thursdays at 2:30 P. M. and 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
 D. J. Krischer, Box 1522 Master
 G. P. Mettler, Box 18 Secretary
 W. I. Henry, Box 365 Collector
 E. S. Temple, L. Box 461 Receiver
 Edward Turner Magazine Agent

370. NEOSHO VALLEY; Council Grove, Kan..

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 A. H. Benson Master
 W. C. Ferguson, L. Box 26 Secretary
 C. Leeman Collector
 Chas. Torrence Receiver
 C. G. Stone Magazine Agent

371. COVENANT; Nevada, Mo.

Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. L. McBride, 1028 E Locust st Master
 Squire Innis, 903 N Commercial st. Secretary
 E. H. Schader, 313 E Allison st Collector
 Squire Innis, 903 N Commercial st Receiver
 Chris Carpenter Magazine Agent

372. SIGNAL MOUNT; Big Springs, Texas.

Meets in J. M. Walker Hall, 1st Wednesday afternoon and 3d Wednesday evening.
 W. D. Pettibone, Box 135 Master
 L. C. Soidan, Box 33 Secretary
 Jas. Berry, Box 33 Collector
 W. D. Pettibone, Box 135 Receiver
 Anton Witholder, Box 214 Magazine Agent

373. PAWNEE; Fairbury, Nebr.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 1 P. M.
 Jas. McQuaid, Box 217 Master
 F. L. Young, Box 217 Secretary
 H. F. Courtway, Box 217 Collector
 Frank McAdams, Box 217 Receiver
 R. T. Smith, Box 217 Magazine Agent

374. McALLISTER; Herington, Kan.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st Thursday at 1:30 P. M., and 3d Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
 H. A. Decker, Box 85 Master
 O. L. Collier Secretary
 E. H. Henderson Collector
 John Hodgson, Box 153 Receiver
 E. W. Waring, Box 222 Magazine Agent

375. FRIENDSHIP; Dayton, Ohio.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 17½ E. 3d St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Horace Hopkins, 405 May St Master
 John Stevens, 324 Linden St Secretary
 W. W. St. John, 23 Simms st Collector
 N. W. Rose, 19 Galloway St. Receiver
 Jas. Haney, 2 Center st Magazine Agent

376. J. H. KIRK; Horton, Kan.

Meets in Mitchell's Hall every Saturday evening.
 S. S. Gossard Master
 C. L. Rowe Secretary
 H. R. Smith Collector
 W. L. Thomas Receiver
 Jno. L. Slater, Box 209 Magazine Agent

377. NICKEL PLATE; Conneaut, Ohio.

Meets in Harrington & Wildmar's Block, 1st and 3d Tuesdays at 8 P. M., and 2d and 4th at 8:00 A. M.
 A. G. Collins, Box 501 Master
 E. E. Strock Box 461 Secretary
 Geo. Boney Collector
 O. F. L. Wilkins, Box 596 Receiver
 Jos. Montague, 45 Brown st
 Cleveland Magazine Agent

378. HOLBROOK; Charters, Pa.

Meets every Sunday in Christian Hall, McKees Rocks, Pa., at 1:30 P. M.
 W. A. Newman, McKee's Rocks Master
 S. G. Evans, McKee's Rocks Secretary
 W. F. Morgan, McKee's Rocks Collector
 C. L. Hinsdale, McKee's Rocks Receiver
 T. J. McCormick, McKee's Rocks, Magazine Agent

379. WEAVER; Sayre, Pa.

Meets in K. of H. Hall, Cornell's Block, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. E. Preston, 131 Providence St., Waverly, N. Y. Master
 M. W. Tillman, Box 348 Secretary
 John McDonald Collector
 Johnson Walt Receiver
 Wm. Kirkwood Magazine Agent

380. HUB CITY; Aberdeen, S. Dakota.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 J. C. Hall, Millbank Master
 C. A. Spink, 214 N. First st Secretary
 Frank Cox, Box 691 Collector
 J. C. Hall Receiver
 Elmer Conright, Millbank Magazine Agent

381. J. W. WALKER; Conemaugh, Pa.

Meets in B. of L. F. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 W. E. Pringle Master
 J. W. Walker, L. Box 15 Secretary
 Chas. Wakefield Collector
 F. B. Custer Receiver
 J. W. Walker, L. Box 15 Magazine Agent

382. BETHESDA; Waukesha, Wis.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Edward Irwin, Box 742 Master
 J. J. Purcell, Box 1150 Secretary
 Wm. Doyle, Box 1241 Collector
 J. M. Dowd, Box 1150 Receiver
 W. H. Cutting, L. Box 1247 Magazine Agent

383. PETROLEUM; Oil City, Pa.

Meets in K. of L. Hall, cor. Seneca and Sycamore Sts., alternate Sundays.
 S. C. Lowrey, 18 Warren st Master
 Thos. F. Martin, 101 Cornplanter ave Secretary
 Timothy Downey, Shamrock st Collector
 A. G. Sittig, 39 Chestnut st Receiver
 A. W. Jude, Petroleum House Magazine Agent

- 884. E. H. WILBUR; Leighton, Pa.**
Meets in Reeber's Hall, 1st and Bank Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays.
W. H. Plummer, Weisport Master
W. H. Freyman Secretary
Alvin Rex Collector
Alfred Dreisbach, Weisport Receiver
Alfred Dreisbach, Weisport Magazine Agent
- 885. BOWER CITY; Janesville, Wis.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, Milwaukee st., 2d Sunday at 2 P. M. and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
R. P. Kay, 162 Locust st. Master
J. C. Morris, 353 Centre st. Secretary
Louis Proper Collector
M. A. Heath, 208 So Academy st. Receiver
J. F. Spohn Magazine Agent
- 886. RAMONA; San Diego, Cal.**
Meets in Young Men's Institute Hall, 728 5th St., 2d Sundays at 2 P. M. and 4th Sundays at 8 P. M.
J. L. Stearns, National City Master
W. J. Hanford, Box 312, Coronado Beach, Secretary
J. L. Stearns, National City Collector
R. V. Dodge Receiver
J. M. Davis, Box 573 National City Mag. Agent
- 887. RED ROCK; Schreiber, Ontario.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
W. T. Norris Master
Alfred Bilbe Secretary
Jas. Stinson Collector
Thos. Davis Receiver
Henry West Magazine Agent
- 888. PHIL. H. SHERIDAN; Milwaukee, Wis.**
Meets in Firemen's Hall, 170 Beid St., 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 A. M.
W. C. Gates, 448 So Pierce st. Master
J. J. Birkel, 567 Jackson st. Secretary
Gno. Pierre, 702 Washington ave. Collector
Jno. Pierre, 702 Washington ave. Receiver
John Pier, 702 Washington st. Magazine Agent
- 889. LIVINGSTONE; Chillicothe, Mo.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 7:30 P. M.
M. J. McCarthy Master
Wm. Black Secretary
Wm. Black Collector
A. H. Tucker Receiver
Jerry Shes Magazine Agent
- 890. SILVER STATE; Carlin, Nevada.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall Tuesday evenings.
J. H. McBride Master
J. C. Doughty Secretary
F. P. Doughty Collector
O. H. Oliver Receiver
Wm. Winfrey Magazine Agent
- 891. NAUVOO; Ft. Madison, Iowa.**
Meets in Hedges Hall, 2611 Santa Fe ave., 1st and 3d Mondays and 2d and 4th Tuesdays.
Emil Hanneuman Master
A. C. Andrews, 804 Third st. Secretary
J. C. Burner Collector
S. W. Bowser, 706 Des Moines st. Receiver
Fred Murdaugh, 2520 Hamilton st., Magazine Agent
- 892. WEST PENN; Blairsville, Pa.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall 2d and 4th Sunday afternoons.
Watson Swartz, L Box 358 Master
J. D. Davis, Box 20 Secretary
L. H. Martin, Box 39 Collector
W. B. Ransom, Cokeville Receiver
J. A. Rowe, Box 123 Magazine Agent
- 893. BIG SANDY; Lexington, Ky.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main st., 1st Monday at 7:30 P. M., and 3d Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
B. W. Row, L Box 8 Huntington, W. Va. Master
F. W. Collier, 185 So Limestone st. Secretary
Wm. J. Burgess, 293 E High st. Collector
F. S. Cravens, 226 N Upper st. Receiver
J. B. Cavins, 287 E Main st. Magazine Agent
- 894. PLEASANT VALLEY; Beatrice, Nebraska.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, 114 N. Fifth St., every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock sharp.
E. K. Cole, 805 S 6th st. Master
Wm. Millar, L Box 1045 Secretary
D. A. McCarter, 514 W Ella st. Collector
E. K. Cole, 805 S 6th st. Receiver
Wm. Millar, L Box 1045 Magazine Agent

- 895. MILLARD FOSTER; N. Topeka, Kansas.**
Meets N. E. cor. Gordon and Kansas Ave. every Thursday at 2 P. M.
J. T. Cuff, L Box 129 Master
Edmund Barstow, L Box 129 Secretary
Thos. Quinn L Box 129 Collector
H. H. Brown, L Box 129 Receiver
W. E. Clutts, L Box 129 Magazine Agent
- 896. TIP TOP; Goodland, Kansas.**
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall every Monday at 2:30 P. M.
F. J. McBride Master
A. F. Keith Secretary
A. F. Keith Collector
G. W. Seybert Receiver
Amos Claxton Magazine Agent
- 897. LONG DIVISION; Holistatong, Kansas.**
Meets in Masonic Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesday at 10:00 A. M.
J. B. McCauley Master
L. W. Cretcher, Box 82 Secretary
J. M. Gleadall, Horace Collector
F. J. Parnell, Call Box 397 Receiver
J. M. Gleadall, Horace Magazine Agent
- 898. CONSTANT; Olean, N. Y.**
Meets alternate Sundays at A. O. of A. M. Hall
D. H. Sullivan, 73 Wayne st. Master
J. W. Cook, 155 State st. Secretary
A. F. Johnson, 192 Sixth st. Collector
C. P. Anderson, 81 3d st. Receiver
A. F. Johnson, 192 6th st. Magazine Agent
- 899. CRESCENT CITY; New Orleans, La.**
Meets in Teutonia Hall, 3d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. M. Gordon, Jr., cor. Rampart and Port Sts. Master
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. Secretary
B. J. Meyer, 168 Clara st. Collector
J. M. Gordon, Jr., cor. Rampart and Port Sts. Receiver
W. A. O'Donnell, 164 Laurel St. Magazine Agent
- 900. MARIAS DES CYGNE; Osawatomie, Kan.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday at 2 P. M.
J. A. Bray Master
H. L. Voorhees Secretary
J. E. Kittelman Collector
I. W. Reber Receiver
Dan King Magazine Agent
- 901. ITASCA; Two Harbors, Minn.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
L. S. Garvin Master
A. G. Langill Secretary
Wm. Cogley, Box 217 Collector
Michael O'Rourke Receiver
P. J. McGuire Magazine Agent
- 902. WATER LILY; Water Valley, Minn.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 1st and 3d Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
W. H. Price Master
J. W. Diesel, Box 81 Secretary
J. S. Demarschi Collector
T. H. Haines Receiver
J. R. Gaffney, Box 65 Magazine Agent
- 903. ELIZABETH; Portsmouth, Va.**
Meets in K. P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddie St. Master
A. W. Locke, 321 Washington St. Secretary
B. T. Waller, 212 Second st. Collector
W. M. Moore, 610 Dinwiddie St. Receiver
C. B. Moore, cor County and Pearl sts. Magazine Agent
- 904. GRAVITY; Danmore, Pa.**
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
J. E. Stuart Master
C. E. Collins Secretary
W. M. Brundage Collector
D. G. Wescott Receiver
C. E. Collins Magazine Agent
- 905. VANDALIA; Emmingham, Ill.**
Meets in K. H. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. H. Crise, Box 351 Master
Jacob Schmitt, Box 301 Secretary
W. H. Crise, Box 351 Collector
August Underriner Receiver
M. R. Jones Magazine Agent

6. THANKSGIVING; Foxburg, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 6:30 P. M.
 Robert Jones, Jr. Master
 W. F. Keeler Secretary
 P. J. Lancaster Collector
 J. E. Dunlap Receiver
 D. E. Thurston Magazine Agent

7. PUGET SOUND; Seattle, Wash.

Meets in Brunswick Hall, cor. Madison and Front Sts., every Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 Wm. Blackman, care C. & P. S. R. R. . . . Master
 C. E. Houston, care C. & P. S. R. R. . . . Secretary
 J. H. Gilluly, 922 Weller st. Collector
 C. E. Houston, care C. & P. S. R. R. . . . Receiver
 W. F. Durkee, 524, cor Eighth and Weller sts. Magazine Agent

8. CRYSTAL; Jacksonville, Ill.

Meets in S. of V. Hall W. State St., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 O. P. Haingrove, 1902 S. Main st. Master
 F. L. Haingrove, 1302 S. Main st. Secretary
 Edw. Mitchell, 906 Rountt st. Collector
 A. R. McLean, 510 College ave. Receiver
 F. K. Morrison, 181 Hardin ave. Magazine Agent

9. AIR LINE; Huntingburg, Ind.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
 Frank Thalmuller Master
 Frank Bowen, Mt. Vernon, Ill. Secretary
 G. W. Prout Collector
 J. A. O'Neill Receiver
 W. V. Miller, 95 W Market st., New Albany Magazine Agent

10. HERBERT P. LITTLEJOHN; Fitchburg, Mass.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays.
 F. L. Johnson, 21 Winthrop st. Master
 W. A. Clements, 54 North st. Secretary
 A. F. Mason, F. B. R. Round House Collector
 J. D. Gleason, Williamstown Station, Mass. . . Receiver
 H. G. Pope, 46 Blossom st. Magazine Agent

11. WOLVERINE; Marshall, Mich.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Bourke, Box 615 Master
 J. P. Mahoney Secretary
 Thomas Butler Collector
 G. W. De La Vergne Receiver
 Jos. Faulkner Magazine Agent

12. BAKER; Ellensburg, Wash.

Meets in Masonic Hall, Sixth st., 1st and 3d Mondays and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. Grimes Master
 E. L. Brant, Box 685 Secretary
 W. G. Beagles Collector
 L. H. Herold Receiver
 H. McCabe Magazine Agent

13. TWO REPUBLICS; San Luis Potosi, Mexico.

Meets in Hall 5, Calle De Morales No. 28, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
 Sam Pierson, Box 71 Master
 Wylie McFarland, Box 71 Secretary
 Wylie McFarland, Box 71 Collector
 Alex. Hynds, Box 71 Receiver
 Louis Kuntcher Magazine Agent

14. ADAMANT; St. Louis, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Chouteau ave. and Old Manchester Street, 1st and 3d Fridays at 7:30 P. M.
 W. W. Reed, 1120 Talmage ave. Master
 E. W. Keatley, 4205 Norfolk ave. Secretary
 H. J. Dailey, 3943 Chouteau ave. Collector
 E. W. Keatley, 4205 Norfolk ave. Receiver
 J. G. Hyne, 3718 Chouteau ave. Magazine Agent

15. MAYFLOWER; Louisville, Ky.

Meets in Market Hall, Shelby St., bet. Market and Jefferson Sts., Wednesdays at 2 P. M.
 B. W. Blue, 738 E Washington St. Master
 W. M. McKenna, 938 E Jefferson St. . . . Secretary
 G. P. Knoch, 916 Spring St. Collector
 W. M. McKenna, 938 E Jefferson St. . . . Receiver
 J. F. Chester, 1302 Reservoir ave. Magazine Agent

16. RADIANT; Mahoningtown, Pa.

Meets in Smith's Hall, 1st Sundays at 1 P. M. and 3d Tuesdays at 7 P. M.
 G. P. Jones, 416 So Mill st., New Castle, Pa. . Master
 J. H. McIlvenny, Cliff st, New Castle, Pa. . Secretary
 E. H. Grace Collector
 F. H. Grace Receiver
 Jacob McClain, Box 207 Magazine Agent

417. DIAMOND Champaign, Ill.

Meets in Druids' Hall, corner Neil and Church sts., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 E. C. Sabin Master
 F. C. Sabin, 301 W. Clark st. Secretary
 R. W. Turner Collector
 F. C. Sabin, 301 W. Clark st. Receiver
 N. D. Moran, N Fifth st. Magazine Agent

418. BALD EAGLE; Jersey Shore, Pa.

Meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Allegheny and Wiley Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 F. N. Sellada Master
 F. H. Heinbach Secretary
 H. T. Moffet Collector
 D. E. Messner Receiver
 W. H. Johnson Magazine Agent

419. STEPTOE BUTTE; Tekoa, Wash.

Meets in Warner's Hall, Main street, Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M.
 D. S. McDonald, Box 39 Master
 H. K. Taylor, Box 39 Secretary
 W. F. Corcoran, Box 16 Collector
 Wm. Hair Receiver
 H. K. Taylor Magazine Agent

420. ANN ARBOR, Owosso, Mich.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Cor. Ball and Exchange Sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 G. W. Crinklaw Master
 J. W. Hurst Secretary
 G. C. Corey Collector
 F. E. Harrington, 408 Michigan ave. . . . Receiver
 J. F. Hux, 211 Cass st. Magazine Agent

421. WINDSOR, Windsor, Ont.

Meets 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 P. M.
 J. A. Finnie, G. T. R. Master
 W. D. Atherton, G. T. R. Secretary
 Thos. Howe, G. T. R. Collector
 H. G. Elsey, G. T. R. Receiver
 Thos. Noble, G. T. R. depot Magazine Agent

422. LAKE VIEW, Ashtabula, Harbor, Ohio.

Meets in E. A. U. Hall, Harbor, 2d and 4th Sundays at 1:30 P. M.
 W. H. McCready Master
 Geo. J. Dunn, Box 564 Secretary
 J. B. Pilmer, Box 566 Collector
 W. A. Strong Receiver
 J. E. Fitzgerald, Harbor Magazine Agent

423. MOUNT HELENA; Helena, Mont.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Main and Jackson Sts., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
 Thos. McCarty, 1517 Gallatin St. Master
 P. W. Lenzie, 1506 Phoenix Ave Secretary
 Jos. Wagner, care J. C. Stobbs, Depot . . Collector
 O. F. Whitehead, 1429 Helena ave. Receiver
 J. J. Grant, 1506 Phoenix Ave Magazine Agent

424. FLEETWOOD; Covington, Ky.

Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Madison Ave. and 5th St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
 C. E. Bass, 1059 Russell St. Master
 J. W. Kincaid, 1426 Garrard ave Secretary
 B. O. Chalkley, 1115 Washington st. . . . Collector
 J. C. Green, 1059 Russell st. Receiver
 B. O. Chalkley, 1115 Washington St Magazine Agent

425. PETER BURNS; East Nashville, Tenn.

Meets cor. Fifth and Woodland sts. every Monday at 8:00 P. M.
 Wm. Green, L. & N. R. R. shops Master
 J. L. Enoch, 241 Foster st. Secretary
 D. T. Howard, 228 Foster st. Collector
 Wm. Vanasen, 316 Foster st. Receiver
 L. M. Rowe, 241 Foster st. Magazine Agent

426. TONIGREE; Columbus, Miss.

Meets in K. P. Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 4 P. M.
 J. A. Cheatham Master
 J. W. Beale Secretary
 P. W. Gardner Collector
 J. W. Beale Receiver
 G. L. Jones Magazine Agent

427. CONGAREE; Columbia, S. C.

Meets in Phoenix Hook and Ladder Fire Co. Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
 M. J. Soling, 330 Laurel st. Master
 A. L. Terrell, 58 Taylor st. Secretary
 J. E. McDaniel, 330 Laurel st. Collector
 F. L. Outlaw, 330 Laurel st. Receiver
 T. D. Henry Magazine Agent

- 423. CHEROKEE; Van Buren, Ark.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. L. Dillon Master
M. R. Clark, Box 42 Secretary
J. H. Brock Collector
Richard Hennessey Receiver
F. S. Johnson Magazine Agent
- 423. MOUNT PLEASANT; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Fashins' Hall, 3018 Archer ave, 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
Allen Cameron, 3549 Marshfield ave Master
Chaffey Devana, 988 31st St. Secretary
Jos. Smith, 8551 Marshfield ave Collector
Daniel Canney, 3029 Pitney ave Receiver
M. O. Ricksecker, 1412 34th st. Magazine Agent
- 430. WINCHESTER; Martinsburg, W. Va.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, corner Rawley and Martin sts., 1st and 3d Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
F. H. Brookman, Cumberland, Md. Master
G. N. Cage Secretary
W. H. Keiser Collector
J. L. Rogers Receiver
W. O. Mutter Magazine Agent
- 431. MUSKEGON VALLEY; Muskegon, Mich.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, cor. Clay and Tenace sts., 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.
W. D. Ryan, care T. S. & M. Ry. Master
Henry Harvey, 88 Ottawa st. Secretary
F. J. Hayward, 18 Ottawa st. Collector
W. A. Lincoln, care Muskegon Upper Depot Receiver
W. D. Ryan, T. S. & M. Ry. Magazine Agent
- 432. PATAPSCO; Baltimore, Md.**
Meets at Mechanics Exchange Hall, South Charles st and Fort ave., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
F. B. Casell, 1743 Hanover st Master
D. W. Elker, 114 Giddings st Secretary
H. H. Hildebrand, 1261 Johnson st. Collector
W. T. Simms, 1825 S Charles st Receiver
W. T. Simms, 1825 S Charles st Magazine Agent
- 433. ENGLEWOOD; Chicago, Ill.**
Meets in Jackson's Hall, cor. Cloud Court and State st., 1st Sunday at 2 P. M., and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Chas. Naylor, 5520 Wentworth ave Master
Nicholas Simon, 5437 Princeton ave Secretary
J. C. Simons, 5650 Atlantic st Collector
N. E. Nare, 5637 Atlantic st Receiver
T. J. Moran, 488 W 53d st Magazine Agent
- 434. WILLOW GROVE; Bennett, Pa.**
Meets in American Mechanic's Hall 1st and 3d Friday at 7 P. M.
P. H. Swartwout Master
Frank Laughlin Secretary
C. O. Sprague Collector
Joseph Lee Receiver
J. F. Kearney Magazine Agent
- 435. NOTTOWAY; Crewe, Va.**
Meets in Masonic Hall 2d and 4th Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
Albert Potts Master
J. W. Lester Secretary
J. B. Neale Collector
J. W. Lester Receiver
W. H. Kitchen Magazine Agent
- 436. JAMES L. WATTS; McComb City, Miss.**
Meets in Marion Hall every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
W. C. Haynie Master
Wm. Rush Secretary
J. E. H. Newman Collector
J. D. Ellsworth Receiver
J. A. Larson Magazine Agent
- 437. EMERALD; Leavenworth, Kan.**
Meets in K. of P. Hall, Fourth and Delaware sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.
Jas. Monahan Master
Jas. Garvey, 721 Dakota St. Secretary
Jno. Conlin Collector
Patrick Bynan Receiver
Jno. Conlin, 715 Dakota St. Magazine Agent
- 438. COMFORT; Cheyenne, Wyo.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, 212½ Sixteenth st., 1st and 3d Fridays at 7 P. M.
Ernest Heenan, 1010 Central Ave Master
T. O. Jones, Box 639 Secretary
J. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St Collector
T. P. O'Neill, 607 E. 16th St Receiver
J. K. Baldwin, 415 E. 17th St Magazine Agent
- 439. APACHE CANON; Las Vegas, New Mexico.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d Saturday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
C. J. Boyd, Box 95 E. Las Vegas Master
L. A. Henschen, Box 67, E. Las Vegas Secretary
Frank Swany, Box 67, E. Las Vegas Collector
Richard Jacquemin, E. Las Vegas Receiver
G. B. Easterwood, L. Box 2 E. Las Vegas Magazine Agent
- 440. CHERISH; Monett, Mo.**
Meets in Masonic Hall every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
L. L. Carmin, Box 64 Master
Robert Gardner Secretary
C. W. McKinnon Collector
W. H. Smith, Box 60 Receiver
Michael Ketchum Magazine Agent
- 441. MIAMI; Cincinnati, Ohio.**
Meets in Spencer Hall, Eastern avenue, between Willow and Main sts., 1st and 3d Sunday afternoons.
A. E. Merrill, 1195 Eastern ave Master
B. F. Hayes, 102 Walworth ave., Sta. C. Secretary
W. J. Brennan, 1143 Eastern ave Collector
Milton G. Ely, 1079 Eastern ave Receiver
B. F. Hayes, 102 Walworth ave., Station C. Magazine Agent
- 442. BARRIE BAY; Allandale, Ont.**
Meets in Orange Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays.
Jno. Logue, Box 4 Master
W. J. Church, Box 114 Secretary
T. C. Bradford, Box 76 Collector
W. C. Curtis, cor. Victoria and Ellen sts. Receiver
Barrie Magazine Agent
- 443. VIRGINIA; Danville, Va.**
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 2d and 4th Sunday at 2 P. M.
G. B. Wagner, North Danville Master
E. L. Pierce, 322 Franklin st Secretary
A. E. Bost, Box 84, North Danville Collector
H. H. Jackson Receiver
A. E. Bost, Box 84, North Danville Magazine Agent
- 444. MISSION RIDGE; Knoxville, Tenn.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, cor. Central Avenue and Broad st., every Monday at 2 P. M.
H. L. Crowell, 39 King st Master
J. T. Berry, 18 Chamberlain st Secretary
C. M. Ford, 76 Richard st Collector
J. T. Berry, 18 Chamberlain st Receiver
W. L. Logan, 7 W. Park st Magazine Agent
- 445. MOUNTAIN GEM; Glenn's Ferry, Idaho.**
Meets in Schroder's Hall, every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Baxter Master
Alfred Opitz, L. Box 152 Secretary
Robert Mills, Jr. Collector
R. J. Walsh Receiver
Jno. Taylor Magazine Agent
- 446. BLUESTONE; Bluefield, W. Va.**
Meets in Horton's Hall, 2d Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 4th Sunday at 7:30 P. M.
W. E. Brown Master
J. D. Buchanan Secretary
H. J. Tabor Collector
David Morrisett Receiver
H. K. Peery Magazine Agent
- 447. FRENCH BROAD; Asheville, N. C.**
Meets in R. & D. Freight Depot, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.
Irvin Allison Master
F. A. Burgin, R. & D. and E. T. V. & G. Ry., Paint Rock Secretary
M. B. Smith Collector
F. A. Burgin, R. & D. and E. T. V. & G. Ry., Paint Rock Receiver
R. L. McLelland, 18 Rector st. Magazine Agent
- 448. ALTAMONT; Keyser, W. Va.**
Meets in Good Templars' Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays.
A. W. Stanhagan Master
J. M. Perry Secretary
W. J. Carney Collector
Louis Burkhalter Receiver
J. M. Grimes Magazine Agent

0. NOLAN RIVER; Cleburne, Texas.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, west side of square, every Friday at 8 P. M.

T. G. Beeme Master
A. L. Whitenack, Box 26 Secretary
G. M. Worley Collector
A. L. Whitenack Receiver

0. CLEVELAND; Cleveland, Ohio.

Meets in Harding Block, corner Pearl and Lorain sts., 2d and 4th Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.

C. A. Flood, 78 Erin ave Master
F. B. Henretta, 29 Mechanic st. Secretary
Jas. Hugo, 110 Root st Collector
F. H. Fuller, 41 Howard st Receiver
C. N. McGuire, 43 McLain st Magazine Agent

0. BOIS d'ARC; Bonham, Texas.

Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.

H. D. Barnes Master
T. L. Cox Secretary
Henry Heck Collector
T. L. Cox Receiver
H. D. Barnes Magazine Agent

0. SEVEN HILLS; East Rome, Ga.

Meets in K. P. Hall, Rome, Ga., 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.

J. W. Nichols, 505 2d ave Master
Jacob Winn, 208 Railroad st Secretary
Myron Sifton, Oak ave Collector
Thomas Gay, 505 2d ave Rome Receiver
W. A. Hartin, 101 Spring st Magazine Agent

0. RADFORD; Radford, Va.

Meets in Masonic Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

W. E. Marion Master
F. W. Robinson Secretary
Chas. Robey Collector
S. F. Allen Receiver
S. C. Smith, Box 330 Bristol Tenn Mag. Agent

0. MOUNTAIN PARK; Ashley, Pa.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main St., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

E. L. Riley, Box 112 Master
Hiram Auman, Box 135 Secretary
H. H. Ruhl, Box 147 Collector
Jno. C. Ruhl, Box 147 Receiver
Jno. Flanery, 22 Andover St., Wilkes-barre Magazine Agent

0. JOHN BRANDT; Roseburg, Ore.

Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, alternate Tuesdays at 7 P. M.

E. L. Gray Master
V. C. London, L Box 107 Secretary
Wm. Tilley Collector
V. C. London, L Box 107 Receiver
L. L. Mott Magazine Agent

0. SUN RIVER; Great Falls, Mont.

Meets in Minot Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

C. E. Smith, Box 172 Master
W. G. Locher Secretary
C. E. Smith, Box 172 Collector
F. R. Cunningham Receiver
Magazine Agent

7. MECKLENBURG; Charlotte, N. C.

J. E. Smith, 901 N Graham st Master

J. Lee Armstrong, 315 W 7th st Secretary
J. E. Curlee, 210 So Church st Collector
C. J. L. Smith, 210 So Church st Receiver

T. D. Haynes, 411 N. Poplar St. Magazine Agent

8. MACKINAW; Van Wert, Ohio.

Meets in Union Hall, cor. Main and Washington sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

W. H. Moss, L Box 21 Master
Bert Potter Secretary
I. C. Rigby, L Box 870 Collector
W. H. Moss, L Box 21 Receiver
H. G. Armentrout Magazine Agent

0. GRACE; Anderson, Ind.

Meets in Red Men's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M.

G. L. Furguson, Box 123, Benton Harbor, Michigan Master
E. E. Jackson Secretary
A. O. Foster Collector
F. D. Patterson, 88 W 7th st Receiver
A. O. Foster Magazine Agent

440. HILL CITY; Vicksburg, Miss.

Meets in Washington Engine House every Friday at 7:30 P. M.

F. J. Welch, 111 Fairground st Master
C. H. Burnell, 110 Fairground st Secretary
Michael Feeney, 418 Mulberry st Collector
F. J. Welch, 111 Fairground st Receiver
W. C. Lowrey, L. N. O. & T.

Shops Magazine Agent

441. MANCHESTER; Marcelline, Mo.

Meets in Masonic Hall, cor. Kansas and Howell sts., 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M.

E. A. Dano Master
J. F. Coulson Secretary
J. T. Gilpin Collector
E. W. Gilmore Receiver
C. Ble ins Magazine Agent

442. LAKE CITY; Erie, Pa.

Meets in Engineers' Hall, 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

J. A. Cox, 803 E 18th st Master
E. E. Randall, 714 W 17th st Secretary
Edward Irvin, 783 E 18th st Collector
F. A. Shutta, 147 W 20th st Receiver
E. E. Randall, 714 W 17th st Magazine Agent

443. ELMIRA; Elmira, N. Y.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, 504 Erie st, 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

P. P. Davies, cor. Fulton and South ave Master
M. H. Dunbar, 230 W Miller st Secretary
F. E. Weliner, 465 Franklin st Collector
F. C. Harper, 382 Bait st Receiver
F. C. Harper, 382 Bait st Magazine Agent

444. WHEAT CITY; Brandon, Manitoba.

Meets in Orange Hall, Rosser ave., 1st Tuesday and 3d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Arthur Johnston Master
Wm. Glenn Secretary
Wm. Glenn Collector
D. E. Crawford, Box 45 Receiver
J. G. 4cathstone Magazine Agent

445. ORMSBY; Pittsburgh, South Side, Pa.

Meets in Webber's Hall, 27th and Sarah s's., 1st Sunday at 8:30 A. M. and 2d Sunday at 1:30 P. M.

Jas. Tierney, 2817 Jane st Master
Harry Harbison, 2818 Carson st Secretary
A. S. Goehring, 2252 Sarah st Collector
G. M. Harvey, Beulan st. near Picnic Receiver
G. N. Whale, Ormsby Station Magazine Agent

446. ORPHANS HOPE; Denahon, O.

Meets in American Mechanic's Hall, Grant and 3d sts., 1st and 3d Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

Edw. Englehard, Box 66 Master
C. H. Clendenning, Box 55 Secretary
J. E. Lightell Collector
C. W. Bayliss Receiver
C. H. Clendenning, Box 55 Magazine Agent

447. WESLEY CRAIG; Corning, O.

Meets in K of P. Hall 2d and 4th Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

F. E. Lamb Master
Jno. Cotter Secretary
Fabe Cody Collector
D. E. Davis Receiver
E. F. Lamb Magazine Agent

448. ONTARIO; London, Ontario.

Meets in Town Hall 1st and 3d Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

Geo. Gourlay, Box 38, London, East Master
J. T. Cochrance, Box 38, London, East Secretary
Chas. Cotterell, Box 38, London, East Collector
J. H. Hubert, Box 38, London, East Receiver
Geo. Gourlay, Box 38, London, E Magazine Agent

449. MOUNT KATAHDIN; Henderson, Mo.

Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d Sunday and 4th Monday, at 2:00 P. M.

Jas. Burke Master
Alex. Devine Secretary
G. S. Allen Collector
Jno. Batley Receiver
W. E. McLeod Magazine Agent

470. JOHN A. LOGAN; Murphysboro, Ill.

Meets in Bodaker Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays, 2 P. M.

I. E. Goodin, 512 So. Main st., E. St. Louis, Master
W. F. Snider Secretary
W. R. Childers Collector
J. J. Norris Receiver
A. L. Roberts, 515 So. 5th st., E. St. Louis Magazine Agent

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Struck Lead and Zinc in drill hole, this afternoon, at sixty feet and getting better the further they go.

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This is indeed good news for all the stockholders of the

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as this will increase the dividends from 16 per cent. per year to 2 to 10 per cent. per month.

The Stock of the Company is being rapidly taken. When the 50,000 Shares are all subscribed, it will be advanced.

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Endorsed by the Highest Authority of England.

DEAR SIR:—The Inhaler came in due course of mail, and I am enthusiastic over it. I am satisfied that it will effect an ultimate cure in my case of catarrh and asthma. I shall recommend it to all my friends. Since ordering the Inhaler I have received a copy of Browne's great work, "Diseases of the Throat and Nose" (3d ed.), and I find on p. 558, that he discusses quite fully different remedies for catarrh, etc., and closes by giving Cushman's Menthol Inhaler his unqualified preference in terms of highest praise. He says that he has used it for several years in the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, and has achieved better success with it than with all other remedies combined. Such an endorsement is worth more than a deluge of old-lady certificates of cure, etc.

DEL RIO, TEXAS, Dec. 30, 1890.

DR. W. W. GATEWOOD.

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Head Colds, Hay Fever, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, Headache and Facial Neuralgia, as well as Catarrh, yield like magic to the soothing and antiseptic properties of inhaled Menthol. The Inhaler in a neat pocket case costs 50 cents and lasts a year. 1,000 treatments for 50 cents and every one a pleasure to take. Try an Inhaler a week and if not entirely satisfactory return it to me and I will refund your money. At druggists or sent direct by registered mail—same price.

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60c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



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THE BEST METAL POLISH IN THE WORLD.

For this year prices to firemen (as agents) will be: One pound boxes, per dozen, \$2.25; one-half gross lots, \$12; gross lots, \$22.50. Three pound pails, \$5.50 per dozen. Five pound pails, \$8.75 per dozen.

Cash must always come with orders to avoid delay. Red rock prices are here given to firemen as agents and they cannot and must not expect to buy from dealers at these prices. Samples sent free on application. Address

**THE MATCHLESS METAL POLISH CO.,
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**\$1,000
FOR AN
OLD COIN.**

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WM. K. BELLIS, SFC.**

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WHEEL**

Of progress too often becomes the Wheel of Destruction, and at such times the possession of a staunch, true friend to whom the

RAILROADER'S FAMILY

Can appeal in their sorrow is the greatest boon on earth. Such a friend is the **RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION** of Indianapolis, whose unparalleled growth during the past year, showing an increase of

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Over the previous season, unanswerably demonstrates its overwhelming popularity with the Railroaders of America.

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EACH PACKING GUARANTEED FOR

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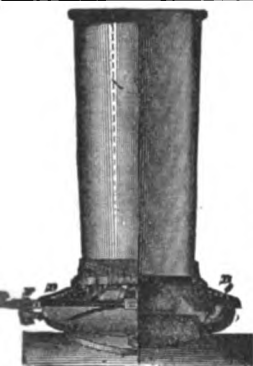
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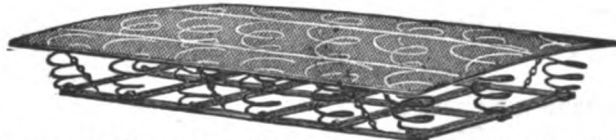
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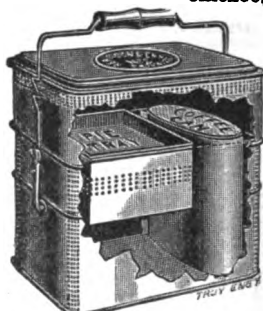
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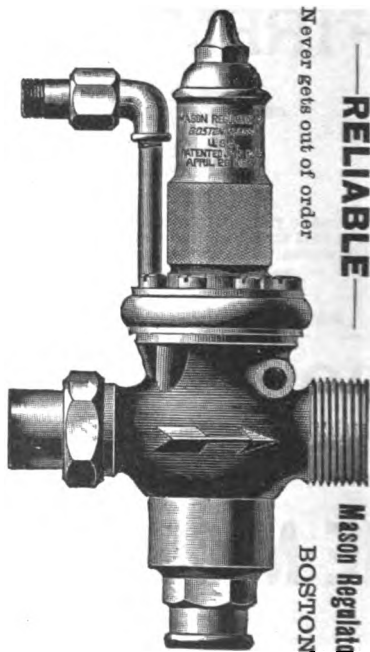
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Locomotive Tires,

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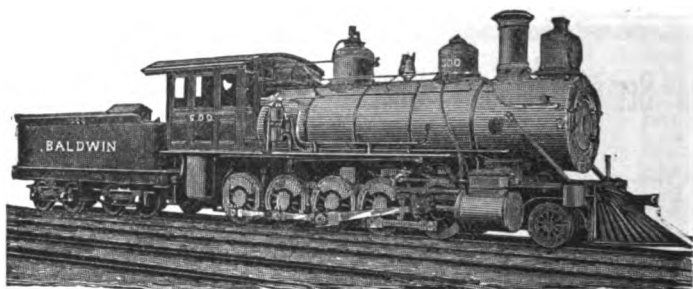
Are in constant use on many
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Range of Capacity over 60 per cent., and can be regulated, therefore, to work continuously for light & heavy trains. Never fails to promptly lift hot or cold water.

No service on a locomotive sufficiently severe to permanently stop its working.

IT WILL RE-START ITSELF

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Very easily operated—Started by pulling out the lever, and stopped by pushing the lever in.

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One cake of this Efficacious and Harmless Remedy for removing Dirt and Every Species of Discoloration, will perform its work, leaving Hands and Face the perfection of

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Before the healing influences of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, Abrasions of the Skin, Pimples, Sores, and all Unsightly Eruptions vanish, and in their stead appears a skin as

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WITH RUBBER FEET AND HANDS.

Durable in their Construction, Natural in their Action, Noiseless in their Movements,



And the MOST COMFORTABLE for the wearer. It is not unusual to see a farmer working in the fields with an artificial leg, or a brakeman applying his brake on a fast running train, or an engineer with hand on the throttle, or a fireman, carpenter, mason, miner, in fact, men of every vocation at labor in the full capacity of their employment, wearing one or two artificial legs with rubber feet, performing as much as men in possession of all their natural members, earning the same wages, in fact, experiencing little or no inconvenience in the use of their rubber extremities.

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Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—EVEN THAT OF A NEW BORN BABE."

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are the most wonderful antidote yet discovered for ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

A Box of these pills, costing only twenty-five cents, constitutes a family medicine-chest. Wind and Pain in and Weakness of the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep,

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EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

MORE CAPITALISTS.

Under the auspices of the Vanderbilts there is a publication issued once a month, and known as the *New York Railroad Men*, specially devoted to the interests of railroad men, or, more properly, railroad employes on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

The *N. Y. R. M.* is an organ of the "Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association."

The *N. Y. R. M.* is, to all appearances, profoundly interested in the welfare of railroad employes. It would have their powers of "intuition" up to the highest standard of mental and physical perfection, so that they can in an instant do the right thing when perils threaten.

The *N. Y. R. M.* points out that there is "room on top," and that now good men are in great demand for "on top" positions.

The publication wishes it were in its power to arouse the ambition of every railroad employé to strive for the "next place

above him." It says that the "men whose range of knowledge of railway affairs is not limited to the department in which they labor for the time being; whose concern for the success of the company with which they are connected is such as to call forth their utmost endeavors; whose reliability in critical times can be counted upon; whose honesty is beyond question; who are sober, industrious and thrifty, polite, but not too forward and familiar; firm, but not obstinate; obedient to orders, yet possessing tact in their execution; men with ideas, not mere automatons; men with pride sufficient to stimulate neatness; with dignity enough to prevent lax discipline in case they are promoted to positions of trust, but withal a quiet, manly cordiality which lasts after advancement has come. There is room for such men at the top."

Turning from such very rational reflections we find in the *N. Y. R. M.* an address delivered by one Mr. Colby, to railroad employes, on the occasion of the eleventh anniversary of the Railroad Branch.

Mr. Colby addressed his audience as "capitalists."

Words are said to be "signs of ideas," but this is not true in Mr. Colby's case, unless it be they convey the idea that he is a first-class donkey. The terms "Capital" and "Capitalist" have a certain sharply defined meaning everywhere accepted, and about which there is no controversy, and nowhere are railroad employes classed as "capitalists" except by Mr. Colby, whose utterances are regarded of sufficient importance to be put

in print as the teachings of the Young Men's Christian Association in matters pertaining to finance. Mr. Colby starts off as follows:

I speak to railroad men, and I speak to you as capitalists. Every one of you is a capitalist—perhaps not a bloated bondholder, but a capitalist. There is probably not one man in this room but what is possessed of some kind of capital. Money is not the only kind of capital in the world, nor is it the best or most remunerative. Anything is capital which you possess beyond the requirements of your immediate necessities, which you husband, invest, put out to use where it can bring to you returns in accumulated wealth, in additional power, or in the increase of your happiness. Some of the most important and valuable kinds of capital are money, houses, lands, stocks, bonds, muscle, health, brains, leisure hours, opportunities for improvement. The man who has the most of these is the biggest capitalist, and the man who hasn't any is a beggar, while the man who has but one is poor enough.

Quite likely the railway employes who listened to Mr. Colby concluded that he was some graduate of a feeble-minded institution, who had advanced so far as to distinguish a clothes-pin from a lightning-rod, and his vagaries, being harmless, provided his audience was not idiotic, he was permitted to announce to them that they were all capitalists. "As capitalists" they were not "on top" by several millions. And here Colby stuck in one of those reconciling propositions designed to make seventy-five cents swell to seventy-five millions. He told the Vanderbilt employes that "money is not the only kind of capital in the world, nor the best, or the most remunerative."

In this Colby spoke by the card. In railroad affairs water is found to be quite as remunerative as money, and, all things considered, by far the most remunerative.

It is not an easy matter to raise, say, \$10,000,000 in money. It requires a deal of hustling to get that much money together, but once raised it requires only the stroke of a pen to inject \$10,000,000 of water, and collect dividends on the \$20,000,000. This being true, it is strange that Mr. Colby, the orator of the Young Men's Christian Association, in cataloguing the various kinds of capital, omitted *Water*.

We take special interest in Mr. Colby's comprehensive views of what constitutes capital, as, for instance, "money, houses, lands, stocks, and bonds," and here Mr. Colby remarks that "anything is capital

which you possess *beyond the requirements of your immediate necessities*," and then he says "muscle, health and brains" are capital—that is to say, if a railroad employé has more muscle, health and brains than he has any immediate requirement, he is a capitalist in proportion as he has a surplus of such things as "muscle, health and brains."

We suppose in Mr. Colby's audience there were some locomotive firemen, some engineers, conductors, brakemen, switchmen, and telegraphers, but we don't suppose any of them concluded that they possessed a surplus of "muscle, health and brains,"—not a dollar's worth in excess of their "immediate necessities," and, therefore, according to Mr. Colby's scientific analysis of what constitutes a capitalist, are poor men.

In furnishing a list of things constituting capital, it is surprising that Mr. Colby omitted bowels, digestion, eyes and ears. It was Josh Billings who said he would rather have a "good set of bowels than a good set of brains," and of how little value is capital of any description if a man is deaf or blind!

Mr. Colby mentioned "money, houses, lands, stocks, bonds, muscle, health, brains, leisure hours and opportunities for improvement," ten in all, as "the most important and valuable kinds of capital," and wisely adds that "the man who has the most of these is the biggest capitalist, and the man who hasn't any is a beggar, while the man who has but one (say money) is poor enough."

It would be impossible, we conjecture, for an escaped lunatic to excel such jargon, and yet it is the kind of stuff that the Vanderbilt Young Men's Christian Association has injected into the ears of railroad employes to persuade them that if they have muscle, health and brains, leisure hours and opportunities, they are capitalists, the same as the Vanderbilts.

Mr. Colby tells the Vanderbilt employes that "health is the most remunerative form of capital there is, that brains comes next," and if one other "form" of capital is desired he advises the employes to "select leisure hours, or the opportunities for improvement."

Just think of a railroad employé capitalist whose sole possession is health. Mind

you, Mr. Colby's idea of a capitalist is a man who possesses capital "beyond the requirements of his immediate necessities." He says "health is the most remunerative form of capital," but health is not capital until its possessor has more of it than his immediate necessities require, and the employes, whom he addressed with such a wealth of *dampfoolism* must have felt very tired. What is true of health is also true of brains, though brains play second fiddle in the list to health. A man, above all things, that is a railroad employé, who wants to be regarded as a capitalist, should covet health—brains is a secondary consideration.

What good health is worth without brains Mr. Colby should tell when next he orates.

Having told Vanderbilt's employes that the most valuable capital is (1) health, (2) brains, and (3) opportunities, he launches at them the following thunderbolt:

Now, I would ask you, as capitalists, one of the most important questions of your lives: As the possessors of this property (health, brains and opportunities) what are you going to do with it, how are you investing it?

We apprehend that the engineers replied, mentally, "We are going to run our engines;" the conductors said, "We are going to punch tickets;" the brakemen, "We are going to brake and take the chances," and the switchmen said "We will switch, and keep the yards clear," and the firemen said "We will keep her hot." The employes invested their capital—their health, brains, and opportunities—not surplus health and brains, which, according to Mr. Colby, constitute capital, but all they had.

Take a locomotive fireman; if his health fails, his capital disappears. If he is required to work over hours, so that his brain gets weary, away goes all his capital; and if the opportunity to earn \$2.00 a day ceases, regardless of health and brains, his capital, for the time being, is gone.

Mr. Colby's high purpose was, evidently, to make the Vanderbilt employes entirely satisfied with their condition. Much had been said and written about capitalists, their greed, arrogance and injustice, how often they had oppressed workingmen, and had grown rich by robbing toilers. Now, Mr. Colby makes them feel serene by telling

them they, too, are capitalists; that money is not the best kind of capital, nor the most remunerative; that anything is capital which they possessed beyond the requirements of their immediate necessities, and that health—that is to say, so much health that their immediate necessities did not require it *all*, was better capital than money; that an *excess* of brains was also valuable capital, as also an excess of muscle; and that in proportion as they possessed these things beyond the requirements of their immediate necessities, they were capitalists.

Does it seem possible that any man with as much brains as a cockroach could be persuaded to make a fool of himself in the presence of intelligent railroad employes by reciting such stuff? and is it not still more surprising that such stupidity is permitted and indorsed by the Young Men's Christian Association and published to the world?

Mr. Colby having pointed out to Vanderbilt's employes that their wealth consisted in *surplus* health, brains, muscle and opportunities, said he wants to talk to them about those "who know how to handle their capital," and is particularly anxious to know how young men with more health, brains, muscle and opportunities than their necessities require, handle their capital. He then proceeds to tell them how "wise capitalists," who have a surplus of money, houses, lands, stocks, bonds, merchandise, etc., do. They go in for the biggest interest, dividends, etc., but have to take what they can get, because the laws of commerce compel them to, and he reconciles the employes to their lot because the money lender must take such interest as the laws of commerce determine, and that the employé must accept such remuneration as the laws of commerce fixes; and thus he proceeds with his rice-water logic to show railroad employes that they are capitalists.

Mr. Colby asks the Vanderbilt employes, "Why didn't the savages develop the mines in our country long before the white man came? Why didn't they build cities and establish a great nation?" At once Mr. Colby grasped the recondite interrogations and the mystery disappeared when he replied, "Because they didn't know how!" and then he makes the startling announce-

ment that "toil without brains is valueless and idle."

Mr. Colby should be taught by some kindergarten savant that an address on capitalists, "without brains," is of far less value than "toil without brains"—in fact, while it is not possible to conceive of "toil without brains," Mr. Colby demonstrates that it is possible to deliver an address "without brains."

Here, again is one of Mr. Colby's axioms:

The man who thinks, no matter how humble he may be, that he can go along without brains is going to be at the bottom of the heap all his life.

Just how a man can "think" without brains is a conundrum which Vanderbilt's employes are, doubtless, still pondering.

Mr. Colby finally found a place for eyes and ears as items in a railroad employe's capital, for he says, "And in these days when the procession is moving along with such a rush, the man whose eyes and ears are not open is going to be left behind, and will have to take what others leave," and this too, though he may have health, muscle, brains and opportunities.

Mr. Colby started out by telling the Vanderbilt employes that health was the kind of wealth most to be desired, then brains, but as he proceeds he puts brains in the lead; and to everlastingly rivet the fact on the minds of the men who were listening to him. He wants the Vanderbilt employes to make the most of their brains, and he tells them how it can be done. He says:

Now, here is one thing, and that is, when a man brings his brains and puts them over his labor [his health, muscle and opportunities] he has something which he can multiply. [What is it?] For instance, here are four or five men working together, all more or less skilled, and each receiving three dollars a day for his work. (Suppose we say five men, just to make it easy.) One of them studies, and he finally brings out a plan by which with one day's labor he can make some article for which he can secure five dollars. At the end of the day, then, he has an article worth five dollars. [A dinner bucket, for instance.] The value in that article is three dollars for labor and two dollars for brains. [Raw material costs nothing.] He finds the market demands more than he can make by his labor, and so he says to his fellow workmen, "you work for me and I will pay you three dollars a day, the same as you are getting now," and they go to work for him, and they work on the line of his brains, and so every day they make each one of them one of these articles [dinner buckets] for which he receives five dollars apiece. Then

he receives three dollars a day for his own labor, and two dollars a day for the brains which he puts into his own labor, and two dollars a day for the brains which he puts into their labor, and so he receives ten dollars for brains and three dollars for labor—thirteen dollars for the day where he had only three dollars before.

It is to be presumed that the man with a surplus of brains invented a double-turreted, smokeless, self heating and self-cooling dinner bucket, with hash cutter, sausage stuffing attachments; just what every railroad employe needs. The only things entering into the great North American heating and refrigerating dinner bucket are labor and brains. The five men, including the inventor, place on the market five a day. The demand is active and Mr. Mac Hine is on the high road to fortune by putting two dollars' worth of brains into his own work and eight dollars' worth of his brains into the work of his four hired men, his brains netting him ten dollars a day.

Here is where the surplus of brains comes in, the idea being that only one man of the five skilled workmen had a surplus of brains.

Such miserable twaddle would not be worth considering were it not for the fact that it is deemed worthy of being put into cold type and published as an argument to reconcile workingmen to their lot.

That such balderdash was an insult to their intelligence will not be questioned in any lodge of railroad employes in the land. The rigamarole is beneath contempt. The address, from first to last, was a steady stream of stupidity, of disgusting wish-wash, without one redeeming common sense idea.

Mr. Colby having told the Vanderbilt employes that they are bound down by "commercial laws," that these laws regulate his pay, fix the dividend upon his surplus health, brains and muscle, turns square about, and knocks all the fat into the fire as follows:

Now, I am glad that I live in an age when there are so many people who believe that there are values higher than commercial values, that there are laws that are stronger than commercial laws—that there are laws of humanity which bind man to man. I am glad that I live in a land where there are so many men who believe they can invest their capital in hospitals and manual training schools and academies and in such buildings and organizations as this.

Having knocked out "commercial laws"

and thus upset his cob house, Mr. Colby deplores the ignorance which he sees on every hand. He sees men "born into this world" whose "doors of knowledge are closed." Poor devils, "who live and die without ever knowing anything about the world in which they live." They are not capitalists, they have no surplus of health, brains and muscle. Like the four poor men who worked for "three dollars a day" making the double action and back action, smokeless dinner buckets, they "never lift the corner of the curtain that hides from their vision the wonderful beauties of created things," and therefore "never see anything beyond the range of their natural vision." Just think of these miserable unfortunates. They have no telescopes and can't read the stars, they have no microscopes and can't see the infusoria playing hide and seek in a drop of water. They are not geologists and can't read strata from the azoic to the pleistocene formations. They don't know where the earthquakes have their lairs, or how they tramp along their subterranean pathways on their world-shaking mission. Says Mr. Colby: "He who lives only for his body leaves but a slab to mark the place of his decay, but he who *cultivates and builds up his soul and his mind* is fitting himself for the companionship of the blessed and rearing for *himself mansions* that are eternal!" And having thus exploded, Mr. Colby asks: "Take brains away from a man and what have you left?" We answer, Colby. Mr. Colby says he "never felt so insignificant" as when he has "stood in the shadow of a great mountain." If Mr. Colby ever saw a mountain in labor bringing forth a mouse, he might say: "Gentlemen, in delivering this address, I realize the pangs of that mountain."

We now come to Mr. Colby's grand peroration. To say it is worthy of a place in the English classics is a feeble eulogium. He said: "My friends, don't live without brains. If you have them bring them out and enjoy them. Cultivate them and make them pay you all the income you can." And he should have added, "My friends, don't kick, because if you do, H. Walter Webb, sanctioned by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, will call out the Pinkertons, and with

their Winchesters, they will speedily take the last kick out of you, and make you as limp as so many dish rags." Vale Colby

MAKING CRIME PAY.

One of the great problems of the age is, how criminals can be utilized so as to pay all the expenses incident to incarceration and at the same time create a revenue for the State. In some of the States the problem has been solved, and crime has been made to pay its way, and add materially to the revenues of the State.

According to the census report there were in the penitentiaries of the United States in 1890, 45,233 criminals of all grades, from the sneak thief to the defaulting cashier. In 1880 there were 35,538 convicts in the penitentiaries of the country; an increase, in ten years, of 9,695.

Of the 45,233 convicts 1,791 are females, leaving 43,442 males. If we deduct 10 per cent. from the males because of incapacity for work, we have 39,098 robust cut throats, burglars, thieves—in a word, criminals of high and low degree, at work in various employments, producing wares, in competition with honest, law-abiding working men, making crime pay, and earning a revenue for the State.

To accomplish this end, penitentiaries are being transformed into great industrial institutions. The State equips them with the most improved machinery, then assigns men to various contractors, who grow rich off of criminal muscle and skill, and from the same source the State secures a small revenue.

The States, at least some of them, exercise toward their convicts the greatest possible consideration. The penitentiaries are palaces, such as poor men, who obey the law, cannot expect to inhabit. The inmates of these palatial institutions are provided with an abundance of wholesome food, well cooked, and served at regular hours. They are in many instances supplied with books; the most skillful physicians are employed to look after their health, and ministers of the gospel are called to attend to their spiritual wants. Regular hours are observed, cleanliness commanded, and sanitary science is

called upon to protect the criminals against disease. It may be interesting for the reader to know some of the various crimes the men have committed for which their liberty is restricted. We give thirty of them, as follows:

- Abortion.
- Arson.
- Assault and battery.
- Assault and battery with intent to murder.
- Assault and battery with intent to commit rape.
- Assault and battery with intent to commit robbery.
- Assault and battery with intent to commit felony.
- Blackmailing.
- Bunko steering.
- Bigamy.
- Burglary.
- Conspiracy.
- Counterfeiting.
- Embezzlement.
- Entering house to commit felony.
- False pretense.
- Forgery.
- Felony.
- Grand larceny—Petit larceny.
- Highway robbery.
- Incest.
- Kidnapping.
- Manslaughter.
- Murder.
- Mayhem.
- Obtaining goods under false pretense.
- Obtaining money under false pretense.
- Perjury.
- Rape.
- Seduction.

We have on our table the reports of two penitentiaries, having 1,319 prisoners. Of these, 1,230 are employed in various manufacturing enterprises, and the wages the contractors pay for their labor are given as follows:

In the manufacture of hollow ware 250 men were employed, 100 at 60 cents a day, 100 at 55 cents, and 50 at 40 cents a day.

In the manufacture of saddle trees 100 men were employed, at 55 cents a day.

In the manufacture of brush and wire goods, 130 men were employed at 43 cents a day.

In the manufacture of cooperage, 125 men were employed, at 60 cents a day, and 25 at 55 cents a day.

In the manufacture of chairs, frames and furniture 150 men were employed at 60 cents a day, and 50 at 58 cents a day.

In the manufacture of boots and shoes 150 men were employed at 58 cents a day.

In the manufacture of knitted fabrics 200 men were employed at 48 cents a day.

In the manufacture of harness 25 men were employed at 45 cents a day, and 25 men at 43 cents a day. There are seven different prices paid, ranging from 40 cents to 60 cents a day, as follows: 60, 58, 55, 48, 45, and 40, the average being 49½ cents per day.

The cost of maintaining the convicts is set down at about 32 cents a day. Hence, the profit per day for each man is, say 17 cents a day for the State. It will be seen, therefore, that the profit to the State would be \$60,700 a year.

Assuming that the labor performed by these convicts, at 40 cents a day, is worth outside of prison walls, \$1.25 a day, it is seen that the contractors obtain convict labor at 76 cents a day less than honest labor is worth. It follows, therefore, that while those who employ honest workmen, equal to the number of the employed convicts of the penitentiaries referred to, viz: 1,230, at \$1.25 a day, each, or \$1,537.50 a day for the whole number, the prison contractors would pay 49 cents a day, each, or for 1,230 \$502.70 a day, a clear gain to the contractors of \$1,034.80 a day, and for a year of 300 working days \$310,400.

With such a margin of profits it is seen how prison manufactured wares can be placed upon the market in competition with goods manufactured by honest men, and while making a profit for the contractors, utterly destroy the trade of honest men and force them into idleness.

Here it is seen that the State and the contractors make a clear profit off of convict labor in one year, amounting to \$371,100—the State receiving \$60,700, and the contractors \$310,400—the total representing a profit resulting from the reduction of wages.

In support of this policy a variety of reasons are assigned, (1) that the State needs the revenue to lighten the burdens of taxation, (2) that the health of convicts demand that they should be employed.

Manifestly, the State needs revenue, but there can arise no contingency which warrants the manufacture of goods by convicts, which forces honest workmen into idleness, want, beggary and crime, which is just

what a State does when it hires out its convicts at 49 cents a day to perform labor worth to an honest man, to put it low, \$1.25 a day.

A State that pursues such a policy, multiplies criminals and populates its penal institutions. It is a policy that wrecks honest homes, breaks up families, makes tramps of husbands and fathers, and creates conditions for mothers and children worse than death.

We are not unmindful of the floods of sympathetic gush bestowed upon criminals—relating to their health and spiritual condition. We are not unmindful of what pseudo-philanthropists say and do for the reformation of criminals. Nor are we unmindful of the fact, humiliating as it is, that while weak eyed and weak kneed philanthropy expends itself upon criminals, it is seldom heard advocating the rights of honest men who are the victims of heartless employers and who are compelled to work for wages which afford them less comforts than fall to the lot of criminals.

If the question is asked, who should be idle, the convict, or the honest workingman who is trying, amidst the sacrifices which poverty entails, to rear his family, as becomes an American citizen? we say every time, and a thousand times, the convict. If some one is to be kept healthy by work, in the name of justice let it be the honest man.

We do not object to reforming criminals but we object to a reforming policy which creates more criminals than it reforms. There is little hope for a criminal, but there are boundless possibilities in this favored land for honest men, and the State should do nothing which directly or remotely places obstacles in the way of an honest, law abiding career. To do this, to "make crime pay," is economic infamy, an exhibition of mercenary greed that blotches to detestation a civilization forever boasting of its Christian adornments.

Suppose, by some inscrutable decree, the 45,233 criminals in the penitentiaries of the United States should all die in a day, would the nation mourn? Would flags float at half mast? Would gloom, like a pall, cover the land? We do not surmise that such would be the record. Just so many enemies of society would be dead and out of the way.

Society would breathe easier, and feel more secure. On the other hand, suppose 45,233 honest, law-abiding workingmen should die in a day? What pen so graphic as to describe the scene? What fancy so fervid as to depict the consternation?

The State ought to feel profoundly interested in the welfare of honest workingmen, and adopt no policy unnecessarily increasing their anxieties or calculated to reduce their wages or jeopardise their employment. To pursue a policy in any regard antagonistic to the welfare of labor, is in itself a crime and can be fruitful only of calamities.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

Occasionally the muse strikes a philosophically business gait, in the highest degree commendable, as the following, captioned "Do The Best You Can," demonstrates:

When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands
And say "No use in trying—
Fate baffles all our plans."
Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast:
"I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine
Along the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the eternal plan;
Trust that the way will brighten,
And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings;
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows strong of heart to hear.
He who sings over trouble
Is aye the wisest man,
He can't help what has happened,
But—does the best he can.

So, if things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume and fret;
For finding fault with fortune
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make the best of whate'er happens;
Bear failure like a man;
And in good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can.

The verses are from the New York *Ledger* but the name of the author is not given, which is a matter of regret. We should like very much to give him a boost. He's got a level head, and the world stands much in need of his style of rhyming.

THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY LABOR DAY.

September 7th was very generally celebrated throughout the country by wage workers as Labor Day. In several states the 7th of September is made, by statute, a holiday the same as the 4th of July, the 22d of February, or Christmas.

The more thoughtful men of the country, regardless of membership in labor organizations, are inquiring the significance of Labor Day. What does it mean? What lessons does it teach? What great fact in the history of the times is made prominent by Labor Day celebrations? Is some truth long since "crushed to earth," rising again, proclaiming that "the eternal years of God" are pledged to its triumph over error?

All civilized nations have their holidays designed to commemorate something of great national importance.

This is true of the United States. We have our 4th of July, "Independence Day," when in various ways, by parades, orations, picnics, pyrotechnics, and by a thousand and one other methods, the people seek to commemorate the announcement made July 4th, 1776, that the American colonies had set up business for themselves, and no longer recognized the authority of a king.

We celebrate the 22d of February, the birthday of George Washington, and as the years go by, the day grows in importance. As the nation grows in population and power, the people learn to appreciate the sublime character of the man who was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Labor day, so far, selects no one individual as illustrative of events which brought workingmen into prominence as a force and a factor in all things calculated to advance civilization and give prosperity to republican institutions.

It is well that such is the fact. Labor Day, above all things, voices a new departure in moral, social, economical and political affairs.

Labor Day is a new Independence Day. The declaration is that "in the course of human events labor is to take commanding rank in controlling human affairs."

It is an announcement that from this time

forward, Labor, with form erect, comprehending its rights and prerogatives, its independence and high purposes, will walk abreast with all the armies of progress and pitch its tents on lofty elevations, and fortified by intelligence, integrity and courage, will hold the fort against all who would seek to degrade it.

The Chicago Post referring to Labor Day in that city, said:

Those simple citizens who affect to fear the "dangerous masses" had a fine opportunity to observe the object of their dread yesterday. Some twenty thousand wage-workers paraded the streets for several hours. They were not all, but a very important part of the "masses." Each belonged to that class of the community in which the fashion prevails to eat the bread that is earned by the sweat of the brow. It is a large branch—the largest by all odds—and, in the mercy of providence, it will never grow smaller. It includes, it is, "the masses."

Very dangerous, too, those 20,000 intelligent, self-reliant and cheerful philosophers of toil. Dangerous to corruption in high places; dangerous to political quackery; dangerous to sanctimonious humbug and to humbug of all kinds, especially when it masks in a thin veil of pretended sympathy, stupid distrust or blind hatred of the working "masses."

Sympathy is not exactly the nostrum for these 20,000 specimens of robust manhood. They don't ask it, don't need it, won't have it. They want no "protection" of hypocritical men or silly women. They want room according to their strength. And, under the benign workings of "the laws of nature and of nature's God," they manage very comfortably to get what they want.

Else they might, indeed, be "dangerous"—to somebody.

Labor Day will eventually sound the death knell of plutocracy in the United States.

The era of robbery and of degradation is drawing to a close. It will at no distant day appear that the "dangerous masses" are not workingmen, but those who use their money power to filch from labor its just rewards.

Labor Day is to grow in importance and in significance. The number of workingmen who are to parade on Labor Days in the near future will startle the country. The time is near at hand when there will be millions in line, with music and banners. The time is not remote when workingmen will exact and receive their full share of the wealth they create, and then Labor Day will be Emancipation Day.

When that auspicious time shall come,

workingmen will cease to be known by "numbers," and names will be reinstated. The hut will give place to habitations such as are becoming American citizenship, and though the rich will grow richer, it will not be as now, and in the past, by a series of robberies, entailing poverty, degradation and death upon the poor.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

There are those who take special pride in lauding and magnifying the press. It is sometimes referred to as the "palladium of American liberties," and is made to take rank with the ballot-box as a safeguard of the rights of citizens. The time was, perhaps, when such eulogiums were warranted—when the press was independent, bold, fearless, and unpurchasable. Is it so now?

It is stated that not long since a dinner was given the members of the New York press, and at the proper time the toast programme was introduced. One of the toasts was "An Independent Press," and a New York journalist was called upon to respond. He declined, because he knew such a thing as an independent press did not exist in the United States. But being urged to respond to the toast, he finally complied, and said:

There is no such a thing in America as an independent press, unless it is out in the country towns. You are all slaves. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to express an opinion. If you express it you know before hand that it will not appear in print. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the papers I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish to write honest opinions would be out on the street looking for another job. The business of a leading journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for daily bread, or for what is about the same, his salary. You know this and I know it and what foolery to be toasting an "independent press." We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping jacks. They pull the string and we dance. Our time, our talent, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes.

It is not to be understood that there are no exceptions, the speaker simply stated the rule. The press is no longer independent—men no longer look to the press for

those bold utterances which point out dangers. Partisan utterances there are, indicative of courage, but they lose much of their force because they are known to be partisan, and have in view simply partisan aggrandizement, and not the public good.

The times are degenerate—"spoils" is the shibboleth, and the press is prostituted to base purposes.

It is this that has created a demand, on the part of workingmen, for a Labor Press, capable of championing their rights, and here the question arises, Is the labor press of the country free from the contaminating influences which have sapped the independence of the press of the country?

Is it not true, that there are instances which demonstrate that the labor press has been debauched to an extent that it comes forward as an apologist of wrongs as flagrant as any that have disgraced the age?

A CONSTANT effort is being made to transform the old White House at Washington into a palace, and it is said that a million dollars have already been expended for repairs and decorations, but reports have it that the old house was never so beautiful as it will be when the workmen engaged upon it shall have finished their task. Twenty thousand dollars is now being spent, chiefly in decorations of the vestibule, the state dining room, the red, blue and green parlors, and in new furniture for the great east room. Official snobs and the aristocracy who visit Yurup are constantly turning up their noses at the White House, and the old "death trap" will have to go at no distant day. As a presidential residence it lacks style.

THE Trade and Labor Assembly of Chicago in investigating the clothing industry of Chicago found women "sewing pantaloons for 6 cents a dozen," and other women working "for 75 cents a week." A girl was asked, "How much do you receive, Lena?" She replied: "Forty cents in three days." And when asked, "How long do you work?" she said "From 7 in the morning until 6 in the evening."

And the Star Spangled Banner continues to wave O'er the millionaire's palace and the hut of the slave.

FAMINE IN EUROPE.

Steadily the mills of the gods grind on, and they were never more active than now throughout all Europe. The great powers of Europe are having grand military exhibitions. Germany, Austria and France indulge in magnificent spectacular parades. There is all the pomp and circumstance of preparation for glorious war. Royalty, on horse back, reviews the armies and chuckles over the slaughtering capacity of the weapons which our Christian civilization has produced for the maintenance of peace.

Back of all this are scenes which tell how near is the approach of famine, and the world is startled, as never before, with the announcement that already the ravages of starvation have begun.

Russia, a country that has hitherto had food, and to spare, is now confronted with the fact that famine exists within her borders, and that conditions will inevitably grow worse instead of better for at least two years to come.

Germany, Italy, Austria, France and England must import vast quantities of food to prevent famine—in fact, all Europe is in the grasp of conditions which presage hunger pangs.

Such conditions forebode revolution, and Europe is ripening for revolt.

It is well. Europe stands in need of nothing so much as successful revolutions—revolutions that will uncrown and dethrone Kings and scatter dynasties pulverized so fine that omnipotence would require a microscope to find the remains.

Some one says, "It was famine which precipitated the French revolution." If so, all hail famine. It finally broke the fetters of the French people and made liberty possible. If only famine can create revolutions that will emancipate the downtrodden King cursed millions of Europe, then in the name of liberty and independence, let famine do its work.

THE Belgians, being anxious to civilize Africans, have recently shipped to the west coast of the dark continent fifteen missionaries, 460 tons of gunpowder and 10,000 casks of rum. The Belgians are determined to Christianize the poor heathen.

In this age of divorce, estrangement, marrying and separating, it is pleasant to read an old-time estimate of a wife as written by Chapman in one of his plays, "The Gentleman Usher," being the address of Strozzi to his wife, as follows:

Come near me, wife; I fare the better far
For the sweet food of thy divine advice,
Oh! what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving; not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven.
She gives him double forces to endure
And to enjoy, by being one with him;
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense;
And like the twins Hippocrates reports,
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short
If he lament, she melts herself in tears;
If he be glad she triumphs; if he stir
She moves his way; in all things his sweet ape,
And is in alteration passing strange.
Gold is right precious; but his price infects
With pride and avarice; Authority lifts
Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees.
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Music delights but one sense, nor choice meats;
One quickly fades, the other stirs to sin,
But a true wife, both sense and soul delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her virtues, ruling hearts, all powers command:
All store without her, leaves a man but poor.
And with her, poverty is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her, her true worth
Makes a true husband think his arms enfold
With her alone, a complete world engold.

To write such encomiastic words of a wife now-a-days would be regarded as irony of unusual force and point. In our advancing civilization the nuptial bonds have the strength of ropes of sand, and "divorces made easy" is the shibboleth which rings out from the courts.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has concluded to invest some of his surplus on the northern Pacific coast. Mr. Rockefeller's scheme, it is said, involves the building of a sort of belt railway around Lake Washington and also the construction of a canal from that lake to tidewater in Puget Sound. This canal would be about twelve miles long and with a fall of only about sixteen feet. It is to be a ship canal, the idea being to admit ocean steamships from the salt water of the Sound into the fresh water of this lake, thus making an absolutely land-locked harbor of sufficient size to float all the commerce of the Pacific. Mr. Rockefeller may finally conclude to absorb the continent.

Rent and Single Tax.

FROM the September number of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, I clip a portion of a tract entitled, "How to increase profits," by A. J. Steers, which reads as follows:

Listen, then, how we propose to diminish expenses.

What is your largest single expense? The rent of your store, is it not? Well, we propose to lower that rent. Is that practical enough for you? How? Well, thus. The rent you now pay is of two kinds: one on the store building you occupy and the other for the land that building stands upon.

The first it is perfectly just you should pay; but the last, that paid for the land, is not just—at present.

Now, if you and others like you would join with the other workers of the city or town or village where you live and labor, and instruct your legislative representatives in congress and in the state legislature to so modify the present methods of taxation that all the taxes should be placed upon the values of land irrespective of improvements, you can easily see that values of land would fall.

No one who held land would continue to hold it without using it; for if he did the tax upon its values would soon eat him up.

Land would under such a condition be a useless thing to the holder unless he used it. Every owner of land would either put it into use himself, or perforce, dispose of it to somebody else who would.

New buildings, new dwelling houses, new stores for selling and dealing in, would go up wherever they could be put up—and coming into the market and competing with the stores and dwellings now built and in use would cause rents to fall. And as this would be a general state of affairs it would affect all buildings and every neighborhood. So we should diminish your main expense—rent.

I must confess that I do not exactly comprehend what single taxers are driving at when they say that the single tax would reduce rent. I have never seen a consistent or logical argument offered in defense of the assertion, while for my part, I conclude that while the proposition may appear upon its face, at first blush, to be plausible and possible, yet, upon examination we find that it is sophistical and fallacious, not only being improbable, but being in fact impossible. Let us analyze the argument of Mr. Steers. One of the favorite tenets of the Single Taxers is that the single tax would render land of no value free to all, while for all land possessing value there would be found individuals ready to pay as a tax, the "economic rent," which is defined to be that amount of value for use the land possesses above land that can be obtained free—i. e., for nothing.

But that is exactly the condition of affairs now. There are always men ready to pay for land that amount of money upon which the "value for use"—"economic rent"—etc., of such land will pay the legal, current rate of interest. Under the present system, men who want to buy the sole right to use and occupy land, or hold it for a raise in price, simply pay out a certain lump sum of money for it. If the land is improved, they expect the rent and any increase in value that may accrue, to pay the legal cur-

rent rate of interest upon the investment. As a rule, they must pay the money down for the land, although there are many instances where those who wish to occupy and use land, pay as *ground rent* the interest upon what it would sell for, with a progressive increase for rent for a term of years. Under the single tax system an individual need not invest any cash money, but must simply agree to pay the current rate of interest, upon a larger sum of money than any one else is willing to pay the interest upon for the use of the land. As no cash capital is required to be invested in land, rents would have a tendency to be raised instead of to be reduced.

But the fact that Mr. Steers seems to entirely overlook, is that the desirability or value for use would be determined under the single tax, just in the same manner as desirability is determined at present. The rent is the same, or perhaps higher, and it makes no difference to a tenant who he pays his rent to. Under the operation of the Single Tax, all alike would be tenants, and goods would not any the more readily sell from a store well out in the suburbs of a city, than they sell at present under such conditions.

The truth is that Mr. Steers must move or shift the center of business before he can reduce rents, and even then he will raise rents at the point he establishes his new center of trade. The value of a location depends upon certain contingencies and surroundings that the single tax is powerless to affect, and Mr. Steers' "new stores" would not be built unless there was a prospect of doing a profitable business therein, just as under the present system; new stores are not built by land owners until the business demands seem to guarantee a tenant and prosperity to such tenant, to insure his ability to pay his rent. The trouble *even now*, is not too few, but too many buildings, both store and residence. Hundreds of buildings are lying idle and are offered for almost any rent in all towns and cities, and just now, land owners are, of all men, to be pitied—with an exception—the exception being those who own land where the principal industry is that of robbing the people by farming out the people's money at ruinous rates of interest.

Go into any of the larger cities, where scores of store buildings and hundreds of residences are vacant and idle, and offered at a rental not much above fair interest upon cost of improvements. Go to the office of Recorder of Deeds and notice the millions of dollars of mortgages that have been released by a sheriff's deed, and then ask an old resident the cause of all these things. Will he answer, *Land Monopoly*? No, indeed! He will tell you that the establishment of a single gold standard by the de-

monetization of silver, has wiped out and destroyed one-half of the values existing in 1873, thus destroying the margin between loans and security values and wrecking all confidence. He will tell you that there is no money obtainable or available with which to transact business, and that all businesses are conducted at a loss. And Mr. Steers would remedy this by building more store buildings, thus reducing rent. Nonsense. Let him go into the crowded business centers and try to find vacant ground upon which to build his store buildings. Failing to find ground upon which to build, he must go and build in a portion of the city wherein there are already plenty of vacant stores. How will that help matters? The single tax is fully equal to the present rent, and rent is no more burdensome than the single tax. Why should applicants for store buildings multiply under the single tax system, if under the present system the buildings now existing are empty?

Mr. Steers is respectfully informed that he cannot reduce the rent of desirable locations by multiplying buildings upon undesirable locations. He cannot move the business center of a town by simply building quarters for it to occupy.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

Geo. C. Ward.

Words.

IT is claimed that the number of words in the English vocabulary reaches about one hundred and fifty thousand, and therefore, if words are the signs of ideas, the English language voices more ideas than any other language can boast of.

Included in the English vocabulary are the numerous words employed in the sciences, in law, medicine, art and philosophy, words gathered from a number of dead languages, anglicized and half-anglicized, tortured out of shape, tongue-terrifying, throat-swelling and jaw-breaking words seldom used, and when employed are signs of ideas only to the select few.

The unabridged dictionaries of the times, with their multiplied thousands of words as monuments of the growth and stateliness of the language, may excite the admiration of lexicographers and polyglot students, but as a general proposition they could be reduced one-half or more, without marring the structure or materially detracting from the power of the English language. It has been well said, that "the great books of the world are not to be measured by the variety of words to be found in them. On the contrary, the two pillars of the world's literature—the Bible and Shakespeare—are marked by simplicity in the use of language. In the whole of the

Old Testament it is estimated that there are not more than 5,000 words. Milton in his epics used 8,000 different words, and in all of Shakespeare's wonderful dramas it is estimated that there are about 13,000 different words. Cultivated people in conversation will be satisfied with 3,000 words, or thereabouts, and their talk will embrace not only all subjects, but will be polished and scholarly." Accepting the statements as true, why should we have, say, 150,000 words, when 25,000 would answer every demand? Why attack all the languages of the nations, dead and alive, to capture and adopt words, and force them into idleness, to be employed so seldom that the idea designed to be conveyed is obscured rather than made clear? Again says the writer from whom we have quoted: "It is interesting to search for the source of human speech. In one of his writings Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes penned this thought: 'Language is a solemn thing; it grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness.' In this eloquent definition of the origin of language, every mind finds satisfaction. And analyzing it yet further we find the cause and the effect. Language at first was undoubtedly a series of incoherent utterances in which nature directed the use of analogical sounds." We take little stock in the theory of evolution, the prehistoric monkey tail-dropping period, when the monkey became man, since when man has grown and developed and expanded until his mind faculties grasp the universe to its uttermost "flaming walls." Nor do we take any stock in the theory that there was a time when language was nothing more than a series of grunts or screams, the language of apedom, nor are there any rational grounds for such conclusions. The fact, as stated, that 3,000 words are all that are required for "polished or scholarly" conversation is indicative that 150,000 words are quite unnecessary, and if Shakespeare could manage with 13,000 words to write his immortal poems, and the Bible required but 5,000 words, the conclusion is inevitable that junk-shop dictionaries might be abridged without especial peril. It may be true, as is said, that "the English tongue is to-day the leading tongue of the universe. It is rapidly becoming universal. It knows no obstacle in its growth. It is ever changing and assuming new shapes. Its complexion varies like the chameleon in color. Every day brings some new phase or odd word coined to meet some emergency. These words are engrafted upon the trunk of the language, and as these emergencies are constantly occurring the resources of the language seem to be well-nigh inexhaustible. There is no defining the power of the English language or its flexibility. Other languages seldom change. But every year sees much of new material

in the English tongue. There are no bounds to its expansion." English speaking people are the colonizing people of the world, and it may be the universal language. It may conquer and subdue all tongues and at some far away epoch re-establish the one-tongue time, as when the tribes in the plains of Shinar concluded to build a tower that would reach to heaven. Such ideas are utopian, but suppose they were not the wildest vagaries, why continue to multiply words? The conquering power of language does not lie in unabridged dictionaries. Simplicity, directness, gives power to speech, not polysyllables. Indeed, words of one syllable are capable of doing more effective work than is usually believed, as for instance: Words are the signs of thoughts, light or strong, as the wish may be. If so, why seek for long words, when short ones serve as well? Short words, like balls or shot from guns, do their work best, make less noise and are sure to hit. They kill, they wound, or, they wake men up and set them at work, while big words oft fall short of their aim, make much sound but bring down no game.

We have seen this and know that it is true, and it is this fact which leads us to tell the man who reads this to con the facts and seek for the right choice of words when he writes or speaks.

If he turns his eyes to the sky to read the stars, or to the earth to find a theme for thought; if he views the sea to hear what the wild waves say, he may tell what he has seen or heard in small words. In joy and in grief, with tears in his eyes or smiles on his lips, he will find that his tongue can tell all he knows in small words, and thus it will be found that big words, long words, are not in need when he wants to voice a thought.

It may be that when time was young, men had but few words to tell their wants, or to cheer them when sad, and the fact that things have changed is not proof that man is in need of words of more sound if they have not more sense.

What the world wants is words clean cut, sharp, keen and to the point. When men write or speak it is thought to be the thing to find big words, which they think give force to their theme. In this they err, since the small word will be found, if they look for it, which will give their theme a tone and point that will bring them the praise they have earned.

For a time the task will tire them, and they may look on it as time lost. But such is not the fact. In the choice of words, small things ought not to be left out. They are just what we want, and those who write and speak should bear the fact in mind.

F. J. Grogan.

Reading of Novels.

A NOVEL is a fictitious tale or narrative, intended to exhibit the operation of the passions, and particularly love.

Fiction is that which is feigned, invented or imagined; a fable; novel literature.

If novels and fiction are used interchangeably then there are novels and there are novels. Some people condemn fiction entirely, others are so allured with it as to read nothing else. Neither extreme is to be commended. Many of the novels which are circulated through the press and news companies ought to be consumed in one huge bon-fire. Yet it is extravagant and not over-sensible to utter an anathema against *all* novels on this account.

It is unwise to suppose that we can ignore all writings of this kind, or that works of fiction will not be read, despite all the spicy articles and reasonings in the world against them. It is a kind of literature, which, like poetry, to which it is akin, has found place among all nations of any culture in ancient as well as modern times; it has frequently proved itself one of the most effective means and agencies ever discovered, for conveying lessons of deep and lasting moment to all classes of readers; and it is a certain fact, that young people, especially, *will* read novels and stories and it cannot be prevented. Out of 5,000,000 volumes circulated in five years by the Boston Public Library, four-fifths were classed as "Juveniles and Fiction."

The novel is an instrument, and just as it has been impossible to confine other inventions to the service of virtue, so vice as well as virtue has availed itself of the novel form. It is no easy matter to draw the line with precision or to pronounce upon what are the novels or writings of fiction which ought to be, or may safely be read at all. There is no accounting for tastes or varieties of opinions here any more than elsewhere; and as *amusement* or *pleasurable excitement* is the end almost always sought in reading novels, it is not at all surprising that people should differ as to what works they should read in order to most readily gratify this desire.

Among the books which everybody should read are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," DeFoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." The last, certainly not a novel or romance, in the ordinary sense of the word, but is a work of imagination unsurpassed by anything of its kind. To these should be added Cervantes's "Don Quixote," Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," and Irving's "Sketch Book," and "Tales of a Traveler."

The historical novels of Sir Walter Scott are not only very interesting to read as sto-

ries, but are full of instruction. To this class belong Bulwer's "Rienzi," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Last of the Barons," Lockhart's "Valerius," James's "Richelieu," C. Kingley's "Hypatia," Scott, Cooper, Dickens and Thackeray need no special mention. They are among the very best works of this kind.

B. Disraeli, Lever, Marryatt, C. Reade, M. Reid, Trollope, Oliphant, George Eliot, O. W. Holmes and Mrs. Stowe might be added as among the higher class of novelists. For a good presentation of pernicious literature read not only Miss Emma E. Smith's article in August number of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, but "Vampire Literature" by Anthony Comstock, in *North American Review*.

W. F. Stevens.

Mr. Ward's Conundrum.

MR. GEO. C. WARD does not think that labor with free access to land, that is, the raw material of the earth, can build houses, clothe nakedness or feed the hungry. Let me ask him how labor does all these things at present and has done in all past ages, and at the same time pays idlers enormous prices for land or material to work on. Labor is like a man who lived in monopoly-land, who had a meter on his wind-pipe and the air lord syndicate collected their bill every month at so much per 1,000 feet. Under such conditions which remedy would Mr. Ward advocate, to abolish the monopoly or issue more money that he could pay the bill easier?

Mr. Ward seems much exercised over the consumer paying the full cost of production. Let us revert to first principles. Labor is the sole producer. The earth is his workshop, and the consumer (i. e. his appetite and desires) is his employer. We take for granted that the consumer is the universal employer. Should not the employer pay all wages and cost of production? This is evidently just. Who else should pay? Would Mr. Ward expect the delivery boy to pay part of the cost of his groceries?

Now, we will look into the reason why the merchant would or should not be taxed as such. Let us take, for example, why does Mr. Ward refrain from charging his servant girl up for rent for using part of his house? Because she would say that she was not there for her own health or pleasure, but at her employer's service, and he would have to increase her wages equivalent if he did so. This applies to the merchant or manufacturer who is not in business for his health, who does not consume the site value, but instead uses it in the service and for the convenience of his customers, he being simply their commissioned agent. He must

charge all taxes to his employers, so it is useless to cut a piece off one end to add on to the other.

I don't mean to say that some merchants do not get more than the consumer should give for selecting and distributing goods. I will now consider the remedy. Under the single tax men will be free to buy and sell where and how they please, so the merchant, after he pays his ground rent, will have to compete with agents and peddlers who have no rent or taxes to pay. The consumers can either individually or collectively employ purchasing agents on commission and force the merchant to be satisfied with a just recompense for his services to the consumer. These are not legal questions, but things that must be settled by the consumer intelligently obtaining justice for himself.

Even Mr. Ward's wheel of fortune man acts as agent for his customers, retailing them excitement and experience.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

G. M. Russell.

Taxation and Wealth.

IN the course of an article in the September number of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Mr. B. C. Stickney expresses himself as follows:

"Laws cannot create wealth. The Single Tax will not transform houses into palaces. It will not transform dimes into dollars. It would, however, relieve the workingmen from the burden of contributing six hundred millions of dollars a year in taxes. They are now paying taxes to the government, and also paying ground rents to landlords. Under the Single Tax they would continue to pay the ground rents, but would discontinue paying the taxes. The government would take the ground rents to use for public purposes. Mr. Marshall seems to contend that the people should be relieved from the payment of ground rents, as well as taxes. But, as observed in a former paragraph, this cannot be done. Ground rents will forever continue to be paid; the only question is, to whom shall they be paid?"

It appears to me that Mr. Stickney is laboring under a misapprehension, or else is quibbling for a strict definition of terms. Will he affirm that laws do not create orders for wealth? Money is not wealth, it is true, but it is an order for wealth. Is Mr. Stickney prepared to say that laws cannot legislate money into the pocket of favored classes? Let him investigate the results of the funding bill, the credit strengthening act, the National Banking system, and the law which demonetized silver. The latter law, if it did not "transform dimes into dollars," did at least reduce a dollar in silver, or wheat, or labor, to seventy cents. At the same time it "transformed" a dollar investment security into a bond worth one dollar and a half.

Mr. Stickney, in the foregoing paragraph, makes a very important admission. He admits that labor pays all taxes. He also ad-

mits that under the Single Tax system, labor would continue to pay all taxes—or rent. So that under the Single Tax system, as under this, the *exploiters* of labor, the coupon clippers, the merchant princes and bankers, would all go scot free, while labor paid for the privilege of being fleeced by them.

There is a better way. It lies in this direction: Levy upon unused and unoccupied land, upon all land occupied for income producing businesses, and upon all personal property used as capital, or for purposes of gain or income producing, a *graduated-cumulative tax*. Exempt entirely from taxation all dwelling houses and sites and personal property kept for personal use, but not for gain. What is a graduated-cumulative tax? It is called *graduated*, because, commencing at a basis rate upon a certain valuation, it increases in rate in a progressive ratio to the value of the property to be taxed. It is called *cumulative*, because, where an individual owns more than one piece of property in a taxing district, each separate piece is taxed at the rate that applies to the valuation of all the pieces of property valued together.

Having levied the above kind of a tax during the lifetime of all, extend its operations beyond the grave, so to speak, and levy a graduated *succession tax* upon the estates of dead persons, so graded and adjusted as to rates, as to take back for the people all above a certain amount for each heir.

The graduated-cumulative tax would lack but little of equalizing wealth, conditions and opportunities of all persons during life, while the succession tax would restore to the people all wealth stolen from them by the deceased person during lifetime. *All wealth not earned by honest labor, is stolen from those who did so earn or produce it.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Geo. C. Ward.

Land Values the Result of Communal, Not Individual Effort.

ABSENCE from home and pressure of other duties has prevented me from answering Mr. Marshall's July article until the present time. I hope Mr. M. will excuse any apparent neglect on my part.

Passing over Mr. Marshall's opening remarks in the July article as not pertinent to our argument, let us consider his axioms. It is quite true, as Mr. M. says, that "Labor pays all revenues." It is also true that "to lighten taxation is to reduce revenues," but it is not true that "to lighten taxation is to relieve labor of its burden." Nor can it be true, under social conditions which compel the individual laborer to give up to persons separate and distinct from the government,

any portion of the fruits of his industry for the bare privilege of living upon the earth. The condition precedent to the elevation of labor is higher wages, a more just distribution of the wealth it creates. How will any mere lightening of taxation accomplish this? A moment's reflection will convince Mr. M. that his deduction is not sound. It is true that to lighten taxation might enable the employers of labor to pay higher wages, but can it be shown that it would *compel them to do so*? What matters it to the poor denizens of the slums of New York, or London, or to the Ryots of India, and peons of Mexico, whether taxation is light or heavy? To lighten taxation would not relieve them from their struggle for a bare existence; an increase in taxation could not make their lot worse than it is, as one step lower in the scale of living is out of existence, and beyond a certain point men can not be forced. No, Mr. M., to lighten taxation is *not* to relieve labor of its burdens, but to abolish private property in land through the single tax is to relieve labor of its burdens, and to allow our civilization to expand into forms as yet undreamed of. Labor creates all wealth, and so far as I have any knowledge, neither Mr. George nor any single tax advocate has ever asserted that the single tax would not be a tax on the wealth which labor creates; such a declaration would be extremely illogical, and a contradiction in terms. What single tax advocates maintain (and the position has been logically demonstrated) is that the single tax would divert the wealth which is created solely by the increase in population to its proper uses, leaving individual effort free. Right here is the point which opponents of the single tax fail to grasp, and which not to take into account is to never fully understand the theory. Labor is of three forms; that is, labor exerted individually, labor exerted in the form of capital, and labor exerted communally. The manner in which capital aids the individual laborer in production needs no illustration. The manner in which the community as a whole aids the individual in production is by permitting greater division of labor, thus enabling each individual to employ himself in the (to him) most profitable form of labor, affording greater facilities for exchanges of the products of individual labor, and by permitting closer associations and the more varied forms of industry enabling each individual to satisfy his own wants at the minimum of cost. The extent to which the individual profits by these aids to production is, of course, dependent upon his exertions, but without those aids the individual might work his hands off and still be unable to create the wealth which those aids permit. Now, the community as a whole, in thus aiding the individual pro-

ducer, renders the produce of certain individuals greater than that of others equally industrious and equally skillful, by giving to the lands and locations which they possess, a value which other locations do not possess. This extra product of the possession of these valuable locations is rent, and it does not depend upon extra individual exertion. Thus, the community as a whole, or labor in the aggregate, creates a definite part of the total product of the community by the special aid which it gives to the individual producers. Now, it can be easily seen that by appropriating this extra product (rent) to public uses, and abolishing all other taxes, a just distribution of wealth must be the result, for each individual would then get what he produced, and no more.

Proceeding now with the minor points in Mr. M.'s article, he says: "It is not the theory of government that land values are created solely by the growth of the community, since it demands \$1.25 an acre for its land where no community exists." Seriously, now, does it not strike the reader that such assertions are devoid of argument? Reduce this country to the sparseness of population of one hundred or even fifty years ago, and does Mr. M., or any other person, believe that there is a syndicate upon the face of the earth that would pay \$1 250,000 for 1,000,000 acres of land in the wilds of Montana or Dakota? The benefit that would be derived from taxing the syndicate land instead of its steers would be this: Under our present system the more steers the more tax, thus we virtually discourage the raising of steers. Under the single tax the tax would be the same whether the syndicate had one steer or one million on its land; thus instead of a discouragement there would be an incentive to the raising of steers, and if the syndicate should attempt to shift the tax by increasing the price of steers, the ease of acquiring land and freedom from taxation would induce so many others to go into the business of raising steers that the price would soon be brought back to the normal rate, and the syndicate's attempt amount to nothing.

Referring now to the worthless land of which I spoke in a former article, Mr. M. says: "A syndicate might purchase these valueless lands and fence them in, create parks and hunting grounds, and await the process of nature to rebuild the forests. After a few years it might be discovered that pine trees were springing up, and that nature herself was really at work creating value without the slightest regard to the growth of the community." Now, if Mr. M. will reflect a moment he will undoubtedly see how fallacious are such arguments. Such a thing as nature *per se*, creating value in anything, is an *absolute impossibility*. The

value inherent in all natural products is latent. It does not develop or become tangible, nor can it do so until a community arises to utilize it. Take the lands of which we speak. At the time of the discovery of this country we have every reason to believe that they were covered with pine forests of primeval grandeur. Of what value were they at that time? and what created their subsequent value? Or take the coal fields of Pennsylvania, now valued at countless millions of dollars. Nature created these coal deposits aeons ago, but of what value were they at the time King Charles granted the territory to the great and good William Penn? and why are they now so valuable? When Mr. M. answers these questions correctly he will have effectually disposed of his own argument.

Now, take the case of the nitro-glycerine factory. Mr. M. says "the *profits* of the first factory created the competition and the competition created the land values." Very true; but what rendered possible the profits of the first factory? Manifestly, that portion of the community which demands nitro-glycerine; thus in the ultimate analysis the land value depends entirely upon the growth of the community. Now, when the assessor goes forth to levy the tax it is not necessary for him take any account of either competition or profits, all that he would be required to take into account would be the pure *land values*. Mr. M. is disposed to make a great difficulty about arriving at such values under the single tax, and seems to think that it would be impossible to separate land values from improvement values. This difficulty is more fancied than real. Under the present system there is no difficulty about arriving at true land values, and assessors habitually separate such values from improvement values when making assessments, although uniting them with improvement values again under the heading of real estate. Does Mr. M. imagine that land owners in Chicago experienced any difficulty in arriving at the value of their land at the time their improvements were totally destroyed by fire? A very clear and definite value remained in this burned district, and this value was certainly not the result of improvements, since improvements were at one stroke annihilated. As a matter of fact the value of land is much more easily and certainly determined than that of either houses or personal property. Mr. M. is of the opinion that because I made a general statement to the effect that no person could be absolutely sure of a theory until it had been put to a practical test, that I am "groping in the dark," and that "such admissions give doubts, conjecture, and fancy the entire field." To this I can only say that the same might be said of Copernicus, Galileo

Stephenson, Morse, Watt, and numberless other avants couriers of new ideas.

W. P. Borland.

Philury's Artemisias.

WELL, upon my word, child! Do you mean to say, you've come out in such a storm as this, to hear another story," said Miss Rebecca. "Let me hang up your waterproof to dry, an' I'll take your overshoes out to the kitchen.

"It's an awful storm, an' when it clears off I expect we shall have frost. That's why I took up my artemisias yesterday, an' brought 'em in. They keep so well, in the house, an' I couldn't bear to lose 'em.

"Settin' here this afternoon, lookin' at 'em, an' listenin' to the storm, I got to thinkin' 'bout a story my mother used to tell—I don't s'pose you ever heard o' the loss o' the 'Anna Louisa,' or Cap'n Zeke Marvin? No, you wouldn't be ben likely to. But my mother knew 'bout it—that is, much as anybody knew, for she was well acquainted with Philury Marvin, an' all the Warrin's. She lived down to Black Point, my mother did, till she was married.

"Come close to the fire, child, an' get warm an' dry. I wouldn't have you to take cold for the world—O yes, I was speakin' 'bout the 'Anna Louisa.'

"Mother was but a child when she was lost, but she remembered what a talk there was 'bout it at the time. 'Twas such a fine new vessel, an' Cap'n Zeke Marvin was called the *safest* Cap'n that sailed out o' Black Point Bay, an' his crew was all men from right around that part of the country, most o' them from his own town.

"He took his wife with him, that last voyage, 'cause she hadn't ben well, an' he thought it might be good for her to have a trip on the water. They didn't have but one child—that was Philury, an' she wan't but 8 years old; they left her behind to go to school.

"Square Warrin's wife took charge of her—she was cousin by marriage to Miss Marvin, you know, an' her son sailed with the Cap'n—Elliot Warrin' his name was. He was a handsome boy, but dreadful wild.

"Well, they sailed out o' port, with as fair a promise o' a pleasant voyage an' safe return as ever folks had, an' that was the last that was ever seen o' the 'Anna Louisa.'

"Little Philury was left 'lone in the world, without neither father nor mother, an' as Cap'n Marvin hadn't ben one o' the savin' sort, there wan't much of any money laid by for her to fall back on. But, land! she never knew the difference, Square Warrin's wife kept her with her, an' took care of her jest as if she'd ben her own child.

"Course, nobody could take Elliot's place

with his mother, but I reckon Philury kinder comforted her. She used to talk to her 'bout him, by the hour together.

"Philury really was the only one she could talk to 'bout him, for the Square was a stern kind of a man, who kept his troubles to himself, an' expected other folks to do the same. When anything bothered him he didn't want to talk 'bout it. He'd took a deal o' pride in his only son, an' when he come to lose him, I reckon he felt it more'n some who'd made more fuss 'bout it.

"But Mis Warrin' she never could give up the idea that Elliot would come back some day. You see, not knowin' for certain what had become o' the vessel, 'twas a long while 'fore anybody could be sure 'bout it, and folks'll keep on hopin' in such cases, long's they can.

"But the years went by one after another without ever gettin' any news, an' at last they give up expectin' it—all but Mis Warrin'. She never could see a strange man comin' down the read, without watchin' to see if he turned into the gate, an' Elliot's room was always kept ready for him, winter an' summer.

"Well, of course, little Philury got to thinkin' of him as a sort o' hero. If you take a man at his mother's valuation you'll be likely to think he's somethin' more'n common—till you come to meet him.

"There was an old daguerreotype of Elliot in the house that Mis Warrin' thought everything of. You had to twist it, an' turn it, this way an' that, for half an hour 'fore you got it so's you could see any thing. Then all to once he'd start out o' the shadows an' smile at you with his great dark eyes an' handsome, boyish face—but 'fore you'd fairly seen him he'd be gone again. Mother said she wouldn't dare to say how much time Philury spent over that picture.

"Well, the years went by an' Philury grew up. She'd got to be 18 years old, when one evenin' she'n the Square was alone in the sittin' room, 'twas a stormy night, the last o' September.

"Miss Warrin' had stepped out for somethin', an' as I said, Philury an' the Square was sittin' there by the fire, when all to once they heard the front door open an' somebody come into the hall.

"They both looked up, Philury 'cause she thought 'twas strange anybody should be comin' in, in that way, on such a night, an' the Square—praps he thought he knew the foot-steps.

"A strange man was standin' in the door, lookin' at the Square, an' when he met his eye he took a step towards him an' said 'Father.'

"But the Square, he never moved a muscle. His face was stern an' hard as that stone wall out there.

"Who are you that speaks to me in that way?" sez he, 'my son was lost at sea, ten years ago. I have no other children.'

"But the stranger said, 'I am your son—don't you know me, father?'"

"No," sez the Square, 'an' I hold my son's name an' place too sacred to give 'em to any strange man who may happen in out o' the streets an' lay claim to 'em. Oblige me by leavin' the house at once,' sez he.

"Well, Philury was watchin', an' she see the young man's face turn ashy pale. He looked like somebody who was caught in an awful dream an' couldn't wake out on't. He didn't say no more, he was standin' there lookin' at the Square, when Mis Warrin' come in, an' he turned towards her with a sort o' despairin' question in his eyes. But he didn't need to speak. With a cry that rung through the room, she caught him in her arms an' fainted dead away, for joy.

"Holdin' her close, the young man turned back to the Square again.

"My mother knew me," sez he.

"Will you have the goodness to lay my wife on that sofa," sez the Square, lookin' gloomy an' forbiddin' as a thunder cloud.

"The young man did as he told him, an' put her down, careful and gentle as he could, an' then he stooped an' kissed her, though the Square was standin' right there glarin' at him.

"As he raised his head, he see Philury watchin' him, with all her pityin' tender heart in her eyes. He didn't know who she was, but he see she believed him 'fore she spoke.

"Are my father an' mother coming back?" sez she.

"Who are your father an' mother?" sez he, lookin' at her kinder curious.

"The Cap'n o' the 'Anna Louisa,' was my father," sez Philury, wonderin' how the Square could help seein' he was like his picture, except for lookin' so sad, an' his face grew mournfuller still as he answered her.

"All on board the 'Anna Louisa,' exceptin' me, were lost ten years ago," sez he.

"If my son had been saved," sez the Square in his stern voice, interruptin' 'em, 'he wouldn't a let ten years go by withut tellin' us he was livin'."

"But I was picked up by a ship bound for Hong Kong, sez the young man, turnin' back to him as eager, as if he hoped even yet he might convince him who he was, 'an' I wrote, an' wrote to you—I can prove to you that I am your son."

"I won't trouble you for your proofs," sez the Square, seein' his wife was comin' to herself again. 'But I must remind you that it's gettin' late, an' were not in the habit o' keepin' strangers over night.'

"The young man see it wan't nouse, so he give one more look at his mother, restin' with her head on Philury's shoulder—an'

like enough he looked at Philury too. Then he went away, out into the storm.

"An the Square sat down in his chair, afore the fire, an' covered his face with his hands an' never spoke.

"You can guess how Mis Warrin' felt, when she came to herself an' found Elliot was gone. There wan't no pacifyin' her she was like one distracted. She'd gone right after him, if she'd known which way to take, spite o' the Square, who reasoned with her, patient as could be. He told her she was mistaken, it wan't their son, nor nobody like him, but only an impostor who was tryin' to deceive 'em, knowin' how she'd never been able to give Elliot up.

"But it wan't any use for him to talk to her. She said it *was* Elliot, she knew him the minute she set eyes on him, an' she got out his daguerreotype, an' 'pealed to Philury if it wasn't his very image. Her hear was jest broke, that Elliot should come back after all these years o' weary waitin'—come as she'd always hoped an' believed he would, an' ben turned away from his father's house an' downed.

"Turned out o' doors on a stormy night to find shelter as best he could. It made her down sick, and she couldn't sit up next day, an' had to have the doctor, but she got Philury to make inquiries if Elliot, as she called him, was still in the town.

"Philury didn't have no trouble in findin' out 'bout him. He was stayin' at the tavern, an' he didn't make no secret o' who he claimed to be. 'Twas the talk o' the town. There had'n't been such an excitement there since nobody could remember.

"Them that believed the young man's story blamed the Square for his hardness; but said they reckoned he had his reasons for what he did. While them that took up on his side said Mis Warrin' had mourned over her son till her mind was weakened, an' her judgment wan't to be depended on, nohow.

"Folks didn't know what to think, but I guess the main part o' 'em took up for the young man fur enough to give him the name he said was his, and treat him as such; but nobody durst mention him to the Square.

"But when folks talk so much on one subject they're apt to get the facts o' the case used up after a while, an' so have to go rangin' off inter the possibilities, an' probabilities, an' that's a field there ain't no end to. So, from kinder hintin' that there was reasons why the Square wouldn't own his son, they got to guessin' what the reasons might be.

"It 'peared that when the 'Anna Louisa' was lost there'd been a story round that some o' the crew'd mutinied and murdered the rest, an' took command o' the vessel an' gone off on a piratin' trip.

"I don't know what that story was made out of, an' I guess nobody did. But it come up now, an' folks got to sayin' 'praps the Square knew more about that business than he'd want anybody else to know, an' he might think 'twould be safer for his son to be dead 'n for him to be livin'.

"Well, as I said, Philury found out he was still in town, but Mis Warrin' couldn't rest. She wanted Philury to see him, an' speak to him, so she could know what he was goin' to do; an' 'bove all, to tell him not to go away without seein' her again.

"Philury knew the Square wouldn't like it, but she couldn't refuse to do as Mis Warrin' wanted her to, an' there's no tellin', 'praps she didn't mind havin' a chance to speak to Elliot again, herself; an' she got the opportunity one day when she wan't expectin' it.

"She'd gone down to the store for somethin' for Mis Warrin', an' as she stepped inside she see 'twas full o' men, an' somebody was playin' to 'em on a violin. She didn't see who it was at first, 'cause they was all crowdin' round, listenin' as if they was bewitched.

"Nobody come forward to wait on her, nor paid no 'tention to her, any way, an' after a minute she didn't wonder; she jest stopped an' listened, too, with all her ears, for long as she'd lived she'd never heard such music, or dreamed that anything like it could be fetched out o' a common fiddle. Her eyes was full o' tears 'fore she knew it, 'twas so sad, an' yet it 'peared to be a lively tune, too.

"An' then one o' the men moved a little to one side an' she caught a glimpse o' Elliot Warrin's dark, mournful face, an' see 'twas him 'twas playin'.

"'Twas Sam Mosier's violin he had. Sam left it there for some reason or other, an' the men was lookin' at it when they see Elliot comin' an' one o' 'em said how he used to be great on playin', an' proposed they should ask him to give 'em a tune. I reckon they thought 'twould be a kind of a test to put him to.

"Well, they agreed; an' when he come in they arst him. He took it up sort o' careless, an' looked at it, an' tuned it. Then he hesitated a minute, an' begun to play.

"They didn't none of them speak, an' no more did he. When he finished he put it down on the counter an' went off out o' the store, without a word.

"But soon's he was gone they all burst out talkin' at once.

"'No use to say he ain't Elliot Warrin' after that,' sez they. 'Nobody else ever could fiddle that way but him, an' he used to play that very tune when he was here to home 'fore ever he went on the water.'

"Philury didn't wait to hear what they said 'bout it; she followed him out o' the store.

"'Mr. Warrin,' sez she.

"Elliot turned round, an' there she was, her cheeks all flushed, and her eyes still wet with the tears his music had brought to 'em.

"'I'm Philury Marvin,' sez she, fear he'd forgot her, 'and your mother wanted I should see you, an' give you her love, and beg you not to go way again, 'cause she's sure the Square 'll believe the truth in the end.'

"Elliot he thanked her. He seemed kind o' doubtful 'bout the Square, but he said he'd wait awhile an' see, an' he sent his love to his mother.

"Then Philury went on to tell him how Mis Warrin' wan't able to be out yet, but she wanted to hear from him every day, an' would he be willin' to meet Philury somewhere when she was on her walks, so's to get his mother's messages, and send any he liked back to her.

"Well, course he was willin', an' Mis Warrin' come as near to being happy as she had for years. She never thought o' its makin' trouble for Philury, long's the Square didn't find it out.

"'Twas a real quiet spot where they 'rang-ed to meet, not far from Square Warrin's house, in a little lane that led down through a hollow, to the sea shore. A stream run through the hollow, with a bridge on it, pleasant as could be.

"Philury was dreadful shy, at first. She'd give him his mother's message, an' take his in return, an' hurry off, fast as she could. But 'twasn't long 'fore they begun to feel better 'quainted, an' then Elliot's messages to his mother grew longer, an' longer, an' 'twouldn't be strange if there was some word for Philury herself, mixed up with 'em.

"He was a real handsome young fellow, an' course his bein' so sad an' unfortunate, only made him 'pear more romantic an' takin' to a girl like that, an' he'd ben 'round so much, he was real interestin' to talk to.

"I s'pose there wan't no end to what he told her 'bout his life, an' travels, an' Philury had to go over it all again, to his mother, so course she was 'bliged to lay it up an' 'member it.

"They had a spell o' pleasant weather, then for a while, such as we get in the fall, sometimes, when the leaves is turnin' red an' yellow, an' a blue haze lies on the hills, an' the sun shines soft an' warm.

"'Twas dreadful pleasant down in the hollow by the brook, an' Philury's walks took longer an' longer. She always started out 'bout three o'clock, but it got so 'twas after five 'fore she reached home. An' once she stayed as late as six, but 'twas the last time she did it, for Deacon Nicholls come over the hill, through the huckleberry bushes, lookin' for his cows, an' see 'em.

"Course, it wan't none o' his business, but he went straight over an' told the Square. He said he wan't one to stand by an' see a man imposed on, by the members o' his own family.

"I reckon he thought the Square'd be so 'bliged to him he'd tell him all he wanted to know, but he was disappointed.

"Down on the bridge, Philury'd ben tellin' Elliot how the Square was goin' inter town the next day, an' his mother wanted him to come up an' see her. But Elliot he shook his head, an' said no, he'd come any time they liked, when his father was home, but he wouldn't come sneakin' into the house, like a thief, when he was gone, as if he was 'feared o' meetin' him. He said he despised underhand ways, an' dodgin' 'round corners.

"Philury she flushed up red at that, an' said she didn't see as 'twould be any more 'underhand' to come an' see his mother without his father knowin' than 'twas to meet her there on the bridge without askin' his leave.

"Elliot didn't say nothin'; he was jest lookin' at her. I reckon he was thinkin' more 'bout how pretty she was'n he was o' what she was sayin'.

"Philury, herself, didn't know why she felt so put out, an' she went on to tell him there was plenty o' ways he could get word to his mother without meetin' her, if he'd rather.

"'What ways?' sez Elliot, lookin' kinder 'mused.

"'You could write,' sez Philury, catchin' her breath an' feelin' a dreadful sinkin' in her heart, but keepin' straight on. 'You could write—an'—drop it in—in—the artemisias—that grow by the fence, an' I could take it out, an' give it to Mis Warrin'.'—Good afternoon—It's gettin' dreadful late.'

"'Good bye,' sez Elliot, laughin' an' catchin' her hold o' her hand, but Philury snatched it away, an' run off.

"Well, Philury, she was restless as she could be, next day. She couldn't seem to settle down to nothin', waitin' for it to come time for her walk. The Square didn't go to town, as they had expected, after all, but 'peared to be uncommon busy, 'bout home.

"But, as I was sayin', when it come to be most three o' clock, Philury started for her room to get ready to go out, an' she met the Square in the hall.

"Philury,' sez he, 'will you come here, an' help me a minute?'

"Philury felt as if she couldn't stop, but she didn't s'pose he'd hinder her long, 'n she went with him into his room.

"She was disappointed enough when she see what a pile o' bills an' papers he wanted her to go over with him.

"It took 'em till dark, 'fore they was done,

an' all the time she couldn't see nothin' but the bridge, in the hollow, an' Elliot waitin', an' waitin' while she didn't come.

"You may well believe she kept clear o' Square next day, an' she was ready for her walk in good time, but she wan't out o' the gate 'fore up he come, limpin' along, with his gold headed cane.

"'Goin' for a walk, Philury?' sez he. 'Come with me, down to the store.'

"Philury had to go with him, however she felt 'bout it, an' 'twan't no use for her to try to hurry. The Square always went slow, but that day it 'peared to her he never would get nowhere. An' when, at last, they reached the store, she had to stand an' wait while he talked business with 'Lias Green, till she was ready to cry.

"Course, 'twas too late to walk out again, when they got home. There wan't nothin' for it but to go to Mis Warrin's room an' tell her how 'twas, an' she was disappointed enough. She counted so on hearin' from Elliot every day.

"But Philury, she couldn't sleep that night, an' she couldn't eat nothin' next day. You see, if she hadn't been put out with Elliot the last time she see him 'twould a been diff-rent. But she knew he'd think she didn't come cause she was mad at him. an' she couldn't feel no certainty o' ever gettin' a chance to explain.

"She didn't spose 'twould be much use tryin' to go again, 'twant likely he'd be there, if he'd been twice already without findin' her. But she started, all the same. The Square wan't nowhere in sight, till she got to the gate that led to the lane, an' then if you'll believe me, she see him ahead o' her, takin' his time, on his way to the bridge.

"Well, Philury didn't dare follow, but she was perfectly crazy to know if Elliott had come, so she climbed over the fence, an' crept through the bushes, an' looked down, an' there was Elliott, waitin', jest as usual.

"She didn't know what was goin' to happen next, but the Square come up to him, an' they begun to talk. Philury clasped her hands, an' said a prayer, then she turned round, an' run home, fast as she could, to tell Mis Warrin'.

"They was sure if the Square talked with Elliott he'd be convinced. Mis Warrin' wan't fit to be up, but she dressed herself, an' she'n Philury sat by the window an' watched an' waited, poor things, till 'twas most dark. Then they see the Square comin' towards home, his head bent down, an' walkin' slower'n ever, an' he was alone.

"Well, it's no use for me to try to tell you how they felt, but there wan't nothin' they could do.

"The Square didn't interfere with Philury's walk next day. The slantin' sunlight was shinin' through the hollow, an' the trees

an' bushes was all ablaze o' red an' yellow, but Elliott wasn't there. She stood on the bridge an' waited, but he didn't come.

"Every once in a while a little breeze would rustle past, an' Philury would turn round quick, but there was nothin' there, more'n a handful o' red leaves, floatin' away down the stream.

"The shadows grew longer an' longer, an' the sun went out o' sight behind Deacon Nicholl's barn, on the hill, an' Philury knew she might as well give it up an' go home.

"The only thing that give Mis Warrin' an' Philury any comfort 'bout that time, was 'memberin' Elliot had said he wouldn't go 'way again till he'd seen his mother. So though one week after another went by without their hearin' from him, they never for a minute doubted that he would keep his word.

"The pleasant weather broke up after that, an' the fall storms come on. All the bright leaves was blown off, an' the wind sobbed through the old pine tree front o' Square Warrin's as if it knew about the sorrow an' disappointment in the house, an' mourned 'long with the rest.

"The Square always made a good deal of Thanksgiving time. His own family was small now, but there was his brother an' sister, an' their folks, an' all Miss Warrin's connections. Enough on 'em when they got together to make quite a party, and the Square entertained 'em all on Thanksgiving day.

"Mis Warrin' and Philury didn't feel much like celebratin' that year. Mis Warrin', she told him, 'peared to her, she wan't well enough to bother with it. But the Square wouldn't give it up. I reckon he knew his wife's reasons for objectin', an' felt 'twan't best to notice them.

"Any how things had to go on, same as usual, Philury was in the kitchen from mornin' till night, helpin' with the pies an' the puddins'. She was a master hand at cookin', Philury was, an' if her heart was heavy it didn't affect her cake none.

"Mis Warrin' left everything for her to see to, 'cause she wan't any more'n able to be 'round, and Philury was glad to be busy.

"Well, when the day come, Philury see every thing was in order in the mornin' an' the dinner so's it could be left without spollin'. Then she got all ready for church an' went down stairs.

"The others hadn't come out o' their rooms, so she thought while she was waitin' for 'em she'd step out 'n the garden an' see if she couldn't find a few artemisias, to make a bokay to set on the table. She got a real pretty bunch of 'em, goin' from one plant to another, an' pickin' out the ones that had ben kinder sheltered from the frost.

"'Twas a pleasant mornin', the sun

shinin' warm and bright after the storms they'd been havin', an' Philury thought what a beautiful world it would be, if only things could be fixed a little different.

"She come to the brown artemisias that grew by the fence, as she was thinkin', an' parted the faded flowers an' put 'em to one side to find the fresh ones that was left, an' there down in the very center, 'tween the stems, she see somethin' white—leastways it had been white once, 'fore the rains had soaked an' soiled it.

"Philury knew what it was in a minute an' took it out careful as she could. Why, O why, hadn't she 'membered that she told him to write and put it there.

"The direction was most all washed off 'cept part of her name, which was left, so she knew it had been meant for her. But when she tried to unfold it, it come all to pieces in her hand.

"Course 'twasn't possible to read it. The most she could make out was that the word *love* come in pretty often, an' down at the bottom of the page, half a sentence, 'if there is any hope for me'—

"But 'twas no use wonderin' now what the letter had said, or what he'd wanted her to do; 'twas too late.

"She stood there in the sunshine starin' at the bits o' paper till the front door opened an' the family come out all ready for church, then she put 'em away in her pocket, an' dropped her artemisias on the ground, an' went along with 'em.

"O, well, the minister said that day that 'twas folks' duty to be always thankful, an' that generally speakin', they had more reason to be than they rightly understood.

"Philury she sat and listened to him with her hands folded in her lap. She knew what reason she had for bein' thankful. She was young an' she had her health, an' plenty to eat, an' to drink, an' to wear, an' kind friends, an' yet how could she be 'spected to be thankful with such an ache in her heart, an' poor Elliott's unanswered letter, that she couldn't read, in her pocket?

"They had a grand dinner at the Square's that day. A great crowd o' their relations was there and Philury flew round tendin' to everybody an' everything, an' nobody guessed she wan't the happiest one o' the lot.

"In the evenin' some more young folks come in, an' Sam Mosier with his fiddle, an' they had a dance. Folks didn't think there was any sin in goin' down the middle in them days.

"Philury didn't feel much like dancin' an' she kept out o' it long's she could, but the young folks thought 'twas strange, an' last 'twas easier to stand up on the floor 'n to make any more excuses. Obed Nichols was her partner, an' she'd jest took her place beside him when Elliot come to the door.

"I don't know whether he told the truth 'bout himself or not, nobody ever did know. But if he had it must a ben dreadful hard for him, whatever he'd done, to stand there unnoticed an' unwelcomed in the door, while folks with less right 'n he had, laughed an' danced an' enjoyed themselves in his father's house.

"I don't know how he happened to come on Thanksgiving evenin', but I reckon he never thought o' their havin' a party, an' jest meant to keep his promise to his mother, an' praps to make one last trial o' his father.

"He was standin' there, lookin' round at the company an' thinkin' to himself that 'twant no use, when Sam Mosier see him. Sam was a reckless kind o' a fellow, who always said and did anything that come into his head, an' he 'membered what he had heard 'bout Elliot's fiddlin', so what did he do but hold his violin out to him.

"My arm's ready to come off," sez he, 'You give us a tune while I rest a minute.'

"Elliot took the violin in his hand an' looked across at Philury an' her partner standin' up and all ready to begin. Sam Mosier offered him a chair but he didn't take it.

"Philury hadn't seen him, but the minute she heard the music she knew Sam Mosier never played like that. She'd broke away from the set if she could, but she knew 'twould put the others out an' she could leave them when she got to the end o' the line without 'tractin' so much 'tention. She didn't try to talk to her partner but kept listenin' an' listenin' to the music. 'Peared 'twas like a beseechin' voice talkin' to her an' nobody else in all that room full o' company.

"The Square was listenin' too, when he was standin' by his wife over to the other end o' the room.

"Is that Sam Mosier playin'?" sez he, but his wife didn't pay no 'tention, she was too tired an' heart sick to care for fiddlin', who-ever played.

"'Twas said, the Square had ben dreadful fond o' Elliot's music, fore he went to sea, an' there was one tune in particular that he liked; I don't know what it was, my mother couldn't tell, but she said they always called it 'Elliot's Tune.' Praps he made it up himself.

"Well, when the Square heard him begin that he couldn't stan' it no longer; he started right off to see who was playin'. Folks said he was pale as death. But it took some minutes 'fore he could get round the dancers, an' the music had stopped. Sam Mosier was sittin' with his violin on his knees, when the Square came up, an' Philury was jest ahead o' him.

"Who was that playin', a minute ago?" sez he.

"'Elliot Warrin',' sez Sam, lookin' up at Philury an' then at the Square, kinder defiant. 'It's precious few folks can fiddle like him,' sez he.

"Where is he now?" sez Philury, without noticin' the Square.

"He's gone," sez Sam, tunin' up for another dance. 'Choose your partners, gentlemen.'

"Philury didn't stop to ask no more questions. She felt certain Elliot wouldn't go without seein' his mother. But when she come to where Miss Warrin' had been settin' she wan't there, an' she hurried out o' the room to look for her, quick as she could, never noticin' that the Square was followin' on behind.

"Out in the hall the great front door was standin' wide open, an' Mis Warrin', with the cold night air blowin' in around her, was stretchin' out her hands into darkness an' callin'.

"'Elliot! Elliot! Come back!'

"No, child; he never come back. Why should he? His father wouldn't own him, an' Philury'd never answered his letter. Some said he went off with the pirates again, but there wan't a mite o' proof against him, 'less the Square had it. He was known to be a just man, so folks was sure he must a had good reason for the course he took. 'Twas said he looked fifteen years older after Elliot was gone, an' Mis Warrin' she took to her bed an' never had the heart to get around again, no more.

"Philury stayed with 'em an' took care of 'em long's they lived, and when they died they left their place to her, 'stead o' any o' their own relations. I reckon they knew she'd keep Elliot's room ready for him, jest as his mother'd always done.

"Philury was very much respected in the town, though folks did call her queer. She did so much good all the time they could 'ford to overlook some o' her queer ways an' habits. You see, they never could understand why, winter an' summer, rain or shine, she always took a walk, every afternoon down the lane to the bridge in the hollow.

"An' the first thing every mornin', after her artemisias was up in the spring, she'd go out to the brown one that grew by the fence, an' look it all over careful, as if she expected to find somethin'."

Bessie Morgan.

Fashionable lady—Don't you think, doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering place for my health?

Doctor—Why, madam, you have a phenomenally robust physique.

"I knew there was something the matter with me. Where have I to go to get rid of it—Long Branch or Saratoga?"

How Can Land Values Be Determined?

I WILL accept Mr. Marshall's challenge without wabbling. By the term "Single Tax," the majority of the followers of this belief mean a single tax on special privileges. Mr. George, in his work, keeps this idea uppermost, that all persons are equal before the law; that when the law gave one or a group of persons a legal advantage, it should compel such to pay back to the public in taxes the amount any other person would pay annually for it. While Mr. George believed in applying this principle to land values, he claimed that where in other monopolies competition became impossible, they should become a public function, operated by and for the whole people. Most of his followers reject the latter, because he showed no means to bring it about, except by purchase, which includes much besides the labor value of such property.

His first proposition, Mr. George worked out fully, and formulated a plan to abolish all taxes on improvements and commodities and increase the land tax until land values were taxed to the point of disappearance and all land could be had free, that is, for one year, at the end of that time the holder would have to turn over to the community the advantage he had over the poorest site in use which was not taxed at all, thus assuring equality of opportunity and freedom of action.

Yet Mr. Marshall reiterates, how can we arrive at land values? This is simple: 1st, assess all improvements at full cost, less wear; 2d, make all owners fill out a blank setting a price which they would be willing to sell at; 3d, have it legally provided compelling them to accept the same from any purchaser, within ten days after open publication. This latter would seldom come in effect, except a sale was desirable, as men will tell the truth if it pays to do so. Let us have laws to encourage truth instead of putting a premium on falsehood as is done at present.

Now, the difference between the owner's valuation and the assessment would be the land value. Objection might be made that if we taxed this value away we would be without a guide from that time forward. To some extent, yes, but we could determine it by trial; if next year there was a difference still, increase the tax. If the valuation was less than the improvement, reduce the tax. In this way it could be rectified annually. This principle of assessments could be applied to railroads to show the charter value or watered stock, also to street railways, telegraphs, gas, water works, and telephones, leaving the value of such franchise bare. I think this the proper way to solve these questions, either by taxing away the monopoly or in determining a just price for public purchase.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

G. M. Russell.

How the Editor Can Live.

He can live without towels, live without soap,
Breakfast on vowels, and dine upon hope;
He can live without gallus, live without shirts,
Keep a kicking despite all manner of hurts;
He can manage to get on without advertisers,
But the editor cannot survive without scissors.

Sunny South.

AND the editor sat on his three legged chair
With his left hand clutching his unkempt hair,
His right hand uplifted and sawing the air,
He swore by his paste-pot he had nothing to wear.
As he looked at his hat, his trousers and shoes,
The more violent became his attack of the blues,
And wildly exclaiming, "Is there nothing to cheer?"
Forthwith starts out for a schooner of beer.
O! think of his joy, as just then perchance,
A heaven-bound pilgrim paid in advance
For the *Trumpet of Freedom*, a round silver dollar.
And then from the depths of his stomach, all hollow,
He sent forth a shout, and started instantler,
To find Billy Bones, the famed restauranter.
And as "six bits" of his dollar, like the minutes, went fleeting,
He swore that an editor could live only by eating.

Edmund Allen.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month.

A New Book.

We have on our table a book bearing the title of "Progressive Examinations of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, by John A. Hill, member Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, associate member American Railway Master Mechanics' Association."

In addition to the examination questions and answers the book contains nineteen "diagrams, illustrating manner of using signals according to the standard code of Train Rules, as adopted by the American Railway Association, approved July 15, 1889, amended April 8, 1891."

The book is not large, containing only 78 pages, but its size answers the demand the author had in view; besides, its dimensions permits the men for whose benefit it was written to conveniently carry it in their pockets for study and ready reference. In his introductory remarks the author says:

The future locomotive engineers of this country will need a different, and, perhaps, a better education in their business than has been required or demanded in the past. All important roads have already prepared or are preparing to examine every man before promotion. In the hope that these examinations shall be practical, go far enough and not too far, and that better posted engineers can be had for the great responsibilities resting upon us, the author, who has served ten years on the foot-board, has proposed the Progressive Plan, believing that it is just and in the interests of the men, the roads and the public. It will tend to better the understanding and increase the confidence and self-respect of the locomotive engineers and firemen of America whose skill, judgment and heroism have been the chief factors in the safety and success in the establishment of the greatest transportation system the world has ever known.

It does not fall to the lot of every man to write a book, and thousands have been written, which reflecting no credit upon their authors, speedily found their way to the limbo of forgotten things.

But here we have a book written for a purpose worthy of the highest commendation, written for the benefit of locomotive engineers and firemen by one of the craft, who served several years on the foot-board and in every word of advice and direction knows whereof he writes.

We write no undue eulogium of the author, John A. Hill, when we say by education and investigation, by service and by experience he is specially competent to write of the "progressive examinations" of engineers and firemen, which the railroad service of the future will demand.

Starting out with the proposition, that "every child is taught to creep before it walks," we have a clue to the purpose which animated the author to write his book; to help the inexperienced, to smooth, in some measure, the rugged path they have to travel from the day they begin firing an engine till they reach the goal of their ambition, the "right side" and the throttle, and it is easy to see that from first to last the author was influenced by a purpose to help those who are sufficiently ambitious to avail themselves of every means in their power to help themselves.

In the course of his preliminary remarks the author says:

Locomotive engine running is a responsibility, than which there is no greater, and the most painstaking care is none too efficient in selecting and training men for this more than responsible position.

The way to secure a good class of engineers is:

First: Select good, clean material, inspect for culls and have some quick and fairly accurate method of testing for such defects as would prevent the candidate from ultimately becoming a first-class passenger engineer.

Second: Provide the opportunity and means, or point out the way, to the student to learn the rudiments of his business, first—teach him how to fire, before he goes head-over-heels into valve motion.

Third: Provide an incentive to the learning of the right part first, and establish a point at which no progress or any other defect in the candidate for advancement will call for a termination of the apprenticeship.

Mr. Hill has observed, as many others have done, the tendency to advance without the necessary equipment of knowledge, and he, therefore, proposes a method by which "responsible officers can provide a system of periodical examination of firemen, advance them step by step until they become thoroughly proficient engineers; and abandon the usual rule of putting a conglomerate gang of men upon locomotives, letting them fire a term of years, and select the oldest for examination, only to find that he knows little about his business, that he is color blind, illiterate, or intemperate—all of which should have been discovered before he was given a job at all." The method proposed by the author at once challenges respect. In practical education it is the one thing needed. Promotion is based upon merit, and when an advance occurs by virtue of knowledge, the individual dignifies the position and the interests of the service are promoted.

According to the educational equipment of applicants to become firemen the author says the "applicant must have a common school education, at least equal to the grammar grades of the public schools of the state—graduates of regular high schools gives preference. Must be soberly temperate, of good moral habits and physically strong enough for the arduous work of firing. This ought to suggest to locomotive firemen who are in the service, at once get their

books, and master thoroughly the rudiments of an English education. We refer to those who are incapable of constructing a sentence grammatically, and whose orthography is sadly deficient, and who, we doubt not, would find it difficult to answer correctly such simple arithmetic problems as the following:

Examiner: If freight train No. 10 ran from A to B, six miles and a half, at the rate of 15 miles per hour, how long would it take?

A. Twenty six minutes.

Q. How long does it take a passenger train travelling 30 miles per hour to make a mile?

A. Two minutes.

Q. If this road has 350 engines, each making 100 miles per day, how many miles do they all make per day?

A. Thirty-five thousand miles.

Q. Suppose each fireman wasted half a cent's worth of coal a mile by letting steam blow off at the pops too much, or by throwing away coal, how much would that amount to a day to the road?

A. One hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Q. What do you read?

A.

To the last question in the list, "What do you read?" the answer, we are inclined to believe, would be damaging.

Just here comes in a bit of advice and warning which we reproduce, because of its importance.

You have, no doubt, thought over the matter seriously, and understand something of the duties of the road and its dangers. Is it doubly dangerous where any faculty is dormant while on duty; train yourself to avoid sleep or drowsiness on a locomotive; it is a habit that grows, and oftentimes kills. You will have many duties to perform, and it is desirable, and necessary, that you learn to do them not only well, but cheerfully. Cultivate the faculty of getting along well with the men with whom you are at work, and avoid dissensions. Try and please your engineer; remember he has years of experience; you have none. He can teach you much that you need to know, but may appear taciturn, cranky, or close-mouthed; but the meanest engineer on earth will learn to like and help a loyal fireman, who has nothing to say against him or the engine, who tries hard to keep steam and keep the engine reasonably clean, and who is always willing to help him with his work, especially in case of an accident.

Establish now, while you are young, the habit of taking rest as soon as you are in; do extra work, loading or visiting afterward—you may have to go out before you expect.

Don't forget that it is not the *last* drink that hurts a good man's reputation—it is the *first*. Be temperate. The officers of this road have no right to say to you, "You shall not drink intoxicating liquors;" but they have the right to say, "We will not employ a man in any capacity that drinks."

The progressive examinations are given after one, two, and three years' service, and following each examination the author introduces a "lecture" brim full of the right sort of talk.

In the first examination there are ninety-one questions and answers; in the second examination fifty-nine questions are asked and answered, and in the third examination 147 questions are answered, giving a total of 297 questions and answers, every one of which is to the point.

In the closing lecture the author says:

If there is disagreeable work to do, do it as cheerfully as possible, and with little "kicking." Say you can't pull cars after you have tried—never before.

Get the reputation of oiling around, taking water and getting ready to move quickly. Get the reputation of running on the road evenly, occupying card time between stations, and not running fast and stopping often.

If you find it necessary to run fast to a station for a meeting point, commence to run fast right then—not at the last moment. Get the reputation of doing well, and on time, anything you set out to do with an engine. Make your fireman your partner; show him all your orders; interest him in his work and the engine—he will be of great service to you—and above all, don't forget that you fired a long time yourself.

Avoid the reputation of being "fly" on the road. Never be reckless or foolish; it's a grave business. Don't let your thoughts wander from your work. Accept the responsibilities of your position with your eyes open and hand firm—just as a successful surgeon uses the knife near the vitals—know what you are doing and how to do it, just how far to go, and where to stop. A nervous, excitable, uncertain engineer is as dangerous as an ignorant one.

Don't ask many favors or make many kicks, so that when you do ask a favor it will be more likely to be granted, and when you do kick it will count.

We have devoted more than usual space to Mr. Hill's book because we regard it of the greatest value to locomotive firemen, particularly those who hope to be engineers, and every one of them should have a copy in their pockets, and should thoroughly master its contents.

The book supplies a want and meets an imperative demand. It is written in a style that firemen will appreciate, simple and pointed. There is no surplus anywhere—nothing stilted, but plain, straightforward common sense throughout.

We bespeak for it a large sale to brotherhood firemen, and we take occasion to assure them that the investment will pay large dividends in solid knowledge.

THE Virginia law forbidding the running of Sunday freight trains has been decided by the supreme court of that state to be unconstitutional, on the ground that it interfered with interstate commerce. The court held that the state may enforce observances of the Sabbath, "not as a religious duty but as a day of rest," but that when such legislation interferes with or obstructs interstate commerce, it is void. This position has been virtually already taken by the supreme court of the United States and the result, it is feared, will be to nullify the earnest and commendable efforts which have been made to diminish Sunday railway work, with the purpose of giving railway employes a fixed day for rest as well as for religious observance if they are so disposed, for if the running of freight trains on Sunday is held to be a necessity and any restriction thereof is an interference with interstate commerce of course the same argument can be applied with still greater force to the running of passenger trains. At present the prospect of any reduction in Sunday railway travel seems very small, and indeed the tendency has been marked in the other direction of late years.—*Railway Age*.

Piston Speed of Locomotives.

The piston speed of a locomotive is equal to the train speed times double the piston stroke in feet, divided by the tire circumference in feet. Thus a train running twenty miles an hour, with tire four feet in diameter and piston stroke twelve inches, has a piston speed of $\frac{22 \frac{2}{3} \times 24}{4 \times 3.1416} = 280.01$ feet per minute. In order to somewhat simplify this calculation, there has been prepared the accompanying table, which gives the second one of the two compound factors above given. Thus instead of doing the work represented by 4×3.1416 , the result is 0.1591.

STROKE.

DIAMETER AND CIRCUMFERENCE OF DRIVING WHEELS.

In.	Feet.	4' 0"	4' 6"	5' 0"	5' 6"	6' 0"	6' 6"	7' 0"	7' 6"	8' 0"
		19.0884	16.1272	18.708	17.2788	18.8496	20.4204	21.9912	22.562	23.1328
26	2.167	.3448	.2905	.2759	.2548	.2399	.2122	.1970	.1839	.1724
26	2.083	.3316	.2848	.2653	.2411	.2210	.2040	.1895	.1768	.1658
24	2	.3182	.2620	.2546	.2315	.2122	.1958	.1819	.1698	.1592
22	1.917	.3049	.2512	.2440	.2219	.2034	.1877	.1743	.1627	.1525
22	1.833	.2918	.2386	.2324	.2122	.1945	.1796	.1667	.1556	.1459
20	1.749	.2785	.2276	.2228	.2026	.1857	.1714	.1591	.1485	.1393
20	1.667	.2652	.2158	.2122	.1929	.1768	.1632	.1515	.1415	.1326
18	1.583	.2519	.2040	.2016	.1832	.1680	.1551	.1449	.1344	.1260
18	1.5	.2386	.2122	.2010	.1736	.1592	.1469	.1363	.1273	.1194
17	1.417	.2254	.2004	.1904	.1640	.1503	.1387	.1288	.1202	.1127
16	1.333	.2121	.1886	.1808	.1548	.1415	.1306	.1212	.1132	.1061
15	1.250	.2000	.1768	.1691	.1447	.1326	.1224	.1136	.1061	.0995
14	1.167	.1876	.1651	.1585	.1350	.1238	.1143	.1060	.0990	.0928
13	1.083	.1751	.1533	.1479	.1254	.1149	.1061	.0984	.0919	.0862
12	1	.1591	.1414	.1273	.1157	.1061	.0979	.0908	.0849	.0796

Thus an engine with a twenty inch stroke and 78 inch drivers, when making thirty miles an hour, has a piston speed of $\frac{22 \frac{2}{3} \times 20}{0.1632} \times 0.1632 = 430.8$ feet.

Robert Grimshaw.

Current Notes and Comments.

A 110,000 mile run without any repairs is the published record of locomotive No. 13,293 on the Pennsylvania R. R. This engine runs between Altoona and Pittsburgh, and makes 48 miles per day.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder*.

Is not this rather a high number of miles, as well as a high number for the locomotive, even if it is a Pennsylvania Railroad engine? As there appears to be a mistake in the number of the locomotive, may there not also be a slip of the pen or the type in the miles? As it stands the statement is open to question.

The Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway is the owner of 114 different kinds of locomotive. The diversity has arisen to a great extent through the inheritance from the numerous small roads absorbed. The mechanical department has not yet been able to ascertain the number of cars they have got with different kinds of dimensions and diverse attachments.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder*.

If the master mechanic of the above road insisted on adopting uniform standards he would probably have some trouble to make the parts come together, or to get over the road with the machines after they were put up; nevertheless, some master mechanics insist on certain standards among a lot of different engines, much to the men's annoyance and discomfort. While there is so much difference in engines of the same build that each one has to be treated a little different from its mates to get the best re-

sults, it is utter folly to attempt to establish certain unalterable standards to fit all engines, and no master mechanic in the world will be able to make a uniform standard until he has rebuilt all the engines on the road, and even then he will find that different runners will require different adjustments, for the one may be able to get lots of steam and get over the road on time while another one will get "stuck" for steam and unable to make time or pull a train. If the master mechanic has confidence enough in a man to put him to running he ought to have confidence enough to trust him with the adjustment of the parts, and not bind him by unalterable standards like the famous laws of the Medes and Persians.

The Pennsylvania Railroad likes are putting air brakes and Janney couplers on all their coal cars. It is admitted by all practical railroad men that coal cars need power brakes more urgently than any other kind of car owing to the difficulty of stopping them in passing over such cars to set brakes. On the eastern lines of the Pennsylvania system there was trouble with the freight engineers handling the air brakes badly, but this has now been to a great extent remedied. The engineers on the western lines handled the trains satisfactorily from the first, and the experience then obtained in the East of how to handle them was all that was necessary to teach their men how to handle the trains with air brakes.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder*.

It is indeed true, that with increase of speed required to handle the year's output of coal and take it down the mountains to

the seashore the old system of hand brakes is entirely inadequate to the demand and ought long ago to have been replaced by the more powerful and swift air brake, but so many of the eastern roads had so large an equipment of cars that their conservative managers could not entertain the idea of spending thousands on brakes, until put to expense by disastrous wrecks which might and would have been prevented by the use of the air brakes. Most of the western roads have been buying their equipments largely since the introduction of the air brake and have thus had many cars with air brakes and the men have thus been trained to handle them, and of course could do better than their eastern brothers, to whom air brakes on coal and freight cars are a new thing. Perhaps the length and weight of some of the eastern coal trains may have something to do with the matter, for a train of a thousand tons thundering down the mountains for ten to twenty miles or even more, by its own gravity, is a formidable force and good judgment must be added to practice to enable the engineer to control this moving mass. It is to be hoped that the eastern men will be equal to the task. Look at the paragraph below to find out what the train may be.

What has been spoken of with some degree of truth as an extraordinarily heavy train was recently taken over the Philadelphia & Reading. The train was made up of 90 long "hopper" cars carrying an average of about 25 tons of coal each, or 2,375 tons in all. Each hopper car is 34 ft. 1 in. long, and including engine and caboose car in the rear of the train, the whole train was 3,100 ft. long. The ordinary train is made up of 40 to 45 of these hopper cars. The engine hauling this train weighed over 75 tons, loaded. This long train was an experiment, and was entirely successful. It should be noted that the Reading line has a continuous down grade from the coal regions to tidewater, or "with the trade." On the return trip the same engine described above hauled back 210 of the old four-wheeled empty coal cars, equivalent to 60 of the empty hopper cars.

Increase of Compound Locomotives.

The appearance of the committee of the Master Mechanics' Association having the work of investigating the merits of compound locomotives will have ample data about these engines to draw from before the year is out. The Baldwin Locomotive Works intimate to the committee that they have seventeen compound locomotives in the erecting shop. The Schenectady Locomotive Works have eight compound locomotives at work in different parts of this country. Besides this they are building four 10-wheel passenger and one 12-wheel compound for the Southern Pacific. The Rhode Island Locomotive Works have three compound locomotives at work, the Brooks Locomotive Works are about to deliver a compound to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Pittsburgh Locomotive Works are building one compound, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy people have one at work, and the compound locomotive that the Old Colony people have been building in their shops at Boston is almost ready for trial. All the compound locomotives built in this country except the Baldwins are two cylinder engines.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder*.

"Economy is wealth," is as true of railroad management as of other business, but

in all it has to be in the right direction, and it does seem that the compounds are to prove one of the best factors in economic management of the railroads in the near future. A saving in the big fuel account is something no member of our order can object to for it will also affect him and work to his interest in several ways. In the first place less fuel for a given amount of work means less work to get over the road and it certainly ought to insure better pay, for if it turns out as present reports seem to indicate, that one or two tons of coal can be saved every day by the use of every compound, it ought to justify the road to pay their firemen some of the savings. Every fireman ought to give every compound a fair chance to prove her merits in this respect and not be ready to condemn without reason, for it is certainly a move in the right direction and is bound to succeed in the end even if useless obstacles are placed in the way of progress.

Changed Practices on the Baltimore & Ohio.

A change of sentiment appears to have come over the Baltimore & Ohio. This is about the oldest railroad in America. After giving to the country some practical illustrations that a new era in the methods of transportation had arrived, the men in control seemed all at once to become paralyzed with their own enterprise and audacity, and made up their minds to show no more of it. For about half a century the railroad was managed on the lines of certain antiquated aphorisms, the principal one being "leave well enough alone." The mechanical department was dominated by an article of the company's moral law, which read, "never put in the scrap heap anything that can possibly be made of use."

It was no wonder that the Baltimore & Ohio became synonymous with something exceedingly ancient and worthless.

This condition of affairs has changed now, and people have got voices in the company who are not only ready to raise them in favor of progressive practices, but also to use them in proclaiming to the world that the Baltimore & Ohio will no longer be tamely left by its competitors. The laws of the Medes and Persians were flexible compared to the rules of this company forbidding the giving out information to the press. Now those in charge seem to invite publication of what is going on in the shops and among the various departments. The stronger the talk about the merits of the company's machinery the better it is liked. The practice of the company, too, is beginning to justify praise, for everything purchased, cars, locomotives and other machinery, is the best of its kind.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder*.

We are glad to notice that the spirit of progress has stirred up the Baltimore & Ohio, and that it seems to have received an infusion of new blood in its veins by contact with the metropolis. As long as it stopped at Baltimore, or even Philadelphia, it seemed hardly alive, but when it reached New York city it appeared like one waking from a long sleep, and finding things changed, it began to adapt itself to circumstances and develop an amount of vitality which has caused universal comment. As the Baltimore & Ohio has ever been one of the best roads in the east to grant favors in transporting delegates to and from our con-

vention, it ought to please our order to learn that it is soon to take such a rank among the trunk lines, as the length of the road and its business seem to warrant.

Wm. Weiler.

Encompassing the Earth.

"The world (Cosmos) is a field; mankind is the seed; the end of the world is the harvest, and the reapers are the angels."

This is the epitome of the divine plan as declared in the scriptures and recognized the world over, both in Christian and heathen theology. At the final consummation, it is taught, the human race will have become qualified for a higher grade of existence and a new dispensation will be inaugurated. Meanwhile the struggle for ascendancy goes on.

From the very beginning of creation nature and human effort have wrought together to bring about the speedy consummation of the promised harvest; but the lapses have been so frequent that the net gain from age to age have been relatively small. By the time that new fields have been discovered and placed under subjection in one part of the globe old ones have become exhausted and worn out in others; so that the history of the world throughout seems to have been but a discouraging repetition of itself and each successive apparent achievement little more than an afterglow of some previous golden age.

Hitherto facilities for intercommunication between regions wide apart have been so meager and the scope of investigation consequently so limited that each division of the globe has believed itself to be possessed of the only civilization. All those parts of the earth which geographers were not acquainted with they indicated on the maps as deserts and all strange peoples as barbarians. But now, in the midst of a remarkable epoch, all the world has suddenly become an open book. The antipodes are brought together. By marvelous devices of mechanical construction remotest races are placed face to face and enabled to see and understand each other. Necessities of commerce and the spur of business competition, more than mere scientific inquiry, are contributing to hasten the forthcoming harvest. We are rapidly encompassing the earth and we are doing it on straight lines and by short cuts, regardless of natural obstacles.

Once it was our habit to go around; now there are no deviations. Before the present century closes every principal mountain chain will be tunnelled, every chasm spanned, every ocean traversed, every isthmus channelled and every strait bridged. Everywhere we are boring into the bowels of the earth, burrowing under the waters, mounting on the winds, harnessing the

lightning and securing self transportation by volition without physical effort. Already the several continents are connected by 125,000 miles of submarine electric cable. There are 11 cables between America and Europe. Africa is completely encircled by submarine telegraph. There is no end of economic projects soon to be undertaken or already under way. Some leading ones are herewith enumerated:

1. Railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, in Palestine.
2. Bridge across the strait of Dover, near Folkstone.
3. Mombasa & Nyanza railway in Africa, to connect the Nile with interior lakes and with the coast.
4. Railway across Siberia from St. Petersburg to Bering strait.
5. Railway across Alaska to Bering strait.
6. Bridge or ferry across Bering strait.
7. Canal across the isthmus of Corinth, in Greece, to connect the *Ægean* sea with the gulf of Corinth.
8. Ship canal around Niagara Falls.
9. Railroad from Quebec to Belle Isle, in Labrador, with connecting ocean steamship line to Medford, in Wales, G. B.
10. Ocean cable from Clew bay, Ireland, to Greenly island, strait of Belle, 1,900 miles.
11. Railway from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to Hudson bay and steamship line thence to Liverpool.
12. Railway from Winnipeg to the North Saskatchewan river across the Northwest territory.
13. Tunnel under the Hudson river at New York.
14. Tunnel under the St. Clair river between Sarnia and Port Huron, Mich.
- 15 and 16. Panama and Nicaragua canals.
17. Tunnel through the Atlas mountains in Russia.
18. Tunnel of the Great Northern railroad through the Rocky mountains in Montana.
19. Tunnel through the Sierras from Truckee river, Nevada, into California.
20. Canal from Knoxville, Tenn., through Alabama to the Gulf of Mexico.
21. Canal from Chicago to the Mississippi river, to cost \$25,000,000.
22. Ship railway, 66 miles long, from Georgian bay to lake Ontario, connecting the great lakes and the St. Lawrence river, costing \$12,000,000.
23. Canal from Chicago to the gulf of Mexico.
24. Ship railway around the Dalles of the Columbia river.
25. Ship canal across New Jersey to the Atlantic Ocean, 60 miles.
26. Ship railway to connect the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy, 12 miles, costing \$12,000,000.

27. Steam lines from Tampa, Fla., to all parts of the West Indies.

28. Longitudinal railway through the axis of North and South America from Chicago to the Argentine republic.

29. Steam lines from Vancouver, in British Columbia, to Japan and Australia.

30. Steam lines from New York to the Caribees and Windward island.

31. Steam lines from Scotland to North Cape and the Antarctic ocean.

32. Stated voyages between Sitka, Alaska and Point Barrow in the Arctic ocean.

33. Steamboat navigation to all the great lakes and rivers of Siberia, British America and Central Africa.

Very rapidly, too are new ports of entry being established in all the continents to furnish terminal facilities for these many far-reaching lines of transportation. Industrial colonies are being planted in remotest and most forbidding regions. Overlooked and neglected tracts are becoming one after another the busy centers of all that represents activity, business competition, accumulation and the genius and enterprise of man. Great deserts have been reclaimed. Swamps and lakes have been drained and placed under cultivation. Already the last accessible mountain ranges are being prospected for their ores and minerals. Unknown oceans are being investigated for their fisheries. Islands in mid ocean are visited and examined. The polar seas are being gleaned of the remnants of their living products, and the innermost resources of Africa are swept of their last remaining spices and ivory.

What next? What must follow in the natural order of things?

Obviously in the general rush and scramble of business competition there will soon be no new part of earth to gain or waste place to occupy. The whole field will be abolished, and eventually when no untried device or element of power shall remain by which the shrewd and active may outstrip or overreach the slow and stupid competition must close by an equalization of conditions.

Socialists, philanthropists and moralists are working themselves into an unnecessary fever to discover some way to prevent the few from usurping the emoluments of the many. Possibly they may be able, temporarily, to ameliorate in some slight degree the sufferings of men, but the inevitable logic of events is speedily bringing about the very desideratum which they would invoke; except that instead of being permanent and abiding whenever it does come, as they would fondly believe, this ultimate consummation will be the signal for the reaper that the harvest is ripe for the ingathering. Time and space will then be virtually annihilated and it will be so pro-

claimed by "the angel who shall stand, one foot on sea and one on solid land."

Assuredly man cannot play with the subtle forces of nature with impunity. He cannot deflect the ocean and river currents, disturb the equations of the tide, drain the cosmic centers of their gases and vital fluid, and change the structure of the earth without creating far reaching effects. Disturbance of organic laws must provoke disintegration and collapse. With its resources exhausted the external world will be of no more use to mankind than the dry cast off pupa-case of the butterfly. Its continuance would but prolong the distress of the human race through over-population and rank growth.

The more we exterminate material things from the theater of this mundane life and overcome the physical obstacles which trammel it, the greater intellectual freedom we attain, and the more spiritual we become, the more fully we may be assured of the near appearance of the final harvest. The world shall indeed pass away but the seed shall develop into a new and higher life.—*Charles Hallock, Member Biological Society, of Washington, D.C., in Railway Age.*

Heavy Consolidation Locomotive.

The Rhode Island Locomotive Works have lately built a very heavy consolidation locomotive for the Denver, Texas & Ft. Worth, which has been hauling heavy freight trains on the New York, Providence and Boston. After it is tested to the satisfaction of the New York, Providence & Boston road, it will be disconnected and shipped to Chicago, where it will be again connected up and tested on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, in connection with their large 10-wheel engines, a number of which were built at the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. After that it will be placed on the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway, and there tested against some very large engines, and after these tests it will be put in the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City to run in opposition to some of the large mogul locomotives between St. Paul and Chicago. After these tests are over the machine will be disconnected and freighted to its destination. The engine is a very powerful machine, and good accounts are expected of its very extensive and, doubtless, very thorough tests. The engine has cylinders 20 inches in diameter and 24 inch stroke, drivers 50 inches in diameter, driving wheel base of 15 feet, total wheel base of engine 22 feet 6 inches, wheel base of engine and tender 49 feet 9½ inches. The total weight of the engine in working order is about 122,000 pounds, weight on drivers about 109,500 pounds, on pony truck about 12,500. The weight of tender is about 75,000, and its tank capacity is 4,200 gallons.

The boiler is of homogeneous steel $\frac{7}{8}$ inch thick, riveted with $\frac{1}{2}$ inch rivets, and is calked within and without. The waist is 62 inches in diameter at smoke-box end, made wagon top, with extension arch. The 246 tubes are of charcoal iron, 2 inches outside diameter and 13 feet 8 inches long. The fire-box is Otis steel, 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The crown is supported by radial stays 1 inch in diameter. Cast iron rocking and dumping grates suitable to bituminous coal are used. The Rhode Island Locomotive Works balanced valve is used in the steam chest, piston heads have cast iron spring ring packing, piston rods of twisted iron, and the Laird guide and crosshead are used. Driver ties are of standard steel, 3 inches thick; the first and fourth pairs are flanged, and the second and third pairs are 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Driving axle journals are 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ \times 8 inches. The rods are of hammered iron, the parallel rods being put up with solid ends. Seller's injectors, placed right and left, feed the boiler. Two-wheeled truck under the front end swings from a radius bar. The wheels are Paige, steel tired and 30 inches diameter. The engine is fitted with Westinghouse brake for tender and train.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

Shall They Enlist?

The *Railroad Register* advocates enlisting railroad men for a term of years, in a manner similar to naval or military service, and remarks as follows: "Seven hundred and fifty thousand men. If each, from lack of attention to business, or lack of knowledge of his duties, should waste in the course of a whole year, one dollar, or one dollar's worth of time, of his own employer, that would mean a loss of three-quarters of a million dollars.

"Should each man work three hundred days per year, and waste but one cent per day for his employer, the loss would amount to \$2,250,000. How the pennies mount into the pounds!

"A railway service that is carried on by a shifting company of employes, in the nature of things cannot be economical. Though the workman be ever so industrious and faithful he cannot accomplish results such as are easy for a trained workman.

"The railways are forced by various influences to economize rigidly these days in order to show a dividend balance when the year's end comes round. If these same railways could conduct their business through thoroughly disciplined employes, the gains would be most gratifying.

"But a workman cannot be disciplined for the duties of a position in a day. His work is relative. A superior locomotor cannot show his best results the first time he runs over a line. Not only must men work well

individually, but they must work well collectively.

"The opportunity for thorough discipline will never be available until railway employes enter the service by enlistment for a stated term."—*American Journal of Railway Appliances.*

Reckless Engine Running.

On one of the fastest runs the country has heard of in some time there was a little side incident that, had it been known back in the coaches, would have caused a stampede for the bell rope. Shortly after starting the engineer discovered that the bolt that holds the inside pair of guides to the cylinder head was loose; he watched anxiously, knowing that a stop and a disconnect meant a bad reputation for him as a flyer. He came to the conclusion that the outside pair of guides would hold the crosshead and that the bolt was simply jarring loose. It grew steadily worse and finally dropped out; the top guide swung in toward the frame, but the engineer kept up his speed and kept his eye on the guide. The gibbs flew off the crosshead and the guides soon left the yoke to help ballast the track, and the engine ran on in this condition in the neighborhood of 100 miles, reaching a speed far in excess of 60 miles per hour.

The engineer was not censured by the officers—because he was successful. Suppose the other guide had let go? There might have been a—?—*Locomotive Engineer.*

An inventor has been at some pains—not much, however—to invent a self-feeding stoker, so called, for a locomotive. The stoker consists of a screw-conveyer working in a trough, or chute, which last leads from the tender to the fire-box. The screw-conveyer is worked by bevel gear, of course, and the coal is dumped into the fire-box just under the furnace door. In what way this constitutes a stoker it is hard to see. There are many things more needful in firing a locomotive than screwing coal into it—brains, for one thing—and as this machine has none, we don't think it will stoke much.

An Altoona paper, speaking of a big locomotive to be built for the Pennsylvania railroad in that town, says "it will be about three times as long as the average locomotive, will have two sets of driving wheels, one set being in front and one set of pony wheels being under the pilot. The wheels will be under trucks, so that the locomotive can go around curves. Two firemen will be necessary to supply the coal. The locomotive, it is alleged, will be powerful enough to haul a train of freight cars a mile in length."

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

HOW CAN WE IMPROVE THE MORAL STANDARD?

In reply to the question, How can we best promote a higher morality among men and women? that wise and able woman, Frances E. Willard, suggests four different methods:

(1) Co-education—the training with each other of those formed for each other, that their intellectual sympathy may be increased and their mutual estimate based on a more thorough knowledge than society affords; (2) the financial independence of women, that they may not be tempted to marry in order to secure support; (3) reform in dress that women may have better health, greater vigor, and thus enter upon home life under more hopeful conditions; and (4) equal suffrage, that women's influence and character may react upon government so as to secure just laws for home protection and heavier penalties against those who assail the physically weaker.

The opponents of the first, second and fourth of these propositions have always urged as an argument against them that they would have exactly the opposite effect. They have claimed that co-education would demoralize both boys and girls; that the entrance of women into all sorts of trades and occupations which take them away from home would increase immorality; and that the conferring of the right of suffrage would complete the general ruin. There is no knowledge so accurate as that gained by experience. Let us examine very briefly the facts in the case and form our opinions in accordance. It is now about a quarter of a century since women first began to engage in large numbers in industrial pursuits. The war precipitated a condition which otherwise would have been a process of slow evolution. The men were at the front fighting to preserve their homes, and the women were compelled to take their places in the various occupations. At the close of the long struggle many never returned, and the women were obliged to continue as bread-winners. Others had found a development of latent powers and tasted the sweets of independence, and for them there was no going back to the old life. About this time, late in the "sixties," the higher institutions of learning began to open their doors to women. This action was due partly to the advancement of public sentiment, and partly to a recognition of the fact that, if women

were to compete with men in the industries of the world, it was only fair that they should have the same advantages of preparation.

We have now had about twenty-five years' experience of co-education and co-labor. They have passed the theoretical stage and furnish a practical basis upon which to form an opinion. Is there a man or woman whose honest judgment would approve of returning to the old conditions? The unvarying testimony of the presidents of all colleges where there is full co-education is heartily in approval of it. If the system were a wrong one they would know more about it than any one else, and if it were in the slightest degree conducive to immorality they would be the first to condemn, as they are responsible for the young people under their charge. The two largest universities, which have been endowed within the present century, the Baptist, at Chicago, and Stanford, in California, offer the same opportunities to both sexes. Boys and girls have nobly stood the test, have mentally and morally improved under the stimulus of the companionship, and have formed a higher estimate of each other and a finer ideal of life than are possible to those who have known only the association with their own kind.

In the world of labor the results have been equally satisfactory. The number is small who will claim that immorality among women is, proportionately, on the increase. Women are held in greater respect to-day than ever before in the history of the world. That financial independence which comes from the ability to earn money has made them stronger and better. There is no longer any excuse for them to live a life of shame, nor are they driven to that other extremity where they are compelled to enter into a loveless marriage for the necessities of existence. Financial independence is conducive to morality among women, and indirectly this tends to promote morality among men. The third requisite, reform in dress, has not so direct an influence, but whatever produces health and comfort and strength is a prominent factor in developing good and useful women. The encouragement of economy in this direction would have a greater influence upon morality, for the love of dress is the root of much evil among women. But this tendency may be largely checked by cultivating the mind, and by encouraging girls to earn money in order that they may understand its value.

The fourth condition, equal suffrage, is as yet principally a matter of speculation. Wyoming, where women have full suffrage, was the most respectable and law-abiding of the territories, but this may be due to other causes. It is a significant fact, however, that after twenty years' experience,

her judges, legislators, and prominent citizens made woman suffrage a prominent feature of their constitution when they were admitted into statehood. They would not have done this had they not believed it to be a good thing for the people. Nobody will claim that there is more immorality among the women of Kansas than among those of other states, and yet they have been exercising municipal suffrage for a number of years. In the twenty-four states where women have school suffrage, the statistics do not show any increase of immorality. It is commonly believed that the very first use women would make of the ballot would be to provide and enforce more rigid penalties against immoral practices, and by these means protect and preserve their homes. The claim might be made with much reason that all other methods of promoting morality are but minor ones compared to that of conferring upon women the privilege of exercising the suffrage.

SUGGESTIONS TO OUR WRITERS.

We will have again to address a few words to our correspondents. First, be brief. We receive from thirty-five to fifty or sixty letters each month. At most we can have but ten or twelve pages in the *Magazine*, not always so many. When a correspondent sends us an article of a dozen pages it can be published only by holding over a certain number of other communications, which thus become old, and the writers dissatisfied. If you find your letter is growing too long, divide it up and make two out of it. Do not stretch it out and then send an apology. Please remember that we can use but one letter a month from a correspondent, and reserve your second for the next issue. In spite of all that has been said our writers still neglect to send their names. We receive a number of private letters every month with the request that we forward to certain contributors. This, of course, we cannot do unless we have the correct name and address. We will never publish these names or reveal them when requested not to do so.

We had to strike out the reference to the waste basket from twelve letters this month, but it is not worth while to waste any more time or space upon this subject. A writer asks if a letter written with a lead pencil will be accepted. Yes, if it is necessary, but we urge our correspondents to make their communications as legible as possible. Many of them, written with pencil or pale ink, or in a very fine hand, are ruinous to the eyes, as they have to be revised very carefully and every punctuation mark supplied, misspelled words corrected, etc. Of these errors many could be rectified by the writers themselves if they would read their letters over carefully before sending. We

will ask our correspondents to examine accurately all of the newspapers, magazines and books they read, and see if in any of them they find "&" in place of "and." One hundred times in every month's correspondence we have to change the former to the latter in preparing the letters for the compositor. There is, however, a marked improvement in the contributions. The suggestions that have been made from time to time have been conscientiously adopted by many of our number, and the results are most gratifying. We can only fully appreciate the excellence of the letters in our department when we compare them with those of other magazines of a like character.

Now is the time to write your Christmas articles and send your greetings for the New Year. Remember, when you date your letters, that they will not appear for two months, and put in only such things as will "keep" for that length of time.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know the author of the poem commencing—

Only a box secure and strong,
Rough and wooden and six feet long,
Lying there in the drizzling rain,
Waiting for an up-bound train.

H. C. P.—Single copies of the *Magazine* can be had by applying to E. V. Debs, and the price is 25 cents.

E. C. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—Your letter was forwarded as requested.

SOME REFLECTIONS.

Perhaps the topic of card playing has been about exhausted, but I want to answer "H. C. P.'s" letter in general, so must bring in the cards. We are told that we should refrain from placing aught in our brother's way, over which he may stumble or fall (bible), though common humanity should teach us that, and as we cannot judge of our brother's strength, we cannot tell whether he would be led to swear and get drunk or not, while playing cards. Hence, we cannot positively draw the line between right and wrong, for very often when we have drawn a line that to us seems perfection, we find that wrong crowds over the boundary line of right. We can hardly discriminate for ourselves, much less have we the positive assurance that the child we have taught the innocent pastime of playing cards and tried to put the good sense into, together with the teaching, will not fail to do our judgment credit when we have sent him with a "full hand" to pass under the shade of outside influences. Innocent card playing is like innocent tipping, begun in the home, which very often grows to be an elephant, for which we have no house-room. "H. C. P." says: "Prepare your children to fight the evils that be. Make them strong with knowledge. Give them an insight to the mysteries of evil." Now, don't you see, there is a blank right here that hinders discrimination? for in order to make her theory good, and teach the child the knowledge she evidently advises, she must bring each of the little evils he must encounter in after life into the home, or else she must teach only the card playing, and then take the child by the hand and lead him into each of the "bells" that he may gain the desired knowledge. For teaching him the one thing, cards, would not make him strong with wisdom, and by the time she has gone the rounds, leading a son or daughter by the hand,

if they have one spark of manhood or womanhood left they will feel like kicking somebody down the back stairs. But if the spark has gone out, they will be full fledged and equipped to hold the "trumps" in each little game. No, sir! I say never teach your children a thing that may be the means of marring an otherwise beautiful life. Tell them of the evils that exist, and teach them to shun each and all. Make them strong with the knowledge of purity and noble manhood. Then, if circumstances alter the current of your child's life and turn the stream awry, you will not feel the cornerstone was laid by your own hands.

Now listen. Again, how weak is discrimination. The advice is, make the child strong with knowledge of the evil it is to encounter. Now, as only one evil, the little game of cards, is supposed to be taught in the home, it is proper to assume the other little games must be taught elsewhere. And now in the July number of the *Magazine* she condones the habit she says some people have. Listen to the sentence. "Parents have sent their children into the streets to learn the most important of all lessons, which should be taught at home so reverently as to awaken only veneration in the mind." Now, let me ask you, good mothers and readers of the *Magazine*, is this sound doctrine? Did any one ever hear of the evils that exist to day, or any other day, being taught our children with so much reverence as to awaken only veneration in the mind? Veneration for what? Is it synonymous, does it hold fire with Christian principle; with the teachings of Christ, which she condemns? She says some people ride their hobby to death. Now I will venture to say, not one of you good, Christian mothers will acknowledge an inferior judgment. And I warrant not one of you has sent your children into the street to learn what "H. C. P." broadly asserts. True, we have what is termed "street Arabs," who are surely not made strong with the knowledge mothers are advised to teach with reverence. Waifs, who have no shelter but the street, poor outcasts who know nothing but the evils, until civilized and Christianized. Again she says, "The race is evolving out of all kinds of savagery and brutality, and into love, kindness and charity." Yes, as fast as the cobwebs of darkness are swept from the heathen brain, and the beautiful light of the Son of God is let in, cannibalism ceases, and children cease to be offered as sacrifices. And never in the world's history has the doctrine of the Bible advanced so rapidly as within the past few years, in heathen lands. The growth of the religion of Jesus Christ in Japan, in the past quarter of a century, has been simply wonderful.

But the "Republic of humanity" reminds me of the poem, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and we read, "But the father, where was he?" I deplore the dark blot that has dropped upon our own fair land, but what is the object of this very *Magazine* if it is not to humanize the antagonisms between man and man. Are not two thirds of our people being put on different racks of torture by the other third? Are not plunder, oppression, murder rife in the land? Now read any part of the Bible carefully and any intelligent person will see we stand very much to-day as people of olden times stood at different periods. Again, allow me to say, if any intelligent person will read the Bible carefully and thoughtfully, not take it second handed, he will see that evils were not allowed nor sanctioned. They existed, and as to day, the result was bloodshed. Always and everywhere, the people were admonished to desist in evil practices. Harsh means had to be used many times in order to bring the people to a sense of their sinful ways, just as to day the sword of justice will fall in God's own good time on the head of injustice and oppression. And now tell me, will the people who live two thousand years hence have a right to say that the evils that now exist were sanctioned, or that it was unjust to punish the unjust? And then, if you please, answer this: If the Ten Commandments were strictly taught and lived up to, would there be Pinkertons to-day? And as for our government being founded upon the Bible, read the assigned laws and by-laws, and see if they do not lie close beside the Ten Commandments. The difference, wicked hearts have and do pervert their purity.

Mention is made of our Presidents. True, we have had some with sound business heads whose names were not on the church roll. But why not mention Webster, Franklin and others in the category, who believed in the beautiful life and teachings of Christ, and believed that God's moral law is as binding as His physical law. And who doubts that there is a natural tie that binds an act to its consequence? "As we sow, so shall we reap." Is as old as the Bible, and as true, as has been acknowledged by all people in all ages.

And now we come especially to her letter in the July number, and I will answer in rotation:

1. Christ has been accused, but has he been convicted? No man stands guilty until he has been convicted. 2. "He that is an heretic, etc." Titus iii., 10. Paul's words to Titus instructing him how to govern his church and especially the ministers under his care, for he was a bishop or overseer of churches. An heretic was one who taught what he knew was contrary to the church, hence Paul says that he is condemned of himself. v. 11. It means thus simply that a teacher, as one applying to teach in the church known to be a heretic, should be rejected as a teacher. The chapter taken together makes this plain. 3. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be accursed." There is no such place in the Bible. It is Anathama Maranatha, i. e., devoted as set apart for judgment by the Lord at his coming. 4. "If thy hand, or thy foot, offend thee, cut it off, etc." Well understood by the Jews as by every one to-day as a figurative expression, meaning that it is better to suffer for the right than to do wrong. We believe that most people have been blessed with too good sense to mutilate themselves. And it is as foolish as it is monstrous to claim that Christ used the text except in its well understood sense. 5. "He that is unjust let him be unjust, etc." Rev. xxii., 11. This teaches a fact that every one admits, viz., that sinful habits lead to confirmation in evil, and Christ taught that there is a point in moral growth just as in physical, beyond which growth a change is impossible. 6. "All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers, etc." John x., 8. Christ is speaking of his Messiahship, and says that those false Christs, of whom there had been many, pretending to be the Christ for the sake of gain, were thieves and robbers, which history shows to be true. But he did not speak this of all the people. 7. "He called people vipers, etc." He spoke of their cruel crafty and unholy designs just as speakers and writers of to-day speak of bad men. That these titles were not unmerited is shown in their subsequent treatment of Christ and others. 8. "Reference is made to David as putting his enemies under saws and harrows of iron, etc." Every intelligent person knows that this simply means that David made slaves of his prisoners as the customs of the times demanded and put them to work in saw pits and in brick kilns. But it is utterly false to impute such feeling to Christ who taught, love your enemies and do good to them that hate you, and in all His life not one act of His can be quoted that is not in harmony with that commandment. On the cross He prayed "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." 9. "If any one preach any other gospel let him be accursed, etc." It does not say if any man preach Pythagoras, Buddha, etc., let him be accursed. But if any man in a Christian church preach as Christian doctrine any other gospel, let him be anathama, i. e., forbidden under pain of excommunication not to so teach. Instead of Christ commanding the people of other faiths to be accursed, He commanded His church to preach the gospel to them and offer to every creature its benefits. 10. "Whoever will deny me before men him will I deny, etc." Christ does not show malice or revenge, but simply stated a necessary result of an attitude of defiance toward His teaching. Christ could not be true and report to His Father that men who had rejected Him had accepted Him. He will simply report the attitude which men assume toward Him. 11. "I came not to send peace on earth but a sword, etc." It was not Christ's mission to send peace by compromising with wrong, but by overcoming it. His very teaching of justice and repentance and godliness would awaken hostility and strife as it has always done. Christ knew this and warned those who would be

His disciples that if they lived a life of devotion to God that they would be persecuted, that even their own relatives would turn against them. This principle was in the world before Christ spoke it. The antagonism between good and evil is as old as the world, and the simple fact that Christ stated it to His followers does not make him responsible for its existence or for its operations. To sum up with I will repeat Sam Jones. Some one asked him if he believed in a hell, saying, "I do not." Jones answered: "You poor little fellow, you won't be scratching in hell fifteen minutes before you will find out there is one." With great regard for your good book and work, I will say God save all railroad men and all others, and women too.

Mrs. L. Wells.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Sept. 15, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Almost every month for more than eight years I have thought that I would like something for the Woman's Department, and with one exception I have allowed other things to occupy my time and have postponed it till some other date. But now, after reading the September *Magazine*, I will make the attempt.

I am glad to see such an article as "Women before the Law," and wish that all good and able writers would follow Mrs. Harper's example till public opinion demands that women shall have justice. I assure you that I am not one who "has all the rights she wants." Perhaps politics and religion should not be discussed by the correspondents of this Department, but I shall venture to say that it makes me sad to see such letters as the one from a "Fireman's Wife," of Radford, Va. Do not let me confound a Christian with a professing Christian. Surely what we can see in such daily association as that of husband and wife, ought to be much better evidence of a good heart than all the professions one could make in a life time. Does not Christ himself say, "By their fruits ye shall know them?"

I have often wondered why so few of the *Magazine* sisters write anything of their children. I think we might profitably exchange ideas as to their care, clothing, etc. As to correcting them, I think every mother should be her own judge and try to do what seems best under the circumstances.

Now that we have been told so many good ways for married people to manage each other—which, if condensed, would only mean: First; Love each other truly. Second; Try to do right and use common sense—I wish some one would tell how to manage a pocket book so that a little money would buy a great many things.

I will mention a few things that I find helps in that direction, although I have not achieved complete success. In the first place I think it pays to be careful in little things. Very few women are deliberately wasteful, but a little here and a little there, makes a great deal after awhile. Some months ago I provided myself with scales and a measure and began to measure and weigh all the provisions we use. I assure you I was surprised when I had a chance to see how many pecks and pounds we have paid for which we never received. I think it pays to buy a good quality of every thing, and in as large lots as is consistent. Always pay cash if possible. Of course, when wages are low it may be hard to do, but usually, when people have good health, it can be done by a little careful management, and I am sure, after trying, you will find it the best way. To be sure, if you have to ask your husband every time you spend a quarter you don't have a chance to manage, but a sensible couple can make an estimate of what they can afford for each different class of expenses and divide their income so that each can use a part to the best advantage.

There are many ways to practice economy in buying clothing. One way is to buy only what you know will be suitable for the time and place in which it is to be used. I think it pays for a poor man's wife, if she has children, to wear flannel dresses as much as she can. A good flannel makes a pretty suit if neatly fitted and made, and then just think of how it can be used after it is too shabby for a dress. It can be washed and turned and made into

little dresses and skirts, with, perhaps, a little bright trimming, or, if your children are boys, it makes splendid shirt waists for winter, and there will be some left for underwear. Maybe you will say "buy knit underwear for my boy, it looks so much better." A skein of scarlet yarn and a few minutes spent with knitting needles, and you can have the wrists as handsome as any you can buy and your boy will be just as warm and just as jolly, and the money that would buy ready made waists and undershirts will go a long way toward the new dress that will make you look neat and attractive.

Azeliah asks for recipes, and I have a good one for pickles. It may be too late for her to use it this year, but it will be good next time. Wash, and chop fine, eight pounds green tomatoes; add four pounds brown sugar; cook three hours; add one quart vinegar, and cinnamon and cloves to taste; let boil fifteen minutes longer. They will keep without sealing. When putting them, or anything that needs so much cooking, into the kettle, add four or five large glass marbles. The heat will keep them rolling and prevent burning and save having to stir constantly. If put in after the liquid is hot, they might break. I am not a fireman's wife.

Lucy Lynn.

[If you have read the *Magazine* eight years you deserve a corner in the Woman's Department.—Ed.]

FARNHAM, August 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I suppose some of your readers on looking at the heading of this letter will say "Where in the wide world is Farnham?" So I think to begin with, I would better tell them that it is a small town in Canada about forty miles east of Montreal. It is quite a railway centre, and has the C. P. R. shops for the Atlantic Division located here. My brother is a member of the B. of L. F. lodge here and through him I receive the *Magazine*, which I think very interesting reading.

Some one suggested that we should exchange ideas in fancy work. I hope the suggestion will be acted upon.

I will tell you how I made a pretty cover for a small table. The material for the cover consisted of fine grey ladies' cloth, one and a half yards square, hemmed all around and decorated in the following manner: With a piece of chalk I drew the outline of a vine all around about two inches from the edge. Then from a piece of dark green cloth I cut ivy leaves of different sizes, using real English ivy leaves for patterns. These I placed at unequal distances along each side of the vine, with large clusters in the corners. I tacked them all on first and then fastened each edge down by button-hole stitching all around with zephyr the same shade as the leaves. Worked the vine with dark brown Berlin wool over and over stitch. Crimson cloth would be pretty in place of the grey.

My letter is already much longer than I intended so I will close with best wishes to the *Magazine*.

Maud Brown.

CHARLESTON, MASS., August 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Noticing a letter in the July number from Pochontas, signed "Mary," the management of husbands, I cannot withstand the opportunity for a few remarks.

In the May number the editor remarks: "The waste basket is waiting for all future letters upon the management of husbands. No further information is needed. Give the poor man a period of repose." But in "Mary's" letter there was so much good the editor made an exception.

Her letter was indeed a commendable one and a worthy exception. She must be a noble and lovable woman to be possessed of such a nature. Any man who possesses such a woman for a wife may thank God. I know I should were I married, and I would endeavor to do all in my power to make "home" what it should be.

C. H. Hendricks.

ABBOTTSFORD, WIS., Sept. 26, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Perhaps I have been a little slow in finding passages Mr. R. claimed could not be found in the *Sacred Book*, but here they are: Let the oppressed go free, break every yoke.—Isaiah lviii, 6. Be ye not the servants of men.—1 Cor. vii, 23. Could anything be plainer? Yet, I dare say, that it is an accident that room was given such utterances, for it is a well established fact that the Bible is no friend to woman and is the original cause of woman's subjection to man, and all the ills thereto. Yet she clings to and defends it with more earnestness and zeal than the average man. The Gods, the Angels, too, are all *A's*. We see the tenth commandment addressed to man; woman only classed in with his live stock, the ox, ass, etc. The ignorance of the times in which this was written should be considered. Might was right in those days. The laws were made by man for the benefit of man, and not for the protection of woman. It was about the third century when they decided by vote to call it a Divine Inspiration. If Paul's teachings had been heeded the church would have been dispensed with long years ago, for it is woman's activity (not her silence) that is instrumental in keeping it alive. In no country in the world had women less liberty than in the Holy Land, and no monarch held in less esteem the rights of wives and mothers, than Jehovah of the Jews. The position of woman was far better in Egypt than in Palestine. Before Moses was born women had sat upon the Egyptian throne. Upon the ancient tombs the husband and wife are represented as seated in the same chair. In Persia women were priests, and in some of the oldest civilizations they were revered on earth and worshipped afterwards as goddesses, in heaven. At the advent of Christianity, in all pagan countries women officiated at the sacred altars. Under the domination of the Christian Church, woman became the merest slave for at least a thousand years. Until about the sixth century she was considered a soulless being, when it was decided by vote that she had a soul. According to the old testament woman had to ask pardon and had to be purified for having borne sons and daughters. This custom was in vogue when I was a child.

The doctrine that the woman is the slave or serf of man, whether it comes from heaven or hell, from God or demon, is savagery, pure and simple. The condition of woman has improved just in proportion as man has lost confidence in the Bible. The time was when its geology, astronomy, and modern history were thought to be inspired, but that time has passed. There was a time when its morality satisfied the men who ruled the world of thought, but that time has passed. The Greenlanders have a story that relates the creation of woman from man's thumb. There is wisdom in this, even if it be regarded as a myth. The fact that woman has always been under man's thumb, shows some relation.

Women should have equal rights with man; but I disagree with "Schoolma'am" in regard to all women voting for prohibition. It is not long since I, too, believed that. At present I agree with ex-Rev. H. O. Pentecost, "that the liquor traffic is bad, but to stick your nose in other people's affairs and dictate to them what to eat, drink, or wear, is making a bad matter worse." Ellen Battelle Delrick gives similar reasons for not endorsing prohibition, in her excellent article in the *Woman's Journal*. Compulsion is not what we want; we should deal with things as they are, not as we would have them. It is not *force* but education and evolution that will bring about the desired result.

Elsie objects to human reason on the Bible passages I mentioned, but commends its use on her own selection; rather inconsistent. If we are not to exercise reason why not read the Bible to the horse? Christians are never willing to have the Bible tested by reason, justice or humanity. Knowledge and wisdom are the forbidden fruits of the garden of the gods. Orthodoxy is opposed to the teaching of science—see the lives of Galileo, Bruno and Copernicus. A divine inspiration could not be so full of contradictions, falsehoods and nonsense. There is nothing in the Book that is impossible or beyond human invention, but it is an utter impossibility for human

power to invent or produce such a beautiful world as we live in, therefore, it is reasonable to believe it the true book of creation.

As for not having the peace and love of Christ's holy (?) gospel, the love, peace and comfort that careful investigation has brought me far exceeds it, nor did it take the wealth of the Orient to bring it. I speak from experience, having been a devoted orthodox Christian the greater part of my life. "Seek and ye shall find." "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is true," are precepts that induced me to search, and I find, using a Bible phrase, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you." To cultivate a love for the good, pure and true, to do right for right's sake only, is far superior to the old way, where reward and punishment are used to lure you on. "Many are called but few are chosen." Now, if nine-tenths of the race are going to suffer endless pain, I do not see how those who are to constitute a large part of that number and are to be eternally lost, can call it peace and love, for it should not be forgotten that the vast majority of those who are going to suffer the wrath of God are professed Christians. "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" and then will I profess unto them, "I never knew you, depart from me ye that work iniquity."

How can one person judge another in matters wholly unknown to them; but is not that characteristic of the Christian? We see the different denominations, each believing and proving from the Bible, theirs the only right way. In regard to Christ's ignominious death; an all-wise, all-powerful God would not let things get into such a condition as to require the murder of His only Son. It seems strange that any person can cherish the thought for a moment that the Infinite Father would require a sacrificial offering for the trifling act of eating a little fruit, and require no atonement for the infinitely greater sin of murdering "His only begotten Son." If there is any virtue in the atonement, in the way of expiating a crime, then there is now another atonement demanded by the principles of justice to cancel the sin committed by the first atonement. It would be murder after murder, atonement after atonement, etc. The doctrine of the atonement has led people to believe they can pass through life committing all sorts of crimes, and at last, when they find themselves about to die, can call upon Jesus and find eternal life? How many murderers have stepped from the gallows into heaven to join innocent children, pure maids and matrons, none of whom would associate with the fiends were they here on earth, providing the governor had issued a pardon.

To ascertain the truth of a story we usually hear both sides. The truth alone will stand the test, and abide forever. Elsie says the "truth of the Lord" abide forever. Will she please tell us what is the truth of the Lord?

H. C. P.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Aug. 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Through the kindness of a dear friend, I have just had the pleasure of reading the August number of your valuable and instructive *Magazine*, but have felt rather timid about contributing a letter, not being directly connected with any one on the road. I read with pleasure the letter of Marie F. W., of Seattle, Washington, and only hope her letter next month will contain some remarks on short hand, as I always like to get new ideas in my line of work. I have often wondered why there are not more contributions from this place as there are so many who I know, could send in interesting matter. I enjoy looking over the receipts for cake and anything in the cooking line, but must confess I have not been practicing on that so much as on the typewriter. I should be pleased to see more ideas expressed on fancy work in these columns, but as I am a stranger among you, I will not express my opinion this time for fear my letter will be too long. With best wishes for the noble order of B. of L. F., I remain a Fireman's Friend.

Tad.

PERHAPS.

We loved each other? Well, perhaps—
We both were young and life was new;
I had a score of other chaps
And he, a girl or two.

But, somehow, they as nothing seemed
When we two were together;
We sang together, sighed and dreamed,
We hoped, and wondered whether

The future held a gem for each
Of fame and worldly dower.
If fortune's pinnacle we'd reach;
And oft he whispered, "How e'er

"The world may serve me, my sole prayer
Is that you may fare better.
Tho' all for you, I'd do and dare,
I still should be your debtor.

"You taught me life's one secret deep,
The aim and end of living—
That love, received, is vain and cheap,
More blessed far, is giving."

Alas, I taught too much you see;
That love's its own requital,
That hearts are bound, tho' hands be free,
And faith alone, is vital.

He never said, "Make yours my name;
Take all I have to offer!"
His heart was mine, his hope, his fame;
What mattered me his coffer?

We had not time to pause just then,
And throw aside ambition,
I hoped to wield a mighty pen,
He, fame and high position.

Then, tho' we felt, no word we spoke,
To knit our lives forever.
So time and change the old ties broke,
As ties on earth must sever.

Who knows, but over there we'll meet,
Beyond the stormy weather,
To spend a long, unbroken, sweet
Eternity together.

Volo T. Tacere.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, Aug. 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

If W. B. Richmond's letters were a little more consistent they would be more readable. If he would read them over he would see that their inconsistencies are so numerous it would take too much space to mention them. I suggest that he try a change of subject and of style.

When my brother read "Merl's" letter he said, very emphatically, "Well, that is the kind of a girl to have." I should like very much to have her for a neighbor.

Sella, in the July number, says that she does not think that the majority of women believe in "Woman Suffrage." I think she is mistaken. From all I have read and heard, I judge that most women are in favor of it and that it is mainly those who have given it but little thought, and who, perhaps, have not really understood what it means, who do not want it; and as J. S. says, "The education of these ignorant sisters shall be the first duty of the enlightened class." Please don't think I know all about it. I have read a great deal both for and against Woman Suffrage, and am decidedly for it myself, but need quite as much enlightenment as any one and shall be glad to get it.

The idea of women using their influence "to direct men in the right direction" is a very charming one to talk about, but practically, it does not seem to amount to much. The laws regarding property, the disposition of children, etc., in our States were made by men and these men had mothers, sisters and wives. Yet, if you read many of those laws, you will find it impossible to think that women's influence had anything to do with the direct-

ing of those men; and they were probably as much influenced as any man ever is. To have just laws we must have "Woman Suffrage."

Will Sella please tell me what harm has been done by women's crusades? I can think of nothing but good. The appointment of police matrons in our eastern and western cities was accomplished principally by a woman's crusade; and were that all that they have done, it should be sufficient to make us thankful for the women who are courageous enough to carry on these "crusades."

Sella says that the moderate drinkers "can do more to promote the temperance cause than those who go to extremes," and that "the way to reform drunkards is through the religion of Jesus Christ." But they will not ask for it. It must be taken to them, and when they have been brought to believe and to want to live pure and useful lives they should be helped, especially by Christians, to resist temptation. How much help will a "moderate drinker" be to a man cursed with a craving for intoxicating liquor? "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak." "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." I can't believe that the "moderate drinkers" are going to do much to help rid the world of the terrible misery and crime caused by strong drink. There are several other things that I want to say, but I am afraid I won't have stamps enough to send it and that you will refuse to look at so lengthy an epistle.

I am making a scrap book, or rather, two—one to paste scraps in and the other to copy them in when I can't cut them out. If Mrs. Shannon has any spare scraps I should be very glad to exchange. I am glad she likes the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is a very useful magazine.

J. S. would enjoy Mrs. Kate Woods' article on "What Women's Clubs have done for Women." In the August *Chautauquan*. I hope she will read it if she has not already done so. *Auf Wiedersehen*.

Yours, very truly,

Marie F.

[As this is a new correspondent she has not yet learned that the Woman's Department takes an advanced position on all questions pertaining to women. She has by this time probably read an editorial on this subject in last month's *Magazine* and will understand our sentiments.—Ed.]

NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 23, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Well, that is what I have been doing for a year, trying to pick up courage and ask for admittance into the Woman's Department, as I have as much interest in their department as our own. I have read Shandy Maguire's poem, How to manage a wife, and let me tell friend Shandy it is a hard job for some wives to manage their husbands and try to get enough from them to make both ends meet from month to month, though they command a salary of from \$125 per month up. They may and may not have families. It matters not to them after they get installed in a poker or crap game, commonly known as dice game, they forget every one, and as the saying is, lose their heads. I would advise young men before you take some innocent young lady from a happy home, test your love and be sure you have done with that love for the gambling table and bar room. If you don't, your future wife may go from a happy home to one she will soon learn is anything but a bed of roses, and such wives nine times out of ten fill an early grave, from a broken heart. This is every day life and I have known and know of such cases which I am sorry to say, are worse than I have pictured. Remember your wife is not a slave or servant. She is your equal, if not your superior. Do not leave home angry, for any trip is liable to lead to and end in eternity. Kiss her good bye, for I, at least, think my wife in other words is my sweet heart forever.

Shannon Grove.

MURPHYSBORO, ILL., Sept. 20, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I wish to say a few words about "spot cash," it means independence.

Suppose you are running an account with the butcher. Don't you often have to take tough steak or do without, because you have not the money to go elsewhere? If the weight is short you do not like to say anything, because you are buying on a credit. And are you not often tempted to buy more than you would if you paid spot cash? Don't you, in one sense, belong to the butcher? How about the grocery store? Suppose you want a nickel's worth of tomatoes. He is just out. He reaches up and takes down a can. There may be fresh tomatoes at the next grocery, but you have no money. Instead of five cents you pay ten or twelve and a half for tomatoes. The same applies to dry goods. Smith has shoes for \$2.50. You trade with Jones; he is out of \$2.50 shoes, but has an excellent shoe at \$2.75, only a quarter more and not to be paid for until pay day, and if you lack a dollar or two he will let it run over. So you pay \$2.75 for a \$2.50 shoe, because you have not got spot cash. You don't feel like a free person. You are not free. Try to move out of the State while you are in debt and you will feel the hand of the law about your throat. Your creditor watches you though you may be ever so honest. He knows about what you can afford to buy each month. Get beyond this and you will find he is out of a good many things you may want. I once heard a merchant ask a lady if she couldn't curtail her expenses until she caught up.

I have heard both men and women say they didn't like the weekly pay. I always think, to put it mild, that it is for the want of common sense. I wouldn't object to getting paid every day for my day's work, though, with proper management, once a week is often enough. I like to have money in my pocket. It is better than soothing syrup to promote sleep. It is better for nerves than the whole catalogue of patent medicines. The man or woman out of debt, with money in the pocket, honestly earned, with good health and sound morals, is a king or queen. Nobody owns such men and women. If there is one thing more than all else I would drill into my children, it is this, "Keep out of debt."

Peblee.

[Every word of this is gospel truth. Debt is a millstone about the neck.—Ed.]

GOODLAND, KANSAS, July 26, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Dear Mrs. Harper: Are we obliged to write with a pen? How often I feel like writing to the *Magazine*. If I could just take my pencil and tablet out in the shade to write, for that busy-body baby of ours is always possessed to get hold of the ink bottle.

I promised to "talk about my neighbors" some time ago, but have been too busy to do so. So now, while George is taking his annual bath, and the boarders are all busy reading the daily papers, I will use my spare moments in the "charmed circle."

George always poses as a model man in neatness as well as in every thing else, but I rather "give him away" when he calls out, "Annie, where is the bath towel?" and I answer "On the nail in the closet, where you hung it last August." Now here is a problem I "spec" I had better send to the Mechanical Department, but maybe some other bather can solve it for me. George says by bathing a month earlier each year, in twelve years he will have bathed thirteen times, but I doubt it.

They say the way to some men's hearts lies through their stomachs, and I wonder if a preacher's piety is not on a line with these men's hearts. For once let a preacher "catch on" to where there is a good table set, and he will be very much interested in the "soul's welfare" of that said family. And how closely one follows the injunction to "watch and pray," but he has need to watch, when a shepherd takes the "ring leader" of Satan's flock and puts him in as "bell sheep" for his own. I have one neighbor that it is a pleasure to see hang out her washing. I have often watched her—not through

the key-hole in the door, but through a convenient hole in the coal shed, for every movement counts. All are "hung by their fellows," or all of a kind in a place and look so white, and the big wash is put out in such a short space of time; but likely as not she is up and at her work while I am in bed. And one morning I saw another neighbor putting old doors and boards down, and I wondered if she were going to give a "bowery dance," and I did not see how she could for there was no bower. Presently she came out with some dirty carpet and proceeded to scrub it with an old broom and hot soap suds. After it was well scrubbed she lugged it to the hydrant and rinsed it. I say lugged for she was too slight to carry it. "Well," I thought, "you have got a bigger job on hand than you are man for." But "law me," just then that great big hubby of hers hove in sight, and, will you believe it, he, a fireman, actually took hold and helped his wife wash, no, rinse and hang out the carpet, for I overheard him say, "I'll rinse and tote it for you, but I'll be durned if I will scrub it." You see he draws the line at scrubbing—but he doesn't draw it from a set post to a set post to hang clothes on. But such is life and such is western Kansas.

I wonder if J. W., of Louisville, Ky., in the June number, really had to undergo that spell of hysteria on account of reading so much in the *Magazine* about the men? But as to their having it all their own way—well, not as far as I am concerned. As to the Adamless Eden and having it all to ourselves, we could but would we?

"Shandy," I think you get more than your share of the praise, so I will not tell you with what delight I found your "pictor" in an old B. L. E. *Journal* of 1888, the other day. It now graces (?) the organ and later will be put in the album. Yes, I love your writings very much and sincerely hope if you ever come to Goodland, the great metropolis of the West, you will not fail to make us a call, for our "latch string hangs outside the door," or would if the screen was not hung wrong side out.

Mrs. Harper, you deserve a free pass to—well, I'll say the World's Fair, for that article of yours on "The Financial Value of House work."

I must stop as it is about supper time, but "the half I know has not been told." Keith, have you discovered who the correspondent from G—— was?

Phillipa.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Sept. 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

A few months ago some lady asked for a recipe for yeast cakes. I have waited to see if any person would answer it, but no one seemed to pay any attention. Here is a good receipt: Boil six common sized potatoes in one quart of strong hop tea; when soft mash them as fine as you can; when lukewarm add one cup of sponge (that has been set with dry yeast), one half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one half cup of yeast (dry). Set this sponge in a warm place to rise. When light stir in enough corn meal to make it quite thick. Let it rise till real light, then mold and cut (or crumble, as it dries faster). Lay in a shady place to dry. Do not put in the sun; for the sun draws the strength out of it.

Here is a receipt for piccalilli: One bushel of green tomatoes ground or chopped, sprinkle with a teacupful of salt and press twenty four hours; then add one or two large heads of cabbage chopped fine, ten red peppers seeded and chopped, five cents worth of grated horse radish, one half pound of white mustard seed, two teaspoonfuls black pepper, two ounces of mace, three pounds white coffee sugar, six quarts of best cider vinegar. Mix well together. Keep in a cool place. Do not cook it. You can add two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg if you like. I always do. Here is a cooky receipt: One egg, one and a half cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of lard, one half cup sour milk, one spoonful of soda, one nutmeg. Don't make it very stiff. I have tried all these receipts and find them good. I have more just as good, but will wait until some of the sisters try these. With best wishes, I remain

Yours truly,
Altonia J. L.

FLOWERS.

In the balm of mountain breeze,
In the shade of forest trees,
In the calm of sunny seas,
Will flowers gladly bloom;
Amid beauty, youth and pride,
Where the joys of hope abide,
Where the glad sunbeams glide,
They shrink away from gloom.

But around the silent dead,
In that mystic silence dread,
Joy is hushed and hope is fled,
It is needless to illumine;
And the blossoms fair and gay
Ne'er can blend in death's decay,
Ne'er can gild the lifeless clay,
Nor clear the lowly doom.

As the husks without the grain,
Left to wither on the plain
In the cold and wintry rain,
Are the ashes of the tomb;
But for shadows and the morn
Were the flowers only born,
And their beauties ne'er adorn
Where the deepest shadows loom.

Katie, a Fireman's Sister.

SAN JOSE, CAL., July 30, 1891.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I have never seen anything in your valuable *Magazine* about the Granite State Lodge, No. 306, I thought I would write you a few words in its favor. It is in a very prosperous condition, with a membership of seventy-five.

I will also tell you a little about the beautiful city in which I live. It is situated on the western bank of the Merrimack river. The population numbers about 17,000. There are several fine buildings, among them the State House and the Government building, built of our famous Concord granite, the new Hampshire asylum for the insane, the surrounding grounds, comprising one hundred and twenty-five acres.

The New Hampshire State Prison is located about one and one half miles above the city proper, and is one of the finest establishments, from a sanitary point of view, to be found.

A magnificent City Hospital, of brick and granite, the munificent gift of Hon. Geo. A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, Minn., a former resident and ex-Mayor of this city, has just been completed.

St. Paul's School, almost world wide in its fame, is located about three miles west of the city. Magnificent buildings, private dwellings and a chapel, comprise quite a settlement. This school receives pupils from all parts of the United States. There are in all, thirteen churches, many of them very fine structures.

Among the manufactories are the famous Abbott Downing Company, builders of all kinds of coaches and carriages, founded in 1813; the James R. Hill Harness Company, manufacturers of the widely known "Concord harness"; the Page Belting Company, a flourishing stock company, with a large trade at home and abroad, and the Concord Granite Company, noted for the quality of its stock and excellence of its work.

The city is accessible to nearly all parts by an electric railway. Two railroads center here, the Concord & Montreal and the Boston & Maine.

A trip on the C. & M. R. R. takes us to the famous White Mountains, a distance of about 130 miles, the characteristics of which are lofty peaks, deep gorges, frightful chasms, beautiful lakes and silvery cascades, earning for our State its name, "Switzerland of America." Mt. Washington, the highest peak, is 6,285 feet above the sea level. It is supplied with a good carriage road and a cog railway. In some places the rise is at the rate of 1,900 feet to the mile. Several trains ascend the mountain daily and return. Leaving this, we continue our journey toward the famous Crawford Notch, a narrow passage between two huge cliffs of the White Mountains, about two miles in length, and in one place barely wide enough for a carriage road.

Among the points of interest in this vicinity are the Glen Ellis Falls and the old Willy House, when in 1838, in consequence of a furious storm, a mountain slide descended, burying an entire family, consisting of nine persons who rushed from the house for safety. From here we proceed to North Conway, catching glimpses of the beautiful Socco river, which has its source in the White Mountains.

Let my letter prove too long. I will leave further description of scenery to able penmen. Wishing access to the *Magazine*, I remain,

A Fireman's Wife.

[An interesting letter.—Ed.]

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Aug. 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Silver Star Lodge having received circulars sent out from the Railway Employes' Home located in a beautiful suburb of Chicago, asking aid for the Home and subscriptions for the *Journal* published in the interest of the Home, I decided to visit the institution in order to learn just what its proper needs and value might really be. I was seconded in my decision by the sympathetic members of an auxiliary, who thought we ought to aid the project if it was a worthy one and honest in its promise. On arriving in Chicago I called at the city office and was received by Mr. Jay B. Spencer, one of the directors, and Mr. Mann, who assisted by his cheerful little wife, so cleverly manages the Home. Mr. Mann escorted me to the Home, which is located fourteen miles from Chicago, in the suburb of Waukegan, on the C. & N. W. Railway. After partaking of a wholesome dinner, myself and daughter, who accompanied me, were shown the beautiful grounds and buildings, the latter of course being limited in capacity, while waiting for the various railroad technicians to recognize and aid them in their philanthropic work. As yet the capacity of the Home has not been over-taxed. It is to be most devoutly hoped that an institution which has for its object the providing and caring for of the helpless and bestowing upon them the comforts of a pleasant home, and the preparing of the crippled for the earning of an honest livelihood, will meet with a generous response for which our fraternal organizations are noted.

Will not each of our auxiliaries place some good deed to its credit by contributing, if ever a little, to the comfort of our unfortunate brothers who find this Home their only one?

On taking pains to ascertain the actual condition of the Home I found there is a grand opportunity for woman's work and love to manifest itself. I think of the pleasant sensation caused by feeling good, soft, warm bed comfort tucked around one's suffering body in the cold winter night and the added pleasure of knowing that it was the loving hearts of fraternal sisters which bestowed the luxury. Then, too, we women all know what an irritation is found in sitting down to a meal where a table is made attractive by a pretty variety of useful wares. Sisters, don't hesitate because you do not know what is most needed. I assure you every article which contributes to make a home comfortable and attractive will be gladly received, and each member of all the R. R. Brotherhoods I say, subscribe for the *Home Journal*. The price of sixty cents a year will be missed by none, it will add much in this good work. The managers assured me that ten thousand subscribers to the *Journal* would make the Home self-sustaining. Can not that number be obtained from our hundred thousand men who are members of different railroad organizations? The motto of the Home, which is, "Remember us in your prosperity and we will remember you in your adversity," is a strong appeal of itself.

Any members of either of the R. R. Brotherhoods or their families may feel assured that they will be met with the same genial hospitality which was accorded me, if they will do themselves and the Home a favor to visit it.

I write hoping to awaken a substantial interest among the R. R. organizations for the Empire Home.

Mrs. M. E. Bell.

ELLENBURG, WASH., August 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

What can I say that will be of interest to the B. of L. F. boys, or is there just a little place in your journal for a mother, whose boys are all railroaders? Once they were fine rosy little fellows playing at my feet. To-day! how much gladness and deep sorrow it brings forth! One, the eldest born sleeps sweetly beneath the daisies in his "loved magnolia home" in the "soft, sunny South," the other four are separated from me many, many miles. They are still spared to me and I hope may be an honor to me, that I may live to bless the day they were born. One of my darlings used to be a fireman too and belonged to the B. of L. F., but now he is a B. of L. E. man and I hear from him every week. The youngest belongs to the order of the B. of R. T. and lovingly sends me each month the *Firemen's Magazine* from the "City of the Angels."

There is not a day but that we hear of some poor railroad boy who was killed at such and such a place. How sad to be ushered into eternity without a moment's warning! How I sympathize with the mothers of these dear boys.

I hope God will bless all the band of railroad boys not only my own but all of them. I lost a dear laughter here nearly two years ago and while our home has such a dark shadow thrown o'er it, I try to think that behind the darkest cloud the starlight often lurks—through showers the sunbeams fall. For God loves all His works, and has left His hope with us all.

Mount Baker Lodge, No. 412, at this place I hear is in a flourishing condition. I know several of the boys and think them a fine lot of fellows. It is named for Mt. Baker in Whatcom county, one of the highest peaks of the Cascade mountains.

Ellensburg is a city in Kittitas county on Yakima river, near the centre of the state. The site is 1,510 feet above the sea level. Well, as I do not wish to monopolize the journal I will say good-bye to all and many good wishes for the B. of L. F. and the Woman's Department. If accepted will write again and make one of the golden circle. Success to you all is the wish of

M. E. Clune.

[We are always pleased to hear from the mothers of the "boys."—Ed.]

THE DALLES, OREGON, August 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In reading over the many interesting letters in the August number of the *Magazine*, the one signed "Pine," asking what shall be done with our tramps particularly attracted my attention. Now when these poor wanderers apply at our doors for food and shelter, let us stop and think before turning them away and ask ourselves the question, why they are tramps and what are the causes that produce this mass of wanderers. A great many of these poor beings have been tramps from childhood up, and owe their misfortune to the negligence of their parents in failing to look after their future welfare when young and providing them with trade or some other means by which they might be self-supporting. Now after they are thrown out upon this world to look after themselves, they find they are without money and friends and no visible means of support, you might ask the question, why don't they go to work? This question is very easily answered. Ask some unskilled laborer to relate to you his experience in looking for work, and you will see very readily what a difficult matter it is getting to be in this over-crowded country of ours for his class of people to get work.

And thus it is, this poor unfortunate of ours accepts the inevitable, collects all of his earthly possessions, puts them together in a red bandana handkerchief and starts out upon the road that leads to a great unknown. And on the other hand there is the one who has been reared in a luxurious home, and after reaching years of maturity embarked in business with as bright prospects and inducements as this world offers, but who after a few years meets with a reverse in fortune and unexpectedly finds himself minus money and friends, and now it is he

realizes that money makes the man; he finds himself thrown upon this cold world without the necessities of life and no means of obtaining them, unless he can secure work, and if he is fortunate enough to do this the wages will be so small that none can live upon them but the paupers who have been reared on foreign shores amid poverty and degradation and imported to this country by the monopolies and corporations which we have fostered and maintained on our own shores. This beautiful America of ours is being gradually overrun by this class of humanity who will work and can subsist upon a mere pittance, and who are being brought here for the express purpose of reducing wages, and are nothing but mere tools in the hands of those who are using them to undermine the labor organizations of this country. Now is it any wonder that this citizen of ours, who has tasted the sweets of life, prefers to roam the highways of this country and subsist upon the charity of others rather than compete with this degraded element of workers? It occurs to me that national pride alone would be a sufficient excuse for him becoming a tramp instead of a "scab," which would be his only alternative.

If you wish to alleviate the sufferings of these poor unfortunates give them food and clothing from your abundance. Speak a word of encouragement, and in a short while you will see these tramps or a majority of them transformed into industrious citizens.

If our kind editor will permit this subject to be discussed, I should like to hear from others.

I am respectfully yours,

Straight Shot.

[We will be glad to hear from you again and you must sign your name.]

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN., August 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As my brothers take your *Magazine* I frequently read some of the leading articles in it, also a greater portion of the letters in the Woman's Department; and as my brothers are railroad men I have become very much interested in their work. I am always glad to see them come in, but it does seem hard for them to come in from a trip and be in two or three hours, or maybe just long enough to get to sleep, when here comes the call-boy for them, and then perhaps you don't get to see them for two or three trips. In walking up street one can hear persons making remarks about "the railroad men being a rough class of people." Of course there are some that are rough, just the same as anywhere, but when one gets acquainted with them they are much nicer than they are given credit for. I think for myself there can't be found a more friendly class of people than the railroad men, and for kindness they can't be surpassed.

"Charlie," may I make so bold as to ask if you are a railroad man? If so, I feel sorry for "Maggie Miller" (quite a novel name), for she will undoubtedly be doomed to disappointment. It seems strange that she should take particular notice of his letter. I wonder why? "Maggie," likely you had best not take too much interest in "Charlie," as he may be a railroad man, and then your cake would be dough, as you seem to have quite a horror of railroad men. But I chance to know that you are working for a fireman's wife. Now you should know that whatever one's brothers, husbands, or fathers are working at would take all one's interest. You say you are not a fireman's wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart, but I would wager that you would choose the former position with any of the firemen (single men of course) in Arkansas City in preference to working for your own living. I expect if you had been in reach of some of the ladies it would have been worse than the earth swallowing you.

I would like to ask "Marie F. W." of Seattle, Wash., what system of stenography did she study? I shall be very glad to get an answer to this question. As this is my first letter to the *Magazine* I will close, wishing the Brotherhood success, also "Maggie Miller." A fireman's sister and a fireman's friend,

Irene J.

I WONDER.

I wonder when the day will come,
When death shall come to tell to me
The story that we all must hear,
When with the silence drawing near,
I feel my hold on earth so weak,
My pale lips have no power to speak
Of anguish or of ecstasy?
Ah, lowly house the grasses under,
When will ye open to welcome me,
Your silent guest to be, I wonder?

I wonder if it will be spring,
When o'er my head the birds will sing
Their first sweet song not set to words?
And which of all the many birds,
Will be the first to carol there,
When I, forever done with care,
Just like a child tired out at play,
Sleep all the night and all the day.
So peacefully my green roof under.
Will it be autumn time or May,
Winter or summer time, I wonder?

I wonder if I shall be glad
To leave the pain I long have had,
Or if from friends who love me so,
'Tis with reluctance I shall go?
Go out upon that journey long,
So voiceless I shall sing no song.
Ah, chain of life's fair warp and woof,
When shall your bright links drop asunder?
When shall I sleep beneath the roof
Thatched with the violets, I wonder?

Etta Will.

STAUNTON, VA.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., September 21, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Two or three items in your able editorial in the September number of the *Firemen's Magazine* have caused me to make my maiden effort at writing for the *Magazine*.

I fully agree with you in regard to woman's rights. It is a sad state of affairs to think a mother has offered her such a terrible alternative, i. e. lose her child or forswear her virtue. Let every mother have equal power given her to protect her children. Let true worth, purity and fitness triumph, when equal rights are given and no true mother need to fear. Nine times out of ten the mother has the entire care and guidance of the children. The father provides them with food and shelter and clothing and thinks his duty done. Which of the parents has the greatest care and responsibility? Why not give a mother equal right?

There is an old adage, "A penny saved is a penny earned." I think the majority of true women try to "save the penny." If they succeed, "the penny saved" should have equal right with "the penny earned." A true wife is her husband's equal, and should have equal right with him. Why should every low grade and nationality of men (the pauper export of other nations) be placed above, and given better rights than is accorded a refined, educated and American-born woman?

Were women given more rights I believe State government, yes, the United States Government would be of a higher, purer type. Crime would be on the wane. Evils men smile at, women would condemn.

Thank God, I have no cause, so far as my home is concerned, for more right than I now have. My husband, although we have been married about fourteen years and have five children, loves his wife and little ones, and is never so happy as when with us, and is always greatly missed when he is absent. He considers his wife his equal, and the pocket book is a partnership affair. We have no quarrels. We are neither one without temper, (I confess I have the moat), and as we have our cares and trials, we are prone to give way at times. We don't both get out of sorts at the same time, and as "it takes two to make a quarrel," we do not have any quarrels. I scarcely get a chance to pout. Is not that dreadful?

I think if women are compelled to pay taxes they should have a voice in the management of their property. Either exempt them from taxation or give them equal rights with other taxpayers. It is not the viragoes who want equal rights, but the mothers. Not for themselves as much as for their children.

I have said enough. If not too much, about women's rights, and will now write of women's work.

This past summer has been a hard one on the dear, little babes. Many a home has been made desolate. Thank God ours are all with us. I have not much trouble with my babies during their second summer and I think much is due to two things. First, I never take wool off my babies' bowels and feet either day or night until they pass their second summer. In winter I have high necked and long sleeved shirts of soft wool or camel hair. In summer, low necked or short sleeved slips, of thinnest gauze flannel, if you desire; but don't put cotton on them to hold the perspiration and cause them to chill when a cool air strikes them. In winter I have their flannel skirts made with a waist of the flannel the same as the skirt, sewed to the shirt. I take a piece of goods wide enough to make a good, deep waist, and long enough to button loosely around their little bodies. Hollow out places for the arms. Bind across the top, front or back, with ribbon or bias silk. Bind the arm places in the same way but allow the ribbon long enough at each side of the arm place to tie on the shoulder in a bow. Mothers, if you have not tried such a skirt, you do not know how convenient it is. If an accident happens to baby's skirt, slip your hand up inside its dress, loosen the ribbon and button at the back and the skirt is easily removed, and a clean one put on without having to undress the little one. For the growing ones, who get out of every thing, they are so handy, for they can be lengthened or shortened at will, by tying the ribbon shorter or longer on the shoulders.

If you have croupy children keep on hand a supply of flannel bibs. I make them with a narrow band to fasten around the neck and attach a piece to the front long or wide enough to cover the chest well. At the first croupy symptom take goose grease and turpentine, well mixed. Gr. seal well their chest and throat, back of the ear and the sides of the nose, pin on a flannel bib, fasten the lower corner of the bib to their under clothes to keep in place, and tuck them in bed. I have big, fat babies. My first, baby weighed 23 pounds when six months old. None of them have ever had the croup.

I always nurse my babies through their second summer. I can watch my diet more carefully than I can trust to feeding them. I know some mothers will say, "O, my!" I took an old physician's advice on the subject, and have never had cause to regret so doing.

In case of flux, give a child, four years old, 10 drops of paregoric in a teaspoon and fill the spoon up with castor oil. Give the dose every three hours until the child has a natural operation. Then if too free give the paregoric alone every few hours until moderated. Watch their food carefully. Get fresh milk from a good cow and boil as soon as milked. Put into an air tight vessel and keep in a cool place. Give all they want to drink, and no other food. For a change, to quench thirst, get best black tea. Make the tea and keep cool same as the milk, sweeten just as they like it and let them drink freely. Nothing else of either food or drink until all danger is past. I had one little one of four years and one of two years taken this summer with flux. I gave baby just half the above dose and both got along nicely and are well and strong to day.

Of course I called in our physician, and what I have given here is his treatment. When baby was taken, I did just as he told me to do for her little brother, only as she was just half his age I gave her just half the dose.

I am afraid our patient editor is worn out.

A Mother.

[This is a helpful letter. We trust our correspondent will come again. Thanks for good wishes in private note.—Ed.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., September 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

In the August number the letter from "Prue" strikes a tender chord in my heart. I think that there are very few men now, who are at all reliable, who do not belong to some secret society, and consequently can get help from members of the order to which they belong. But because such a one has a pass word and grip, and can appeal to a Willie and a Jim, who takes him to his boarding house, gives him meals and a bed, and either finds work for him or gets him a pass to a distant city, is he any the less a tramp than the poor unfortunate who works by the day at anything he can find to do, a stranger perhaps in a strange city, looking for work, finding none, his money all gone, and perhaps wife and little ones watching and waiting in vain for the letter that will bring them the promised relief when "Papa gets work." There ought to be a certain amount of judgment used in giving promiscuous charity, but I think there is not one of us who will feel any poorer at the end of the year for giving an occasional meal to a tramp who was, as "Prue" says, at one time someone's darling. If we have children at home let us give, feeling that we little know what our own boys may come to in the future. If we have a noble husband and sons let us give, thankful that our loved ones are not as the unfortunate tramp at our door.

I hope that "M. I. P." of Leadville, will show her good common sense and write again. She ought to consider that our editor, who does not know her any more than the latest arrival from China, took occasion to whip many of us over "M. I. P.'s" shoulders, and it is my opinion that there are very few of us, if any, who cannot be benefited by the lesson.

I agree with Emma E. Smith in August number in her ideas of novel reading, *as far as she goes*, as she only treats of the dime novel. The novels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were condemned by all moral classes, and only read by the half educated. But the novel of the nineteenth century treats of truths and of human nature, written in an attractive form. The great questions of the day are discussed in the disguise of the novel, and are read by minister as well as layman. Sir Walter Scott first gave the novel an honorable place in literature, and since his day it has grown and flourished and has taken the place of the essay. Miss Murfree gives us delightful and instructive pictures of mountain life in Tennessee. In her Felicia she has been compared to George Eliot. One of our most learned and prominent ministers of this city frequently quotes George Eliot in his sermons, and in our last church paper I read three quotations from the same author. Charles Dickens gives graphic descriptions of the lower classes in England; his "David Copperfield" will no doubt become a classic. "John Halifax Gentleman," by Miss Mulock, is a beautiful story. E. P. Roe's novels are all moral; his "From Jest to Earnest" might be read from the pulpit. Some one has said that "no matter how innocent a thing may be, the excess is always criminal." The wise will know when to begin and where to leave off. When my children were small I did not have much time to read, but when I read a good novel I did just as I would if I was going to spend a day with a friend or going to a picnic. I gave the day up to my book and thoroughly enjoyed it. Pages could be written on this subject, and authors mentioned whose names will go down as benefactors of their age, but as the question is an open one room must be left for each one to explain her ideas.

Let me ask Maggie Miller if she does not know that there are thousands of little worlds in this big world? Our worlds are those great big black things which run on the rail, and our sun controls the moving power. Our thought, love and affection are centered there. There are noble men among the railroad men; men whose good influence is felt by all around them, and there are gentlemen who would gladly give half their fortune if their son would associate with and find as good a companion as our son finds in "Jim."

A Fireman's Mother, W. L. E.

[Come again.—Ed.]

ELDO, IOWA, August 4, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The first letter I turned to in the August number was Emma E. Smith's, denouncing novel reading so bitterly, and as I am quite a novel reader, I will try to say something in their defense, and try to show that good as well as bad can be derived from them.

I have read novels since I was twelve years old; read them while going to school, yet always ranked as high as any in my class, especially in reading (for I read so many novels that I understood reading). I am now twenty, and still read novels, and as for neglecting household duties, I do my own housework (washing and ironing included), my plain sewing, and quite a good deal of fancy work. I have been complimented quite often on my house-keeping, too. If I am reading a novel and think of some work I have to do, I can put my book down and do it. I do not have to wait till the novel is finished. She also says to "inspect the penitentiaries, and we will find there those who put into execution the crime that the hero of a dime novel perpetrated." Yes, and most likely the "hero of the dime novel" paid the penalty for his crime. Wouldn't that teach the reader that "murder will out," and to avoid rather than follow? As for the asylums, those that the novel put there must have had a "brick loose" before they had ever seen a novel, for any man or woman of sound sense would not let a novel drive them insane. As for our "modest young lady" following the pranks played by some of the novel heroines, she would see how ridiculous they are and "profit thereby," and avoid doing those things, just as we do in life. If we see a person doing anything we disapprove, how quickly we think, "I wouldn't do that for the world." On the other hand, the heroine is often patient, loving, forgiving and true—a noble type of woman. Could not we profit by trying to be like her?

I intended to give my answer to Maggie Miller concerning railroad men, but as my letter is so long already (for the first one) I think I would better stop and come again if I am welcome this time.

Gipsy.

[Come again.—Ed.]

MEMPHIS, TENN., August 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

After a long absence, I once more make a visit to the *Magazine*, through the medium of my pen. I have been reading the *Magazine* at each new arrival, and I find that still none of the ladies who have an "interest" in Lodge 206, have written to it.

Our lodge is still climbing the ladder, which of course it will, while it has in Mr. D. L. Forsyth so worthy a Master, so full of brotherly interest, each meeting finding him filled with renewed fervor and ambition for the success of the lodge and the attainment of its purpose. How many homes bereft of a devoted husband and father, or a loving brother, have been brightened by the simple yet kindly acts of this grand organization.

Mrs. Editor, I do not think any one has told you how Memphis is improving, and should you, as I certainly hope you will, take a trip to Memphis, you will see what a pretty city it is. Electric cars have taken the place of horse cars all over the city, and new buildings are going up on every available lot. Our new bridge across the Mississippi river will, in a short time, be completed, and it is one great structure which will always be a source of interest and pride to the citizens of Memphis.

While attending the Firemen's picnic, which was given on the 14th of July, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. G. Carey, of Red Mountain Lodge, No. 339, of Birmingham, Ala. He spoke in the early part of the evening on "Federation," and during the course of his remarks, I came to the conclusion that he was Alabama's natural orator.

Well, I will not make my second letter to the *Magazine* too lengthy, as I hear that the "firemen of the 9 and 23" intend writing, and as I would like to divide my space with them, I will close.

With best wishes to the noble boys of the B. of L. F., and the Woman's Department, I remain,

Ethel May.

A WOMAN'S LAMENT.

Work, work, work!
 From morning 'till late at night,
 Work, work, work!
 With nothing but work in sight:
 With dishes to wash and beds to make,
 The dinner to cook and bread to bake.
 Work, work, work!
 And baby crying, too:
 The sweeping and dusting not yet done—
 Oh! dear, what shall I do?
 And there's Tom and Willie and Caroline,
 To be dressed for school, and it is almost nine.

Work, work, work!
 From early morn 'till set of sun;
 Work, work, work!
 Yet woman's work is never done:
 'Tis wash and iron and bake and brew,
 Mend old clothing and make the new.

Work, work, work!
 With little or naught for pay,
 With never one moment in which to rest,
 And yet some men will say,
 "It seems to me, and I know 'tis true,
 That women, as a rule, have little to do."

Work, work, work!
 Without having one pleasure in life;
 Did I bargain for all of this wearisome toil
 When I promised to be a wife?
 Did I expect a household drudge to be
 For the daily support doled out to me?

Work, work, work!
 Alas! it is nothing but work,
 For those who toil for daily bread,
 And their household duties ne'er shirk;
 And should I die and to heaven repair,
 I wonder if I would need to work up there?
Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL.

ENVILLE, TEX., September 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I just received a letter from my sweetheart down in Monterey, Mexico, and he asked me to write to the *Magazine*. He sent me the August *Magazine* and that is the first one I have ever read, and I am just delighted with it. Mr. —, well, you all can guess who he is, is a member of White Breast Lodge at Laredo. His run is between there and Monterey, but it is not very often he is able to attend, as he is most of his time in Mexico.

There are so many subjects to write upon I hardly know which one to select, but as Friendship is the most important one, will say that the making of a new friend is like the reading of a new book, full of surprises; and if there is merit in either the surprises are always pleasant ones, but with your friend as with your book, you do not wish to proceed too rapidly. You desire rather to advance leisurely, to take time in which to think over that which is new and comprehend well what seems old, so when the book or the character is perfectly understood you will keep your friend and your book as life long companions. This is as it should be, but alas! there are many harmful things done in the name of Friendship. To a mere acquaintance you foolishly give your confidence without reserve, and to one who, perhaps, a year hence, will be a stranger to you, you unfold the secrets of your heart, and too often reveal secrets that do not belong exclusively to yourself. To some one you have just met you tell all your aspirations and hopes, your likes and dislikes, your friends and enemies, until you are read as easily as a story intended to amuse for an hour and afterward be forgotten. You may, perhaps, make many friends easily, but that is little to your credit, for being gifted with a pleasant presence and an agreeable manner, you really can not help being generally liked. You can make friends, but can you keep them? Unless you can, be wise and advance no further than acquaintanceship with any. You think because you love your friend so truly you have the right to seek her at all hours, but you were never more mistaken, for the very

friendship you possess should make you understand thoroughly the virtue of consideration. Friendship should be a beautiful floral chaplet, pleasant to wear. Instead, it is too often an iron crown overlaid with gold, and so heavy with base metal that it is a burden rather than a decoration. The right to Friendship there is none. Love may give you a few privileges, among them that of sympathizing with a great sorrow or sharing with a great joy, but of rights of things that can be claimed there are none. That so many people believe in these rights is one reason why so few friendships last. Does affection give you right to be critical, to be impertinent, to be thoughtless, to be inquisitive? Surely you do not think so. The only right true Friendship gives is that of being affectionate and thoughtful, and you must affect no more. If in all your Friendship there should come a time when you find yourself involuntarily lapsing into rudeness, stop at once, for nothing is more dangerous. We can better afford to offer impoliteness to a stranger than to one for whom we care, and the familiarity that comes from a close and long intercourse does not excuse it. Politeness is the cloak worn by affection to protect it from the storms of small sins. If you misunderstood your friend or she you, try to explain the mistake between you, but do not wrangle over it.

Usually the Friendships that last longest are of slowest growth. As the years roll by the two people grow to understand each other better, grow to be considerate of each other's faults and appreciative of each other's virtues. Remember always that your friend's thoughts, beliefs and actions are her own, and that when you attempt to govern them you are trying to make of her a sort of friendly slave, and not a real friend, and between these there is all the difference in the world. Once you have a friend, study to keep her, and you can do this while still being and acting your own true self. Your conduct and speech need not be tinged with hypocrisy. Yet by carefully considering those things which are likely to please or displease, and governing yourself accordingly, you can make her genuinely happy. You can give her your confidence, also, but not force her to carry your mental burdens. Above all, refrain from giving her too much of yourself, for satiety is a relentless foe of friendship.

This letter is written to please my noble fireman. May God's blessing be bestowed on the brave boys who shovel coal.

Only a Fireman's Girl.

[A very good letter. Poem next month.
 —Ed.]

ATLANTA, GA., September 23, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Here I come, to make my excuses or apologies, or whatever you want to call them, for not going to church. My baby, as I call him, although he is nearly three years old and his baby brother is seven months old, has not seen a well day since he was eleven months old. As he was liable at any minute to have a bad attack I never left him with anybody. No one could do any thing with him but myself. If I carried him to church or anywhere else he was certain to cry, and so I thought I would better stay at home with him till he got well. We are in hopes he will soon be well, as he has gone through a very difficult surgical operation and is getting along nicely. Then I hope to be able to go to church when I want to, as I dearly love to go to any church.

As for women preaching, those that have no home or family can generally do as they please. But here are some extracts from an article published in the *Constitution* that express my views better than I can myself. They were written from Rome, Ga., and signed "B."

"If a woman has no husband or children to care for, and no prospects, she may preach, or speak if she wants to, and so if a man has no wife, and has a baby he may nurse it or rock the cradle if he wants to. There are many things neither can do, and many things neither can do well. As a usual rule God has fixed the spheres of the sexes and they must move in them. Each ought to move in his own appropriate sphere, when he can do it: but change of

condition may make the rule exceptional and violate no natural or revealed law.

"When a woman is single and has lost hope, it is better for her to teach or preach than to go through town slandering her neighbors. She does less harm and she may do good.

"If a woman has a husband and children the place for her to teach and preach is at home. The duties of maternity bar a woman from public life. She must nurse her own children, if she has any, and if she hasn't any she is to be pitied; nurse them, keep them at her breast in infancy till they become part of her own life. Man can't do this. She must take them at her knee, in the twilight as the stars are breaking into light, and with their little hands folded and their innocent eyes turned to heaven, teach them to say their prayers. So she will bless her race and make the people noble, virtuous and holy.

"There are no sermons like those preached at a mother's knee.

"A woman ought not to be made a pack-horse. Her health and strength ought always to be regarded. She should have the constant love of her husband and children. Nothing but kindness should fall to her lot. Don't cross her—give her pleasant words and kisses and she will fill the house with sunshine, and won't want to preach. To conclude, therefore, in exceptional cases only should woman preach and man nurse the baby."

I believe in woman having her equal rights in the household and a man must be more of a brute than man who denies them to her.

I see novel reading is in order. I read novels and do not think they will hurt anybody if they read nice ones. I do not think such books as "Uncle Ned's White Child," "Thorns and Orange-blossoms," "From out the Gloom," "Beulah," "Dame Durdan," "Doris," or "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" will hurt any body. As for dime novels, I once bought a copy of "Little Nell" for a dime and I have bought several others for a dime that I do not think were "trashy," although "yellow backed."

Poor "W. B. R." I think his best girl must have given him the "mitten," and so he has soured on all the female sex.

Well, I did not intend to write so much, but I will make short apologies, for you know "least said, soonest mended." Good bye to all.

Mrs. A. A. Maner.

[The extracts from the *Constitution* may be sentiment but they are not argument. God did not "fix the spheres of the sexes." They were marked out by man, who had the impertinence to decide that his own was whatever he chose to do, and woman's was whatever he chose to let her do. She has a right to settle the boundaries of her own sphere and man has no more business to interfere than she would have to dictate what he should or should not be permitted to do. If women will just bear this fact in mind it will simplify matters considerably. We believe, our correspondent will agree with this view of the case after she thinks the matter over.—Ed.]

TACOMA, WASH., Sept. 4, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Such a bright happy morning ought to awaken one's energies and I'll try mine at letter writing. Mt. Tacoma, or Ranier, as Seattle (our rival sister city up the Sound) calls it, has on its holiday garb this morning—such pretty tints of color with last winter's snow for a background. We appreciate the glimpses we get of the mountain in summer, for as a rule the firs that are made to clear our heavy forests fill the air with a dense smoke that hides the mountains for weeks at a time. It is a splendid mountain, three miles high and sixty miles from Tacoma, but there are no mountains intervening so that it may be seen from base to summit. It is

thought to be a slumbering volcano. Several parties from Tacoma have passed a night at its summit and there is to be a stage line built to the base so that the tourists that stop at Tacoma on their way to Alaska may have an opportunity of exploring our grand old peak. A sadly fatal accident occurred on the Northern, forty miles east of here, on the 22d of August. Through the negligence of a conductor a west bound extra freight crashed into an east bound regular freight, instantly killing Engineer Young and injuring Fireman Cooper so that he lived but a few hours. I think we wives do not realize the danger our dear ones are in so keenly as when some of the boys are brought home all through with this life's joys and dangers. The Cascade, a single track division, is a peculiarly dangerous run, through a mountainous country and for eighty miles skirts a high bluff, with frequent tunnels, cuts, sharp curves and heavy grades, and a swiftly running river close to the left of the track. A great many accidents have occurred lately.

The topic open for discussion is a good one, yet I think that without much discussion the verdict will be that novel reading is harmful. Excessive novel reading produces the same effect on the mental system that the excessive use of tobacco and liquors produces on the physical system. Just as the latter destroys in a measure the delicate flavor and taste of food, so does novel reading destroy in a greater measure the taste for solid, pure reading. Novels such as Bertha Clay, M. E. Braddon, "The Duchess," and May Agnes Fleming write may be intensely interesting and may be extremely harmful—to say nothing of the more recent writings of other authors, that have even less purity in them. Nothing can possibly be productive of good that is untrue from beginning to end. Young people are generally more influenced by novels between the ages of fifteen and twenty years. If one has a tolerably fair amount of common sense he ought, in that time, to have learned the fictitious and foolish character of the average novel and with a little determination give it up for more wholesome reading. I do not think an occasional novel by Marion Harland, or the stories found in the standard magazines (Harpers', Scribners', Lippincott's, etc.) would harm the most imaginative person. But indiscriminate novel reading totally unfit one for the enjoyment of such poetry as Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning and Jean Ingelow give us, and history to them would be like a dinner of chips.

September 10th is the opening day of our Exposition. There are to be exhibits from all parts of the state. The charge of admission is so reasonable that every fireman ought to take his wife and children one time at least. Of course our single boys will take their sweethearts just as often as they want to go. My fireman and I are going but we have no young railroaders at our home. It is nearly time for the *Magazine* to reach Tacoma and my letter must surely be on its way ere that, for every month I have decided to write, but the *Magazine* would come and in reading the many ably written letters my courage would lose itself. With best wishes for everyone and for the Woman's Department a long life of prosperity, I am

Very truly,
"Chime."

JAMESTOWN, N. DAK., Aug. 7, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

This is my first attempt to write a piece for the *Magazine*, though my intentions have been good enough for some time. I have been a constant reader of your *Magazine* for five years and I like it very much, especially the Woman's Department. I think it very instructive and wish it the success it deserves. I have two brothers, one is an engineer, the other is a fireman, and they both belong to the brotherhood, which I think is a very good order. The latter belongs to Fargo Lodge, No. 85. I am greatly interested in the *Magazine* and *Journal*. They both come to our home every month and I appreciate them very much, especially the Fireman's. Well, as my letter is getting quite long I think I will quit, with best wishes for the success of the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. E. I remain,

An Engineer and Fireman's Sister.

WHERE MY HEART LIES.

Under the sod where the wild grass grows,
Under the leafy trees,
Where the moaning song of the sad wind flows
Like the murmur of the seas.
There, where my thoughts all end in sighs,
There's where my heart lies.

Where the lifeless leaves rustle and fall
Wedded to the ground,
Where the night bird's coo is the only call
That breaks the stillness round.
There, where the spirit of darkness flies,
There's where my heart lies.

The wind blows low, for death holds here
Its silent reign supreme,
And never the force of a drifting tear
Can wash away its dream.
And there, in the grave where love ne'er dies,
There's where my heart lies.

ENNVILLE, TEX.

Addie Deering.

STOCKTON, CAL., July 16, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have before me the July monthly number of your interesting periodical, sent me by a member of the Firemen's Brotherhood, who is, according to my ideas and taste, the bravest and handsomest of all the railroad boys. But no, that last remark is almost a selfish one for me to express; I will say, there are very likely, others as handsome and brave, but of those whom I have met he is the nearest to perfection. Until lately I had not the opportunity of forming an opinion concerning railroad men, their principles or mode of living, from my own experience. I do not think too much can be said in praise of them, when one thinks how often human life and the happiness of loved ones at home are depending on the courage and industry of those who are daily guiding the iron horse over the rails of our many railroad avenues. The memory of them should be revered almost, and not spoken of in scornful accents or be made the subject of a remark such as I observed at the heading of an article in the *Magazine*, entitled "He is only a Fireman." The ably written and well-worded criticism which followed its mention says, "A man's a man for a' that. What matters the rough exterior? Beneath that blouse beats a heart as brave and chivalrous as ever distinguished a knight of old." I would also add, "Forgive them, they know not of whom they speak." In conclusion allow me to say, although knowing quite well that a railroad man's wages are not sufficient to afford the luxuries of life to wife and children, I can imagine no happiness more complete than to have the love, confidence and protection of a husband whose manly hand grasps the bell cord of locomotive, or listen to sweeter strains of music than the clanging of the engine bell at eventide, announcing the home coming of your fireman.

A Fireman's Sweetheart.

DENISON, TEXAS, September 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

May I join this charming circle? I am inclined to stay at home a great deal, have been married scarcely two years and have a sweet baby boy which we have named Charley (after his papa). I intend to teach him to wash dishes and to cook as soon as he can talk. I love to see children working and helping "mother," and I think the boys can be as useful to us as our darling girls, if they have careful training. My husband is what some people choose to call "an old woman" around the house. He likes to see everything just so, and should be tumble over a flat iron on the floor he will pick it up and put it away, then go on until he finds something else to do (perhaps the dishes to wash). I often beg him to sit down and read, but as long as I am at work he must wait. I love him better for it, though, and I do not regret the advantage of his generous self. I never speak of, before I was married, how much heavier than it ought to have been to get a receipt book. Now I am doing pretty well.

Really, my friends say I can cook a good meal, and I am more determined to cook a better meal now than ever I was.

I love music and painting and every thing that elevates our minds and home. Novels I do not like the last one I read or ever intend to read was "Elena." I was lonesome, in the first place, and had no business to begin a novel, but after I begun it I could not stop. I read until I cried, and I cried until I was have had the hysterics. I found out how foolish I was and determined then and there to shun novel reading. I think we ought to turn over the leaves in the Bible oftener and stop reading novels, try to occupy our leisure hours with purer thoughts than those generally involved in the novels of to-day.

I would like for some of our sisters to give us their ideas of a pretty dining room. I have so many different ideas that I shall have to come to you to give me the right one. I do a good deal of drawn work. If any of you work at it you know how tedious it is. Yet how beautiful a pattern or a scarf after it is completed. Does it not pay to use our idle hours in this way, and many others of equal importance? I have just finished a sideboard cover of butcher's linen, two yards long, each end worked three-fourths of a yard deep. It is pretty and cheap. I have spent many a lonesome day working on it, and my husband says it is the "handsomest thing he has ever seen." That much praise from him pays me a hundred times for the toil I put on the sideboard scarf, and I know your husband will give you an extra kiss for a pretty scarf in your dining room. I do not like gossiping or gadding about, but I admire a woman who loves her home and children.

I hear the whistle and I am waiting patiently for my husband, so good night. Good luck to the E. & L. F.

Their friend,

Evaline.

[This is a very pleasant letter but we feel sure that there are some ideas in it that will call forth a reply from our readers. Discussion is the life of our Department.—Ed.]

"ONLY A COON."

Dead, yes dead; killed instantly. Only two short hours before, the little negro boy, with three white boys as companions, started out on a hunt, buoyant with the thoughts of the game he expected to exhibit to his parents when he returned.

Ah, poor child! Little did he dream he would be among the "game" that day.

Yet, there he lay dead before me. It was only another one of the many accidents which are happening every day. One of the white boys shot. Rushing forward to secure his game he beheld the lifeless body of the little negro stretched out before him. Then a despairing cry rang out on the air to the other two boys: "Oh, boys, won't you help me hide him!" It was the cry of a soul in anguish.

And now there will soon be another mound in the church yard which will always remind me of an unfinished life. The usual crowd attending such scenes is there. Some pass by with tender looks of sympathy, others gaze on the little face, now cold in death, with a cold impassive face, which is only a mask to hide the feelings. And still others turn abruptly away and go to weeping.

Yes, to-day the busy world in this small town can stop and rest awhile, because Death has entered there. To-morrow the world will resume the same old work just where it was left off, until another death takes place. It will be but a day or two at most until the little negro boy will be almost forgotten by all but a few.

As I was turning away from the newly made grave a young man approached a group of boys and asked who was dead. "Oh, only a 'coon,'" was the thoughtless reply.

Ah boys, though I suppose he was only a "coon" his life was just as much to him as yours is to you. His parents loved him just as dearly as yours love you. But the little negro boy is now something more than "only a coon."

MURPHYSBORO, ILL.

Wilda Chesterfield.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I am at leisure this afternoon I will write my first letter to your charming *Magazine*. I enjoy reading it very much, and look anxiously for it as soon as the first of the month comes. As father and three brothers are Brotherhood men I will give a few receipts for home attractions, and if acceptable to anyone will give more.

1st—Get an old shoe of your husband's or brothers, gild it all over with gold paint (you can buy at any paint shop at 25 cents a bottle); when it dries get white glue, and then get old corks and cut in small square pieces and stick all over the shoe; let it harden, then gild over again, when you can ruffle a piece of bright satin or silk around the open top and down the middle of both sides. You can fill it in with bright colored paper flowers, or artificial moss, and you will then have a very pretty ornament for your parlor. You can shake different colored dusts of gold, silver and garnet all over it and the effect is pretty.

2d—Get a large or small stone jug and paint it over with shellac; when dry, get some putty and rub it across your hands till soft, roll it out about quarter of an inch in thickness and cover the jar; while it is soft stick every little thing you can get on it, such as children's toys, small dolls, clothespins, a pipe, small lump of coal, empty spools and buttons, everything of a small light character, stick all on firmly and leave for a day or two and they will be tight. Get gold and crimson paint and tip every article with each color so that all are painted. Tie a pretty ribbon on the handle.

Very nice dressing case covers can be made as follows: Get thin muslin and make the length of bureau, allowing about a quarter of a yard extra to turn up on both ends; pencil a vine or some object that you can trace with a spool or some round object, then work with red outlining cotton; make a herring bone stitch at both sides of the hem and along both sides; trace something such as a fan or bottle in the center; finish with linen lace on ends. If done nicely it will look pretty and do up well and is cheap. It is my own idea. Pretty tidies can be made from ticking, which must be new. Herringbone stitch the white stripe with differently colored embroidery, cotton; after you cut it the desired size, get gold and differently colored tinsels and cover the blue stripe. It makes a pretty tidy when you edge it around with lace. If you find this letter worth printing I will call again if I may, and will give some more fancy work ideas and will tell all about this part of the world. Will close with best wishes and remain,

Estelle Maxwell.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Sept. 1, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The editor strictly forbids any allusion to the waste basket, but I am one of the independent class, belonged to an independent class at school and always have been independent, so I am going to write nothing but waste basket.

In looking over the old *Magazines* for four or five years back I find the waste-basket allusion a favorite phrase. Now, I really do not believe Mrs. Harper's is such a dreadful article after all, only dreadful to think about. Should we see it no doubt it would be a very meek looking little basket, sitting quietly beside the editor's desk, filled partially full of letters eulogizing the brave, beautiful boys in blue overclothes and smutty faces. But it is a waste basket, and just such letters as this make it such.

Now, although my remarks savor of it, I am not about to take up a collection to get the editor a new basket, but rather to tell you how to make one and what to put in it. Then, perhaps, other people's won't be so dreadful to your ears.

Take two good looking peach baskets of equal size, bind one on top of the other inverted and tie about its waist a sash of pink cambric finished in a large bow. Finish the top and bottom with a double ruffle of scalloped cambric and you have a waste basket nice enough to hold any one's superfluous literature.

Now for the material to put in it. First it is the

best receptacle for all hastily written or poorly spelled compositions, and a good place for all letters written in anger and deception. Put in it all such articles from your pen as have not a sound, substantial foundation, all such as are in any way detrimental to any one's peace of mind, happiness or character, and all that withhold forgiveness and reconciliation sincerely asked for. Swell its stock by adding to it all productions which you think likely will find a resting place in Mrs. Harper's or any other editor's waste basket. Would you not rather consign an unworthy article to your own than to another's waste basket? Fill your own larger first. Mine is completely full, so if this is unworthy of a space in the *Magazine*, it will out of charity alone find a resting place in Mrs. Harper's. You see I have written almost entirely on forbidden subjects, even gone so far as to mention the boys, but I'll wager a cookie (one of my own make, too) with any reader of the *Magazine* that I get into the Woman's Department. Yours in sober mischief,

Nora Bull.

[Yes, here you are. Your suggestions are good. No woman who is accustomed to a waste basket will feel that she can do without one. They are convenient to hold the threads and clippings when sewing, the hair that will get into the comb, the small litter that children make, letters that have been answered, wrappers and strings about little packages, a thousand and one things that the housewife hardly knows how to dispose of. We advise every woman to have one of some sort within easy access.—En.]

PENSACOLA, FLA., September, 14, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

The *Magazine* came to hand this morning and as it always is, was the most welcome visitor. After reading all the letters in the Woman's Department I thought I would like to describe some of the surroundings of Pensacola, if I be permitted.

As all know who have ever seen the "little black dot" on the map of Florida marked Pensacola, it is in the extreme western part of the state. There are many places of interest here in Pensacola and near here. We have two nice parks; one called Kruphian's park, a delightful place at the end of the western division of the street car line, and Trascati park, at the eastern. The Elevated Railway here, managed by the Export Coal Company, has added greatly to the export trade. The Navy Yard, Fort Pickens (where Geronimo, the Indian chief, and his associates were imprisoned after their capture), Fort Barrancas, the ruins of Fort McRea, and the Life Saving Station, besides many others, are very interesting places.

The improvements in this city have been great in the last few years. Large buildings are now taking the place of the little one story buildings that so long ruined the beauty of Pensacola.

The L. & N. Company has charge of this division and does a splendid business. Some of our foremost business men are trying to get a new road through here called the Mexican Gulf, Pacific & Puget Sound. One hundred thousand dollars is the required amount for the Pensacola people to furnish, and \$85,200 have been subscribed. I am satisfied the road will be commenced in about two months, and then there will be work for plenty besides Pensacolians.

All the engineers running on the main line here are married except one, and lucky will be the one that gets him. I won his most intimate friend about six months ago, and to say I am proud of it is a mere expression.

I am going to talk up the Robinson monument fund to my friends, and see if something can't be done by the railroaders of this place. I enjoyed reading Mrs. Coffenbarger's poem, "The Sequel," very much. Asking all to remember the B. of L. F. and the B. of L. E. of this city, I remain a friend to all railroaders,

Mrs. E. T.

LOUISVILLE, KY., August 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Tap, tap, rap: here I am again, asking admittance to your charming circle to talk to and about others. So much has been sung, said and written on this subject that one might deem it entirely exhausted did we not all know that in every true household there is one all-powerful influence emanating from the dear friend we call mother. And, O mothers, remember you cannot love your children too much; it is the great panacea for all their little aches and grievances in babyhood. It will be their safeguard as they grow older. Manifest our devotion, not only in deeds but words, and keep your children from a repressed and chilled childhood. This is, perhaps, easier when a baby, but it is so appealing in its utter helplessness. But believe me, they do not need their mother's caresses so much as when grown into boyhood and girlhood. Fill their lives then to overflowing with motherly love, appreciate every little attention offered by your boy, and beware of keeping your shy and seemingly cold natured girl hungry hearted. Every child loves to kiss its mother, so be careful that you wear not too fine a gown for them to crush in their strong young arms. "The kiss my mother gave me," has often proved the password to honor in a young man's career and a shield against the many temptations in a young girl's life. How many mothers, overworked and unnerved, set aside the claims of their child. Yet had God intended Nellie, the nurse, or Mrs. Brown, the teacher, should train our child he would have given the child to one of them instead of to you. The Creator permitted the child to become yours, and from you and its father he demands a strict rendering of the charge. See that your hands are clear and your heart innocent of the charge of neglect.

Before I close I must compliment May Flower Lodge, No. 415, and Fall City Lodge, No. 103, on the way their picnic was conducted. Over a thousand people were there and it was a grand success. I will close with best wishes to all the railroaders.

L. B. R.

EL DORADO, KANSAS, AUG. 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

After reading some very interesting letters in the 3. of L. F. Magazine for the year 1891, up to the present number (August) just received, I concluded to write a few lines. It is through the kindness of a "fire boy" friend of mine in No. 369, Walnut Valley Lodge, that I have had the pleasure of reading your much appreciated Magazine.

I was very much amused at the different methods given for managing husbands and wives. Can not tell by experience, but I would think each party ought to manage himself, then it would be evenly divided and so would not be a one-sided managing business. I used to think the railroad boys were all a rough crowd of fellows but I found I was mistaken in my judgment, for there are just as good, true and noble hearted men engaged in that occupation as in any other work. Of course if I had had a uncle, cousin, father or big brother interested in the R. F. I would have known better and had a better opinion than that. I would like very much to tell you about the lodge here, but as I am not very well acquainted—have been here only a short time—consequently don't know a great deal concerning it. I believe they have about fifty members in the lodge here and only four of the firemen occupying the realm of bachelorhood. They appear to be perfectly happy, judging from their smiling countenances.

Now a word with reference to girls knowing how to cook, wash dishes, etc. It is all very well for "us girls" to know how to keep house, but I sometimes envy the girls who have no household cares or do not know anything about housework, as they apparently succeed in life as well. As this is my first attempt at writing for publication, I will come again sometime if this meets with approval. With best wishes for the Magazine, the B. of L. F. and 369, I will desist. I am

A Fireman's Friend.

MAPLE GROVE, MAN., September 9, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have never, since I became a reader of the *Firemen's Magazine*, seen anything from this part of the world, and there are several railroad men's wives around here, who might write, if they would. I am not a wife yet, but will be if spared about three months longer. My particular gentleman friend takes the Magazine, so I have the pleasure of reading it every month. I often read them two or three times over, for I think there is no book like them or equal to them. Last night I was reading a letter signed "A Fireman's Wife, Annie," who requested ladies to tell how to make fancy work. I have a very pretty "banner," which I will tell you how to make. Take a piece of common striped bed ticking, ten inches wide and fifteen inches long. Stitch down the centre a piece of plush, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; on each side of the plush work a feather stitch of embroidery silk in the white stripe of ticking and a row of frosted tinsel in the blue stripes; a strip of plush at the top and bottom, with balls on bottom. I also have a straw box which I might, in the future, tell you how to make.

As for card playing, although I have played myself I think there are other plays which would be nicer, both for guests and ourselves.

Well, as this is my first attempt at writing I guess I had better stop. I pray that God may bless all the railroad men and their wives. Jen.

STANBERRY, MO., Sept. 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I have seen nothing in the Magazine from Stanberry for some time I thought I would write. My father is an engineer, although he was once a fireman and shoveled the black coal and I am not ashamed to own it. I know a great many railroad men and I do think they are the truest men there are. My father works for the O. & St. L. railway. He takes the Magazine, and I like to read it and read the Woman's Department first and am delighted when the Magazine comes with its nice pieces. Mrs. Nellie Bloom's poems are splendid.

Stanberry is a beautiful place to be only eleven years old, it has a large Normal and a splendid High School. The Normal opened up Tuesday, September 1, with about 500 pupils and still coming in from different parts of the country. They have electric lights and have voted for water works. They have a beautiful public park, and a racing park, large Wabash hotel, three large banks.

They have no saloon. As to card playing I believe in letting a man play at home, though not away from home. Wishing the firemen an abundant success, I will sign myself

A Fireman's Friend, Alta Campbell.

SALIDA, COLORADO, August 6, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

While reading the August number of the Magazine one article in particular caught my eye. It was that on novel reading.

I think that the writer is rather wholesale in her condemnation of novels. There are novels and novels; good novels and bad novels. The trashy literature called *dime novels* can not be too severely censured, but one would scarcely think of putting the novels of Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Lytton, Thackeray, and others on an equal footing with the aforementioned productions. Who, that has ever read any of Dickens' books, can say that "they palliate the vices and follies of mankind, and underrate the sober refining virtues?" Dickens wrote not only "for bread" but to reform. The same can be said of Lytton.

Some people might not call these men novelists, but that is just what they are, and the world is all the better for having held them.

I might say a great deal more on this subject, but I fear I have already monopolized too much space, so I will close, wishing the Magazine every success.

Very truly yours, Chaffee.

AN OLD TIME MCGINTY.

DeKalb county, Illinois, once possessed a queer old farmer by the name of "McGinty." He was an awful coward, and would never go in the woods alone after night unless armed with an old musket that had a bayonet attached. Some times he would feel bold enough, if it were not too dark, to go with only the bayonet.

Such times as the small boys had scaring him: they would be in the woods after their cows, and if they heard "McGinty's" cow bell they would get as near as they dared and make the most hideous noises they could invent. He would yell, "O, 'oil pale yez on the pint of me baynit, jist show yer bloody selves!" and all the time he would be fairly panting with fright. He would go home at such times and tell his wife, "Howly saints, sure o'ive seen a ghost, the devil's own imps are surely abroad in the wood, wife!"

Horse thieves were quite numerous there at one time, and as several of his neighbors had lost their horses, he was constantly on the worry for fear his own good team would be stolen, so he fixed up a trap to catch the thief. If one should be so unwise as to visit his barn after night. He got a large stone and fastened a stout cord to it, and placed it over the barn-door inside, and the other end of the string was tied to the door in such a way that the stone would fall on whoever opened the door.

It worked most successfully, but instead of the thief, he caught himself the next morning, having forgotten all about thieves when daylight came. It worked so well that he had to be carried to the house.

Nell

GOODLAND, KAS.

[Your letter will appear next month.—
Ed.]

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 27, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I do not know as you want to hear from me, as I am not a fireman's sister, wife or daughter, but we keep boarders. I say we, that means my mother, sister and myself, and we have three firemen and one engineer among our boarders. I do not know much about the engineer, as he has not been here long, but the firemen are like brothers to me. They all call my mother "ma." Although I am but fifteen years of age I wash all their overalls and jackets, they paying me 25 cents a pair. The fireman of that terrible wreck on the Nickel Plate boards at our house. He was not hurt very much but is laying off now, as one of the bruises that he received then is paining him again. I was at the Engineers' picnic last week and had a lovely time. There were twenty-nine coach loads went. It was at Oak Point, about thirty miles from Cleveland. I have waited

cake: One cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of oil, water, one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the sugar and the yolks of eggs; cream, add the flour in which has been stirred the baking powder, then the water, lastly the whites of eggs and flavoring.

Where people live in the city and have to buy a dozen of their eggs, especially when they are fifty cents a dozen, they make quite an item in cake baking; so I will give you a recipe for a cake without eggs. A heaping cup of sugar, one of thin, sweet cream—and milk will do—flour enough to make a little stiffer than if eggs are used. If milk is used instead of cream a little butter must be added. This makes a good layer cake. Use one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. But there, you must have grown tired of so much sweetness, but if I may come again I will give some recipes for desserts that are less expensive yet nice. Wishing success to the Magazine I am
Yours respectfully,
Pamela

GOODLAND, KAN., August 3, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Do firemen ever flirt? Well, I should smile. I never believed they did, however, till recently started on a journey and as I passed a well known restaurant (a regular fireman's favorite: I saw a fireman sitting, as Tennyson would say—

"Knee to knee
And cheek by jowl
With a — fair damsel!"

Not at all, but with a woman off on a pleasure excursion. Oh! the confidentialism of that chat! Of course I asked my hubby if that was the way he was going to act while I was gone. "Oh! I'll kill him for giving us summer widowers away," he said.

So I went on my way, mentally resolving that what was meat for the gander could be sauce for the goose. But I exonerate the ladies, young and old, from all blame for flirting, for the firemen are so very fascinating, or at least they think they are, and it is such amusement to chat with them a few hours and see how ridiculous some can act. But such a life, and such is Western Kansas. If your wife is not at home, why, go and see some one else's wife!

It is about time for the next Magazine, and I am watching every mail to get ours to see what Mr. Shandy is giving Mrs. Bloom.

Philippe

[It is a bad practice, even if indulged in for fun. There is an old adage about playing with fire and with edged tools which applies here.—Ed.]

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 19, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

THE MAGAZINE.

ected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

scriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

anges of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

tributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

scribers failing to receive their Magazines will please notify us, giving name and location of Agent through whom they subscribed.

FOR THE GOOD OF ALL.

What is for the good of all? The answer could seem ready, peace, good will, harmony, fraternity, kindness, help in time of need.

Such a condition of things would be a millennium, a sort of heaven upon earth. It promised and the universal prayer should "let it come."

Perfect peace may be but a dream never to be realized, simply because man, to use the phrase, is not built that way.

It is the ideal condition which Utopians picture to themselves, for which they languish and pine. It was never known since the world began.

There have been, here and there, men and women calling themselves "perfectionists." They sought the unattainable, built their air castles to see them swept away, and were compelled at last to exclaim with the preacher, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

There is, nevertheless, a common sense view to be taken of human affairs. Those who pray for universal peace, however desirable peace may be, are doomed to disappointment. It were better to pray for as much peace as practicable, and for as little war as possible, and, if men must pray in the direction outlined, let them pray that they may be influenced and guided by the spirit of peace.

Men deplore war, and man's better nature applauds when efforts are made to arrest its ravages, and yet, who is there to say that war is an unmixed evil?

The question arises, was the war of the American revolution a deplorable event? Was it not better to fight for independence than to live and die slaves?

When war involves a principle, right, justice, independence, it is a blessing, and to oppose such a war is little less than blasphemy.

But there are wars which are not sanitary, neither bloody nor murderous, they are the wars of opinions. They will

exist and never cease where thought finds expression in free speech.

It is for the "good of all" that free speech should prevail. In autocrat cursed lands there is no free speech except by those who claim the "divine right" to rule and to make "dumb driven cattle" of men. Russia is the one cursed land where speech is imprisoned and shackled, and the result is nihilism and dynamite, hates festering until the body politic resembles a case of confluent small pox, while thousands await an opportunity to assassinate the autocrat.

Here, in the United States of America, we have free speech; here no tongue is fettered, here is the broadest toleration of opinions within the broad and shining circle of subjects that relate to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

One of these subjects relates directly to labor, and the subject of labor suggests and has brought to the front a multitude of collateral subjects, each of commanding importance.

It would be strange, indeed, if there was no conflict of opinion, and it is this conflict of opinion, that for the want of a better term, is called "war."

There are those who believe that the well being of workingmen demands organization. Then there are those who oppose organization. What is the result? Conflict, war of opinions. What is to be done by those who are watchful of events, who study conditions, who are profoundly interested in the welfare of workingmen? Shall they yield? Shall they be supine and silent? Or, shall they buckle on their armor and go forth to battle for their convictions? In such a crisis, to retreat, to show the white feather, to formulate excuses, is cowardly to the last degree. Some do it and invite the scorn of all honorable men.

In such cases, what is the verdict of workingmen who have organized for protection against workingmen who use their influence to disrupt organizations and leave their fellow workmen to the mercy of their employers? Who does not know that the verdict is one of multiplied maledictions? Who does not know that the verdict is an arraignment of such apostates as traitors to their fellow workingmen, as scabs who would annihilate the organizations of workingmen, sweep them out of existence and reduce their members to the conditions of serfs?

To enter the arena with voice and pen, and make eternal war upon such men and their vile policy, is to glorify manhood; to do less is to invite degradation so vile as to make exaggeration confess that its mission is ended, and that the vocabulary is only for those who now, as in times past, regard workingmen as simply "hewers of wood and drawers of water," who were created to

do their bidding and be silent, content if they are permitted to live.

The *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, under our management, has been the outspoken foe of everything that so much as *squinted* at such conditions.

Believing in the dignity of labor, we have believed in the God ordained nobility of workmen. We believe that the beaded sweat on the brow of an honest toiler is more resplendent than the diamonds in the crowns of kings, and as we have had the ability, we have waged a ceaseless warfare upon all things either directly or remotely calculated to degrade labor.

What do we now see? We refer more particularly to railroad employes, engaged in the train service of the country. We ask, what do we see? We answer, numerous orders of these employes organized for protection. By what names are they known? We answer:

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers,

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen,
The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen,
The Order of Railway Conductors,
The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association,
The Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

In these orders there are at least *one hundred thousand* men enrolled. United and harmonious they constitute an invincible army.

The principles embodied in their constitutions are absolutely the same. They have the one same purpose in view.

In so far as principles are involved there is absolutely no difference. The ultimate object in view is the same.

To make this apparent, to voice it and enforce it, has been the steady purpose of this *Magazine*.

In this unrelenting effort we have voiced the sentiment of the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman.

We see the two orders of Telegraphers uniting under one banner.

We see the two orders of Conductors coming together.

We see all around the horizon those signs which presage *fair weather* for the organizations we have named.

We note with supreme satisfaction the furling of the battle flags, and hail with joy the day so near at hand when the war drums of the brotherhoods will throb no more.

If there is to be war, let it be against the enemies of the brotherhoods, not internecine. Not brother against brother, nor organization against organization.

We do not doubt but that a time will come when the brotherhoods will find their supreme strength in harmonious relations with each other, and since it has been their good fortune to see all obstacles removed

calculated to impede their progress, or to prevent harmonious relations, we realize that the good time coming has dawned and that the outlook is full of promise.

To intensify harmonious relations between all the brotherhoods will be the purpose of this *Magazine* in the future as it has been in the past, and believing peace has its victories as well as its votaries, we see many reasons why the future of the brotherhoods should be one of unexampled peace, prosperity and power.

THE ROBINSON MONUMENT.

On the 7th day of November, 1891, one year will have elapsed, since W. D. Robinson, the founder and first Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, expired in his humble home, in the city of Washington, Davies county, Indiana.

How shall we rate him? If we write eulogiums of him, what shall be their word and warp? How shall they be constructed so that the membership of all the organizations of railroad employes shall at once recognize the truthfulness and the propriety of our pen portraiture?

About Ben Adhem was content if the angel would simply write that he loved his fellow-men, for it followed that he who loved his fellow-men, loved his God and his country.

The man who loves his fellow-man is a co-worker in lifting men out of debasing conditions, above corrupting surroundings, to those high planes of independence and usefulness, below which, life, whatever it may be, is inexpressibly less than what it should be.

W. D. Robinson was a practical philanthropist, and being a practical working man, he saw with a rare gift of prescience, that better conditions were within the reach of locomotive engineers.

To grasp these conditions, to rise, to advance, to achieve victory in spite of obstacles, were the problems to be solved.

W. D. Robinson was a poor man in worldly possessions. His inheritance was toil, and he knew that in the sweat of his face he must eat bread. But, while poor in purse, he was rich in intellectual resources and power. He improved, as opportunities offered, his natural gifts, and regardless of self, utilized all his splendid faculties to better the condition of his fellow-engineers. He laid the foundation of the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and he built like a master architect upon the foundation. In laying the foundation of the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, like the men who

"Rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome."

He builded better than he knew, for he laid the foundation of every other brother-

hood of railroad trainmen. He was the avante courier of the splendid conditions which railroad trainmen enjoy to-day. His was the one voice "crying in the wilderness." Make straight paths for the brotherhoods of railway employes, who are to organize to better their condition.

Wm. D. Robinson was the path-finder to the highlands, where all the brotherhoods have pitched their tents. He blazed the pathway they have traveled from doubts and fears to confidence and security.

In the days of his young manhood, Wm. D. Robinson toiled for his fellow-man. He took little thought for himself; he took little thought of to-morrow; content if he could lay the foundation of a brotherhood so deep and strong as to resist the storms of adversity, gathering strength and influence as the years go by.

What can the living do for Wm. D. Robinson? For him, nothing. No eulogiums can reach his ears. No pomp and circumstance of parade, men marching beneath waving banners to stirring strains of music, can disturb his repose. He has fought his last battle for organized labor. His tongue is still and his voice is silent. Still, the question recurs, what can the various orders of railway employes do to bear testimony of their gratitude to Wm. D. Robinson?

We answer, build a fitting monument to perpetuate the name and fame of the man, who, more than any other man, taught railroad employes the blessings which were certain to flow from organization.

To whom do we make this appeal? We answer, to the members of the B. of L. E., B. of L. F., B. of R. T., O. R. C., S. M. A. A., O. K. T., and other organizations of railway employes.

They never fall who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore.
Their heads may sadden in the sun: their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad.

It is true, the spirit that animated Wm. D. Robinson is in all our lodges. It is in every union meeting. Its influence is all pervading and will live forever.

True, when Wm. D. Robinson, laid down his burden, there were others to take it up and march on. The building of the temple of organized labor is still going forward. The grand superstructure is rising, a hundred thousand hands are willingly contributing their help. It is rising in grand proportions and challenges the admiration of the world.

Shall we forget in the days of our power and wealth, O, fellow toilers, that Wm. D. Robinson conceived the plan, and that we are simply carrying on and carrying out his splendid designs?

We appeal to a hundred thousand men,

as noble and generous as ever wore the badge of labor, to decree that a fitting monument shall be built to perpetuate the name, the fame, the noble work of Wm. D. Robinson.

We build monuments to commemorate the deeds of heroes in battle, and it is well. Survivors cannot do too much to attest their gratitude for men who do and dare for their country—for

Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay.

But,

There's a warfare where none but the morally brave,
Stand nobly and firmly, their country to save,
'Tis the war of opinion, where few can be found,
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground,
With vigilant eyes ever watching the foe
Who are prowling around them, and aiming their blows.

Wm. D. Robinson was a moral hero. The odds against him never daunted him; indeed, as perils thickened his courage increased and he lived to see success crown his efforts. Shall it be his fate to die un-honored and unsung?

We feel confident, such is not to be the verdict.

There is now more than one hundred dollars in the Robinson monumental fund.

How easily it could be swelled to \$5,000 it is scarcely required to outline here. The small contribution of ten cents each, from the members of the orders we have named would secure a fund of \$10,000.

If we can reach their ears, we feel satisfied we can reach their pocket books, and that the Wm. D. Robinson monument fund will speedily reach such a sum total as to warrant the preliminary step required to carry out the cherished purpose in view.

In this connection, fellow railroad men, we suggest that at every union meeting held the question of the monument be referred to as the meeting may deem prudent, and that then and there a collection be taken up. If this is done, we do not hesitate to say the response will be such as will gladden every heart, creating a sentiment which will redound to the glory of the orders.

What will be the lessons the monument would teach? First of all, that railroad employes, connected with the train service, recognize the fact that they owe to Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude, an acknowledgment bearing testimony that one noble trait at least has lodgment in the hearts of men.

To build a monument to perpetuate the memory of Wm. D. Robinson, is to build a monument to the God ordained nobility of the men, who following his example, his precepts and indomitable spirit, have organized for their protection and prosperity.

Wm. D. Robinson, toiled for the emancipation of railroad men from debasing thral-

doms. He spoke eloquent words for independence, and thousands of aching breasts have felt the thrill of his convincing arguments, and the world is better for his living, and everywhere the "thorny stem of time" is building, blossoming and bearing fruit for the pleasure, peace and prosperity of railroad employes.

B. OF R. C.

The Third Annual Convention of the Order.—Held in the City of Louisville, Ky., Commencing Sept. 21, 1891.—The Occasion one of Unusual Interest and Importance to the Order.—Propositions for Consolidation with the Order of Railway Conductors Submitted and Accepted.

RECEPTION, ADDRESSES, ETC., ETC.

The Third Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors convened in the city of Louisville, Ky., Monday, Sept. 21, 1891.

At the date of the Louisville Convention, the order was just three years old, its birth having occurred at Los Angeles, California, A. D. 1888.

The reason why the order was organized was that the railway conductors were without any organized means of resisting wrong and oppression. While other employes in the train service of railroads could obtain redress for grievances, conductors were required to submit to such treatment as was awarded them, or have their burdens lightened by yielding to humiliations at war with all ideas of manliness and self-respect.

Such conditions brought into existence the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, under the splendid leadership of George W. Howard, who had been a railroad man from his boyhood—a fireman, a brakeman, a conductor, an engineer, a yard master, a train master, master of transportation, a division superintendent, and who is now declared to be "the best all around railroad man in the United States," and in addition, he was a Union soldier.

Under the guidance and leadership of George W. Howard, the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors sought first, last and all the time, to educate railway conductors to comprehend the importance of protection.

Young, weak in numbers and finances, but rich to opulence in ideas and argument, the order, from the first day of its existence, exerted a powerful and healthy influence.

The Order of Railway Conductors, long established, with a large and intelligent membership, with money at its command, no longer able to resist the logic of protection, found that its existence depended upon a radical change in its constitution and policy,

and as a result, the O. R. C. became a protective order.

This much, as preliminary to the proceedings of the Third Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.

The reception of the delegates at Louisville was all that the most exacting could have demanded.

The opening exercises of the convention were held in the Masonic Temple Theater where His Honor, Mayor Tyler, welcomed the officers and delegates to the Falls city, the metropolis of Kentucky. The welcome was warm and generous, and the prestige of old Kentucky was fully maintained.

It is needless to say that the Mayor's welcome touched every manly heart in the vast audience, or that the applause was spontaneous and to the echo.

The Mayor having concluded his address Mr. J. B. Stanton, of Seymour, Ind., who presided, introduced Grand Chief, George W. Howard. As Mr. Howard stepped forward the cheering was simply deafening, rising wave upon wave, making a scene which can only be described as a tumultuous ovation. Quiet having been restored Mr. Howard spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is the opening of the third annual convention of the International Brotherhood of Railway Conductors. At these annual conventions, our conduct and general work of the year past is carefully reviewed. Our maps are brought out and obstructions of all kinds are carefully located thereon, and in legislating for the new year our best efforts put forth to remove these obstructions, and failing to remove them, we seek the very best course either above or below or around or through them. The work of our delegates here in your city for the next ten days will determine what the course of our brotherhood is to be for at least the next twelve months, and if biennial sessions are decided upon then for the next two years.

It is not necessary for me to dwell at any great length upon the details connected with the formation of our brotherhood. Suffice it to say that we know that we started right; that our platform and principles are right and have always been right. We mean, we have always meant, and have tried to do only that which should redound to the best interests of the toilers of the American continent.

The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors provide for a compulsory insurance for its members in policies of one thousand dollars each. The first policy only must be taken, but as many more as is desired can be taken by any member, who will be required to pay in proportion to what he takes, and this insurance is paid alike in cases of death or total disability. I do not believe however in the policy of peddling these insurance features of our organizations. Insurance can be had anywhere and by any body. We have a score of first class insurance companies doing business in this country, and there can be no excuse for everybody not being insured. And not wishing to at all detract from the great good that has been accomplished by the insurance departments of our various organizations, I say that insurance should be made a secondary consideration by the members of all of them, and they should not allow themselves to be blinded by any insurance showing on the part of either of them. Our first consideration should be a protection to our situations and wages through which we are enabled to get money to pay for the necessities of life and insurance, and if you will insist upon insurance as a first consideration in the make-up of your business life then remember that in order to be insured merely it is not

ecessary that you should belong to any organization and subject yourselves to laws that at times may be cumbersome upon you; not necessary to attend meetings and pay grand and local dues and assessments; not necessary to employ a horde of officers to attend to insurance alone. You can get insurance without any of these responsibilities. Think of it.

Every man in America should prove himself a citizen of this great republic; should never fail to exercise his right of suffrage and thereby assist in making and unmaking its laws. We have been taught from birth that this is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, but there seems to be a general misunderstanding as to *who* are the people, or else the constitution of this country intends to convey that this is a government for several classes of people, but this was never intended by our forefathers, the framers of our constitution. They intended that the people of the United States should be an undivided people, and that equal and exact justice should be meted out to each and all, and that special privileges should be extended to none; but in the past this has almost entirely been set aside. Influenced by the teachings of a false political economy, legislation has for years and years discriminated against the wage-workers of the world. Adam Smith, the great English writer, first directed thought in the wrong direction, and it has been hard for modern writers to get out of his rut. He reasoned from the stand point, that the man who has the money to employ labor is the autocrat; that he has the right to dictate all the terms of its employment, and that labor has left it only the right to accept the terms offered, or if not satisfied with those terms, to make its exit, and give way to others less exacting. He taught that labor was a commodity to be bought and sold, but that unlike any other commodity in the market, the buyer has the exclusive right of naming the price to be paid for it. This false economy, in a manner applicable to an age long since buried, has been the source of much misunderstanding, much trouble, and many proscriptive laws. It has been accepted as the correct doctrine by a large per centum of our very best people, for the reason that no other thought has had a chance for growth. As soon as a young man passes beyond the common schools to an academy or college, the poison is filtered into his brain and heart through every text book on political economy he encounters, and the learned professors who never did a day's physical work in their lives, emphasize their teachings with lectures on strikes and boycotts, and the general follies of workingmen.

We have been on the wrong track for years, but through a higher sense of duty and a better understanding, we are gradually getting onto the right track, and the good work must continue until every American citizen can stand wholly untrammelled in the exercise of his rights as such. I know that whenever anything is said about citizens' rights, it always brings forth derision from those who would like to establish and constitute a nobility here in our country, from those who feel that the poor have no rights or should have none; but thank God these are few and grow perceptibly less year by year. It is the duty of every fair-minded man to unearth wrong everywhere, and to use his utmost endeavors to rectify it, and we cannot ignore the rights of the American people if we would. Our common school system is turning out thousands of intelligent, educated people every year; people that can think and express themselves, and people who have a right to be and will be heard. Free speech can never be destroyed or even throttled to any extent until our free school system is destroyed, and that will never be.

I thank God to-day for the free schools of our country, and I hope that the spirit may spread until every country on the face of the globe may become noted for its free schools, and that the time may come when no child on earth will be able to attain the age of ten years without knowing how to read and write fluently.

Ours is the grandest country on the face of the globe, but we can make it yet grander, and it is our duty to do it. We must arrange so that none shall remain idle who wish to work, and this can readily

be done if by no other way than a shortening of the hours of labor. Eight hours a day is enough for any man to work anyhow, and especially if he is engaged at hard work. Our toilers should have more time to improve themselves. They don't have time to read enough. I have heard it said by some of our would-be wise ones: "Oh, it will never do to reduce the hours of labor, for our workmen will spend all their leisure time in saloons, and will drink themselves to death."

Now, possibly some would do this, but it would be only our "weeds" that would do it, if any at all, and it might prove a blessing to the balance of the crop of humanity to get rid of these weeds in that way. Anyhow it is time enough to consider the crossing of a bridge when you have found one to cross. It does no good to construct them in imagination, and so far as the liquor curse is concerned, we can rectify that too.

I want right here to urge upon you in the most forcible way at my command, that the most powerful force in American society, is public opinion lawfully expressed, through a fair and honest ballot. Is there any doubt, can there be any doubt as to where the majority of the ballots lie in this country? Our wage earners by keeping in close touch with each other can make and unmake laws at will, and since the liquor curse has been so often interestingly paraded before us by our sympathizing friends, let us now take the matter into our hands and entirely do away with the liquor traffic in this country and stop its manufacture here altogether. If we haven't got the nerve, then let us grant to women the right of universal suffrage and then ask them to help us, and the task will be found quite easy. Don't be afraid to bank on our American women, they are day by day proving themselves the peer of man in all of the avenues of life. They already have the partial right of suffrage in twenty-three of our states, and the full right in Wyoming, and to every test they have never been found wanting. They have been tested in the counting room, in mercantile pursuits, and as doctors, lawyers, teachers, railroaders and in marine pursuits, and have always proven themselves equal to any occasion. Yes as farmers and preachers they have got there, and even on the field of battle fighting side by side with her burly brother, she has proven herself to be of the proper material, nery unto death. I say God bless our American women, the noblest and best creatures on earth and warmest and staunchest supporters of the most glorious flag that ever graced the air of heaven.

So many reforms in my estimation are needed in this country that I hardly know which to tackle first, but one of the worst evils is our universal credit system, and it should be done away with. Do you know that at least seventy-five per cent. of the business of this country is done on credit? And so much credit or so much business done on wind, or on other paper besides money is what caused our panic of 1873 and wrought absolute ruin to thousands who had thought that they were beyond the possible reach of want. It ought to be made a crime punishable by fine at least for any one to do business in America on credit; and if we haven't money enough in circulation to do a cash business, let it be provided for. Of course in speaking of cash I mean cash or its equivalent. To simplify, if you come to my store and want goods and haven't got the necessary cash, then bring something equivalent to cash to pay for them; but don't bring me a piece of paper with a promise written on it no matter how well endorsed, for it is not an equivalent to cash. The endorsers and the principal may all become bankrupt before the note falls due, and if ever so good I may have to resort to law with its troubles, vexations and stays in order to get my money. Any honest man would rather do a cash than a credit business. And were a spot cash system adopted, our wage earners even would be enabled to save much more of their wages. "Spot cash" will always be quoted a better price than credit and this is true the world over.

Another thing we must stop, gambling in the fluctuations of our money; and to do this we must have money that won't fluctuate. We must make a silver dollar worth 100 cents and as good as a gold dol-

lar if we have to make it as big as a cart wheel, and we want all money to be made and issued directly by our government to our people through our treasury or sub-treasuries, and we want the standing of our country to be such, that a paper dollar issued by it, will be accepted at par at any port in the world, and as readily as a silver or gold dollar. And in order to establish this, it is only necessary to have a thorough understanding with the other countries of the world, and this can be readily brought about by the tolling masses, when once they have arrived at a common understanding as to what is necessary to be done in the premises, for they have the intelligence to carry it out, never fear.

Our present national banking system must be done away with. We must have places that we know are absolutely safe for the deposit of our monies. When our government takes charge of all banks and makes sub-treasuries of them, then we will hear of no more "busted" banks, and of the many business failures incident thereto; will hear of no more suicides on account of "lost all I had in the world in the bank that has just closed its doors." That's the way they say it now, "closed its doors," but that isn't what we used to say when we went out on a jaunt the night following pay-day, and woke up next morning with our money in somebody else's pockets, we always said we were busted and that is always what is the matter with the banks that "close their doors," they are simply busted, and not one in fifty ever resumes.

I have been asked if I did not as a general rule, despise capitalists, and I answer "no;" that I was a capitalist myself. The world is full of capitalists. You meet hundreds of them every day, in fact nearly every man you meet is a capitalist; every human being in the world that has good brains and health is a capitalist; every one who has five cents in his pocket over and above what he owes is a capitalist. It is impossible for capital and labor to conflict with each other; people do not always agree, but capital and labor go hand in hand and it is impossible for it to be otherwise; one cannot possibly exist without the other, and such men who are always engaged in trying to excite the envy of the unfortunate, the malice of the poor, should be considered as enemies to humanity and good society. Every fair man should encourage thrift; believe in the better classes, and glory in the spirit of money-making and money-keeping, that distinguishes American life from other life. When that spirit is confined to fair, honorable and legitimate channels and should never want to see any limit fixed to the accumulating possibilities of thrift and enterprise, but the men, or corporations, syndicates, trusts or combines of whatever nature that accumulate millions of dollars by taking more than a fair proportion of the joint earnings of capital and labor, should be classed as thieves and robbers and should be punished accordingly. Men who accumulate their money in this way have taken unfair advantage of their associates and competitors and should be branded the common enemy of mankind.

Of course if we consider that this game of life is a fair one no matter how it is played, and care only for the things of this life and nothing for the future, our hearts then have assumed an adamant cast that turns all teachings of honesty, morality and even humanity itself to the wind. But what is man? Whether he be deprived of that light which is from on high or whether he discards it, he is a frail and flimsy creature, a little more than three-fourths water standing on time, that bleak and narrow isthmus joining two eternities, and whether his life be long or short, his last year, last month, last week, last day, last hour, last minute, last second must

be concerned, at least, in the eyes of Him who made us all? Do you try to carry out the obligation you took in your division or lodge room, or do all the teachings received therein go for naught?

Your lodge rooms are the only churches to a great many of you, and as good teachings are there imparted to you as could emanate from any church. The same bible is used, and as fervent prayers are offered as can be heard in any of our churches, and we all make our appeals to the same God. It is your duty to try to get closer and closer together, and if anybody or anything deter you, and no matter who or what gets in the way, remove him or it. It should simplify matters all we possibly can, and never fail to remove all causes possible that are all likely to create strife or jealousy, or ill-feeling of any kind.

We should have but one organization for, and of each class of railroad men. This will do away with much contention, strife and jealousy at once. We should insist upon an amicable relationship between the officers of our various organizations, and when any prove obstinate or a detriment in any way to progress, he or they should be immediately removed or replaced by better men.

Railroad employees generally ought to be mutually encouraged to work in closer touch with their officials, and this can be done without any compromise of manhood or dignity on the part of either. By getting closer together a better understanding can be had, and misunderstandings can be prevented. This, in the past, would have saved many changes and removals on the part of employees. And make it a rule to render better and better service every day for your company. Take a personal interest in the affairs of your road and assist your officials all you can. They will appreciate it. If you are working under rules that can not be implicitly obeyed without hardships, go at once to your officers and call their attention to them, and they will gladly rectify, but don't wait until something has happened through your violation of these objectionable rules, but go while your record is clear, and it will look better and have a better effect.

Another thing I want to call your attention to, and that is a movement on foot to create dissension between railroad men and farmers. Sit down on this hard wherever you may find it. Without the farmers we would have no railroads and nothing to haul on railroads. Encourage the farmer all you can, he will always prove a friend to you in time of need. His interests are your interests. The best citizens we have are farmers, and we want fewer speculators and more farmers. The farmers for the past thirty years have been supporting too many men who would not work. We want fewer loafers and more workers in this country, and middle men must be knocked out wherever it can be made possible to do so. Our farmers are the back bone of our country, and when they are blessed with good crops we are blessed with good times, and when they have poor crops we invariably have dull times. Hence, you see it is desirable that the farmer should always raise fine crops, that we may always have good times. Then let me again urge you to encourage our farmers every time you can make an opportunity to do so, and I like men who make their opportunities much better than those who wait for opportunities to be made for them.

On behalf of our brotherhood I thank his honor your Mayor for the generous welcome extended to us, and for his words of encouragement and good cheer, and I thank this people who have so kindly turned out to welcome us on this occasion.

From start to finish Grand Chief Howard's address received profound attention and elicited frequent cheers, his reference to consolidation being warmly applauded.

A number of brief addresses followed, each of which favored consolidation with the O. R. C., so that there should be but one great order of railway conductors on the continent. Mr. H. S. Reardon, of Louisville Division, No. 85, O. R. C., said: "We

of the O. R. C. have only to blame ourselves that the brotherhood was ever organized. We should now take the initiative in reconciling the differences, and if anybody is in the way of the two organizations getting together he should be swept out of the way. I speak in behalf of nine-tenths of the masses of the Order of Railway Conductors. If Clark is in the way, sweep him off the face of the earth; if Howard is the obstructor, he must step down and out."

Wednesday, the 23d of September, was another gala day of the convention, and the session was held with wide open doors.

It was the writer's good fortune, upon the earnest solicitation of Bro. Howard, to be present and participate in the proceedings. Our generous reception is a fadeless picture in our memory, and a rich compensation for any effort it had been our good fortune to make to effect the consolidation of the O. R. C. and the B. of R. C.

In the course of the remarks which we had the privilege of making, we are reported as follows:

Mr. Debs' appearance in the hall was the signal for an ovation, attesting his popularity with the conductors, and exhibiting the hope that with the aid of his counsel the differences between the two organizations of conductors may be harmonized. Mr. Debs made a speech of some length, which was listened to with great attention. It was directed mainly to the importance of harmony and federation of interests between the railroad employees. He said that two organizations of employees of the same class, sometimes at cross purposes, could not accomplish the one great purpose of each, the protection of their rights. No matter how cordial and fraternal their relations might be, the leverage is weakened by the want of unity and the fact that their different methods made them unwieldy when they were called upon to pull together in the same cause. Their employers, when a clash of interests came about, would recognize this weakness and profit by it, and it would lose them many a battle for justice and right that could be won by one powerful organization. He saw nothing anomalous in the character of the two organizations. They were composed of men who had the same aims and purposes in life; the purposes of the Brotherhood and the Order of Railway Conductors were identically the same—the maintenance of the individual and collective rights of their members, and the furtherance of their individual interests, and there was really no distinction between them save the name and the mere form of their by-laws.

The constitutions are identical in spirit. The spirit of emulation is inspired by a desire for the common good, and the mingling of the two orders could be accomplished with very slight concessions from both. Such an opportunity for consideration as the present one had never before arisen, and might not again, and with both sides willing and no obstacles existing the great scheme ought to be accomplished right now.

Mr. Debs also dwelt at some length on the condition and hopes of the laboring men of America.

Following the address which we were permitted to make, Bro. C. W. Martin, editor of the *Federationist*, published at Indianapolis, was introduced. Bro. Martin is entirely at home on the rostrum, and his address was replete with telling hits, which were warmly applauded.

Bro. S. Keliber, grand secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Railway Car

Men, followed in a logical and eloquent address, which was well received and elicited hearty applause.

The proceedings of the convention on Thursday, the 24th, related chiefly to the consideration of measures of consolidating the Brotherhood with the Order of Railway Conductors. Grand Chief Howard submitted the following recommendation upon the subject:

LOUISVILLE, KY., September 24, 1891.

To the Third Annual Convention of the International Brotherhood of Railway Conductors:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—As your chief executive, I deem it my duty to call your attention to a subject that above all others should receive your earnest and careful consideration. I refer to the matter of uniting, if possible, in one great organization all of the railway conductors of the American continent. It is a fact well understood that at its last convention the Order of Railway Conductors adopted by practically an unanimous vote a policy of protection, thus not only placing itself in accord with other orders of railway employees, but removing all material differences which have hitherto existed between the two organizations of conductors and practically placing them, so far as aims and purposes are concerned, upon a line of perfect equality. This being the case it at once becomes apparent that there is no longer any necessity for two organizations. Indeed, while rival organizations are in the field, men will of necessity be led into hostile camps; prejudices will assert themselves; envy and jealousies will prevail and do their deadly work, and all these influences will combine to prevent a perfect unification of the craft, such as is necessary to protect their rights and interests and secure for them that degree of consideration at the hands of their employers to which they are so justly entitled.

In view of these facts I beg to recommend that measures be taken by the appointment or election of proper representatives, or otherwise, to negotiate with the authorized representatives of the Order of Railway Conductors for the consolidation of the two organizations of railway conductors upon such terms as may be regarded fair and honorable to all concerned. Brothers, let not selfishness or vindictiveness stand in the way of such a consolidation. Let us be frank and sincere in our disposition to meet our brothers of the Order of Railway Conductors. There is no longer any occasion for estrangement. The interests of all conductors are identical, and now that they are in accord on the great question of protection, the bed rock principle of organization, it is, in my judgment, eminently in consonance with prudent policy that they be united in one body for the good of all. Trusting that you will give this matter the careful consideration its importance merits I subscribe myself,

Fraternally yours,

G. W. HOWARD, G. C. C.

The following resolutions were submitted and adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been recommended by our Grand Chief Conductor that measures be taken to, if possible, consolidate the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors and the Order of Railway Conductors; and

WHEREAS, It is believed that such recommendation in view of existing conditions is wise and timely; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a commission composed of five representatives (of which the Grand Chief shall be ex-officio chairman) be elected by this body to meet a similar commission to be selected by the Order of Railway Conductors, with full power and authority to act in all things necessary to unite and consolidate the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors and the Order of Railway Conductors

Resolved, That if such negotiations prove fruitless it is the desire of this body that the matter be referred to a board of arbitration, to be chosen equally by the representatives of both organizations.

Resolved, That this body pledge itself to in all

things, abide by the action of the commission herein provided for.

Under the resolutions the following conference committee was appointed, viz.: Geo. Lovejoy, Terre Haute, Ind.; W. H. Sebring, Savannah, Ga.; L. G. Cummings, Leadville, Col.; Thos. Gilluly, San Bernardino, Cal.; W. E. S. Gibson, Roodhouse, Ill.; Grand Chief Geo. W. Howard, ex-officio chairman.

As a further movement, telegraphic communication between the grand officers of the O. R. C. and the B. of R. C. resulted in a conference at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, October 7, which finally brought about the consolidation of the two orders, as is fully set forth in the following official circular:

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, October 8, 1891.

To all Divisions and Members of the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, Greeting:

The late session of the Grand Division of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors elected a commission for the purpose of conferring with a commission on the part of the Order of Railway Conductors, upon the question of some plan of consolidation of the two, whereby the friction and ill effects of having two organizations of the same class of employees in rivalry, might be removed. The Board of Directors of the Order was convened for the purpose of meeting the commission from the Brotherhood and upon October 8th after a conference lasting two days, the following plan was agreed upon:

This Agreement made this 8th day of October, A. D. 1891, between G. W. Howard, Geo. W. Lovejoy, L. J. Cummings, W. E. S. Gibson, and T. Gilluly, representing the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, hereinafter called "The Brotherhood," and E. E. Clark, C. H. Wilkins, M. Clancy, F. J. Dorsey, W. J. Durbin, Sam Phipps and Wm. P. Daniels, representing the Order of Railway Conductors, hereinafter called "The Order."

WITNESSETH:—That it is hereby agreed that the above named organizations shall be consolidated upon the following terms, to-wit:

1. The title of the consolidated organization shall be The Order of Railway Conductors of America, provided that it is agreed upon the part of the Order, that the matter of the title shall be presented to the next session of the Grand Division for its final decision.

2. The Brotherhood to provide for the immediate issue of a certificate to each one of its members, which, if presented on or before January 1st, 1892, shall be received by any division of the Order as *prima facie* evidence that the holder is entitled to membership in the Consolidated Order, and he shall be admitted and obligated without the payment of any fee whatever, and such members shall not be required to pay any local or grand dues to the Consolidated Order until January 1, 1892. Any member of the Brotherhood who has been suspended or expelled by any division of the Order, is hereby reinstated to membership in the Order with the full rights of any other members of the Brotherhood as herein provided, subject to the approval of the next Grand Division of the Order, provided that any member who is in arrears or who has been suspended for non-payment of dues by either organization, shall not be entitled to membership in the Consolidated Organization until all dues are paid to the date of such suspension, should it be required.

3. All divisions of the Brotherhood to be immediately closed, and at any point where there is no division of the Order, the necessary charter and supplies for a division shall be furnished free of charge, and a division organized, to which division all members of the division of the Brotherhood who hold the proper certificate shall be admitted, and any money or property held by the division of the Brotherhood shall become the property of the division of the Consolidated Order, which is organized in its stead.

4. At points where there is a division of the Or-

der, all money and property of the division of the Brotherhood, shall be turned over to the division of the Consolidated Order.

5. Every member of the Brotherhood who holds one or more insurance certificates, shall, upon admission to the Consolidated Order, the surrender of the certificates held, and the filing with such certificates of a written application for such exchange, receive certificates of membership in the Mutual Benefit department of the Consolidated Order, free of charge, such certificates to be dated and to take effect on the day that the application for exchange is certified by a division secretary, provided the number of certificates so exchanged for any member shall not be in violation of Article III of the law governing the Benefit Department of the Order, and all becoming members hereafter shall carry at least one insurance certificate for one thousand dollars.

6. The affairs and accounts of the Brotherhood shall be closed up as soon as practicable by its officers, and after the payment of all legitimate indebtedness, all money and property on hand shall be turned over to the officers of the Consolidated Order; and the existing laws of the Order shall govern until lawfully changed or amended.

7. It is further agreed between the parties hereto that the influence of the representatives of the Consolidated Order shall be used in favor of general cooperation between all organizations of employees in train service, and the franchise of the Brotherhood in the Supreme Council is hereby transferred to the Consolidated Order, subject to the approval of the Council; and all agreements at present in force between the members of either organization and railway companies, will be recognized and protected by the Consolidated Order.

8. Appreciating the benefits to accrue to the large majority of the conductors by removing the friction caused by the existence of two rival organizations, composed of that class of employees, and desiring to avoid imposing upon the members the heavy expense of a special session of the Grand Division to pass upon the questions, and believing that the Grand Division, if convened, would endorse the same terms, the representatives of the Order of Railway Conductors assumed to act and have fully explained the text and application of their laws and have pledged themselves to use their influence upon their divisions to induce them to carry out in full this agreement, and if they feel aggrieved to make their appeal to the Grand Division.

And it is hereby further agreed on the part of the representatives of the organizations, parties hereto, that each and all shall use his influence to carry out in good faith and in the full spirit thereof, the provisions of this agreement.

(Signed by representatives.)

The Board, on the part of the Order, has been assisted largely by the representatives of the Brotherhood in their efforts to avoid the necessity of incurring the enormous expense of a special session of the Grand Division, and as incorporated in the agreement, the Board on the part of the Order appeal to each and every division and member to comply with, and carry out the provisions of the agreement. The Commission from the Brotherhood were empowered to act and they unqualifiedly bind that organization to the agreement. It is a universally conceded fact that the best interests of the whole suffer by the existence of conflicting interests, and it is equally a fact that no adjustment could be made except where an earnest desire to work for the good of all existed. No agreement could be reached except by mutual concessions of a greater or less nature. In this spirit and in this way this agreement has been reached and we earnestly request each one of our members to do his best to assist in the same being carried out in the spirit in which it has been made. At all times earnestly wishing for the best interests of the United Conductors of the land, we are,

Fraternally Yours,

E. E. CLARK, G. C. C., O. R. C.
G. W. HOWARD, G. C. C., B. R. C.

On the 19th of October the grand officers of the B. of R. C. issued the following circular to the members of the order, which fully explains itself.

TOLEDO, OHIO, October 15, 1891.

To B. R. C. Men, Everywhere:

Before this reaches you you will have received and read the agreement and joint circular made and issued by and between representatives of the Brotherhood and the Order of Railway Conductors, and dated at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, October 8th, 1891. We feel sure that some, at the outset, will feel displeased with the steps that have been taken on the part of our Brotherhood; will feel that everything was surrendered on our part. To such we say: you are mistaken. At the time the agreement was made—and in fact ever since the O. R. C. convention held at St. Louis in May last—the only difference between the Brotherhood and the Order were the grand officers and the name, for the Order had surrendered to the Brotherhood in every other particular. They eliminated their anti-strike clause and adopted our platform of protection, and also arranged for a compulsory insurance for one thousand dollars, same as we had in force, and they have arranged to do away with their permanent membership, which was always opposed by the B. R. C. They have dissolved their incorporation, exactly in accordance with the ideas of the Brotherhood. Their obligation has been changed until now it is practically the same as the obligation of the Brotherhood; and they, as the agreement will show, accepted the place we vacated in the Supreme Council, and the same was endorsed by the S. M. A. A. and the B. of L. F., and G. C. C. Clark personally said he would accept this membership in the Supreme Council in good faith as soon as endorsed by the S. M. A. A. and the B. of L. F., and Howard, Lovejoy and Gilluly, were witnesses to this pledge. We were advised by representatives of the B. of L. E., B. of L. F. and even the S. M. A. A. to get the two organizations of conductors together, and to take the initiatory steps, too, and we know they saw us as we could not see ourselves, and advised us as friends, with the best interests of the conductors of America in view. If we could have had our way we would have named the consolidated organization the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors of America, and we made this proposition to the representatives of the Order, but they had no power to change anything in their make-up without convening a special session of their Grand Division, and this would have cost them twenty thousand dollars; they offered to do this if necessary, but in case they did it they wanted us to convene a special session of our Grand Division also, and this would have cost us about fifteen thousand dollars. We knew, and know now, that no man with the best interests of the conductors of our country at heart, would insist upon any such expenditure of money to merely change a word in a name for our conductor's organization, when if desired the same thing can be accomplished a little later on, and without any extra expense. To the true friends of protection in the O. R. C., as well as the B. R. C., our advice is to get close together, and if anything is wrong with or in the make-up of our conductors' organization, right the same through your influence and votes at coming conventions; and now privately to B. R. C. men, we say earnestly as brothers, knowing that you have always placed implicit confidence in us—and we would not betray that confidence, even for life—that all things considered, the movement made at Cedar Rapids was a wise and timely one which the future will demonstrate to all, and we say this with a never-dying remembrance of our Brotherhood, which was quite as dear to us as anything on earth. Accept the action of your commission in the same good faith in which its work was done, and rally together, drive out the drones, and be not satisfied until every worthy conductor shall be enrolled in one organization of railway conductors, the Order of Railway Conductors of America, and as before stated, if the Order does not prove to be what it should be, then through your influence and votes correct its mistakes and shortcomings.

With kindest feelings and best wishes for all, we are
Fraternally yours

G. W. HOWARD.
J. W. MARTIN.
D. J. CARR.

Bearing even date with the foregoing, Grand Chief Howard issued the following circular which formally winds up the affairs of the B. of R. C., which has ceased to exist:

TOLEDO, OHIO, October 19, 1891.

CIRCULAR.

The Grand Office of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors at Toledo, Ohio, will be closed by November 1st next, and all bills, claims and accounts, together with the books of the Brotherhood, will be sent to the Chairman of the Executive Board, (G. W. Lovejoy, 121, South 13th St., Terre Haute, Ind., who will thereafter levy any necessary assessments, receive all monies, pay all claims, and attend to all unfinished business incident to the closing up of the affairs of the Brotherhood. It is earnestly hoped that each and every brother will cheerfully respond to any and all calls made by Brother Lovejoy, and will manifest an interest and pride in assisting him to preserve the good name and record of the Brotherhood to a finish. Brother Lovejoy's services in the foregoing will be rendered gratis.

Issued by order of the Executive Board.

G. W. HOWARD, G. C. C.

Attest:

D. J. CARR, G. S. & T.

In closing this account of the third and last convention of the B. of R. C., it only remains to note that the officers and delegates and their guests had, socially, a royal good time while they sojourned in Louisville. They were the guests of the theaters and the tired delegates, when the evening came, enjoyed the most delightful relaxation.

Willard's hotel threw open its doors for terpsichorean delegates, and the light fantastic toes, in the wildering maze of cotillion, quadrille, and schottische, danced the bright hours away. On Sunday the convention was invited to worship at the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, and observe what a great fraternity is doing to mitigate the sorrows of the unfortunate.

Among the delightful incidents of the occasion, was the presentation of a superb diamond pin to Grand Chief Howard, and neither Africa nor Brazil can produce a gem that will be worn above a nobler heart. It was happily presented and as happily received.

Another incident in the same line, was the presentation by Col. W. H. Sebring of a magnificent gold watch to Grand Secretary and Treasurer Carr, which was most gracefully done. Bro. Carr, though given ample time, was brief but to the point.

The delegation was a notable one, every representative being a *man* eminently competent to grasp problems and solve them, and by the consolidation the O. R. C. receives a body of men who will be found true to every obligation.

The B. of R. C. closes a splendid career and furls a defiant flag without one dishonorable concession; and on the page of history treating of labor organizations, not one will be found with a record with fewer errors of head or heart. *Adieu* B. of R. C.; all hail O. R. C.

THE S. M. A. A.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.—Held in Philadelphia, Commencing September 21, 1891.—A Large Attendance of Delegates and a Harmonious and Profitable Convention.

OPENING EXERCISES, SPEECHES, ETC., ETC.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of the North America, was held in the great city of Philadelphia, commencing on September 21, 1891. The order is now reported to have 155 lodges, and more than 11,000 members.

The growth of the order may not have been "phenomenal," a term frequently employed to convey the idea of rapid increase in lodges and membership—but its growth has been steady—and there is not to-day on the continent a labor organization whose membership is more devoted to those principles and policies, in which centers the hopes of workingmen for the emancipation of labor from the thraldoms which hitherto, and now, appeal to every honest workingman to be vigilant and courageous.

The convention was attended by nearly 200 delegates and officials, and from first to last, was a pronounced success.

The convention was held under the auspices of Quaker City Lodge, No. 73, of Philadelphia, and the meetings of the convention took place in Industrial Hall.

The opening exercises were conducted by Thomas B. Essick, Master of Quaker City Lodge, No. 73, and he presided with the grace of a master. In a touching manner he referred to the death of H. M. Davis, a delegate from Peoria, Illinois, who was found dead in his bed in his room at the Howard House.

Prayer was delivered by Rev. Mr. Conwell, after which the chairman introduced Col. A. K. McClure. Among other things Mr. McClure said:

Every man should strive to become master of his calling. I came to Philadelphia forty-five years ago, a journeyman mechanic, possessing only a certificate that I was a competent tanner and currier and an honest man with a good moral character.

The only way in which capital can be commanded is for labor to be just to itself, not by denunciation, but to make itself so valuable and perfect in its skill and intelligence, and so faithful to its contract that capital dare not provoke it to strike. Then it can command capital. Let your future be as wise and conservative as your past and you will always be one of our leading industrial organizations.

Chairman Essick read a letter from Governor Pattison, expressing regret at his inability to be present and address the delegates, caused, he said, by the press of work. He highly commended the association, and hoped it would continue its good work.

Following Mr. McClure, the chairman introduced Mr. John H. Fow, of Harrisburg, Pa., who spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I beg leave to return

to you my sincere thanks for the honor which you have conferred upon me by the invitation to be present with you upon this occasion. When the gentleman who represented you called upon me last Wednesday, I felt very much inclined to refuse, for two reasons. First, because of the short time I would have to prepare anything, and secondly, my want of knowledge of the facts governing your organization and the benefits to be derived therefrom. I take it for granted, however, that you are banded together as an aggregation to protect individual interests; a right which, under our constitution and laws you possess, and which you have a right to enjoy as long as you do not transgress the organic and statute laws. It is eminently fit and proper that the discussion of all matters affecting your rights and liberties as citizens of this republic should take place in this city, wherein is situated Independence Hall, the throne whereon Liberty shall forever sit enshrined in the hearts of all men.

We Philadelphians are pre-eminently Americans, and a sojourn among us will, I have no doubt, enlighten you to a great extent upon the problem which we confront, and has for some time past, confronted the laboring classes. The relations existing between capital and labor are upon a better footing in this city than any other city upon the continent, due mainly to the fact that a vast majority of our mechanics and laborers are interested as owners of the property wherein they reside; and wherever you find such a condition of affairs you will find a community composed of peaceful and law-abiding citizens; for it is to their interests and the protection of their families that they should be so. Industrial agitation has its blessings and its inconveniences. Its blessings consist in improvements in the condition of things—better machinery, better sanitary arrangements in our mills and workshops, better wages, and as long as these can be brought about without inconveniencing the great mass of citizens who have no direct interest in this subject matter, all right, and the vast majority of all right-minded citizens will uphold, aid and assist any organization to accomplish such results; but when force, intimidation and the destruction of life and property are resorted to to accomplish them, the American mind suffers a revulsion of feeling and withdraws all aid and sympathy, and the movement has always failed under such a condition of affairs, and industrial statistics prove it.

Labor is the exertion of individuals, which produces some object in political economy. The exertion of animals is taxed to capital, and is not a voluntary act, but the mere usage of that which some one owns. Labor may be of two kinds, muscular and mental. The tendency of modern political economists is to consolidate, on the ground that any work which ministers to the people's requirements is labor—of a productive kind. The mere fact that you, in the strict line of your business, produce nothing but results simply by the use of your mental powers, would not give the right to class you among the non-producing portion of our population. The violin maker is a producer, the violin player is not; the mere sound that he brings forth from the instrument pleases the ear and has no further results, unless it would be such bad music as to give you a headache, but your exertions have results which are of vital consequence to the public. I hold that among the responsible positions of railroaders you may name the switchmen, especially in these times when every railroad of any consequence has a system for switching trains that is so comprehensible to the uninitiated as the problems of Euclid are to most men.

The intricacies of the switch system on any of our great railroads require a pair of steady nerves and good mental faculties to fill the position. I take it for granted that it is no ordinary gathering of men that I see here before me, gathered from all over this country. You have come here to consult together as to what you should do to better your condition in the future. Lord John Russell said, "If we compare the condition of the working classes with what it was a century ago, they have retrograded, and cannot get for their services the quantity of the necessities of life that they did then." That may have been true in 1844, but now, to-day, in the

year 1891, a different condition of things exists—brought about by three great forces—first, legislation; second, philanthropy; thirdly, in the intelligent efforts, of the workmen themselves; and this great combination working in harmony together has made America the best place for a workman to live in on the face of God's earth.

At the conclusion of Mr. Fow's address, Rev. Russell Conwell was introduced. His theme was the "Ideal Railroad," which he is reported as saying, "must be conducted by the stockholders for the benefit of the people and for the good of mankind. 'We have all an equal right when born into this world. A child is not responsible for being poor. If capital must rest in the hands of the few, it must be administered as a trust for the benefit of all, on the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number.'"

Among the listeners to the addresses were seated on the stage Rev. Russell H. Conwell, A. K. McClure, Representative John H. Fow, all of whom addressed the convention, and the grand lodge, consisting of the following: Grand Master, Frank Sweeney, Chicago; Vice Grand Master, John Downey; Grand Organizer and Instructor, Miles W. Barrett; Grand Secretary and Treasurer, William A. Simsrott; Editor and Manager of the *Switchmen's Journal*, John A. Hall; directors, E. M. Hutchinson, Town of Lake, Ill.; J. M. Callahan, Auburn Junction, Ill.; J. E. Wilson, La Crosse, Wis.; W. R. Davidson, Joliet, Ill.; and George Law, Chicago; and on the floor were to be seen J. W. Donnelly, Chief Clerk of the Town of Lake, Chicago; George W. Law, Chicago; H. E. Gormley, Stevens' Point, Wis.; Harry Bird, Scranton; A. H. Vincent, Minneapolis; J. W. McGrath, Philadelphia; George Mette, Albino, Ore.; T. J. Richardson, Norfolk, Va.; B. B. Johnson, Algiers, La.; F. G. Fitzpatrick, Memphis; W. G. Havlin, Oakland, Cal.; H. O. Russell, Fort Wayne; E. Logan and T. B. Adams, St. Louis.

It will be noticed that the convention had a magnificent send off, and the city press of Philadelphia referred to the delegates as "a fine looking body of well-dressed, stalwart, confident-looking men."

During the time the delegates were in Philadelphia they enjoyed the pleasures of a grand ball and the delights found in tripping the "light fantastic." The switchman's life, when on duty, is in all regards one of superlative seriousness, and it is wise that their leisure hours should be as joyous as possible.

The business of the convention was, throughout, of exceptional importance and so far as reports have come to hand it is shown that every important question had due attention. The Philadelphia *Ledger* reports as follows:

The Treasurer reported that during the year, from September 1st, 1890, to September 1st, 1891, funds amounting to \$171,712.56 had been collected for the Endowment Fund and \$166,600 disbursed, 173 claims

being paid, including 136 death claims and 37 total disability claims, while in the year 1889-1890 only \$73,300 had been disbursed for similar claims, showing an increase of payments this year of \$33,300. The association comprises 155 lodges, and shows an increase in membership during the year of 2,458, making a total membership of 7,453.

The lodges of the organization are chiefly in the West, although thirty-five applications for the establishment of lodges in Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts have been received. The collection for the fund for defraying the general expenses of the grand lodge was \$25,384, and the expenditures \$22,373.57. The voluntary subscriptions for the support of unemployed members aggregate \$1,320.50 during the year, and the expenditures were \$1,817.05.

Such are the results accomplished financially by a labor organization, only six years old, still in its infancy, judged by years, but standing forth by its deeds as a giant.

The convention decided to continue annual sessions and to create a fund for the payment of the expenses of delegates, instead of having their expenses borne by the lodges, as has been the rule in the past.

The Supreme Council of the Federated Orders of Railway Employes was indorsed in the most unqualified manner.

The convention took high ground in the matter of unauthorized strikes. They will not be tolerated. Lodges engaging in such illegal proceedings will promptly lose their charters, and in such matters the Grand Master will be held responsible, the purpose being to put a final stop to such proceedings, regardless of consequences.

Necessarily, the Northwestern outrage was discussed and its true inwardness exposed, but no law was passed directed at the B. of R. T. and in all of the discussions no delegate was permitted to speak in an unbecoming manner of that order.

In the progress of business a proposition was submitted, that no member of another organization should become a member of the S. M. A. A. but was rejected by the convention.

One of the noble acts of the convention related to John W. Drury, who died recently in Chicago, leaving his family in an impecunious condition.

Drury, it appears, was the first organizer of the S. M. A. A. and in the early years of the order was one of its most active and efficient members.

At the time of his death he was not a member of the order. Neither legally nor morally was the order required to extend any relief to his stricken family. But the convention rose grandly above all such considerations. The delegates remembered that when the order was struggling for a foot hold, when its pathway was strewn with obstacles, when courage was required to build and to advance, John W. Drury did his best to promote the welfare of the struggling order, and remembering these things the convention appropriated one thousand dollars for his needy family. All honor to the switchmen of the S. M. A. A. for this

truly noble deed. Only men who have big hearts could have done it. One thousand dollars will throw floods of light into the darkened home, where the widow of John W. Drury lives, and a widow's blessing, refreshing as sunshine and rain, will be the reward of the S. M. A. A.

The election of the grand officers, which was unanimous, resulted as follows: Grand Master, Frank Sweeney, Minneapolis; First Vice Grand Master, John Downey, Chicago; Second Vice Grand Master, Miles W. Barrett, Kansas City; Grand Secretary and Treasurer, William A. Simsrott, Chicago. The three retiring members of the Board of Directors, John Callahan, Town of Lake; Robert Davison, Joliet, and George Law, Chicago, were re-elected. The other members of the Board are John E. Wilson, LaCrosse, Wis., and Edward Hutchinson, Town of Lake, Ill.

There were a number of candidate cities for the honor of entertaining the next annual convention, but Dallas, Texas, won the distinction for 1892.

The convention adjourned September 30, 1891, after doing an unusual amount of good work.

THE ROBINSON MONUMENT.

We take this occasion to express our thanks to *The Railway Conductor* for its hearty indorsement of the Wm. D. Robinson Memorial. It says:

THE TELEGRAPHERS.

Consolidation of the Two Orders Effectuated.

THE OUTLOOK FULL OF PROMISE.

The Brotherhood of Telegraphers met in annual convention in the city of St. Louis in the month of September last, and the roll call disclosed the fact that the divisions were fully represented.

Let us premise briefly for the purpose of a clear comprehension of the situation: There were two orders of telegraphers at the time of the meeting of the convention in St. Louis, of which we write, viz.: The Order of Railroad Telegraphers and the Brotherhood of Telegraphers. Of these two orders the Order of Railroad Telegraphers was the oldest, the first organization. At the time of its organization the O. R. T. was *non-striking*, or *non-protective*. Because of this feature in its constitution the Brotherhood of Telegraphers was organized. The O. R. T., at its annual convention held in June, 1891, eliminated from its constitution the *non-striking* feature, and became protective. This action on the part of the O. R. T. removed one of the principal obstacles to the consolidation of the two orders and opened the way for negotiations.

The convention of the B. of T. was made up of eminently level headed men, whose supreme purpose, first and last and all the time, was the good of telegraphers.

While this can be said of all the delegates, every consideration of justice demands that the highest encomiums should be written of the grand officers of the order, viz.: M. D. Shaw, Grand Master; E. F. Kearney, Vice Grand Master, and J. H. Schwerkzen, Grand Secretary and Treasurer. These men were animated by the supreme purpose to sink all minor matters for the welfare of the men, and of M. D. Shaw it should be said that with true moral heroism he sacrificed his position of Grand Master of the B. of T. to accomplish results which he clearly foresaw would redound to the welfare of the great body of telegraphers.

At the convention of the B. of T., of which we write, the O. R. T. was represented by two of its grand officers, viz.: A. D. Thurston, G. C. T., and D. G. Ramsay, A. G. C. T., who were clothed with the necessary power to negotiate a consolidation of the two orders, and these gentlemen, acting within their delegated powers, were frank and manly throughout all the deliberations. The convention was addressed by the grand officers of the two organizations, and it is scarcely required to say that consolidation and the benefits certain to result from such a movement was the theme of them all. In these deliberations the writer hereof was permitted to participate, and to the extent of his ability demonstrated that every minor question should be subordinated to

the main question of consolidation. The strength, the conquering power of unity was set forth as compared with the weakness of separated organizations of men of the same craft or profession. As a result, the convention of the B. of T. authorized its grand officers to meet and confer with the grand officers of the O. R. T. to see what could be done to bring about the unification of the two orders.

With commendable promptness the conference was arranged and the appreciated honor was conferred upon the writer to preside over its deliberations. This conference was in session several hours. Every provision of laws, every item of policy was brought forward and exhaustively discussed. There were times during the conference when everything pointed to defeat, and the outlook for consolidation was dark and gloomy. It was at such critical junctures that reason and logic came to the front, it was at such times that personal considerations disappeared and the welfare of telegraphers stilled the storm and opened the way for success.

In no instance, on either side, was a vital principle sacrificed; only non-essentials were given up, things which to surrender for the good of all only magnified the profound comprehension of the situation and immense importance of having one strong and influential order of telegraphers in the field.

We have seldom, perhaps never, had an opportunity to witness a more courageous manifestation of men's capability to master adverse circumstances. When there was yielding, when concessions were made, it was so manifestly patriotic, so clearly for the good of all, that those who made them were the heroes of the occasion, and when results were finally reached there was unusual gratification and satisfaction.

The terms of the consolidation are as follows:

TERMS OF AMALGAMATION.

First. The name of this body shall be "The Order of Railroad Telegraphers of North America."

Second. In cities where there are O. R. T. Divisions, all lodges of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers shall surrender their charters, and all members in good standing on date of surrender of charter shall be admitted to membership in the O. R. T. division located in the same city free of charge, and said members shall pay dues to the O. R. T. upon expiration of the time for which they have paid dues to the B. of T.

Third. Upon the consolidation of any lodge of the brotherhood with any division of the O. R. T. as above arranged, all offices of the brotherhood shall be declared vacant. Should two-thirds of the amalgamated body desire a new election of officers, the Grand Chief Telegrapher will grant dispensation therefor.

Fourth. All moneys in the treasuries of the local lodges of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers shall be turned over to the treasurers of the divisions of the O. R. T. and receipt taken therefor.

Fifth. At points where there is a lodge of the B. of T., and no division of the O. R. T., the charter of the B. of T. lodge shall be surrendered to Grand

Secretary-Treasurer J. H. Schwerzgen, together with a list of members in good standing, who shall immediately furnish to the Grand Chief Telegrapher of the O. R. T., who shall cause the same to be regularly organized with charter and necessary supplies free of charge.

Sixth. Grand Secretary-Treasurer J. H. Schwerzgen shall immediately, upon ratification of this plan, furnish the Grand Chief Telegrapher with a list of the names of all members of the B. of T. directly attached to the grand lodge with their addresses, and stating the date to which the dues of said grand lodge members are paid, and said members shall at once be accepted by the O. R. T. as regular members, entitled to all the privileges of such free of charge. They shall not be required to pay any dues to the O. R. T. until the expiration of the time to which their dues are now paid to the B. of T.

Seventh. After liquidating all legitimate claims and debts, the funds remaining in the treasury of the grand lodge of the B. of T., together with all supplies on hand upon date of ratification of this agreement, shall be immediately turned over to the Grand Chief Telegrapher of the O. R. T., who shall receipt for the same, and cover the funds into the treasury of the Grand Division of the O. R. T.

Eighth. The Grand Division of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers agrees to admit all of the present members of the brotherhood regardless of whether they have served in railway employment or not.

We, the undersigned, Grand Officers of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers, hereby certify that the above report of the Judiciary committee of the O. R. T., was adopted at the regular session of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers, held at St. Louis Mo., this 15th day of September, 1891.

M. D. SHAW, G. M., B. of T.

J. H. SCHWERZGEN, G. S.-T., B. of T.

Accepted, this 15th day of September, 1891, St. Louis, Mo.

A. D. THURSTON, G. C. T.
D. G. RAMSAY, A. G. C. T.

In this connection we introduce also the following article which appeared in the *Telegrapher*, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers, in its issue of September 29th:

There are two principles which the brotherhood has always held to be indispensable to the solution of the problem whether telegraphers can have a successful organization or not. These principles are: *Universal organization and Federation.*

It is not our desire at this time to show why we believe that universal organization is necessary, for the *Telegrapher* has devoted a large portion of its space to the discussion of that question during the last three months. It is a question over which exist honest differences of opinion among telegraphers, and we can safely leave its solution to the future.

Federation, on the other hand, is a principle on which we all agree, and we desire to say to the members of the brotherhood that one of the most important points which induced the convention at St. Louis to agree to the consolidation was, that amalgamation will insure our admission into the Federation beyond a doubt. The grand lodge felt that the brotherhood could well afford to temporarily waive one principle—that of universal organization—to gain another—Federation.

It was agreed upon, as one of the conditions of the consolidation that the grand officers of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers shall make application for admission to the present Federation within one week from date of adjournment of the convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors—at this writing in session at Louisville. Bro. E. V. Debs, who presided over the joint meeting of the grand officers of both orders, assured them that he would do all in his power to insure our admission into the Federation. Since want of unity among the craft was the only reason why the two organizations of telegraphers have been refused admission, it is reasonable to suppose that the telegraphers, now that they are united, will be welcomed with open arms by the United Orders of Railway Employes.

If the consolidation of the Brotherhood and the Order of Railroad Telegraphers had accomplished nothing else but the establishment of the principles of federation, it would be well worth all the sacrifice made.

The foregoing terms of consolidation, upon being submitted to the convention, were unanimously ratified and the two orders became one, the title being the Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

The representatives of the O. R. T. could make no concessions that would come in conflict with the constitution of their order, therefore, in order to bring about consolidation the constitution of the O. R. T. had to remain intact and be adopted as it stands, and if this had not been done consolidation could not have been secured.

The Order of Railroad Telegraphers admits only railroad telegraphers, but if they have had three years experience as railroad telegraphers, though now otherwise employed, they may be admitted to the order.

The question of universal organization of telegraphers, which means the admission of all competent telegraphers, is engaging the minds of the best thinkers of the craft.

The question has had our serious consideration, and our conclusion is that universal organization is preferable to limited organization. The objections urged against universal organization rapidly disappear when subjected to logical inspection.

If a man is a competent "commercial" telegrapher, he is a competent "railroad" telegrapher, or may become such so speedily as to make objections of little force in the discussion, and it is known that a competent "railroad" telegrapher experiences no serious inconvenience in becoming a "commercial" telegrapher, and it is to be presumed that at the next convention of the O. R. T. the subject will be exhaustively discussed.

The question now is to build up the order, to stand by its Chief and his associates and make it as it has the material to become, one of the grandest orders on the continent. There are at least one hundred thousand telegraphers in the United States and Canada. If these men are animated by the spirit of unification and are willing to work zealously for the welfare of all, nothing can prevent the order from becoming one of vast power and influence, not only for the good of its membership but for the good of every organization of railroad employes.

In this connection we appeal to the members of the B. of L. F., and to the members of all other orders of railway employes, to help on the organization of the O. R. T. divisions. There should be a division at every important point throughout the country. Let the fraternal spirit prevail and be active in lending a helping hand, for in helping others we are helping ourselves, and in a thousand ways our generous acts

will pay the most satisfactory dividends in good will and help in time of need.

It will be the pleasure of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* to do all in its power to make the O. R. T. all that its most ardent friends could wish it to become.

The headquarters of the O. R. T. are at Vinton, Iowa, where all communications should be addressed.

PEACE ALONG THE FOOTHILLS.

"Tomahawks and war clubs at last have found a grave.
Where the whangdoodle mourneth in the gloom of his cave,
And now the Pipe of Peace is smoked by each war-painted brave,
'Rah for the boon of Friendship, which is mighty to save."

And thus be it ever, as Cy Warman puts it in the *Western Railway* :

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

To the Western Railway :

We, the undersigned, being the ones most deeply interested, are convinced that the position taken by the *Western Railway* in regard to the admission of Kahstadt and Daniels to 77 was correct. They were not eligible to membership, and have since been expelled.

W. F. HYDEN,
C. D. LANE,
W. F. BRUNDALE.

The above is the beginning of the end of a long and bitter fight that has been going on between this paper and the local lodge No. 77, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. While we are proud of the part we have taken in this matter, so far as it relates to the case of the firemen who claimed that they had been discharged by the Burlington officials for joining the Brotherhood, we are very sorry, indeed, that we were allowed such items attacking the members personally, to enter our paper as have been printed during the past year. We were right, and we knew it, and believing we would never be able to prove it by these gentlemen themselves, we grew bitter in our hatred for them, and printed items unbecomingly not wholly uncalled for. We dislike strife, we like to live in peace with our fellow-men. In justice to this journal, however, we will say that many of the unpleasant things we said were prompted by those who pretended to be our friends in the matter, and the friends of our friends (at that time), our enemies.

Some of them went so low as to write letter after letter to this office, abusing the gentlemen whose names appear above, and when they could get a reply they at once sent our answer to the men they helped us to roast.

We sincerely hope that in the future we will be able to fill our columns with something more readable—something more edifying than bitter personalities.

We thank the gentlemen for their frankness in furnishing us with the above acknowledgement of their error, and we cheerfully confess ours.

The foregoing tells the whole story of a little unpleasantness which is at last explained and out of the way forever. It is "human to err" and it is "divine to forgive," so goes the maxim, and all experience demonstrates its truth.

To see men who have been estranged smoking the "pipe of peace" is one of the prettiest pictures to be found in the art gallery of memory, and we congratulate our Denver brothers upon the happy termination of an affair which for a long time has been fruitful of infelicities.

THE B. OF E. T.

The Called Convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

In response to an official call, a special convention of the B. of E. T. was held at Galesburg, Illinois, commencing October 5, 1891.

In the first place there was a contest between two Boards of Trustees—the deposed Board and the appointed Board. It is only required to say that the deposed Board, by a decree of the convention, remain in a dethroned condition, a fact which may be referred to as the first “knock down” for the grand officials.

According to the Grand Secretary's report the membership of the order, September 1, 1891, was 20,409, and the amount paid out during the year on death and disability claims, is given at \$367,800.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen—formerly Brakemen—began its career October 1, 1884. We remember the time well, because it was our good fortune to aid in laying the foundation of the order and to aid in building the superstructure.

As a matter of course and necessarily, the Northwestern affair demanded early attention, and Grand Master Wilkinson was prompt to make the following statement:

On the 7th of May I arrived in Chicago and attended a meeting at the Tremont House, at which were present the General Manager, General Superintendent, Division Superintendent and General Solicitor of the C. & N. W. R. R. with Bros. Ogden, Wheat and Quinn. This was the sub-committee that was appointed by the general grievance committee of the C. & N. W. road to make such arrangements as they considered would be necessary to make a complete settlement of the case of Bro. Frank Mc-Nerney, a discharged yardmaster of that line. After receiving an introduction the question was asked me if this committee had the power and authority to act in this case, to which I replied, the law of our organization gives them that authority and power and that law must not be violated in any manner.

Then the question was put to me directly, “Will you furnish members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen to do switching at the different points on the C. & N. W. line?” I stated positively and emphatically that I was not running an agency for the employment of men in railway service, and that I would not only refuse to do it myself, but would refuse to give my sanction to anybody else connected with the organization to do it. There was no understanding reached at that meeting to my knowledge as to what the C. & N. W. officials intended to do in connection with the settlement of the case, nor was there any time set for another meeting at which it could be taken up and considered or adjusted.

On Monday, the 11th of May, as I had received an invitation to be present at the opening exercises of the twenty-third annual convention of the O. R. C., which was to be held in St. Louis, Tuesday, May 12th, and Bro. Sheahan was not at home, I wired him to meet me in Chicago on Monday morning, the 11th. After my arrival, in company with Bro. Sheahan, we met Bros. Ogden, Wheat and Quinn and officials of the C. & N. W. in parlor G, Tremont House, Chicago, Ill., and there were other officials present that were not in attendance at the first meeting when the same matter was taken up and discussed. At this meeting the question was asked: “In case switchmen engage in a strike would the Brotherhood men take their places?”

To which I replied that they would not. This meeting is the one in which we have been accused,

tried and condemned by the Supreme Council for entering into a conspiracy with the C. & N. W. R. R. Co. for the purpose of destroying the S. M. A. A. of North America. There were no promises given by us, nor agreement made, nor time set that we, as representatives of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, would have anything at all to do with any trouble that might occur on the C. & N. W. R. R.

It is worthy of remark that Grand Master Wilkinson's explanation of the affair was accepted as final. Whatever the grand officers did do, no matter what, was condoned and endorsed, and Grand Master Wilkinson and his associates escaping all censure, were permitted to go forth with new robes of office, made to order.

It was not until the 6th of October that the real opening of this convention began, in so far as the public were concerned, and the opening was via the banqueting hall, where, however modest a man may be in other places, he is certain to open his mouth. It is a knife and fork tournament in which fair women vie with gallant knights to win prizes.

At the banquet Mr. M. J. Dougherty presided and introduced the speakers, and for the first introduced His Honor, Mayor Cooke, of Galesburg, who spoke as follows:

Grand Master, Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen:

This occasion is exceedingly pleasant to the city of Galesburg. My memory does not recall the visit to our city of the grand lodge of so large and important an organization as the Order of Railroad Trainmen, and when our citizens learned that we were to be favored with the presence of the grand lodge at its annual meeting, it naturally created in the minds of all a very high degree of satisfaction. The chords of our vanity were touched, and they gave back no uncertain tones, expressive of our appreciation of the honor you had conferred upon us. Knowing so well, that railroad men, are of all others, the best judges of a first-class city, we naturally considered your location of your annual meeting in our city as proof positive of your good opinion of us. Galesburg people have taken a very deep interest in the affairs of your order, and have watched its steady and wonderful growth numerically, and its possibilities for good with the keenest interest. We have felt that we had a deep personal interest in your success, and have been proud of you and your efforts in maintaining the noble principles of your order. The notoriety we have gained throughout this broad land by reason of being the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, has been to us a source of gratification, and we do not underestimate the good that you have been to us, and we do not underrate you as a potent factor in the material advancement of our city. Welcoming occasions are a matter of course to all organizations that favor us with their presence. They are frequently, in deference to custom, perfunctory in their character, but I say to you that the welcome that I am authorized to extend to you on this occasion is not a mere formality, but is the expression of earnest good will and good wishes of our entire citizenship. The principles of your organization are founded in good sense, and evince a patriotic purpose that insures good order and good government. The preamble of your constitution is a condensation of solid common sense, and if adhered to as a rule of action must insure the perpetuity of your order. I may be permitted to repeat it: “To unite the railroad trainmen, to promote their general welfare, and advance their interests, social, moral, and intellectual; to protect their families by the exercise of a systematic benevolence, very needful in a calling so hazardous as ours, this fraternity has been organized. Persuaded that it is for the interests both of our mem-

bers and their employers that a good understanding should at all times exist between the two, it will be the constant endeavor of this organization to establish mutual confidence, and create and maintain harmonious relations." A declaration of principles that any man might be glad to work for, live for and die for. It has the ring of true patriotism, and would do credit to the brain and pen of the author of America's declaration of principles. Surely our great state of Illinois needs no statutory enactment defining conspiracy, and providing for its punishment as against the influence of an organization such as yours. Labor organizations, especially among railroad men, have become in late years, a matter of necessity to the existence of railroad employes. In this age where capital is running mad in its struggle for the accumulation of wealth and where wealth is fast becoming concentrated, rendering it easy to obtain legislation in its interest and preventing needed legislation in the interest of the many, labor organizations are being felt, by bringing to the attention of our legislatures in a most forcible manner, the needs and necessities of proper laws in the interest of the laboring man, and these powerful organizations have and will be able more fully in the future to counteract the pernicious influence of organized capital. We may hope to see the day when the dangers incident to railway employment shall be minimized, through the influence of wise laws, induced by railway labor organizations. We may see the day when the employes will have the same standing in the courts of the great state of Illinois, that is accorded to every other citizen, and when he will be able to recover for his injuries or his widow for his death, on the same principle of law, that the courts compel satisfaction to be given for injuries inflicted upon others. We may hope to see the day when the legislature of this state will adopt the wisdom of our sister state of Iowa and declare the common law no longer in force as to employes, by enacting a law making all employers responsible to the employes, even for the negligence of the co employes. Indeed the possibilities of your organization are illimitable. Public sentiment stands behind you, a powerful ally in your laudible efforts in behalf of labor. The public recognizes the advancement railway men have made socially, morally and intellectually, and are inspired with a high degree of security in committing their lives and property to your care while traversing the land by means of railway transportation. They recognize your fidelity to their safety and comfort and are unstinted in their admiration of the many acts of personal bravery and courage evinced by the humble railway employes in times of terrible danger, acts of personal heroism that have never been surpassed on fields of battle. You are here from every state in this union, representing the interests of your local lodges and laboring for the ultimate advancement of your order, and if I read your faces aright no trivial matter will be allowed to outweigh the weightier considerations that affect the growth of your order numerically or in its power for the accomplishment of its purposes, the advancement of your membership socially, morally and intellectually, and the protection of their families by the exercise of a systematic benevolence. The good wishes of every citizen of Galesburg you certainly have. We shall strive to make your visit pleasant to you as it is to us, so that when you shall return to your homes near and far you will be able to bear good tidings of us and retain pleasant recollections of the city of Galesburg. And now, gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have conferred on our city and again say to you, welcome to the city of Galesburg.

The Mayor's address was received with prolonged applause. After order was restored, Mr. Dougherty introduced Grand Master Wilkinson, who responded as follows:

This is the first time in my life that an opportunity has been afforded me or that I have been called upon to address the people of the city where I live and I assure you that it is with much timidity that I make the attempt to reply to the Mayor of our city. I admit that I take pride in the city of Galesburg,

[applause] a city of one of the greatest states kind by the sun. It is not often that the Brotherhood has the pleasure of listening to as able a speech or as royal a welcome from one as well acquainted with our order, with its aims, its progress, its details, and its work done since it has been located in this city as his honor. There is no tongue on earth or brain of the present time that can tell or imagine the good that can be accomplished as the golden opportunities may arise before morning. In the conventions of the past it has been our pleasure to meet the Mayors and hear addresses of welcome, but I don't believe that we ever had a warmer welcome or one more cordial or containing more meaning, or showing forth more clearly the objects of our order. You have been assured of a welcome. It is not only lip service but from the heart. As I have been around, I have heard some ask: "Are these all railroad men?" As I look over this assembly, it would be hard work for me, were it not for the badges, to tell where the citizens are. [Applause.] I could pick out Captain Burkhalter, because, like myself, he is out of proportion. [Great laughter.] If one of the citizens were on the stage like myself, he would be puzzled to pick out the railroad boys. But six or seven years ago any one with a good eye would have had no trouble picking out from this audience every one of the railroad men. [Laughter.] Before we go to the banquet, I want to tell you that one of the accomplishments of the railroad man is to eat. [Laughter.] You have the opportunity to become acquainted with the best citizens of Galesburg. I want to say to the men here and especially to the married men, that the city is in good hands, and that you will be well taken care of. [Laughter.] I want to utter a word of caution to the men of large families, in case they have marriageable daughters of 18. In every convention some of our boys have got acquainted with some of these daughters and have afterwards come back for them. If you citizens have eligible daughters look out for them, for many of the railroad boys exercise the prerogative of taking a woman to live with her through danger and trial. [Cheers.] I want, in the name of the many railroad men here, to thank you for this cordial welcome. I don't believe it will be necessary to call the "hurry wagon" to take care of our delegates. [Cries of never.] The reputation that railroad men had years ago does not now exist. Their living is now in accordance with the ideas of our motto, benevolence, sobriety, progress. [Applause.] The banquet we will be appreciated, but this will not be seen as well now as when you gaze upon the empty dishes.

At the conclusion of Grand Master Wilkinson's speech the festive binnacle proclaimed its readiness to proceed, the piping quail on toast was weary with waiting, and the beef, *a la mode*, was smoking for recognition by the chair. Reports have it that about the middle of the center table were Mayor Cooke, Grand Master Wilkinson, General Post, Hon. L. S. Coffin, W. M. Mitchell, Grand Treasurer B. S. M.; A. P. Applegate, Grand Organizer B. S. M.; Vice Grand Master Morrissey, Hon. J. J. Tannicliiff and Mr. M. J. Mack. Other Galesburg guests present were Mr. R. M. Kimber, Division Trainmaster C. B. & Q.; M. J. Dougherty, I. P. Norton, W. F. Stanton, E. A. Bancroft, F. A. Freer, L. W. Sanborn, W. H. Smollinger, D. W. Bunker, W. C. Calkins, L. H. Jelliff and the newspaper men.

The toasts were numerous, and Gen. Post in responding to "The College City, the Trainmen's home," said:

Mr. Chairman: On the straight track in Western Nebraska when the conductor saw the headlight of a locomotive just glimmering above the horizon, he

wisely backed up and side-tracked. In those days on the Union Pacific it was, as the gentleman from North Carolina said to the gentleman from South Carolina, a long distance between switches. After waiting a reasonable time for the wild train, he took another look. The headlight was no larger, but it was a good deal higher, and with renewed doubts as to human accuracy, with subdued and melancholy feelings, he gave orders to pull out, as there was no longer danger of colliding with the planet Venus.

Mr. Chairman: A different problem is upon me; shall I go ahead or side track? The sentiment to which I am directed to respond is freighted with momentous words, and yet with this heavy freight I am expected by the managers of this feast to run on schedule time and clear the track in five minutes. It can't be done. The expresses which have preceded me have lost time on this grade, and though get there Bancroft with the Eli has cleared the track, yet planets and constellation headlights loom up in my rear. Freer with the Fast Mail, Dougherty with the Cannon Ball, and all the limited and greased lightning expresses of the evening warn me to side track my freight or go ahead. Last of all comes Calkins with the wrecking train to gather up the anticipated debris.

Distinct above the reverberating echoes of the oratory that has preceded, and above the resounding eloquence of that which is to follow and which casts its shadow before, rings out the last words of the toast just read, "home." Home! It is an inspiration and a benediction. The first home, the home of childhood, the home of maturity, whether in the farm house by the limpid brook, or in the hamlet on the banks of the pond where the blacksmith's anvil rings out by day and the mill wheel sings day and night, or in the town from which church spires point heavenward, or in the crowded, jostling uneasy city; wherever home may be, however far we may have wandered, the magic word brings back to bearded men a flood of cherished recollections, and in every heart there is erected a monument to the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and the makers of homes, sweet homes. Schedule time five minutes; shall I side track or go ahead?

"Trainmen's Home!" Trainmen, trained public officers, the eyes, the ears, the hands of corporate bodies; bodies which without them would be blind, deaf, useless for public benefit; trainmen, the men who convert inertia into regulated and harmonious motion; the men who carry man whither he will, who distribute for the benefit of humanity what men make and produce to those who need; who add to the handiwork of man and the products of the earth the quality of mercy, making them

twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." Trainmen, conductors with unflinching good nature, answering a thousand foolish questions, guarding the interests in their charge while teaching courtesy to the public, willing even to side-track their train rather than collide with a planet.

Trainmen, ready at instant notice to down brakes, or with hand on the lever in sunshine and storm, every thought concentrated, every muscle under control, peering forward into the fitfully illuminated darkness, conscious of the responsibility for an hundred lives.

Passengers unconscious of cold, of storm, of danger, waking, sleeping, expecting, as did England at Trafalgar, that every trainman will do his duty. Oh, traveling public, you owe your punctuality, your comfort, your lives to trainmen. To tell of this in schedule time—five minutes—it is impossible; shall I side track or throw wide open the throttle and go ahead?

The College City, Galesburg, founded as the site of a college, surveyed, platted, sold for the benefit of a college, organized by good Presbyterians and Congregationalists for a college town which should be "sin tight." Other colleges came, and here, where solemn professors talk languages which have long been dead and inculcate mathematics which have always ruled the world and which will live forever; here, where astronomers point their telescopes to the stars and fix time-tables for comets and planets; here, in this center of literary activity the greatest travelers of the world, the guides, protectors, con-

ductors of the moving world have naturally fixed the seat of their literary organ, the *Railroad Trainmen's Journal*—a journal which ornaments the literary circle it enters.

The College City! But it was never a city until the trainmen came. Galesburg was a college town, but it is a railroad city; trainmen created it a city, and it is truly a city of their own creation. Here in the center of the continent, the center of all railway activity in North America, the Trainmen are welcome to their own home. Men accustomed to act without faltering, to face danger without shrinking, to assume responsibility without hesitation, to exercise authority without abusing it are doubly welcomed by an appreciative public in their own home.

I have learned something to-night of trainmen. An hundred times as a passenger have I heard the call, "Twenty minutes for supper," but when trainmen supply themselves they take two hours and twenty minutes, for I have timed them to eight. Schedule time five minutes, already five minutes behind schedule time, let the Fast Mail pass, let the Cannon Ball roll on, the heavy Freight is side-tracked.

Hon. L. S. Coffin was the most numerous speaker of which we have an account, during all the proceedings of the convention. He seemed to be in demand, and was coupled on to almost every subject. He is called the "Father of the Boys" and responded to the toast, "The Railroads," and among other things said:

Mr. Toast Master: This wonderful and hearty greeting given me as I arise to respond to the toast assigned me, reminds me of the story of the Hibernian, who seeing a bull the other side of the fence lowering and bellowing with rage laughed heartily to think how he would sober him down when he got over and took him by the horns, but when he tried the experiment and the bull had tossed him back over the fence, he turned around, and looking at him said, "Be gorrah, I am glad I had me laugh first." So I am compelled to say we are glad we did the cheering first. My toast, Mr. Toastmaster, is "Railroads." Had I had the choosing of the subject I might have selected some theme upon which I would have preferred to dwell, but like all good railroad men like these before me, I obey orders and do the best I can. The first thought I wish to present in relation to railroads is that they are a novelty. This is really and literally true. At this age we are to be amazed at nothing. Still the most amazing thing of this century is our railroad system. I am comparatively a young man as well as a handsome man, as is proved by my picture in your evening paper, and still I antedate all railroads. To day we have the most wonderful net-work of roads in the world. We have not less than 270,000 miles of track; we have 29,036 locomotives; we have something over 1,200,000 freight cars, and for the encouragement of these trainmen let me say that of these locomotives over one-half are already equipped with the driver brake, and about 15 to 20 per cent. of the freight cars with automatic couplers and power brakes. By these railroads space is annihilated. As a farmer let me allude to what the roads have done for the tillers of the soil. Farms in Illinois, in Iowa and in all this great west are about on an equal footing with farms in the heretofore most favored localities in New York, Pennsylvania, or any of the eastern states. To day my farm in the western half of Iowa is worth as much, acre for acre, for the profitable production of crops, stock or dairy products as those eastern farms that are valued at \$70 to \$1.00 per acre.

To the railroads we owe the amazing and unparalleled prosperity of this nation.

But, Mr. Toastmaster, I want to turn from the roads to another thought. What good would the roads be to us *per se*? It is to the men like these before you. I want now to ask your attention to these men who run those roads, and without whom they would be useless. This great railroad industry has brought into being not less than 704,748 men as wage

workers in new forms, under new conditions and new surroundings. As a matter of interest I may incidentally here state in contrast: While we have 704,743 men in railroad industries, England has 347,428, giving to her some 1,748 to each 100 miles of road, while our men, showing their usual superiority, can take care of our roads with only 459 men to the 100 miles. One Yankee to four of the Britons. Still the public have reason to think and act as though these great mammoth trains headed by these 29,000 "steam muscled and steam eating hounds that run over the land with loud, screaming bounds," are great monster automatic that go themselves without the aid and guidance of human hand and brain. We have failed in a measure to realize that with every train there are human beings—our brothers, our own fellow citizens. We have not realized that when we have been cosily sitting around our warm firesides of a winter's night or comfortably resting in our soft beds, have heard the scream of the locomotives and the roar of the ponderous trains as they passed our homes on their transcontinental journey, loaded down with not only the commerce of our own nation but also that of the world, that with every train not less than five and from that to eight and ten of our own flesh and blood were there also, regardless of the darkness of the night, regardless of the flashing lightning, regardless of the sleet and snow. Shall I be believed when I tell you that not less than 2,700 of just such men as you see before you to night must give up life in the most tragic and awful manner, and that 20,000 more are more or less crippled and maimed for life every twelve months in our land that we may have the best, the cheapest and the most wonderful railroad facilities of the world? Let me bring this home to every one of you. Are not the lives of these men just as dear to them as ours is to us? Does not the wives they love, the mothers they support, and the child they work for love them just as dearly as ours love us? I am inexpressibly grateful for the progress that has already been made. In my own state and some others we have laws on our statute books requiring safety appliances. But we must go higher. The nature of the case is such that uniformity is absolutely requisite. I am overjoyed that my honorable friend, General Post, your excellent member of Congress, honors us with his presence to night. I want the great power and influence of what he jocosely terms his "heavy freight" wielded in the coming Congress to give us an adequate law, and we want it quick. Mr. Toastmaster and citizens of Galesburg, I want to thank you from my very soul for your grand and hearty welcome and generous treatment as shown by this magnificent spread. The men to whom this is extended are worthy of these high tokens of your appreciation of their work.

The papers before us are full of "proceedings," and we could extend this report indefinitely. But our purpose is fully accomplished in reproducing the addresses and the general send off which the convention received.

Other matters may come up for discussion at another time.

We have on our table No. 3, Vol. I, of the *Monthly Balance*, the official organ of the Brotherhood of Station Men, published at Topeka, Kansas. The title of the publication, "*Monthly Balance*," is something novel as well as unique in the line of journalistic names, as apt as it is original. Typographically the *Monthly Balance* is all that could be desired, and the matter, like a "square meal," is strong and healthful. Most cordially do we welcome the *Monthly Balance* to the field of organized labor journalism, and wish it a career of prosperity.

HON. L. S. COFFIN, OF IOWA, ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

Not long since Hon. L. S. Coffin delivered an address before the Columbian Board of Fair Commissioners and his remarks are reported as follows:

Mr. President: All my life I have been a laboring man. I am now nearly 70 years old. My sympathies are with the laboring classes. We laboring men come to ask of those that have the power, say, that our exhibit, for all this exhibition is the product of labor, shall not be desecrated by Sabbath desecration. [Applause.] The greatest boon from heaven to earth was this God given one day's rest in seven from labor, and we want to preserve intelligent labor from one end of this nation to the other is beginning to understand this more and more, as is shown by the innumerable petitions presented to legislatures and city governments for stronger laws compelling employers to close their places of business on Sunday. There is now a national and combined movement among all labor organizations that are worthy of the name, for the greater exemptions from demands upon their time in Sunday hours.

LABORERS WANT THE EXHIBITION CLOSED ON SUNDAY

The only argument that we have heard in favor of opening this exposition on Sunday is that the people in this vicinity can only have that day to visit the exposition. That argument is a cheat and a fraud. [Applause.] It comes not from the laboring men. It comes from those who are enriching themselves from their hard earned earnings. Admit for a moment that there is any force in this argument. What does it amount to?

The labor element in this city that might possibly be benefited by that doubtful gain, is but a drop in the bucket compared to the vast millions of labor and wage earners in this nation, who demand Sunday rest. [Applause.] The true laboring man in this city will not go back on his record. He knows that his brothers and sisters by thousands will be employed in and on those grounds and he asks for their Sunday rest. If the exposition is open on Sunday, the booths and the stores in the grounds will be open. If the booths and stores inside are open, the booths and stores outside of the grounds will be open, and woe to the wage earners employed therein. [Applause.]

THE RAILROAD MEN WANT SUNDAY.

But I came here more especially to plead for the railroad men of this nation, without whose help, Mr. President, you would not have an exposition. [Applause.] I stand here pleading for not less than 700,000 wage workers in the railroad work of this nation and of these about one-half are engaged in track yard and train work. Of these about 250,000 have their time so employed that they have actually Sabbath to themselves, and I came here to plead for their behalf. There is to-day in the organization of railroad men, in the brotherhoods, a move in the direction of Sunday rest. They are discussing the question in their different lodges, and the time seems to me, is opportune for this great nation which has been served so faithfully by these men. I say, it is opportune for this great nation through you, its representatives, that are here before me taking charge of this exposition, to acknowledge the work and services of those men by saying that you will take no part or parcel in robbing them of their Sunday rest. [Applause.]

Do you realize that the most wonderful prospect of this country has been achieved in the work of these railroad men? and do you realize at what an immense cost they have done their work? Mr. Chairman, let it be sent out on the wings of the wind and on the wires to every part of this nation that 2,700 of these brave men are every year compelled to meet a tragic death, that you and I may have the facilities of railway transportation in this great nation. [Sensation.] Add that 20,000 men are crippled every twelve months in their work giving to you and to me these railroad facilities. That is what it is costing these men now, and that

come to you and ask that you will give them whatever there may be of prestige in their great fight for Sunday rest, against the greed and rapacity of the public.

Let them have your sanction in their fight by our not asking them to run their trains at this ex-position on the Lord's Day. [Applause.]

THEY DESERVE IT.

Let me say that there is no more faithful class or better trusted class of men in the world than these railroad men. They will work for you six days and six nights to make your exposition a success and a grand one. But let me caution you to make not too large calculation on the success of your enterprise by trying to force these men to incriminate themselves before God in order to assure you this success. [Applause.]

It affords us pleasure to give Mr. Coffin a hearing through the columns of the *Magazine*, as the question which he discusses is deemed by many to be of great importance. We have pronounced views upon the subject of Sunday desecration, of rest and worship, which will appear in the December *Magazine*.

PERSECUTION BECAUSE OF RELIGIOUS OPINIONS IN LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

In writing this article, while denouncing proscription and persecution on account of religious opinions, generally, we refer more particularly to organizations of railroad employes, and especially to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Let us, so far as the United States of America is concerned, begin at the beginning.

The constitution of the United States provides that:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

From the beginning, the great body of the people of the United States put upon record their unqualified abhorrence, their deep and unconquerable detestation of religious proscription and persecution. In some of the New England colonies the fires of religious persecution were lighted by the men who had fled from such exhibitions of infernalism, as soon as their feet touched the sod of the new world, and though centuries have elapsed since these persecutions of Quakers, Baptists and witches were perpetrated, the lapse of years has not yet sufficed to abolish the "damned spot" from the record.

In ten thousand instances the world has been confronted by the crimes perpetrated by monsters in human shape, but of them all, scanned as they have been by the light of heaven and the fires of hell, there are none which for satanic wickedness approximate the crimes committed in the name of religion.

No imagination, however far reaching, no fancy, however fervid, no vocabulary, however rich in words, no intellect, however towering, has ever been able to paint the religious bigot, engaged in his nefarious work of persecution, and the contemplation

of his deeds of death by torture stands forever as the one bleak and black and horrifying monument of infamy and crime.

Who and what is a bigot? It has been written of him that he is "a wretch, whom no philosophy can harmonize, no charity soften, no religion reclaim, no miracle convert; a monster, who, red with the fires of hell, and bending under the crimes of earth, erects his murderous divinity upon a throne of skulls, and would gladly feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altar."

The bigot is the enemy of man. He has no conception of the spirit of fraternization.

Who and what are the canting crew, who so smooth and so godly, are as venomous as a hooded cobra?

Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,

Blood on their hands, and scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text
Make this life hell in honor of the next.

The question arises, are there any of these morally deformed monstrosities, these unnatural productions in the brotherhoods of railroad employes who are carrying about with them patent hell tinder boxes to light the fires of religious persecution in the ranks of the brotherhoods? Are there members of the brotherhoods who are using the organizations to propagate ideas destructive of the organizations, which if not checked will blast them as certainly as the storm of fire annihilated Sodom, will shake them down as an earthquake ruins cities?

The story is whispered abroad that in certain localities the lodges of the orders are being prostituted to such nefarious purposes.

We are not talking at random. To say that we approach the subject with earnestness, but feebly expresses our abhorrence of the fanatical movement, and if we do not denounce it with the severity its infamy demands it is because of a lack of ability and not of purpose.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was not organized that its lodges might be degraded as coverts where religious (?) fanatics might formulate schemes of proscription and persecution, because of any diversity of religious opinions.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is not an organization of religious fanatics and bigots. It is not an organization which has a purpose of collecting fanatics to burn heretics, to erect wheels to break their bones, or obtain thumb-screws to elicit recantations.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen tolerates, without question, all religious opinions, and the locomotive fireman, a member of the brotherhood, who, by word or deed, introduces creed questions in the lodge, or who uses the order in any way to promote religious dissension, is a deadly

enemy of the order and should be forthwith expelled.

The brotherhoods of railroad employes have a right to believe that they can overcome all outward foes; that they can remove every obstacle to progress, and by stately strides achieve anticipated success. They have a right to believe these things, because experience warrants the conviction. But no matter what the past has taught, the day that religious intolerance and proscription is introduced their glory departs and wreck and ruin is their inevitable fate.

To introduce the schemes of fanatics and bigots is to invite decay and death—a multitude of cankers and cancers to eat into the vitals of the orders and sap their life, and to create chaos where order reigned, and fling out the banner of discord in the place of the ensign of peace and prosperity.

We call upon every loyal locomotive fireman, member of our brotherhood, to at once engage in the work of stamping out the abomination of religious intolerance in the order, wherever the deformity shows its presence.

In the future, as in the past, let fraternity, good will, brotherly kindness be the watchwords.

The question of religious conviction must be left between each man and his God for settlement. The brotherhood cannot, ought not and must not be the arbiter.

We are all "poor wanderers of a stormy day," and the business of the brotherhood deals only with such affairs as are conducive to smooth sailing on life's tempestuous seas, and to find those havens of repose to which *fraternity* in its best and broadest significance contributes.

SARGENT AT DENVER.

The *Western Railway* edited by Cy. Warman, in its issue of Oct. 1st, has the following complimentary notice of Bro. F. P. Sargent, Grand Master B. of L. F.:

During the early part of this week we had the pleasure, for the first time, of meeting F. P. Sargent, President of the Supreme Council of Railway Employes, and Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Mr. Sargent did the best day's work of his life, we believe, the day before yesterday, when he settled, for all time, we hope, the differences that have existed between members of the organization in this section. He is a very able, honest and conscientious gentleman, and we are firmer than ever in the belief that he is the proper person in the right place.

When Cy. Warman dallies with the tuneless nine, neither the laughing of the brooks, the pattering of the rain, the cooing of doves, nor the recital of "Love's young dream," is more captivating. But look out, when in a different mood, he ceases singing and *presto* is the philosopher and logician, and no matter which or what, he knows how to sling English.

THE TELEGRAPHER.

We have received No. 22, Vol. 2 of *The Telegrapher*, published at Fort Wayne, Ind. From the first the *Telegrapher* has been wide awake and aggressive, as the following from its "good bye" *bon* demonstrates:

That there are some who will view our journalistic demise with the keenest pleasure we do not for a moment doubt. If the paper had made no enemies it would not have been fit to live as long as it has. It has not hesitated to call a spade a spade whenever it became apparent that such a course was necessary, even though it knew perfectly well that it outspoken sentiments created a feeling of enmity against it, necessarily involving some financial loss. It never sought to curry favor with any, it has sought to be the spokesman of no clique or faction, but to represent the interests of the entire craft.

We have regarded the *Telegrapher* as one of our best exchanges. It never failed to grasp the subject in hand and to state its propositions fairly and lucidly. We should deeply regret its discontinuance were conditions less satisfactory than they are, but as consolidation has been secured one publication answers the demand, but we shall expect to note that the editors of the *Telegrapher* are speaking in the columns of the *Railroad Telegrapher*, now the organ of the order. At any rate the work done by the *Telegrapher* was well done, and in saying "good bye" to the editors we wish them a future more fruitful of content than falls to the lot of the average editor.

JAMES LEAHY.

Living, James Leahy, of Chicago, member of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, was one of nature's noblemen. He was an engineer, but retained his membership in the B. of L. F.

As a man, Brother Leahy's character was above reproach. His fidelity knew no variability nor shadow of turning. He was true to every obligation. He was always peace-maker, never a factionist nor kicker. He was thoroughly posted in all brotherhood affairs, and though often and earnestly solicited to represent his lodge in the conventions of the brotherhood, he uniformly declined in favor of others whom he was glad to see honored, but he took such deep interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the order, that he attended the conventions at his own expense, and was a valuable adviser.

So recently, before his death, he looked the picture of robust health, his eye so sparkling, his smile so gracious, and his voice so cheery, that the announcement of his demise, September 28, startled like an alarm bell. One of the oldest members of the order and universally beloved, his death creates a vacancy in No. 95 which will be difficult to fill.

His whole life was a noble example of devotion to the principles of our brotherhood, and we chronicle his death with undigged sorrow. May he sleep well.

THE ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The following subscriptions to the *Robinson Monument Fund* have been received since our last report:

no. F. White, Ft. Worth, Texas	\$1 00
Richard Jones, Peach Springs, Arizona	1 00
lower of the West Lodge, No. 203, B. of L. F., Topeka, Kansas	16 75
J. W. Ford, Des Moines, Iowa	50
Landford Piper, Deming, New Mexico	1 00
J. S. Ferguson, Jonesboro, Ark.	2 00
J. W. Walker, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
C. C. Hess, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Thomas Herington, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Alex. McGough, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Geo. McGough, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
C. Wakefield, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Willard Johnson, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
E. E. Pringle, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Wm. Decker, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
B. F. Ashcomb, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Friend, Conemaugh, Penn.	1 00
F. B. Custer, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
J. A. Kerper, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
J. L. Williams, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
H. A. Horton, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
D. Gathin, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
Elias Rorabough, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
D. Mason, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
F. Mumma, Conemaugh, Penn.	50
G. A. Skelly, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
J. A. Hankle, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
L. G. George, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
I. B. Hill, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
H. E. Miller, Conemaugh, Penn.	25
W. E. Butler, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
J. W. Walker, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
W. W. Walker, Tucson, Arizona	50
M. F. Ingham, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
W. Oliver, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
F. D. Montgomery, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
H. E. Sheldon, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
J. M. Harrison, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
M. Barnage, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
J. Hetrick, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
Henry Kroeger, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
Herman Kroeger, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
Chas. Lee, Tucson, Arizona	50
L. Bonner, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
L. F. Crowley, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
A. E. Hale, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
H. H. Dockham, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
Rob't Gael, Tucson, Arizona	50
J. W. Calloway, Tucson, Arizona	1 00
Wm. Koster, Vincennes, Ind.	1 00
G. B. McClellan, Washington, Ind.	50
G. Bunte	50
Previously acknowledged	102 60
Total	\$150 85

Remittances should be directed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

A CURIOSITY.

Having occasion to examine our files for information we were doubly repaid for the expenditure of time by finding the following letter, from George M. Adams, 111 Broadway, New York. The reperusal of the literary gem impressed us forcibly that a document containing such cogent argument should be given to the public, *verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim, et spellatim*, and we are furthermore influenced to give the readers of the *Magazine* this banquet of choice intellectual viands, as it shows in some measure the quantity and quality of classic invectives which are occasionally showered upon the head of an editor of a labor publi-

cation, as also upon those who are active in the support of those principles which are the foundation of all progress in the labor world. The following is Mr. Adams' splendid production:

New York, August 26th, 1890.

Grand Secretary Debs, D. B., Secretary Knights of Labor, Terre Haute, Ind.:

DEAR SIR:—In the resolutions, which you presented to the Public, are nothing but a dam lot of lies. The only Liberty you want is the liberty the "Lion gives to the lamb". Yours society men will not work them selves or let any body else work. Strike all you wish, but let other men work to support themselves and famly. All compay, should have the right to discharge men who get drunk and are careless or incompetent as most of your drunken Irish members are.

What was the result on the Old Colony Rail Road the other day. Careless Irish men who caused the death of twenty two and over a million dollars lost. I suppose you all will strike if any of those men are discharged. Ask Mr. *Dictator* Powderly, this country must be very badly governed if the discharge of fifty men can stop U. S. mails, all provision train the passengers trains, of a great Rail Road who distributes \$12,000,000 dollars per year to workmen to the number of 12,000. that looks like *Liberty*.

The only way would be for a safe future discharge every Irish man and never allow one to work for the compay in any position, for they are always the leading spirit in wrong doing, what comes of their drunken habits and all want to be walking delegates who talk but never work. You officers who are interested in keeping these men in the society to keep them paying their dues so you can draw your big salaries, the time may come when you D. B. will have to go to work.

We thank God, you will let us live a little longer and can get our mails, &c. for a few days longer. Your society can be made to pay all damages for the losses that have been sustained during the past and it will be done. Keep together for a better cause than you have shown in the past.

Very Resp^t

George M. Adams,
111 Broadway N. Y.

It will be noticed that we are addressed as "Secretary D. B.," which being interpreted means dead beat, and also as "Secretary Knights of Labor,"—titles enough to satisfy the most cormorant ambition of the age.

The "resolutions" referred to were those passed by the Supreme Council at the Terre Haute meeting held in August, 1890, in reference to the strike on the New York Central R. R.

Mr. Adams, we conclude, is one of that class of workingmen who enjoy hugely the application of an employer's lash, the stinging of which tickles his cuticle, however deeply imbedded in dirt.

Mr. Adams is, doubtless, a scab who would not hesitate an instant to enter into a conspiracy with railroad companies to first rob employes of their jobs and then drop into their places with such ease and grace as to win the approval of any scab organization that might contract to keep clean.

It will be noticed that Mr. Adams is persuaded that "all compay should have the right to discharge men," and then adds, "who get drunk, and are careless or incompetent," and then comes the climax—"as most of your drunken Irish members are."

It is to be surmised that Mr. Adams is not

an Irishman; on the contrary, it is to be inferred that he is one of those American idiots known as Know-nothings, who boasting of their American birth submit to the lash like spaniels, one of those degenerate boot-lickers who excite abhorrence and one of those parasitical fleas who are content if they have a place in the hair of a corporation dog.

But without further comment we invite the reader to meditate upon a letter which must take its place in classic English.

L. W. ROGERS.

In the Galesburg, Ill., *Republican Register*, of October 17th, we find the following notice of Bro. L. W. Rogers' purpose to establish a labor journal:

Mr. L. W. Rogers, editor of the *Trainmen's Journal*, announces his intention of resigning his position as soon as he can get the affairs in such a condition that they will not suffer by being turned over to a successor. Mr. Rogers gives as a reason for his resignation the statement that he can not conscientiously support the policy adopted by the brotherhood. His future intentions are to establish a new labor journal and to issue it in Galesburg. He says that he has already 2,000 subscriptions pledged and that this number will swell largely before the first issue which will appear in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Rogers is very confident of the success of his new enterprise, and avers that many of his subscribers will be members of the brotherhood.

The name of the journal has not yet been decided upon, nor has it been fully decided whether or not it will be issued from its own plant. It will be under the personal editorial care of Mr. Rogers, who will associate with him such help as he may think desirable. As we understand it, the new journal is to be the organ of no particular organization, but a periodical devoted to advancing the general interests of labor.

Mr. Rogers held a reception at the Union hotel last evening from 7 until 11 o'clock for the convention delegates and friends. He met nearly all of them and was assured of their hearty good wishes. Mr. Rogers says that while many of the delegates did not approve his editorial policy on the *Trainmen's Journal*, they are all his warm friends personally, and so it would appear from the hearty handshakes he received last evening.

Mr. Rogers' term of office as editor of the *Trainmen's Journal* does not expire until January, but his resignation goes in at once, and will take effect when he has matters in the shape he would like to turn them over, probably a fortnight or three weeks hence.

The fact that Mr. Rogers' policy as formulated and advocated in the *Trainmen's Journal* was not indorsed by the Galesburg convention, and the fact that Mr. Rogers could not indorse and advocate the policy of the order, constitute the cause of his resignation and retirement from the position of editor of that publication.

The charge that we had at any time dictated the policy of the *Trainmen's Journal*, or sought in any way to control its policy, is in its woof and warp absolutely false in every particular. The falsehood is strictly in keeping with that which made us the controller of the policy and utterances of the *Switchmen's Journal*, having for their purpose in both instances the injury of competent, brainy, honorable and courageous men

by belittling their capabilities until they could crawl into the gimlet holes through which their authors can conveniently pass.

Neither Mr. Rogers nor Mr. Hill require any assistance from outsiders in constructing a policy or in defending it. L. W. Rogers is one of the best writers in labor journalism of the period, and withal is a man who has the courage of conviction. He dare be true to principle, he dare defend the right and denounce the wrong. He is not the first and may not be the last man to suffer from the poisoned arrows of enemies.

Cy Warman, of the *Western Railway*, in a note to the trainmen, sizes up L. W. Rogers like one who knows what he says:

One word of advice to trainmen: Stick to Rogers so long as he is right. He will go hungry before he will forsake you.

We shall be on the alert for Mr. Rogers' new labor journal, and we wish him in the future the largest possible success.

DEAD.

A dispatch from Bro. Hannahan, dated Chicago, October 11, said: "A. R. Caver died last night." It is needless to say the news was startling. But recently Mr. Caver was to all human appearance in the enjoyment of robust health, with the prospect before him of seeing three-score and ten years.

At the time of his death the deceased had his plans matured for a prosperous business career. The enterprises in which he had engaged promised a fortune, and he was fully equipped to secure success. But the summons came which admits of no postponement, and A. R. Caver had to obey it. In the very prime of his manhood, joyous and hopeful, surrounded by friends who had unlimited confidence in his masterly capabilities, he is required to close his earthly accounts and pass on to

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns.

In the October *Magazine* we made special mention of the enterprises in which the deceased was engaged, and we shall hope that they had been placed in such a condition as to be carried forward for the benefit of surviving relatives.

Death is usually referred to as the enemy of man, and we confess that there are cases which seemingly maintain the indictment. But human eyes can only scan the surface of the inscrutable; beyond all is mystery. This we know, that to the dead has come rest. To them the warfare of life is over: neither battles, victories nor defeats are to disturb their repose. We, who survive, must fight on till the summons comes to us as it came to our deceased friend, and encouraged by his example of fidelity to principle, we may hope that it may be said of us as it must be said of him: Well done, good and faithful servant.

R. AND MRS. F. P. SARGENT'S TIN WEDDING.

On the evening of the 19th of October, 1891, the beautiful home of F. P. Sargent, Grand Master of the B. of L. F., was ablaze with enjoyment. The occasion was the tin wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sargent. Ten swift years of married life had passed since

To love, to bless, their blended souls were given,
And each, too happy, asked no brighter heaven.

In the bright circle of friends who gathered at the home to felicitate the bride and groom was seen the beautiful little Mabel, precious link in the golden chain that binds the wedded hearts of parents indissolubly together. There were fair women and gallant men at the tin wedding, and during all the bright hours of the occasion every incident added to the joys of the happy ride and groom.

As entertainers Mr. and Mrs. Sargent are, as the French say, *au fait*—or, in plain English, they know how.

The beautiful costumes of the ladies, their smiles, the flowers, the music, the elegant dalliances of the masculines, all, everything, combined to make tin glow like burnished gold. There was ease and elegance, and the air was burdened with congratulations for host and hostess, in which little Mabel, in her China silk, was not forgotten.

The presents were numerous, unique and quaint, occasionally going beyond the tin line, as if in anticipation of that good time coming, when for the happy pair, we hope, there may be crystal, silver and a golden wedding in store for them.

At a late hour the happy guests departed, each bearing a pretty souvenir of the occasion—a small tin cup with a bit of blue ribbon tied in the handle, leaving the happy tin wedded couple to sing—

"Go where we will, this hand in thine;

Those eyes before me smiling thus,

Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
This world's a world of love for us."

KATE FIELD'S *Washington* is handling the "sweet girl" graduates of the various institutions of learning without gloves. Miss Field is of the opinion that the graduates can't cook; that they can't tell the "chemical result" of putting milk in their tea, and that their education won't enable them to earn their salt—hence, boiled down, their education is of no practical value whatever.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER commenced in early manhood laying up "treasures in heaven." The amount of his deposits is not known, but much or little, Mr. Wanamaker keeps a sharp outlook for those who may be in need when he is required to hand his checks, and therefore, at an expense of \$60,000 a year, carries life insurance policies amounting to \$1,000,000.

GEORGE B. ROBERTS, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was born in 1833, and is therefore 58 years of age. The position of President he has held since 1880. His salary is \$40,000 a year. As a graduate of a Polytechnic Institute, his first railroad employment was that of rodman, and it took him 29 years to move on up through all the grades, until he reached the highest position.

The *Pennsylvania Railroad Men* says:

"The importance of Mr. Roberts' office, as bearing upon the internal affairs of the Pennsylvania Railroad exclusively, will be comprehended when it is stated that the company operates nearly ten thousand miles of road running through nine states of the Union, hauls nearly ninety thousand cars of all kinds with three thousand locomotives, and employs an army of men approximating one hundred thousand in number, and has a gross income of over \$10,000,000 per month. This vast body with its diversified service, ranging from section hand to the keenest financiering and executive talent, includes artisans in every conceivable branch of industry, embraces all the arts and professions, and affects innumerable and widely separated communities. Greater in importance even than this is the relation of the road to the country at large. Its stockholders number 20,000, and are scattered over two continents."

TO DANCE BEFORE THE QUEEN—FOUR PRETTY AMERICANS TO ENTERTAIN HER MAJESTY WITH A MINUET.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Fashionable circles in this city are much exercised as to the identity of four pretty American girls who have arrived in London to dance a minuet before the Queen.

Their chaperon refuses to give their names, but says they are well known in the best New York society. A picture, however, is printed in the October number of THE NEW YORK AND PARIS YOUNG LADIES' FASHION BAZAR, entitled "Pretty girls learning to dance the minuet," which gives some clew to their identity.

Society here also is interested in the fact that each of the four Americans is to wear a dress similar to the one illustrated and marked No. 8 in the colored plates of the magazine, which has partly revealed their personality and set fashionable circles agog.

The young ladies have been practicing the minuet for eight months before venturing to ask the privilege, which has been granted, of dancing before Her Majesty.

THE NEW YORK AND PARIS YOUNG LADIES' FASHION BAZAR is for sale by all newsdealers. It will also be sent, postage prepaid for 25 cents per single copy. The subscription price is \$3.00 per year.

Address

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B. OF L. F. CHARTS.

Anyone desiring a B. of L. F. chart can secure a copy by enclosing \$1.00 to Mrs. Lillian Keever, Judd, Cook Co., Ills.

The Brotherhood.

Correspondence concerning the Brotherhood is solicited for these columns.

Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and forwarded so as to reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* day of each month.

A LULLABY.

What song shall I sing for my boy to-night?
Shall it be of the sounding sea,
Where the hurricane sweeps with gigantic might,
And with chorus of ghoully glee?
Shall I sing of the calm in the liquid caves
Where the force of the tempest dies,
Or the creamy foam on the crest of the waves,
As they leap toward the inky skies?

Shall I tell of the ships and the dauntless tars,
By the drive of the breakers tossed
On rock-bound shores or harbor bars,
Till the ships and crews are lost?
Shall I tell of the time on the Spanish main,
When the cut throat buccaneers
Dyed the water red with the blood of the slain
And unheeded their victims' tears?

Shall I sing of the seas where the icy blasts
Chill the marrow in human bones?
Of the bergs that rise over lofty masts,
Drifting round in the frigid zones?
Where explorers find not the northwest course,
Nor oftentimes their homeward path,
But are crushed to death by the mighty force
Of the bergs in their drifting wrath?

It would curdle the blood in thy youthful veins
If I were to relate such tales;
So I'll sing of the flower-bespangled plains
And the shady emerald vales,
Of the song birds flitting from tree to tree
And carolling notes of joy;
And I'll tell of the haunts of the bumble bee,
To delight my darling boy.

So now hurrah for the sylvan streams,
Where the gamy trout is found,
And the mossy sod where rich verdure teems
And the butterfly flits around;
Where the robins mate, and the ring doves coo,
And the lambskins friar and leap.
Now listen attentive, "my yittle guggoo"—
Why, bless me, he's fast asleep.

Shandy Maguire.

Needed a Certificate.

I just do like to run across an Englishman who is fresh to this country and determined to combat American ideas. He is a good deal better company than an American would be in Europe. Such a chap rode with us from Vicksburg over to Jackson.

"Excuse me, ye know," he began as the conductor came along, "but I'd like a compartment to myself."

There was no place to put him except in this was ascer-

n' chump, ye broad?" said the con-

duct me to the ye know, in a all over the

country to fetch up at some place which is on a h'air line?"

We had no sooner got him quieted down than he began to find fault with the scenery along the road.

"It's devilish awkward, ye know, to be gazing at nothing but a pine forest," he broke out. "If there are no mountains, cliffs, valleys or pretty villages, why not go to work and provide them? They can't expect a fellow to put up with such as this and go over the route another time."

We rubbed him down gently, and had restored his good nature when we side-tracked for ten minutes for the other train to pass.

"I'm no bloomin' chump, ye know," he began at the end of two minutes, "but I certainly protest against this delay. If there is only one track, who is to blame for it? Is my valuable time to be taken up in waiting here, because the other train is on time? In the first place, there is no h'air line; then there are no compartments then the scenery sets one crazy; then we must switch off and submit to delay. Gents observe that I protest."

We patted him on the back and lulled the storm, but it broke out again as soon as we reached Jackson. He didn't like the situation of the hotel nor any of the rooms in it nor the way the porter talked back at him, and he flung himself into a chair and exclaimed:

"I'm no bloomin' chump, ye know, but I can't go this—really, I can't."

While he had been fussing around we had put up a little job on him, and now informed him that there was a carriage at the door to take him to a fine hotel in the suburbs—a place we had not time to visit.

"That's jolly, and I won't forget the favor, ye know," he said, as he tossed his bag into the hack and drove off.

The driver was directed to take him on to the insane asylum, and the order was faithfully carried out.

"I'm a bloomin' chump if it isn't a fine building, though I can't say much for the scenery," said the man as they drove up.

He alighted with all his baggage and entered the superintendent's office. In about an hour he returned to the hotel, and turning into the office, where we sat smoking he hotly announced:

"First, there is no h'air line; then no compartment; then no scenery; then no double track; then I arrive at the tavern and find it only a third-rate club house; then I'm sent knocking about to a suburban hotel, and when I reach it what does the half-headed old cock-a-doodle of a landlord inform me? Why, gents, that I've got to have a certificate of insanity to be admitted. I'm a bloomin' chump if your blasted country isn't enough to drive one wild!"

A Dakota Marriage Case.

[New York Telegram.]

Old Bill Ditmars was recently elected a justice of the peace in a Dakota town. He had formerly taught school and run a small postoffice somewhere in Pennsylvania and had come west like so many other men with the intention of not accepting anything less than the governorship, but when he got here he found the ground pretty well covered with men possessed of a similar idea. The woods also appeared to be full, while, figuratively speaking, the houses were overflowing and their feet were sticking plentifully out of the windows; all of them had gone out with the expectation of getting some good office and "running things." So when he found how matters stood he just gave out around that he had once been circuit judge in Pennsylvania, and settled down to finding fault with everything in the neighborhood.

The next day after he was elected justice a big, awkward young fellow came into the office and said:

"Mr. Ditmars—"

"Jedge, ef you please, young man, Jedge Ditmars."

"Well, jedge, then. You marries folks, do you, jedge?"

"I does."

"Yes, so I s'posed. I want you to do the job fir us, I and—"

"All right, young man, I'll tend to you. I'll put your case on the docket. I s'pose you can give security for the costs?"

"How's that?"

"I say I'll enter this case o' yourn on the docket."

"But we want to be married now—we're in a hurry—Louwese is out'n the wag'n now."

"Can't help it young man, got 'o go at these things right. Ef you want'o go on with the case I'll issue a summons for the gal and make out a war'nt."

"Who's goin' ter use this war'nt?"

"The conster'ble, of co'se."

"Now, jedge, I ca'kerlate you ain't goin' to do any sich thing. I tell you Louwese is out'n the wag'n."

"Don't make no dif'rence—you don't know nothin' 'bout law. Ain't I got the statutes right here in these books? Don't you s'pose a justice knows w'ot he's do'n, still? You can not begin no action in this court, 'thout it goes on the docket and have all parties concerned supenured to appear and show cause. I issar cite-ations to all your folks, and you come on the day w'ich is sot. You don't have to have a jury less you want, though I allers recommend it. Then if either of you want to back out you can get a writ of mandamus and that fixes you. If you are engaged to any other gal she can put a 'tachment of habeas corpus

onto you and replever you out. Now, do you want to begin this action on the premises hereintoforward mentioned, er don't you?"

"You thu'drin old fool, I don't believe you know how to mar'y folks!"

"I fine you five dollars for contempt of court! Don't know nothin', hey! I'll show you! Think cos I've jist been 'lected that you can run on me! Think this is my first case, d'you? I'll have you understand it ain't; I swared a man to an afferdavit this mornin' fore sun up. Mebby you think I'm jist some common noterer public, but afore you git through with me yo'll find out I ain't no sich thing. Now, you jist pay that five dollars and get out, or I'll imprison you for startin' a suit when you ain't got no case, and ef I shet you up onct I won't low nobody to put no bail on you either!"

The young man concluded the best way to get out of it was to pay the fine. Then he hunted up a minister, and soon he and "Louwese" were one.

Antiquity of the Apple.

The virtues of the apple as a fruit have been celebrated from time immemorial, and few fruits have so many legends associated with them. The garden of the Hesperides was the garden of the golden apple, just as our Avalon is the Isle of Apples. "Of all fruits," it has been written, "the apple seems to have had the widest and most mystical history." The myths concerning it meet us in every age and country. Aphrodite bears it in her hand, as well as Eve. The serpent guards it, the dragon watches it. It is celebrated by Solomon, it is the healing fruit of Arabian tales. Ulysses longs for it in the gardens of Alcinoüs; Tantalus grasps vainly for it in Hades. In the prose Edda it is written: "Iduna keeps in a box of apples, which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste to become young again."

It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarok—the general destruction. Azrael, the Angel of Death, accomplished his mission by holding it to his nostrils; and in folk-lore Snow-drop is tempted to her death by an apple, half of which a crone has poisoned, but recovers life when the fruit falls from her lips. The Golden Bird seeks the Golden Apples of the King's garden in many a Norse story, and when the tree bears no more, Frau Bertha reveals to her favorite that it is because a mouse gnaws at the tree's root. Indeed, the kind mother goddess is sometimes personified as an apple tree; but oftener the apple is the tempter in northern mythology and sometimes makes the nose grow, so that the pear alone can bring it to moderate size.

Rhode Island Superstitions.

This wild, wooded and rock-ribbed region, less than a day's journey from General Putnam's historic wolf den in north-eastern Connecticut, is full of superstitions, writes a Rhode Island correspondent of the *New York Times*. It is one of the queerest of localities. In the center of Gloucester lies Ponagansett Lake, and all about the shores of this lake are the dwellings of a hale and hearty people, who make this country, far from the busy haunts of men, a veritable wonderland of legend and reminiscence. The old men delight in telling ghost stories, and the young people like to listen. Gloucester lies on the crooked old Indian trail which ran between Connecticut and the Providence plantations.

For generations back the Gloucester farmers have believed in wizardry. They will do much of their work only during the full of the moon. Otherwise they would expect to die or have very bad luck. Planting must not be done until the signs of the zodiac are propitious, and gardens must never be plowed on Fridays. Even a tooth must not be pulled unless the stars are right; if it is, it will come hard and cause great suffering.

Pork, if killed during the small of the moon, will shrink to nothing in cooking, while that butchered at the full of the moon will continue white and firm. To insure luck in the management of domestic animals the sign of the zodiac must be in the leg. The wishbones of all fowls are preserved on sticks. Some families keep hundreds on hand all the time. When the zodiacal sign is in the head, then the Gloucester people believe one can do the most at catching pickerel and can hook the biggest fish. Hence, the almanac hung by the kitchen fireplace in all Gloucester houses is a thing the settlers could not live without. Its study, if one would reap good harvests, "catch" good clamming tides, and avoid misfortune, is imperative.

These people also believe that if you take up a black snake and bite it your teeth will never decay; that if the nails are pared on Friday toothache will be prevented, and that a child born in the heat of the day can see into the future, and will be exempt from the influences of witchcraft. A ship that has such a one on board they say will never sink.

Perhaps the most curious belief still haunting these hearthstones of interior Rhode Island is that relating to the character of the little fish in Ponagansett reservoir. This pond is the source of the Pawtuxet river, which flows eastwardly into Narragansett Bay, and years before the building of the dam across the outlet of the pond, the salt sea used to swim in the shoal waters of the

lake to spawn. The old settlers who have lived about the lake all their lives aver that the shiners which now glisten in its crystal waters are naught else but the degenerate descendants of the herring race, and show the same characteristics. One of "the Bowen boys" at the lake frequently says that "my father used to say there was no shiners before any d-d dams was built to fence out the herrin's."

A Complete Vindication.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

A fire occurred in an Arkansas town the other night, but the chief of the fire department paid no attention to the alarm. The next night he was summoned to appear before the council.

"Mr. Chief," said the Mayor, "did you hear the fire alarm last night?"

"Yes."

"Were you in good health at the time of the alarm?"

"Yes, believe I was."

"Then you acknowledge a willful neglect of duty?"

"No, sir."

"Why, then, did you not respond if you were not determined to neglect your duty?"

"Couldn't get away."

"Illness in your family?"

"No."

"Then, sir, I demand the reason."

"Well, you see, a parcel of us fellows were in Anderson's back room when the bell rang. I had four aces at the time, and—"

"What?"

"Yes, held four aces. John Bucher began to bluff, and—"

"How did it result?" the Mayor asked with heightened interest.

"O, I lifted him for about \$300."

"You don't say? Gentlemen that we doubtless a very interesting game. As there is no business of any importance, we'll adjourn and go down to Anderson's back room."

Next morning the daily papers contained the following notice:

"The enemies of the chief of our fire department having circulated reports to the effect that he had wilfully neglected his duty, that gentleman was last night summoned before the city council to answer the charges brought against him. The investigation resulted in a complete vindication of our worthy chief, and friends on every side pressed forward to congratulate him. The wiser's tongue is very eloquent, and to our shame be it said, we are ever willing to hearken to the words of the truth-teller. Our worthy chief will be a candidate for reelection, and as the matter now stands it will be impossible to defeat him."

"Git Up, 'Squire."

Elder Hopkins was the pastor of a rural congregation, and a hard-shell Baptist, who hit straight from the shoulder, and generally succeeded in knocking out the sins of the people. Two of his deacons were pillars of the church, whom I shall call Uncle Benny Jones and 'Squire Brown. Of 'Squire Brown it may be said he pretended to a good deal of piety he did not possess, while Uncle Benny was inclined to bibulosity and often attended church under the "influence" owing to the fact that the time elapsing between Saturday night and Sunday morning was too short to sober up. One Sunday morning Elder Hopkins concluded to wind up his sermon with a pointed allusion to the besetting sins of his two deacons. In a solemnly impressive voice he said:

"There are certain sins to which I desire to refer particularly this morning. Take the sin of intemperance and drunkenness for instance. Rum has slain more than war, famine and pestilence. Where is the drunkard?"

Instantly, with a tremendous effort, Uncle Benny Jones assumed the perpendicular, somewhat curved after the manner of an interregation point, and exclaimed:

"Here I am, (hic) old hoss! (hic) Here I am (hic) a listening to you!"

The sudden and unexpected response brought down the house, but in no way disconcerted Elder Hopkins, who after the laughter had subsided, proceeded:

"Brethren, while I have animadverted severely upon the sin of drunkenness, there is a still greater sin and that is the sin of hypocrisy. Where is the hypocrite?"

No one responded and Uncle Ben reached over into the next pew where 'Squire Brown sat, gently shaking him up, said in a loud and earnest voice:

"Git up, 'squire, (hic) git up. I got up when he called me?"

The congregation dismissed itself without waiting for the benediction.

A Mutual Mistake.

People sometimes make great blunders in judging of one's refinement and social position by his dress.

Years ago, says the *Boston Journal*, a famous lawyer and wag came to Boston in a suit of homespun. At the public house some of the fashionable guests undertook to quiz him. As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and two or three gentlemen were there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them. "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun?" Whitman stared at the company and then sat down. "Say, my friend, you are from the country?" remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of face. The ladies twittered.

"What do you think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick-settled place, any how. It's got swampin' sight of houses in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you came from?"

"Wall, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them?"

"Ya-as, I beaus 'em home—tew meetin' an' singin'-schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thankee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git out! I eats toast—never heerd o' such a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly in tones ornate and dignified as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken, when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah, here I am, Governor! Glad to see you!" Then, turning to the dumbfounded company: "I wish you a very good evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full grown people to feel.

The Dog.

[Detroit Free Press.]

It has been claimed that the dog was one of the first animals created, and that one stood ready to follow Adam about when he left the Garden of Eden. Just what Adam wanted a dog for when there was nothing to "sic him on" is a puzzler, but it is evident that the dog appeared in the early stage in this world's history, and that he has held his own wonderfully well. No one seems to know just how many species of dogs can be put on record, but the number is great enough to give us all a change for every day in the week. There is no country without its dogs, and the poorer the country the more dogs.

The Blood to Spatter.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A farmer looking man entered a Grand River avenue drug store yesterday, and handing the druggist a small hard lump of something, asked if he could tell what it was.

"It's a piece of alum," replied the druggist, "but there's a kerosene taste to it."

"There orter be, for its bin in a kerosene lamp fur a week. Sure its alum?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"No, sir. What about it?"

"Well, a fellow came along about a week ago and sold my wife five or six pieces to put in the lamp, warranting it to save half the oil. Did it save any?"

"Not a drop."

"Was it a swindle?"

"It was."

"That's all, doctor. They've come along and sold me aniline, tonka beans, cucumber seeds, poke-root, and spice bark to save ile and prevent explosions, and have all got away. I know where this feller is."

"And you—!"

"Exactly. I wanted to be sure it was alum. I shall now move on him. Want to come along?"

"Oh, no."

"Jist as well, p'raps, unless you are used to the sight of gore. I'm going to fling him down, put my foot on him, and take him by the hair and pull his head off. I've got on old clothes so that the blood kin spurt and spatter and be hanged. It's alum for sure!"

"Yes."

"That settles it! Let her spatter!"

Too Old To Lie.

A prominent Maine journalist, formerly editor of a Portland paper, once practiced law in Foxcroft, and at that time a quaint old man, named Graves, lived in the neighboring town of Gardford. He had a little property, but was very slow about paying his bills. He became indebted for small amounts to a number of storekeepers in Foxcroft and Foxcroft, and they gave their claims to this journalist's lawyer to collect. He wrote several letters to the old man, which produced no effect. Till one day he threatened to attach his name if he did not call and settle within forty-eight hours. This threat made the old man pull out his stocking and on the next morning after receiving the letter he appeared at the lawyer's office and announced that he was prepared to pay. "How much does it amount to, please?" he asked.

"Seventy-eight dollars," said the lawyer.

"Here's that square," remarked the old man.

"You owe Ferguson \$5 and Snodgrass

\$9, and Jaggerson \$8, and my charge for collecting is \$5."

"I did not know you had any bill against me, 'squire."

"I must have my pay for writing those letters to you."

"Well, I declare, 'squire, I wasn't calculatin' on that. I'm a pretty old man, 'mos eighty-two, and it was hard for me to get this money together to pay these bills. I'm not prepared to pay you."

The old man begged the lawyer to let him off, and after considerable talk the lawyer said: "Look here, Mr. Graves, you have made considerable mischievous talk about me. You have gone through the country calling me a big liar and other hard names. Now, if you will go around and see everybody to whom you have made this talk and tell them that what you have said about me is false, I'll knock off the \$5."

After rubbing his old gray head, the old man answered: "Mr. Pullen, I'm 'mos eighty-two years old, and too near eternity to tell such a 'tarnal lie as that."

She Held a High Office.

"Well, dear," said Mr. Topnoody to his wife, as he started down town this morning, "this is Masonic day with us, and as I am to attend the meeting of the general grand council of the Royal and Select Masters, I will not be home to dinner, and may not even be back until far into the night, so do not be alarmed by my absence. We will be very busy, you know, my dear."

"Oh, you will, will you?" replied Mr. Topnoody, firing up. "The general grand council of the Royal and Select Masters, is it? And you'll be out till late?"

"Yes, my dear," he answered gently.

"Early, you mean," she snapped. "Well, go on; but let me tell you, Topnoody, that there is a special grand council of the Royal and Select Mistresses right in the house, and I'm the M. P. G. G. M., and the R. F. G. D. M., and the P. D. Q., and all the rest of the meeting, and if you come poking around that night with your watch key at 3 a. m., trying to wind up the clock, as you did once before, I'll come down and open the hall with a grand chapter in live knots that will make you think that you have been riding a goat for a month. It you hear? Now, get out, don't let the ladies get to your memory, or you'll be sorry for it."

Mr. Topnoody packed up his hat and went away sadly.

An episode of which the following is to be a story is this in the same year a certain man's grave at Gardford, Maine.

It is said that he was
but a small man as to size.

He thought of "Dem Hogs."

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Just previous to the war," said a Mississippi planter the other day, "I was out in the field giving an old and favorite slave of mine some instructions about a change of fence, when I heard the hiss of a snake and jumped aside just in time to avoid the fangs of a cotton mouth. I was for the time badly rattled, while the old man seized a club and killed the snake. Several months passed, and the incident had been forgotten, when I got into trouble and was challenged to fight a duel. I accepted and named the next morning at 8 o'clock. How the news got to the old slave I never could understand and he would never tell, but in some way he got an inkling that I was to fight. In the afternoon, as I sat alone on the veranda, he came shuffling up, pulled off his hat, and when I gave him a nod of encouragement he approached and said:

"Mar's James, dey dun say you am gwine to fight wid Mar's — to-morrow."

"Hush! What nonsense!"

"I ain't gwine to say one word to nobody, Mar's James, but de old man—"

"What?" I asked as he hesitated.

"Member dat cotton mouf down by de swamp, Mar's James? 'Member how—how you dun turned pale an' trembled?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Wall, Mar's James, if you am gwine to fout wid Mar's — jis' doan't fink of snakes 'tall when you am standin' up to shoot. Put yer mind right on dem eighteen hogs which rooted under de fence an' got out into de brush de odder day, an' de Lawd will help ye drap him."

"The duel came off, and Mar's — was 'drapped' with a bullet in his shoulder, and the old slave didn't quit shouting and praying for a week."

Tim Murphy being brought up before a borough magistrate for assault and battery, "in that he did wickedly and feloniously assail the complainant, pulling his nose to the effusion of blood," was asked if he had any excuse to make.

"Merely this, your honor," was Tim's reply. "I couldn't resist the temptation av a thing I could get hold of, bedad, *wi' both me hands.*"

Mr. Howells says the home of fiction is to be America. Mr. Howells has evidently been reading the newspaper accounts of storms in the West, where mules were lodged on the tops of four story trees, and hail-stones fell "as large as pumpkins." And yet we don't suppose the newspapers would exaggerate about a little thing like that.—*Norristown Herald.*

REMINISCENT RHYMES.

The autumn days are on us now,
And back my mind is turning,
To times when 'neath a placid brow
Youth's fondest hopes were burning.
When all my pulses beat with health,
Barefooted and light hearted,
I never called such blessings wealth
In those dear days departed.

How sprightly were our nimble feet,
And tougher far than leather,
When swiftly o'er the stony street
Companions flew together!
We'd kick the straggling stones away
And never note the bruises—
Alas! since that some heads are gray,
And some turned toward the Muses.

Jack Welch, my chum of bygone times,
Now drives his lady tandem;
He never reads my railing rhymes—
His household long has banned 'em.
He's rich, but faith! I knew him well
Before he kept a carriage,
When he and I'd the chorus swell,
Ere wealth he won by marriage.

Jim Tyrrell is the same old Jim
He was when first I knew him;
He's turning gray, he's lack of limb,
But pride 's a stranger to him,
He's got enough to keep him snug,
And end his days in clover;
The same old smile adorns his mug
That always there did hover.

Tom Crosby went from bad to worse—
He wed, they separated;
His darling sued him for divorce,
She swore they were mismated.
In York state here the law is strict
For cutting marriage traces,
Tom's now a strolling derelict,
A tramp in dubious places.

Will Jones, who used to serve at mass,
And ranted scripture hourly,
Is now an unbelieving ass
That scoffs at Christians sourly,
Within a few more years I fear
He'll wiggle in commotion,
And squeal to have an ice house near,
Or wind-swept Arctic ocean.

Tom Quirk has seven strapping boys
To kindly call him father,
And maidens three to crown his joys
Since married to Jane Mather.
A grandson toddles at his side,
Both rosy-cheeked and handsome;
Tom's poor, but swears with honest pride
He's worth a sultan's ransom.

Oh, dear! the ups and downs of life
Are wonderful and many!
Its crosses, heartaches, toil and strife
Are seldom known to any
Until man gets beyond his teens,
Chin deep in its commotion,
Which sweeps alike kings paupers, queens,
And drowns all in Death's ocean.

Shandy Maguire.

Addresses Wanted.

THEO. APGAR.—When last heard from, three years ago, was in Chicago. His mother is very anxious to hear of him. Address Mrs. Catherine Apgar, Byron, Ill.

GEO. W. SPRATT.—When last heard from, two years ago, was running a yard engine at Cairo, Ill. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please correspond with his sister, Mrs. Birdie Loyd, Somerset, Ky.

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

All Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

NOVEMBER, 1891.



Assessment Notice for November.

OFFICE OF GRAND LODGE, B. of L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., November 1, 1891. }
ASSESSMENT No. 24, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 500. Michael Bowes, of Hudson River Lodge, No. 349, died of Typhoid Fever, June 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 501. Michael Leyden, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, was declared totally disabled with Chronic Bronchitis and Bowel Disease, July 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 502. Jackson S. Cobb, of Lucky Thought Lodge, No. 232, was declared totally disabled with Atrophy of Right Forearm, July 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 503. Fred B. Green, of Baldwin Lodge, No. 189, was declared totally disabled with Fracture of Right Leg, July 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 504. Homer E. Scaife, of Georgia Lodge, No. 245, died of Intermittent Fever, July 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 505. George W. LeRay, of Elm City Lodge, No. 284, died from scalds received from the bursting of a flue, August 4, 1891.

*CLAIM No. 506. David Lake, of Onoko Lodge, No. 211, died of Cancer of the Stomach, August 6, 1891.

CLAIM No. 507. Michael Bergin, of Admiration Lodge, No. 101, was killed by Railroad Accident, August 6, 1891.

CLAIM No. 508. Walter C. Bruner, of Faith Lodge, No. 200, died of Congestion of Bowels, August 7, 1891.

CLAIM No. 509. A. M. Kingsberry, of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, died of Consumption, August 10, 1891.

CLAIM No. 510. Chas. F. Rinehart, of Chicago Belt Line Lodge, No. 331, was killed by falling from train and being run over by cars, August 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 511. Chas. Wymer, of Garfield Lodge, No. 203, was killed by Railroad Accident, August 15, 1891.

NOTE.—\$750 allowed on this claim (No. 506) by Second Biennial Convention.

CLAIM No. 512. W. E. Paley, of Plain City Lodge No. 238, died of Flux, August 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 513. John Moore, of Oriole Lodge, No. 214, died of Tuberculosis, August 22, 1891.

CLAIM No. 514. James P. Baty, of Golden Era Lodge No. 78, was declared totally disabled by having his hands crushed by car wheel August 24, 1891.

CLAIM No. 515. James Malley, of J. M. Raymond Lodge, No. 49, was killed by Railroad Accident, August 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 516. J. E. Hartley, of Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, was killed by Railroad Accident, August 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 517. Wm. J. Crouch, of Huron Lodge No. 221, was killed by Railroad Accident, August 28, 1891.

†CLAIM No. 518. Alex. Bandel, of Golden Era Lodge, No. 78, was declared totally disabled with Partial Paralysis, September 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 519. Geo. F. Connolly, of Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 319, was killed by Railroad Accident, September 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 520. Herman W. Nye, of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, died of Malarial Fever, September 1, 1891.

CLAIM No. 521. Chas. C. Stevens, of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, was declared totally disabled with Lung Disease, September 5, 1891.

CLAIM No. 522. Ernest Miller, of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, died from the effects of injuries received in a collision, September 7, 1891.

CLAIM No. 523. Henry J. Tobor, of Bluestem Lodge, No. 446, died of Typhoid Fever, September 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 524. Chas. Laing, of Wellington Lodge, No. 181, was killed by Railroad Accident, September 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 525. Joseph S. Williams, of Connecting Link Lodge, No. 25, died of Typhoid Fever, September 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 526. J. D. Nicka, of W. H. Thomas Lodge, No. 159, died of Typhoid Fever, September 18, 1891.

CLAIM No. 527. Robert B. Forrester, of Deep Water Lodge, No. 368, was killed by Railroad Accident, September 22, 1891.

CLAIM No. 528. Horace W. Sheene, of Boston Lodge, No. 57, was declared totally disabled with Disease of Spine, September 26, 1891.

CLAIM No. 529. August Nalefski, of J. M. Raymond Lodge, No. 49, was declared totally disabled by having his hand crushed, September 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 530. Oliver H. Fuller, of Boston Lodge, No. 57, died of Typhoid Fever, September 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 531. Benjamin T. Waller, of Elizabeth Lodge, No. 403, died of Typhoid Fever, September 17, 1891.

CLAIM No. 532. Michael Fitzgerald, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, died of Typhoid Fever, September 18, 1891.

CLAIM No. 533. H. W. Beech, of Mission Ridge Lodge, No. 444, was killed by Railroad Accident, September 23, 1891.

CLAIM No. 534. Welcome E. Dodge, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, died from injuries received in a collision, September 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 535. James Leahy, Jr., of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, died of Intestinal Obstruction, September 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 536. John J. Downs, of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, was declared totally disabled from Ankylosis, the result of injuries received in a railroad accident, September 28, 1891.

CLAIM No. 537. John H. Sweeney, of Champlain Lodge, No. 352, was declared totally disabled with Loss of Eyesight, October 1, 1891.

†\$1,000 allowed on this claim (No. 518) by Second Biennial Convention.

CLAIM No. 538. George Morse, of Stuart Lodge No. 20, was declared totally disabled with Tuberculosis, October 2, 1891.

CLAIM No. 539. Jas. J. Mathis, of Water Lily Lodge, No. 402, was declared totally disabled on account of Amputation of Leg, October 3, 1891.

CLAIM No. 540. John Pope, of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, has been declared totally disabled by injuries to Spinal Cord, October 5, 1891.

CLAIM No. 541. Wm. Hayes, of Grand River Lodge, No. 265, was declared totally disabled by having his Arm Crushed, October 10, 1891.

CLAIM No. 542. F. A. Colley, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, was declared totally disabled by Chronic Pneumonia, October 17, 1891.

An assessment of TWO DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership NOVEMBER 1ST, 1891, also for all members having taken a withdrawal (limited or final) after NOVEMBER 1ST, (and for all members who died or were totally disabled since that date.) said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than NOVEMBER 20TH, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all benefits of the order, as per Section 62 of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

Acknowledgments.

DANVILLE, ILL., Oct. 7, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I wish to return my sincere thanks for the kindness shown me during my misfortune, and also for my disability claim of \$1,500 which I received on the 7th day of October. I also thank the brothers of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, for their kindness to me in my sickness, especially H. E. Kyger, Receiver, and John Tracy, Secretary. I also return thanks to the brothers of Kit Carson Lodge, No. 257, at Raton, N. M., for their kindness. Wishing prosperity and success to our order, I remain forever with you all.

Yours truly,
CHARLES C. STEVENS.

COLUMBIA, PA., September 26, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS:—Allow me to express my heartfelt gratitude for your promptness in forwarding draft for \$1,500. Insurance due on the life of my precious boy, Wesley G. Browne, who was killed on the South Carolina Railway. My sincere thanks are extended to the members of Congaree Lodge, No. 427, for kindness and attention, and I assure them of the near and tender feeling I have for their lodge, my dear boy being one of their charter members.

Very Respectfully,
MRS. A. H. BROWNE.

SEBALIA, MO., October 5, 1891.

To the Editor of the Magazine:

SIR:—I wish to return my sincere thanks for the kindness shown me during my misfortune, and also for the draft of \$1,500 due me on my disability claim; and I wish to thank also the members of No. 78 for their kindness during my illness. Hoping the members may ever prosper,

I remain, always a brother,

J. T. HATY.

HANNIBAL, MO., October 15, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—It is with sincere thanks that I acknowledge the receipt of draft for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500), the amount due me on the policy held by my beloved son, W. J. Kelly, who met his death in the discharge of his duties on the 19th day of last June on the M. K. & T. R. R. We can scarcely express our gratitude for the kindness shown us by the brotherhood, and especially to Messrs. J. McCuskie, Wm. Kersen, Jerry McCarthy, John Haus and R. Doak, who so kindly took charge of the remains of our dear one and accompanied them home. From the depths of our hearts we wish you prosperity, health and all earthly happiness. We earnestly pray that when this painful exile is ended you will enjoy the happiness of heaven.

Your sincere friend,

MRS. M. KELLEY AND FAMILY.

EAST BUFFALO, OCT. 6, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—Allow me to express my sincere thanks to members of Admiration Lodge, No. 101, for the many acts of kindness and sympathy shown me during my recent bereavement in the death of my husband, Michael Bergin, also for the beautiful floral offerings and set of resolutions and very prompt payment of \$1,500 which I received through Mr. P. J. Stoddard, Receiver. Hoping that the brotherhood will always prosper and with best wishes to all its members, I remain

Yours very respectfully,
MRS. ANNA BERGIN.

ALTOONA, WIS., Oct. 9, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received a draft for fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) on the policy held by my dear husband. Please accept my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of the claim. To the members of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 68, I extend my heartfelt thanks for the kindness shown myself and husband during his long illness. May God bless and prosper every member of the order.

MRS. A. M. KINGSBURY.

BALTIMORE, MD., Oct. 5, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, received through Mr. B. W. Mace, of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 319, the full amount of the policy held by my late husband. Also I extend to the members of Lodge No. 319 my sincere thanks for their kind acts in my late affliction.

Yours respectfully,
AUGUSTA E. CONNOLLY.

WORCESTER, MASS., October 11, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to extend my sincere thanks to each and every member of the above order for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) due me on my disability claim, and received this day. I wish each member and the order prosperity.

Yours fraternally,
THOMAS E. KELTON.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 10, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—I wish to return my sincere thanks for the draft of \$1,500 due me on my disability claim and also for the prompt investigation of my claim.

Yours fraternally,
H. W. SKEENE.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., Oct. 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The following is a statement
of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of Sept. 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	\$170	78	\$90	145	217	\$70	289	\$122	361
2	32	74	66	146	\$210	218	290	12	362
3	486	75	208	147	219	291	5	363	
4	106	76	148	220	96	292	44	364	
5	20	77	286	149	344	221	86	293	74
6	114	78	164	150	194	222	72	365	54
7	228	80	151	100	223	88	295	94	
8	228	81	50	152	108	254	54	296	
9	212	82	153	109	225	36	100	368	104
10	152	82	270	154	80	226	110	370	32
11	83	152	155	227	259	94	371	40	
12	84	163	156	108	228	263	300	372	74
13	85	138	157	44	229	123	301	373	74
14	360	86	158	158	170	230	302	374	74
15	10	87	70	159	231	134	303	375	44
16	196	88	182	160	134	232	70	376	58
17	89	161	30	233	40	305	48	377	104
18	104	90	116	162	212	234	306	378	184
19	102	91	200	163	98	235	307	379	100
20	82	92	164	99	236	98	308	380	44
21	178	93	182	165	126	237	136	381	76
22	94	130	166	166	238	36	310	382	90
23	30	95	167	106	239	112	311	383	66
24	122	96	168	94	240	156	312	384	66
25	142	97	196	169	250	241	282	313	38
26	142	98	68	170	88	242	204	314	38
27	164	99	202	171	80	243	34	315	42
28	100	118	172	244	106	316	114	388	42
29	64	101	76	173	98	245	106	317	62
30	102	102	106	174	128	246	118	318	62
31	103	270	175	247	319	319	84	390	
32	106	104	176	152	248	126	320	392	54
33	108	105	78	177	74	249	120	321	34
34	50	106	44	178	250	164	322	394	
35	50	107	208	179	38	251	238	323	58
36	108	108	72	180	252	160	324	396	
37	80	109	116	181	253	78	325	46	40
38	112	110	68	182	254	326	78	398	64
39	62	111	183	255	88	327	74	399	64
40	148	112	66	184	56	256	66	328	40
41	60	113	185	66	257	329	34	401	72
42	38	114	186	130	258	56	330	80	62
43	132	115	187	62	259	124	331	82	62
44	186	116	188	212	260	60	332	182	44
45	144	117	94	189	94	261	333	190	46
46	84	118	4	190	38	262	334	406	114
47	119	58	191	104	263	112	335	407	88
48	112	120	154	192	264	116	336	44	52
49	100	121	193	70	265	124	337	152	49
50	228	122	58	194	266	136	338	90	46
51	114	123	146	195	267	92	339	216	41
52	150	124	88	196	170	268	340	412	68
53	108	125	60	197	100	269	76	341	48
54	224	126	80	198	78	270	190	342	60
55	56	127	100	199	68	271	64	343	80
56	70	128	62	200	44	272	40	344	168
57	402	129	201	104	273	132	345	36	158
58	78	130	148	202	88	274	346	38	108
59	212	131	130	203	142	275	27	347	102
60	24	132	110	204	44	276	58	348	70
61	334	133	144	205	130	277	22	349	32
62	112	134	120	206	106	278	42	350	80
63	88	135	102	207	168	279	60	351	42
64	92	136	40	208	62	280	74	352	96
65	12	137	52	209	90	281	74	353	88
66	148	138	86	210	132	282	62	354	42
67	148	139	132	283	78	284	355	68	46
68	140	162	212	284	158	285	356	62	48
69	68	141	213	40	286	300	357	62	32
70	140	142	242	214	76	287	136	359	66
71	80	143	215	120	288	44	360	76	66
72	144	216	288	44	360	76	432	46	

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	\$46	440	\$86	447	\$38	454	\$72	461	\$28
434		441	46	448	36	455	38	462	30
435		442		449	68	456	34	463	6
436	28	443	450	450	32	457	32	464	16
437	36	444	451	32	458	42	465	24	
438	38	445	452	459	40	466	32	467	24
439	446	446	453	30	460	64	467	24	

Balance on hand September 1, 1891 . . . \$57,539 75
Received during month . . . 37,156 00

Total . . . \$94,695 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, *506, 507,
508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517,
518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527,
528, 529. . . \$43,250 00

Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1891 . . . \$51,445 75

Note.—*750 allowed on this claim by Second Biennial Convention.

†\$1,000 allowed on this claim by Second Biennial Convention.

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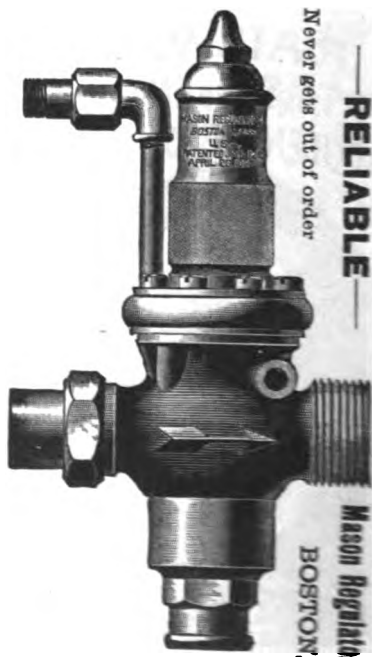
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INGOTS, CASTINGS & MANUFACTURES.

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Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. —It is Quickly Absorbed.
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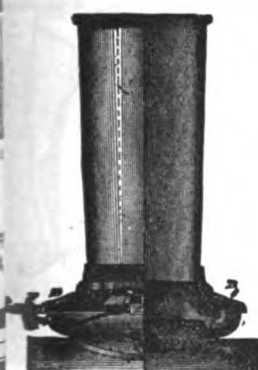
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The use of the Damper, placed under control of the Fireman, assists him in the performance of his duties, so that, according to his testimony, the difference is as day and night, as compared with an engine without the Stack Damper.

RESULTS:

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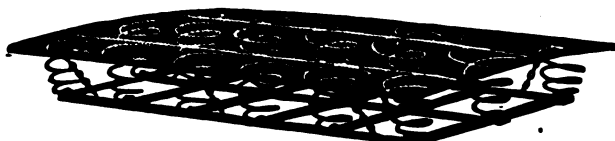
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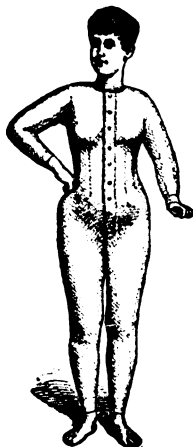
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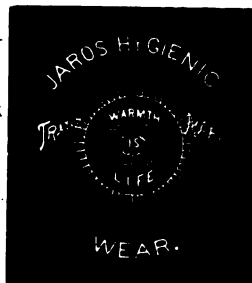
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Particularly indicated in Rheumatism, Pulmonary Consumption,
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Say Joe, why don't you get your Overalls by mail, same
as I do; then you won't have to go around looking
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In ordering, give waist and inseam (crotch to heel) in



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Mexican Mustang Liniment.

This old and reliable preparation instantly subdues all surface pains and is a speedy relief for Neuralgia, Rheumatism and kindred diseases, even in their chronic stages. Invaluable in case of accident or sudden illness. It is strictly a home remedy.

Tried and True.

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Apply it Vigorously.

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CELEBRATED

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Miners and Shippers of the

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Bituminous Coal

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Bullitt Building, 139 South Fourth St.
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An Unexcelled Fuel for

LOCOMOTIVES AND STEAMSHIPS

Shipments Last Year, 3,000,000 Tons.

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CAST STEEL WORKS OF FRIED. KRUPP,

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CRANK PINS,

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12 BROADWAY,
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—The Leading Manufacturers of—

RAILROAD LUBRICANTS

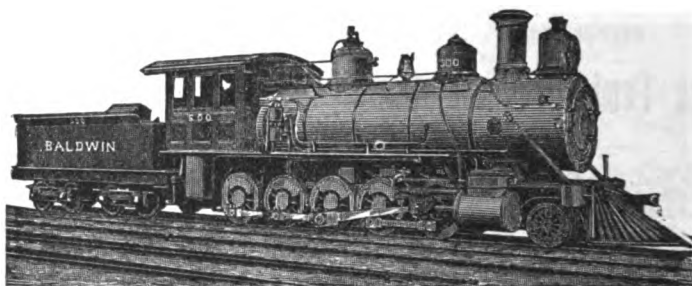
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Are in constant use on many
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ESTABLISHED 1831.
ANNUAL CAPACITY, 1000.



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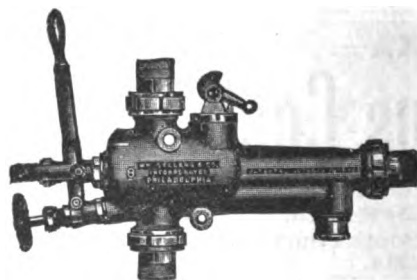
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Self-Acting Injector of '87



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No service on a locomotive sufficiently severe to permanently stop its working.

IT WILL RE-START ITSELF

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ADJUSTS ITSELF

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Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

One cake of this Efficacious and Harmless Remedy for removing Dirt and Every Species of Discoloration, will perform its work, leaving Hands and Face the perfection of

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For Sale By Druggists Everywhere.



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Can appeal in their sorrow is the greatest boon on earth. Such a friend is the RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, of Indianapolis, whose unparalleled growth during the past year, showing an increase of

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If you should get caught in that fatal accident which visits so many noble men, and leave nothing to your dear ones, what would become of them? A Certificate of Membership in the RAILWAY OFFICIALS' AND EMPLOYEES' ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION is as safe and certain as a landed estate, and the relief it secures to the bereaved family is flashed over the wires the very moment the news of a stroke of misfortune reaches the Home Office. No sensible Railroader longer doubts it his duty to carry first-class Accident Insurance. Do not postpone until it is too late, but take a membership with us

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Pears' is pure; no alkali in it; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Taking a Pill
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happy thought.

Beecham's Pills

are the most wonderful antidote yet discovered for ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.



A Box of these pills, costing only twenty-five cents, constitutes a family medicine-chest. Wind and Pain in and Weakness of the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blistches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep,

Sick Headache, Derangements of the Liver, and all nervous and trembling sensations are cured by using these Pills.

The First dose often relieves in 20 minutes, and apprehension and sickness can be avoided by having a box always at hand wherever you are—in the house, on the train, on the steamer—ready for immediate use.

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helena, Lancashire, England.** **B. F. ALLEN CO.,** Sole Agents for United States, 365 Canal Street, New York, will mail **BEECHAM'S PILLS** on receipt of price, 25 cents. Correspondents must mention this paper. Inquire first of your druggist.



TEN POUNDS
IN
TWO WEEKS
THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. **AS PALATABLE AS MILK.** Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

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"Best & Goes Farthest."

"I said to Mrs.
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Harris says I,
Try VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

MRS. GAMP.

Perfectly Pure.

Rich, yet Digestible, Stimulating yet Satisfying. Saving what Other Processes Waste—and Developing the Delicious Flavor and Aroma.

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LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 12.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Entered at Terre Haute Postoffice as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH AT
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES given on application to
W. N. GATES, SOLE AGENT,
29 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to
LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE,
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

EUGENE V. DEBS, . . . *Editor and Manager.*

DECEMBER.

In the same latitude and longitude one December is very much like all previous Decembers.

It is the last month of the calendar year, and as such, it dates a period of time and bears testimony that another year is about to join the centuries.

There are men, who, when December comes, are inclined to pause and ponder subjects which at other times are little thought of. They exclaim, "How rapidly the wheels of Time revolve;" while others, careless of the flight of years, take little notice of Time's stealthy steps.

It were useless to moralize on such matters. It is the record of the centuries. Men are built that way.

Everywhere are found the thoughtful and thoughtless, the careful and the careless. There are men who are always watching for that

"Tide in the affairs of men,
That taken at the flood leads to fortune,"

while others drift regardless of ebbs and flows.

This being admitted, it follows that there are men and women too, and why not firemen, and the wives of firemen, who like merchants, take certain seasons for balancing their books, and note how "bills payable" compare with "bills receivable." In a word, "take account of stock" and ascertain if the profits of the year's business exceed the losses: and why is not December a favorable month for such economic transactions?

In writing of December, the theme predisposes the mind to melancholy. From our locality, northward to the pole, December is regarded a cruel month to those who are not prepared for its reign. And yet, December is conspicuously the holiday month, it having "a week of Christmas," and, therefore, ends its days, whatever the temperature may be, in scenes of festive enjoyments.

It may be that for the middle aged and the old, December, being the last child of the year, cold, stern and relentless in its arctic rule, may afford a proper time for serious reflection, suggestive of departures and tombs, and to the poor, the destitute and friendless, it may tell in "mournful numbers" that this beautiful world of ours, in December, with the mercury at zero, is less desirable than that other world of fancy, where there is neither winter nor storm, but one long summer's day—we say "fancy" because no traveler has ever returned to tell the living of the bliss and repose of that other world.

But all large per cent. of the human family is made up of youth, and to them "December's as pleasant as May"—or should be. We confess to a liking for the young that amounts to a passion. To note the joyousness of youth before the rigorous and unrelenting struggles of life's campaigns begin; before Time writes its wrinkles, before the days of spectacles come and the rose tints depart from the cheek, is a source of exquisite pleasure.

We would not have boys and girls men and women before their time, transforming the springtime of life, with its bloom and beauty, into sombre autumn and still more rayless winter. But, parenthetically it must be said, this is what is being done by those whose miserly greed triumphs over every human instinct.

There are children by the thousand in this fair land, whose lives are one long December without a Christmas, strangers to holidays, beaten down by the murderous flail of circumstances from which no kindly hand is stretched forth to rescue them. The storms are ceaseless and pitiless that beat upon them.

"And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run.
They have never seen the sunshine nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm,
Are slaves without the liberty of Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievably,
The harvest of its memories cannot reap—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly,
Let them weep! let them weep!"

But, as we write, there are harbinger notes heard announcing a better time coming for children—their December must be made as pleasant as May—and what could be more Christ-like than for all the lodges of workingmen of this great nation to resolve in December, 1891, that child labor must cease; that their youth shall not be one long, bleak December, freezing their tears into icicles, and transferring the prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven" into a death rattle in their throats.

But, turning from children to manhood. December supplies a theme which takes on the serious or gay, as men may choose.

It may be said, we think, that men may

be divided into three classes, the pessimists, the optimists and neutrals.

There are those who think things are "ordered" for the best; others think things are "ordered for the worst," while others are of the opinion they are not "ordered" at all, and therefore that things can be ordered as one wants them, just as a man can order a suit of clothes or a dinner.

In this classification, the pessimists are the croakers, the optimists take things with commendable serenity, while those who believe that circumstances and conditions can be created are the agitators, and exert themselves to overthrow wrong wherever they find it entrenched.

December being the last month of the year, why may we not cast a backward glance and survey the pathways the armies of reformers have blazed through the wilderness to higher elevations of vision?

With December ends the campaigns of 1891. What of them? What lessons do they teach? What have been the battles, the victories, and the defeats? Who are the leaders whose names have received additional lustre? Who are deserving of promotion by virtue of their courage, their fidelity and their sacrifices? Who have proven weak-kneed, spiritless and chicken-hearted? Who have turned traitors to labor's cause, counseled with the enemy and won for themselves an eternity of infamy?

The last month of the year gives to such questions practical value. They suggest investigation, which, when honestly performed, lays bare defects and suggests remedies.

The armies of organized labor must understand that while they may be called upon to fight battles, lead forlorn hopes, hold forts and vantage grounds, the present is pre-eminently the time for education. The lodge rooms should be school rooms. Men enlisting under the banners of organized labor must learn, and the lesson which cannot be taught too splendidly or too thoroughly, that to be of service to the cause, their enlistment can terminate only with their lives.

The poet's idea, in addressing the armies enlisted under the banner of the Cross, is specially appropriate to the embattled hosts

of labor, who, if not "seeking a better country," are striving to make the one in which they live a better country. Sang the poet—

"Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die."

and thousands of labor soldiers, like the "soldiers of the Cross,"

"See the vict'ry from afar;
By faith they bring it nigh."

And it may be said if they are not animated by such a lofty spirit, their discipline is far from perfect, they are not veterans.

There are far away Decembers in the womb of time. What shall they be to the wage men as the years unfold and bring them into existence?

There are men who, even now, tell us that the United States of America is bordering on the fatal race that led to the downfall of Rome, that even now, the lines that separate the plutocrat from the toiler are as vivid as those which separated the Roman patrician from the plebeian. We are not required to believe such a postulate literally, but it is eminently the part of wisdom to check every tendency in that direction, and it may be said and should be said, for it is as true as an axiom in mathematics, that if our Heaven favored land is rescued from the grasp of those who seek the enslavement of labor, it must be done by the toilers themselves.

As has been said, December is a favorable time for workingmen as well as for merchants, to take account of stock, to find out the year's profits and losses, to correct defects in plans or policy.

With the average workingman the task is neither long nor laborious, because the average working man does not carry a load of first, second and third mortgage bonds, representing a large amount of *water* upon which he receives regular dividends. Our acquaintance with railway employes, engaged in the train service of railroads, is pretty extensive, and we do not know one who is a Wall street shearer of lambs, and who, day and night, is lulled to sweet repose by the melody of their bleatings; and yet, occasionally, some gifted labor orator whose lips have been touched with a "live coal from off the altar," declares that all workingmen, if they have five cents left

after their debts are paid, "are capitalists."

It is well in labor literature not to torture words until they are totally meaningless and ridiculous. If wage workers are capitalists, the term relates to something which the lexicographers do not mention. Their capital is not cash, bullion, bonds and mortgages, bank stock nor credits of any description, and yet, every day of their toiling lives they do make investments, of brains, of muscle, of skill, of health and life. Is that all? O, no. They invest ten thousand yearning affections for those who are dependent upon them, and for these investments the workingman receives his daily wages.

The workingman's capital is liable to contract disease and be sick. Brain and muscle get away, the eye gets dim, and there is "heart failure." When these misfortunes overtake the workingman's capital, it is at once retired and earns no more dividends until its health is restored, and to make matters worse, during its retirement it becomes expensive, and often it succumbs to such misfortunes and has to be buried.

Nevertheless, the December investigation may show that during the year dividends have exceeded expenses and that something has been saved, or it may show that expenses have exceeded dividends and that the capitalist is in debt.

If the balance sheet shows losses, simple prudence demands retrenchment. Luxuries must be dispensed with and rigid economy practiced.

The theme invites to extended remark, but we dismiss it with the reflection that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is to its members something in the nature of a savings bank, where each member keeps on deposit \$1,500 for the benefit of those dependent upon him, and which is ready for them in case misfortune overtakes him.

If December, 1891, is a bearer of dispatches to brotherhood men gone, to return no more, it occurs to us that he can tell them nothing more satisfactory than that the great brotherhood has 24,000 members who are doing their best to maintain the character and dignity of the order, and that when he left they all stood square on the books.

SUNDAY AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The great Columbian Exposition will open at Chicago, A. D., 1893. Such is the programme now. If we are to believe current estimates, the Exposition will be upon a scale of magnificence such as the world never witnessed. The buildings themselves are to be wonders of architectural beauty and grandeur.

America proposes, in celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of the new world by Christopher Columbus, to do that which in some measure will do honor to the event which in the world's history has no parallel, and which after all is done that wealth, genius and the combined energies of the nations of the earth can devise, looms aloft in undimmed splendor. Already the workshops of the world are preparing exhibits. Continents and islands are to pour into the Exposition buildings at Chicago their treasures of art and skill for the education and delectation of beholders. There are to be treasures from the forest, the field, the mine; of all the zones that belt the earth, including the seas and the oceans, and congregated at Chicago will be representatives of every nation of the earth—as also its flora and its fauna, together with its birds of song and of plumage, as also its reptilian tribes. Nothing is to go by default that wealth, will, forethought and patriotism can supply. The richest nation in the world is pledged to all things required to make the occasion unequaled and to respond to the wildest demands of the imagination in the field of possibility.

The question here arises, what class of the world's people is to be the most distinctly represented at the Columbian Exposition? We are not troubled for a reply. We answer, the workmen of the world.

The burning sun at midday in a cloudless sky is not more conspicuous than is the fact that the Columbian Exposition is absolutely dependent upon the workmen of the world. We seek no disparagement of the rich, of the proud and aristocratic—emperors, kings, dukes and lords. We care not a farthing for the entire brood who arrogate to themselves rights whether divine or satanic, to rule, and roll and riot in their

wealth. That they are on top in no wise affects the truth that but for the working men and women of the world the Columbian Exposition could not be, and but for them, around the exposition grounds a silence would reign as profound as in the buried city of Pompeii.

The Columbian Exposition, when opened to the public, will remain open about six months, or 180 days. This period will include twenty-six Sundays. The question now being debated is, Shall the Exposition be open or closed to the public on Sundays?

On the side of closing the Exposition on Sunday is a small army of cranks who prate of desecration, profanation, perversion, etc., to the end of the chapter. On the other side appear men of broad, liberal views, who scout the whole array of assumptions that any taint of desecration of the Sabbath can by any possibility attach to the mere act of viewing the beautiful and useful exhibits of the Exposition.

We assume, indeed, we take it for granted, if the Exposition is closed on Sundays, thousands and tens of thousands of workmen and their families will be as effectually excluded as if a decree debarring them from entering the building had been issued. Sunday is the one day which the toilers may call their own. It is the one day of the week when the shops are closed, when the steam engine ceases to throb, when the ring of the anvil is not heard, when the fires in the forge are dead, when all the implements of labor are laid aside and the toilers may seek healthful recreation for body and mind.

We make no pretensions to casuistry. We do not indulge in hair-splitting performances, preferring to grasp the common sense idea of a proposition and battle for its supremacy. We favor opening the Columbian Exposition on Sundays and to permit those who desire to do so to spend the day in viewing and admiring whatever is to be seen, believing that nothing will be on exhibition which to look at and comment upon can be tortured by the most dwarfed and deformed puritanic mind into the crime of desecration of the day.

The supreme idea of Sunday is rest coupled with worship. Not that a man shall sleep

twenty-four hours upon a couch or recline in an easy chair. Not that he shall worship in temples built with hands. Not that he shall by his presence indorse pulpit wrangles over dogmas and creeds, but that men shall rest, do no manner of work, devote the day to body and mind recuperation; go forth to find the beautiful, the good, the true; go forth to the forests, to the fields by the streams, everywhere beneath the bending skies, to the house of worship if you will, to the Exposition if you choose, anywhere where the body rests, where the eye transfers beautiful pictures to the mind, and the ear drinks in melodies for the memory, so that when Sunday is past the whole man physically, morally and intellectually, is improved.

The Columbian Exposition proposes to do this for all who enter its buildings on secular days, why not on Sundays? There is no reason why not. Not one has been assigned worthy of a moment's consideration.

During every Sunday while the Exposition is in progress thousands will wander about the grounds and gaze upon the buildings. Why not let them enter the buildings and contemplate all the treasures they contain?

No rational reply is given, but instead the veriest vagaries that ever nauseated the world are formulated and repeated by men whose pulpit wrangles have made the church the least potent factor in the education and reformation of men.

The pulpit complains that it does not and can not "reach the masses." It is not surprising. Reasons are numerous and cogent, and since the Exposition can reach the masses, if its doors are thrown open on Sundays, there are a thousand reasons why they should stand wide open on that day where one can be found showing why the massed should be barred out on that day.

The present is not a good time for bigots and fagots, thumb screws and wheels. The old theologies have no place in these practical, common sense days. The witch hanger and the Quaker whipper are now out of place. Ignorance and superstition are losing their grip and the mission of cranks, it is to be hoped, will soon be gone. If, however, they can succeed in barring the

doors of the Columbian Exposition on Sundays it will be proof that our much vaunted progress contains a large element of sham, and that the nation's emancipation from the curse of bigotry is indefinitely postponed.

THE way the money goes is explained by an official of the Illinois Central: "If," says the official, "the increase in the net earnings the past year have not been on a par with the increase in the gross earnings, the reason is to be found in the increased expenditure for extension and improvement of system. For instance, we have purchased 24,000 tons of steel rails, instead of, as usual, 8,000 tons. The rails are fifteen pounds heavier to the foot than formerly; our new engines, twenty-six of them, are sixty-one tons in weight instead of forty-nine; we have increased the number of ties per rail and weight of ballast, all of which any one familiar with railroad business would see we would not be likely to do were we financially depressed. And as for our paying dividends when there are no earnings, I am not that kind of a man." There were large earnings which went for rails and engines, for the improvement of the road to increase earnings and dividends another year, but it is such reports of "no earnings" and "no dividends" that serve corporations a valuable purpose when they want to cut down wages and discharge men. Occasionally, as in the case of the Illinois Central the real facts are told and the injustice to employees exposed.

THE entire globe, continents and islands contain about 54,000,000 square miles. If this land were all arable and in a high state of cultivation it might support four hundred persons to the square mile, or say, 21,600,000,000, but at least 18,000,000 square miles are not plowable, and it is a big calculation to say that under the most favorable conditions it could be made to feed more than two hundred persons to the square mile, or 7,200,000,000. As the population of the world is at present about 1,500,000,000, we have a margin of 5,600,000,000, which will be exhausted in about 27,000 years.

IMPENDING DANGERS.

The *Farmer's Voice* is one of the many organs of the Farmers Alliance, an organization that proposes to inaugurate a condition of affairs as different from that which now confronts the people, as light is different from darkness. And to accomplish the change it cries aloud. It sees great dangers ahead and utters warnings; as, for instance, the following:

If the dangers that menace our country's future were not one-hundredth part as manifest as they now are, we would be justified in drawing the possible catastrophe that threatens us in dark colors.

Better by far magnify the peril than to ignore it.

An oriental proverb says, "If thy enemy be a mouse fancy it an elephant."

It is wiser to err on the side of over-caution than to come to grief through careless indifference.

With the dreadful object lesson of the war of the rebellion only one generation away, it is the arrogance of unreasoning unbelief to affirm that even a greater calamity cannot soon befall us if we fail to prudently guard ourselves, when distinctly forewarned of the coming black day.

What are the perils to which the *Voice* alludes? The *Voice* does not specify them, and this omission is unfortunate. We are left to conjecture.

In the first place, the Farmers' Alliance demands more currency, good as gold, *per capita*, just how much is not stated. It is recently affirmed that the United States has more money, *per capita*, now in circulation than at any other period since the government was organized. This may not be enough, and more, perhaps, should be provided, but if it is not we fail to see why the lack of a few dollars *per capita* should bring about a dreadful catastrophe.

It also appears that the farmers of the country have been indiscreet in mortgaging their farms, and the sum total of these mortgages does appear startling. Possibly the government ought to aid the farmers in paying their debts, if so, why not aid every other class of citizens to pay their debts?

The drift seems to be to make the government parental, to treat the people as children, imbeciles, or subjects, when, in fact, the people are the government. The sovereignty of the people towers above everything in this country relating to government.

If we are to believe the *Voice*, the government is all wrong, and rapidly going from

bad to worse, hence, the people are all wrong and incapable of self government. If this is true, calamities are impending which it would be difficult, nay, impossible to portray.

It will be noticed that the *Voice* refers to the late war of the rebellion as in some measure foreshadowing the "coming black day," which has in store for us "even a greater calamity," and derisively alludes to the claim "that our government is under the special guardianship of the Almighty."

Well, after knocking out the Providence prop, and intimating that the people have been sleeping while the devil sowed tares, it is not surprising that the *Voice* regards the outlook as lugubrious in the extreme.

To change this mournful outlook is the mission of the *Voice*. Its theory, if we can apprehend it, is to increase the volume of currency and enable the farmers to get out of debt.

The Farmers' Alliance would have the government loan farmers money at 2 or 4 per cent. and take a mortgage on their farms as security, and this done, the storm clouds which are rearing their dark forms all around the horizon would disappear, the awful flash of vengeance and the deep toned thunder of warning would not be seen and heard, and the outlook would indicate peace and prosperity.

If we understand the *Voice* the way out of the wilderness is as straight as a bee line. The panacea is the simplest that was ever compounded in all the years of economic chemistry, compared with which a problem in simple addition is complex.

In the first place, set the printing machines a going until the volume of currency meets the largest demand. This done, loan the money to the farmers at 2 per cent. and take a mortgage on their farms.

If this farmers' emancipating programme could be carried out the government would at once become *sui generis*, the only money lending government on the face of the earth.

Look at it. The farmers complain that their farms are mortgaged to the money kings at from 6 to 12 per cent. They declare they can't pay the interest, and, therefore, the money kings are taking possession

of their farms. To save their farms they demand that the government shall stamp paper to the extent of \$1,000,000,000, and then loan it to them at 2 or 4 per cent. Every farmer whose land is mortgaged immediately applies for a loan, takes the money, pays the money king, and transfers the mortgage to the government. If the mortgaged debt is not paid when due, what then? Necessarily the government forecloses the mortgage and takes the farm, evicts the farmer and sells the land to the highest bidder: a re-enactment of the scenes in Egypt under the masterful policy of Joseph when he "bought the people and their land for Pharaoh" for bread, and the people became slaves.

It will occur to a good many thoughtful people that this way out of the wilderness is rather a way into deeper troubles.

But admitting that the government does issue \$1,000,000,000 fiat money to loan out at 4 or 2 per cent., is it to be presumed that the law will be so framed that only farmers will enjoy its benefits? Will not all classes whose property is mortgaged demand their share of the cheap money? It is easy to answer such questions, and to propound them discloses the glaring impracticability of the scheme. It follows, if there is no other way to relieve the farmers of their burdens, that a great many of them will lose their farms, a matter not to be spoken lightly of; but that it involves national disasters, calculated to send a shudder through the land, is altogether preposterous.

No one should seek to depreciate farmers as a class. Certainly, such is not our purpose. If farmers have an undue share of troubles they are entitled to a larger share of sympathy than those more favored by fortune. If there are laws, the operation of which impose unnecessary burdens upon farmers, they should be repealed or amended, and the same is true of every other class of citizens. The farmers are not entitled to special privileges. They must take their chances with the rest.

The *Farmer's Voice* and the Farmers' Alliance should understand that vast sums of fiat money will not be issued for their special convenience to be loaned to them at a

low rate of interest, taking as security their farms and personal property. Such vagaries in finance are well calculated to bring the Alliance movement into universal ridicule.

Suppose farmers, for purposes entirely legitimate and honest, borrow money, nominally at 6 to 8 per cent., but really at 10 to 12 per cent. The latter figures, though not appearing in the document, represent, nevertheless, to what extent the farmers are bunkoed by the money sharks. No law was ever devised, nor will one ever be enacted to save men from their follies, unless it be to dethrone their manhood and independence, place guardians over them and deprive them of the right to make bargains.

True, laws are made to prevent and punish usury—everywhere a dead letter—but were they enforced, borrowers, and especially farmers, as the facts show, to obtain money help the lender to evade the law and become the willing victims of the outrages of which they complain.

The same is true in every department of business. There has been and there still exists a mania for borrowing, and where mortgages on real estate, particularly farms, are given as security, if calamities come, the borrower is always the victim.

It were supreme folly to suppose that the way out of such a dilemma is *via* statutes, and yet, statutes could be enacted which would prove of incalculable benefit, not only to farmers but to every other class of citizens. We refer to laws which shall compel railroads to transport freight at prices that would leave some margin of profits to producers.

No railroad exists except by permission of law. Charters are not granted to railroads for the special benefit of the corporation but for the *public good*. It follows, if a great body of citizens, such as farmers, are impoverished by the policy of the railroads, then the law-making power should interfere. This is being done, notably in Iowa and Texas.

To ascertain the *exact* cost of any railroad in the country is not a difficult task. Everything connected with railroad construction is in sight. If corporations choose to inject water into their stock equal to the cash invested, then in that event the peo-

ple can compel them to pay taxes on water to an extent that would speedily suggest to them the importance of squeezing out the water.

If money sharks loan money at rates of interest above what the law specifies, regardless of methods, it would be an easy matter to correct the iniquity by declaring all such contracts void. But, then, those who want money would find all the safes locked against them, and thus it happens that usury laws are, except in certain cases, dead letters.

No laws can be enacted which will make men provident, and the dangers which threaten the peace of communities and the prosperity of the country are not consequent upon borrowing money and executing mortgages.

As a result, alarmists must suggest some other cause for a collapse, and unfortunately it is not hard to find.

RAILWAY SLAUGHTER.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, referring to the accident on a West Virginia train, July 4, by going through a trestlework says:

The structure, which was a lofty one, over a deep gorge in the mountains, had been attacked by fire. The flames were extinguished, but not before the trestle had been so much weakened that it was unable to bear a train. It was somebody's business to have known that the trestle was disabled, but nobody appears to have taken any notice of the matter. The consequence was that 50 people were killed outright or terribly mangled.

If the blame cannot be fixed on a miserable brakeman or some other humble employé nobody will be held responsible. Railways may be operated with the most defective regulations and lack of provision for any sort of warning against the most obvious dangers, but, according to Judge Van Brunt, of New York, nobody can be held responsible except the person who was immediately engaged in causing a disaster. The neglect or persistent failure of those who directly control a railway to provide regulations and precautions against the most usual perils of railway operation do not count. A railway may be operated without lights or signals, by an insufficient crew of inexperienced servants or employes, but unless the man who left the switch open can be found all go scot free, no matter how many lives are destroyed.

It might be well if the running of trains were governed by national laws, as is the case in the navigation of rivers and lakes. The national laws provide for the licensing of engineers, pilots and masters of vessels, and whenever an accident occurs a rigid in-

vestigation is had, with the result that wherever negligence is shown the license of the guilty officer is revoked.

Railway conductors, engineers and other persons entrusted with the charge of trains have as responsible duties to perform as have the pilots and masters of vessels, hence they should be subject to equally stringent regulations. They should consequently be compelled to have an official commission and be held to a strict accountability for the performance of their proper duties. The regulations for running trains should also be uniform all over the country, proper safeguards against accidents should be required, a uniform code of signals exacted, as well as a rigid official investigation in the case of every serious accident.

The vast number of people that travel on railroads and the frequency of accidents accentuate the growing necessity for reform in the running of trains. If there be no better way, then let the matter be taken in hand by Congress and uniformly regulated.

Having pointed out very distinctly that the accident which caused the death and mangling of 50 persons was the result of criminal negligence on the part of the officials of the road, it will be noticed that the *Picayune* does not urge the prosecution of the officials, regarding the decision of Judge Van Brunt (*alias* Van Boodle) as conclusive and immediately proceeds to point out what laws should be enacted, touching employes. Why the conclusion that Judge Van Brunt's opinion should stand? Judge Van Brunt was trying \$275,000,000. Money talks everywhere, but with special emphasis in the city of New York. As soon as the case to which the *Picayune* refers went to Judge Van Brunt, everybody knew what would be the result; but Judge Van Brunt's jurisdiction is limited and it might be that a judge could be found somewhere who is not influenced by money, and is not sufficiently debased to ignore the rights and interests of the people. No one even so much as hinted that the West Virginia "slaughter" was remotely attributable to the men in charge of the train, and yet the *Picayune* seeks to make that impression.

The brotherhoods of railway employes engaged in the train service of the country are far more solicitous to supply railroads with competent, sober men, than many railroad officials are to employ them.

Why does not the *Picayune* and the press generally, urge upon congress and state legislatures to pass laws affixing penalties for such criminal negligence as the West

Virginia disaster discloses? Why dismiss the subject by the announcement that railroads go "scott free, no matter how many lives are destroyed," and suddenly change the subject to the advocacy of "national laws" for the examination and licensing of engineers and conductors? Such a law might be well enough for aught we know, but with a disaster in full view by which lives were sacrificed because of the criminal negligence of railroad officials, it would seem to be the correct thing to have laws enacted which would punish such negligence.

MR. JAY GOULD.

The New York *World* remarks:

Railroads and telegraphs are supposed to be Mr. Gould's fancies; as a matter of fact, however, statistics show that he is a great American coal king. Mr. Gould has never cared to be known as the boss of the coal trade, yet such, beyond a doubt, he is. That a sequel that would have been to the attempts of a certain dashing promoter to get Mr. Gould to go to the ice business, if the effort had been found a success. The same little man, so nervous that he can't sleep without drinking warm milk; hating certain people with an absolute detestation and physical abhorrence; loving few, if any, outside of those of his own family; holding the telegrams of his country absolutely by right of ownership and control; making himself master of our births and deaths, and joys and sorrows, controlling intercontinental transportation and inter-state commerce, so that a man may travel anywhere by rail without leaving the Gould system; absolutely dictating the quantity and quality of the coal which we burn, and, what's more to the point, the price we shall pay for it—this same man would, in that event, boss the cooling of our champagne, the frozen delights of our juleps, the preservation of our food, and even the meagre fragments of frozen solace which are laid on the brow of the midsummer sufferer! A little more reaching out, a little more absorption, a little more affiliation, and such a man would be the king of the United States in a far truer sense than most crowned sovereigns abroad govern. The records show that Jay Gould owns more coal land than any other American citizen. The names in which he owns it are those of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad; Union Pacific Coal Company, and Rich Hill Coal Company. All the coal lands in the Indian Territory are said to belong to Mr. Gould.

In all of the wide world, where can an autocrat like Jay Gould be found, if the *World* sizes him up truthfully?

Taking the *World's* estimate, Gould is cyclopean, a colossus and no mistake. His

dominion is continental, and his slaves are numbered by the million.

If the chief study of man is man, men of the most mighty intellect should study Jay Gould. He is *sui generis*, there are none like him. He is absolutely dangerous, a combination of Goth and Vandal, whom it were well to see reposing beneath a marble monument bearing appropriate inscription.

But why indulge in such reflections? Doesn't Jay Gould obey the laws? Don't the laws permit Jay Gould to do the things he has done and is doing, and will continue to do as long as he can shear a lamb? Besides, are there not a thousand little Jay Goulds doing, as they have the means, just what Jay Gould is charged with doing?

What a commentary upon our advanced civilization? How small and contemptible does the congress, legislatures, courts, laws and people appear, when compared with Jay Gould? A little fellow, weighing about ninety pounds, and yet swaying a scepter before which the nation bows as spineless and as abject as helots.

Moreover, suppose Jay Gould should, by a decree of Providence, be required to hand in his checks and wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down and await the resurrection, does he not leave a son, George? and if the half that is told is true, George is his father with a surplus of skill to manage and to maintain the policy of the "old man."

With all this and more, it isn't well to be alarmed.

No doubt, plutocracy is growing in this "land of the free and home of the brave." It will eventually get its growth, and begin to decay.

Already, there are signs that the people are becoming weary of exactions which the laws tolerate. There is to be a change. It should come without commotion beyond that occasioned by argument, but a change is coming, and when it comes the Jay Goulds of the period will cease to manage affairs and levy tribute.

THE Mormon Church finds its lobby at Washington a very expensive item in its yearly account, but the temple can stand it. The temple is solid granite.

TEXAS AND THE RAILROADS.

The *Railway Age* some time since remarked as follows:

The Texas Railroad Commission has undertaken to revolutionize the theory and practice of railway rate-making by adopting the absolute mileage basis. All railway experience has proven the impracticability of this principle, and the attempt in Texas will work great injustice to railways and injury to the state. While under the new theory a few rates will be raised many others will be greatly reduced, and the average as thus far indicated is very heavily against the roads. Thus the reduction in flour rates on one of the principal roads is found to be 33½ per cent., while in cotton and other staples it will also be very heavy. It looks as if the Texas railway companies would have to appeal to the Federal courts to prevent the virtual confiscation of their property.

Now, suppose the Texas railroads should conclude to collect dividends on honest cash investments and not on water, they would at once be able to carry freight and passengers at rates even below the demand of the Texas commissioners. It is preposterous to assume that the citizens of Texas or of any other state are so stupid as to desire to cripple railroads or confiscate their property. Why not state such cases honestly and not like a jack leg lawyer? Texas has chartered railroads to advance the interests of the people of the state and not to pay interest on watered stock and bonds, and the more the subject is agitated the more determined the people will become to have an honest deal with the railroads. The *Chicago Tribune* commenting upon the subject, says:

The railroads interested in Texas traffic do not intend to submit to the reduction of rates in Texas recently ordered by the Railroad Commission of that state without a contest in the courts. The new rates promulgated by the commissioners are about one-half for distances between 50 and 200 miles of the rates now in effect. The officials of the roads operating in Texas claim that the new rates will not pay operating expenses, and say if forced to make those rates they will be compelled to reduce expenses in all directions. Less trains would be run and the working forces reduced by one-half, and improvements would be out of all question. A petition has been gotten up by railroad employes in that state praying the commissioners to reconsider their action, as otherwise the laboring classes would be the worst sufferers. As ex-Senator Reagan is at the head of the commission it is not likely to take the back track. The railroads are working hard to effect a combination with a view of contesting in the courts the right of the commission to make such rates. All the roads have joined in the movement except the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, which, it is understood, has signified its intention of adopting the new rates. Unless the

company can be induced to act in concert with other roads there is little prospect of relief, as every instance where they were not unanimous the railroads have been defeated in such contests.

The Oregon roads are in the same pickle as the Texas lines. The Railroad Commission of that state has just promulgated an order reducing rates on the Union Pacific 33 per cent. and on the Northern Pacific 15 per cent. on local business.

Is it to be presumed that the railroads of Texas or any other state have been maintaining an equipment largely unnecessary and out of all proportion to the business transacted? The threat put forth by the *Tribune* is designed to lead to such a conclusion. But railroads are not operated in that way and all such rigmarole is designed as a bluff. It may, however, be tried as a measure of intimidation. The roads may reduce the number of trains and dismiss employes, and finally Texas may relieve the roads of their charters. It is by no means a one-sided game, and if railroads now introduce a policy of rebellion and intimidation, results will not be complimentary to their discretion. The better plan is for corporations to learn to obey the laws and submit gracefully to the sovereign will of the people.

SOME one rises to remark that "the dinner pail brigade is a very large and strong one in labor's army. It has been truly said that a country where lots of dinner pails are visible night and morning on the route between home and labor, is strong. The bearers of dinner pails in this country are not slaves, but intelligent citizens and sovereigns. They are becoming sick of betrayal by political bosses, and will soon demand representation by members of their own ranks." We hope so, but it will be when men assuming to speak for the "dinner pail brigade" stop their drivel about the "labor market," "buying and selling of labor," and that labor is a "commodity."

THAT portion of New Jersey bordering on the Atlantic is sinking. The state geologist has gone to see if the coast is going to sea.

THE czar of Russia, it is said, is afflicted with insomnia. His subjects, many of them, are anxious to put him to sleep.

PROHIBITION DON'T PROHIBIT IN KANSAS.

Ex-United States Senator, John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, affirms:

1. That there is no town of importance in Kansas where beer, whisky and other intoxicating drinks cannot be had and are not sold as a beverage. There may be some hamlets and villages where this is not true, but not many.
2. That in the principal cities of the state the dramshop traffic is recognized and practically licensed by the imposition of monthly fines, which are regularly applied to the payment of the expenses of the municipal government.
3. That the brewery which in a test case the Supreme Court of the United States held the state had power to suppress and destroy, has been and is now in constant, uninterrupted and profitable operation.
4. That these facts are known to the state officials, to the heads of police commissioners appointed by the governor upon oath to enforce the prohibitory law, and to the people generally.

It is the old, old story, men can't be made temperate or religious by law. What is wanted is wise laws, wisely administered; laws that touch all alike; not laws in the interest of fools, fanatics and plutocrats. And that good time is coming.

THE Boston *Herald* remarks that "the anti-lottery agitation serves to recall the fact that lotteries constituted an important factor in the social economy of New England a couple of centuries ago. In those good old days whenever any great public work was to be undertaken, a road or a bridge to be built, or a street to be paved, a lottery was organized. Public debts were lifted and fire losses liquidated in the same way. In fact, lotteries were almost universal here within a hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrim fathers. Massachusetts advertised three in one newspaper. Faneuil Hall was rebuilt by a lottery after having been burned in 1761, and Harvard College got the benefit of a big lottery in 1773." It serves also to impress the public mind with the fact that originally bigotry and superstition had their home in New England, and that the boast that our highest (?) civilization is the product of New England is a sham of extraordinary proportions. Hanging people for witchcraft, whipping Quakers and exiling Baptists are not seeds of highest civilization, nor civilization of any kind worthy of the name.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE has an income of \$50,000 a year, the same as the president of the New York Central, and the same as the president of the United States. Mr. Talmage has been studying the "rest" question, and has come to the conclusion that a man ought to sleep at least seven hours out of twenty-four. Anything less than that, he thinks, will wreck the health of the average American. Mr. Talmage counsels his readers to remain in bed till they get rested, without regard to hours. That advice is well enough for men whose incomes amount to \$50,000 a year, but a man who works from ten to fourteen hours a day for a dollar or so a day, has to get up whether he is rested or not. There is but one way to overcome this cruelty, and that is to establish the eight hour day. This done many a weary worker would be thankful for a civilization that regards the lives of men and women as valuable as the life of mules.

ABOUT eight tons of diamonds have been found in the south African mines during the past eighteen years, valued at \$275,000,000. It is said that the diamond dirt is practically inexhaustible, and that digging may go on forever. True, the demand for diamonds for crowns, diadems, etc., is not as active as it was, but trust barons and syndicate lords, monopoly magnates and the like now buy them by hundreds, and it is a cold day when diamonds are not seen flashing on shirt fronts and fingers and dangling from the ears of people who rank several layers below the upper crust.

WAY back, not so far, either, Sahara was generally understood to be inhabited chiefly by big snakes. A stray ostrich was occasionally referred to, and a few wandering Arabs roamed over its barren and pestilential sands. But now come the French with a proposition to build a railroad from Algiers to Timbuctoo, and say "the road will lead to the settlement of parts of the Sahara which is not by any means the unclaimable desert which the geographers of a few years ago asserted it to be." Thus one by one facts are transformed into vagaries.

The Struggle for Existence.

WHY should most men be forced to constantly struggle for mere existence? Some shall answer that that is indispensable to human growth. History totally repudiates that answer. Even if we admit that men are better to-day than centuries ago, even then we can hardly close our eyes to the fact that civilization to-day is yet fundamentally wrong, so much so that it develops the germs of self-destruction pretty nearly as effectually as at any previous historical period. We may preach the theory of growth through pain as long as we like. Judged by results that theory is far from satisfactory. Besides, it does not correspond with divine ideals. Come to me and I will give you rest—joy in its highest forms. That is the divine theory of human life. And that peace which passeth all understanding, what can that mean but growth through joy? Growth through pain is what I call a gospel of despair. Growth through joy is what I call a gospel of justice and love.

Far from me to say that we should object to a certain degree of struggle in life. We should simply object to that animal struggle which has been the lot of most men all along in human history. Even the wealthy have their hard struggles in life, to preserve the wealth they have accumulated. Even that struggle interferes with a peaceful, joyful life, and prevents men to develop into manhood. The sheer struggle against poverty produces the rough, unpolished sinner. The struggle against the fear of poverty evolves the polished, refined sinner.

We shall drop no tears for the sorrows and struggles of the wealthy. It is the many, forever fighting tooth and nail against poverty that deserve the sympathies of all reformers. It is they and they alone, the workers, who can remodel civilization. But they shall only accomplish that work through unity of purpose, and by a combined attack against fundamental evils, that is, by tracing effects to causes.

We all know that the mass of workers are always and forever in debt. Even if the farm-

themselves be robbed by the few for permission to live and work on God's plane. There is the cardinal interest to be attacked: land rent or interest on land values, call it as you like. It is from that interest on land values, on social wealth, that the interest on labor-created wealth springs up. Interest on capital is the child of land rents, the child of land values controlled by a few men through the basic iniquity of land monopoly. Make land free to all by taking land rents from those to whom they belong; not, and by giving them to the people to whom they belong, for all public needs, and how long would it be before most workers became the absolute owners or possessors of their farms, and homes, and mines, factories and shops? Not very long, I guess.

Some tell us, look at the number of abandoned farms in many of our old states. Yes, we know all about it. The writer has seen them even in the choicest belts of Florida. The wilderness is already invading the Union just as it invaded the African and Asiatic civilizations. Look at England. Only twelve per cent. of the people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and no over one-fifth of her arable soil is under the plough. What is that but the wilderness?

To give to any set of men the power to control the land supply is to give them the power to oppress the rest, the power of scattering farmers into the remote wilderness, the power to build up fragments of wilderness near centers of population, the power to crush the mass of workers, in forms diverse, the power to abnormalize all social conditions.

Pliny, the younger, declared centuries ago, that land monopoly had ruined Rome. Human history declares that land monopoly has ruined all civilizations, and is at the root of all barbarous struggles for existence, at the root of all wars, of all anarchies, of all poverty and all sin.

Suppose, now, that we want to attack the evil of land monopoly or any of the incidental ones, such as interest on capital. Suppose that we convert our government into a banking institution, lending money to any one who calls for it, with some kind of security, as we would necessarily have to ask, I imagine. Who can give better and more valuable securities than the men of wealth? Who can use larger sums to great advantage than the men of wealth? Who are the men with greatest wealth but the monopolists? Government loans would then intensify monopoly. But suppose that is not so. What right have we to make the Government assume the money lending business for the nation, any more than the soap manufacturing business for the nation. To coin or issue money is a governmental function. To lend money is a private bus-

ness. No John will ever need to borrow any money from the Government or from any Peter, if the Government sees that no Peter robs any John out of the land that every John is entitled to possess if he wants it. Let John borrow from Peter, if he so prefers, for some additional earnings to himself, but let no John be forced to borrow from anybody. If any John is forced to borrow, then the social compact rests on iniquity, on legalized land robbery, and then our dreadful struggle for existence must go on. No amount of free money, of Government loans, can save us!

Just as water flows into deeper levels, so money flows into deeper pocket books. The deepest pocket books are invariably in the hands of land monopolists.

In spite of all the above, we do need a healthy monetary system. We would need that, even after the suppression of land monopoly, just as even a building with good foundations needs a roof that does not leak. The more unhealthy a monetary system becomes the more it intensifies land monopoly. A monetary system shall be healthy when disconnected from any banking machinery, public or corporate; when free from favoritisms to any set of men; when the volume is fixed for certain periods known before hand, and all decided upon by a majority popular vote, not by any set of monopolists. That implies a currency not subject to imports or exports. That excludes precious metals with all temptations to change the intrinsic value of coins. That eliminates the rise and fall to which precious metals are more or less subject.

Money being essentially a measure of values, it must rest on fixed principles. That alone can make it a real measure, giving us a positive commercial stability and not the financial paroxysms to which all nations have been more or less subject up to our day.

This nation of ours is the one best adapted to give to the civilizations of the future an ideal monetary system. Why? Because our product of gold and silver is so large that we can afford to sell and export just as much of it as the foreign nations may see fit to buy. That other nations, with scanty supply of precious metals in their mines, should be timid in discarding those metals from their monetary systems, is not surprising. A similar timidity, on our part, is very ludicrous.

On the other hand, we should not be rash in adopting those schemes which would necessarily produce a constant commercial vortex. I refer to *free money*, as it is called, Government loans.

About 200,000 families hold over fifty billions out of our sixty-five billions wealth, in all forms. At 50 per cent. value of the security, they could claim from the Govern-

ment loans for \$25,000,000,000. Ten million American families own no wealth of any account. They could get no money from the Government. How could they? I shall let my readers meditate on the results of any such free money, as some reformers advocate, if I understand them correctly.

I shall now return, for a few moments, to the question of abandoned farms, the culminating point of what is called "Farming does not pay." The reasons for that are plain enough. The land tariff, land monopoly, on one side, and taxes on labor products on the other, with all the incidental monopolies they foster, all that contracts markets, restricts consumption, limits production, decreases all labor earnings, discourages thrift, and evolves wretched methods of cultivation. Hence the wilderness in country belts. Hence the wilderness in colossal cities. That has been the destructive course of all empires and republics. Similar blunders bring similar results. We cannot escape the effects of natural causes.

Do we want to suppress the two kinds of wilderness referred to? Righteousness in methods of taxation to begin with. That, and that alone can establish sound, social foundations. The task for other reforms would then be very easy. The hard struggles for mere existence would then be at an end. Some petty struggles would remain still, but universal joy and manhood would soon prevail. Still, as humanity seems always inclined to follow the crooked line, in all reforms, we may have to linger for years in the desert of surface reforms before we touch the fundamental one of land monopoly!

Jose Gros.

The End of the World.

YALE COLLEGE has among its instructors a lieutenant of the U. S. Navy, who has found leisure to hunt up the proofs that the world, the planet earth, upon which we live, will disappear within ten years.

He has searched the scriptures, found the testimony, set it in order and is satisfied that he has succeeded in eliminating the mistakes of the world-enders who have preceded him, and has got the date so accurately fixed that within ten years this beautiful world of ours will finish its mission and quit business.

One poor fellow, a clergyman of splendid promise, learned and cultured, wrestled with the proofs until he went crazy as a loon, and to him the world has come to an end.

There are others who, while believing that the world is to come to an end within ten years, do not assert that it will be the *finale*, simply the second coming of Christ,

who will reign in person a thousand years, during which period Satan will be chained and compelled to inhabit a pit, to go up and down in the earth no more for the time named.

In such matters disagreement among the doctors is fatal. The difference in their conclusions is so great that the average man finds it difficult to adjust his thoughts satisfactorily.

If, as some of the world-enders assert, it is only the second advent of Christ, when He will assume control and reign as universal king, bringing in a sovereignty of righteousness, of truth and justice, we can see no cause for alarm or anxiety.

If there is one thing this world stands in need of more than any other *one* thing, it is righteous government.

For our part, we should like to know that the devil is chained, loaded down with chains and securely imprisoned.

It is held by some, that this good time coming is to be preceded by wars and rumors of wars, great calamities, such as men in their wildest imaginings never conceived of; and those who pretend to be posted, say that the present condition of Europe is exactly in accordance with the proof they have obtained.

It must be confessed that the European outlook is grim; war appears inevitable, and rumors of famine already begin to horrify the world.

The trouble with a good many very serious people is to find some logical reason why Christ should postpone his coming until after a seven years' war in Europe with all of its attending horrors. Why not come at once? Why not chain the devil before the devastations of war and famine begin?

The world-enders do not care to wrestle with such questions. It is far easier to ignore them and assert that within ten years the world will be destroyed, or, that Christ's second coming will occur inside of ten years, notwithstanding the Bible explicitly declares that neither the Son nor the angels know when the event or events will take place; that only God Himself knows.

That would seem to be a clincher, but it has no effect whatever on a world burster or second coming crank.

The subject would seem to be a serious one. The destruction of the world, if men could possibly comprehend the awfulness of the catastrophe, would be well calculated to destroy all mental equilibrium and make all men mad. The world would be a mad house. There would never be another rational enterprise set on foot.

If the people could be made to believe that within ten years the world would be destroyed by fire, knocked into smithereens by comet, or that it would be de-

stroyed by the explosion of internal gas agriculture, commerce, mining, transportation, etc., would come to a dead standstill. Every one would be listening for the crash of doom, watching to see the stars fall, and the first signs of the great conflagration.

And in spite of fate and in defiance of common sense, reason, judgment and all things rational, thousands, under the influence of the world-ending vagaries, will be reduced to downright idiocy. They will see visions and dream dreams. In a word, they will go crazy.

When ten years are gone, the old world will be doing business as usual. She will be flying around the great central orb on her shining pathway as when the morning stars and the sons of God sang in rapture strains the finishing touches of the universe, and God Himself contemplated His work and pronounced it "good."

Really, what's the use of destroying the world? Why burn it up or knock it into fragments? Why disturb the equilibrium of all the planets in our solar system and send them flying hither and thither, crashing into each other?

The Creator being infinitely wise and powerful, why should He issue a decree to create chaos? No world bursting crank attempts to explain why the Almighty should permit or order such devastation.

The second advent theory is a great improvement upon the soothsaying prognostications of annihilation; in fact, we see no objection to it whatever; on the other hand, we like it.

We apprehend that the declaration that Christ shall reign a thousand years, means that He will reign in the earth until the sun is cold, and that the devil will have nothing more to say in mundane affairs.

We see no reason why, under such a beneficent reign, important enterprises for the happiness of mankind should cease. Under the reign of the Messiah, we conclude, the deserts will blossom and all the waste places of the earth will be fruitful. In Watts sang:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successful journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

In such a reign, why should railroads cease to be built? Why should ships cease to plow the seas? Why should the plow stand still in the furrow? Why should children cease being born? Why should schools be closed and the immortal mind no longer be trained to comprehend in some measure, at least, the wisdom of God?

Under the new reign, something better than Bellamyism would be inaugurated. We fancy that the jungle, the bogs and swamps would disappear, no more to send forth their noisome breath to breed pestilence and death.

Even the wild beasts of the wilderness becoming as innocent as kids, would no longer occasion alarm, and the most venomous of reptiles would be as harmless as sh worms and the mission of hawks and vultures would be gone. No more

"Would big fleas have little fleas
On their backs to bite 'em.
And little fleas have lesser fleas.
And so, *ad infinitum*."

One thing is pretty certain, the corporations could no longer run the universe, and by processes purely divine, the water would be squeezed out of stocks and bonds, and dividends would be collected on actual cash investments.

We conceive that with the devil chained, the greedy monsters in human form, would not be permitted to grow rich by the "sweating system," by employing children and robbing them, and robbing working girls, and driving them to lives of shame worse than death, would cease.

We are, in fact, immensely pleased with the idea of the second coming of Christ. It means universal purification of human affairs. It may be that Congresses, Parliaments and Legislatures will be permitted to disband, that unrighteous laws will no longer be permitted to disgrace the statute books of the world, and it does mean, we conjecture, that debauched courts will close their doors and that the poor will stand an equal chance for justice with the rich when they have a grievance.

We conclude that the church will become something more and better than an arena where creed cranks and bigots play such fantastic tricks as make angels weep and sensible men kick.

We do not doubt but that under the second advent reign, labor will get its just share of the wealth it creates, nor do we doubt that the hours of labor will be reduced to the minimum. To sum it all up we would say, don't be alarmed.

In the first place the world is not going to vacate its place among the planets. In the second place, the second advent is not going to occur in ten years.

If, however, we are mistaken, not knowing whether either event will occur in six months or ten years, prudence dictates that we go right along doing our best to obtain justice by organization and federation, and if Christ does come and assume control, we would have every locomotive fireman of our great brotherhood, standing square on the books.

James Watson.

AMONG the wonderful products of art in the French Crystal Palace was shown a lock which admitted of 3,347,385 combinations. Heuret passed 120 nights in locking it; Fichet was four months in unlocking it; afterwards they could neither shut nor open it.

Round House Sermon.

BY REV. EMORY POLISHER, D.D., D.D.

BRETHREN, the summer is past—

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear."

We have had our picnics, our holiday enjoyments, and have begun the winter campaign.

The sun has gone south, and wild ducks and geese and many a song bird that tuned its throat and made all our woodlands vocal with Jenny Lind melodies, have followed suit.

Pretty soon the brooks, whose lullaby songs we have heard as they rollickingly danced their way to the sea, will be silent, bound in the fetters which the ice king forges in his arctic home.

Already, Jack Frost, with a blighting bite, has torn the green robes from the trees and shrubs, killed the flowers in all the fields, playing avant courier of the ice and snow storms which we of the throttle, brake, pick, switch and punch will have to contend with.

I do not know what has occurred, my brethren, since last we met, to make you happy or sorrowful.

Some of you may have found a woman and made her your wife; some trustful creature who has confided in your honor, your manliness, your recorded vows to love and protect her until grim death looses the "silver cord" and breaks the "golden bowl." If such has been your good fortune, then by all the gods, if you prove untrue to your vows, you are not fit for buzzard meat.

To some of you married ones, a child may have been born, to bless and beautify your home. If so, I felicitate you. A father who comprehends the responsibility of his station, expands to proportions that make him one of the greatest of the earth. To rear, to train, to guide a young, innocent mortal until morally, intellectually and physically it can stand alone, join the procession and march with steady unfaltering steps the dangerous pathways of life, is such a combination of philanthropist, philosopher and educator that neither Cyrus nor Alexander, Caesar nor Napoleon outweighs him.

Perhaps some of you have buried a wife, a child, a parent, brother or sister since last we met to worship in this improvised sanctuary. If so, no words of mine can solace your sorrow; only time can heal the wounds that death inflicts, and time does more than assuage the pain which death imposes by his relentless scythe, for though he may be a "tomb builder," he makes shrines of graves where dear memories, in all our future years perform daily pilgrimages, and as we kneel, permit our faith to assure us of a reunion with the departed.

Such reflections, I confess, are just a little foreign to my usual style of preaching, but you must note, my brethren, that they are no part of my sermon—just a little preliminary talk—which is becoming popular in all the churches, and serve a good purpose, as they withdraw attention from those who are coming in and finding seats. In the more fashionable churches, the organist plays selections from the great masters, to keep the congregation quiet, and permit the sisters to estimate the cost of costumes, particularly the “lovely bonnets,” those light and gauzy things, made of a bit of wire, two straws and a feather.

Well, I notice the benches are well filled and that the hour for serious work draws nigh.

It pleases me mightily to see so many of our sisters present, and so many children in the audience. I am more than ever convinced that the winter campaign is to be one of usefulness. Our songs are to be more spiritual, our prayers more fervent, and I shall try to keep up with the procession. I notice, by my watch, that we have time for a song or two before the sermon begins, therefore please turn to page 348 of our hymn book, R. M.

BY AND BYE.

This world of ours will be destroyed
By and bye, by and bye,
And fire, 'tis said, will be employed
By and bye, by and bye,
That stars will leave their silver sockets
And blaze and flame like sky rockets,
By and bye, by and bye.

Only listen, and you'll hear,
By and bye, by and bye,
Clergy cranks, both far and near,
By and bye, by and bye,
Telling what a time 'twill be,
When fire burns up earth, air and sea,
By and bye, by and bye.

They say that war will be proclaimed,
By and bye, by and bye,
That the devil will be chained,
By and bye, by and bye,
But in our God we'll put our trust
And let her bust if bust she must,
By and bye, by and bye.

The idea of the poet is for men to go right along about their business, nor listen to how cranks tell what they don't know, that only God knows, one of those secrets that He never told the angels, nor His only son. That ends it. And yet, a great many foolish people are hunting for signs and wonders, and going crazy when they should be at work. These cranks, who are predicting the end of the world, are, without exception, candidates for insane asylums and many of them will be elected by a unanimous vote. Some are even now preparing their ascension robes, and otherwise making themselves ridiculous.

‘The right thing to do is to do the right thing every day, and doing that there need be no anxiety about the end of the world or when the pendulum of time shall stop

swinging. This fact seems to have taken possession of the poet, when he wrote the hymn on page 210, which we will now sing.

DOING THE RIGHT THING.

Little matter how we pray, little matter how we wait,
There is something better, far, to record,
It is to be ambitious to do the right thing—
And receive the approval of the Lord.

Words don't count, we'll be judged by our deeds,
Such is the decree of our King,
He don't care a fig for a mountain of creeds
But He loves those who do the right thing.

To do the right thing is to do the thing that's right,
To the shrine when we kneel, we can bring
No offering that will afford us greater delight
Than when you hear it said, “you've done the right thing.”

I like that song, I like the words, I like the tune, I like the idea, I like the sentiment. They are all brim full of the best theology that was ever formulated by devines.

Don't think I am so foolish as to expect that men will not make mistakes. There are no perfect men and women in the world because, just as a poor pilgrim kicks the beam at the perfect notch, he or she can't their mission in this world.

You see, my brethren, the difference between an error of the head and an error of the heart are as different as a brotherhood man is unlike a scab.

There isn't a bit of use in splitting hairs about doing the right thing. A man who has sense enough to be an employé in the train service of railroads, if asked a thousand questions relating to the right thing and the wrong thing in all the affairs between man and man, will not make a single mistake in his answers. He will show that he knows the right from the wrong.

To get at this matter, my brethren, suppose we devote a few minutes to asking and answering questions. For instance, take a man with sense enough to be an employé in the railroad train service, and put him through this sort of a catechism;

Q. Is it the right thing to be honest and sober and industrious?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you think of men who answer the bill of the question you have just answered?

A. I think they are the salt of the earth, the light that is set on a hill. I think they are the back bone, brains, heart and muscle of society, of the church and of civilization and that there are more of them in labor organizations than in any other organizations on the continent.

Q. Is it the wrong thing to be a dead beat, a defrauder of lodges, of boarding houses and washerwomen and every body who will trust you?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you think it is a wrong thing to do to take your earnings to buy whisky and

and permit your wife and children to wear rags and go hungry?

A. Yes.

Q. What do you think of men who do these things referred to in the last two questions?

A. I think if they were skunks, coyotes, jackals, they would disgrace the breed.

Hence I conclude, my brethren, that on general principles we know the right thing to do.

These preliminary remarks have been so lengthy that little time is left for the sermon. Some brother says "Go on." Thank you, glad you are not weary.

Now, then, for the first regulation hymn, page 76:

COURAGE WINS

11 along the centuries when men have had good luck,
they have been men of courage, distinguished for their pluck;
they were not boasting braggarts, nor did they deal in whims,
their cry was "up and at 'em," for courage always wins

Look around you, brethren, the world is full of sneaks,
Who prefer a glass of whisky to Wisdom when she speaks.
Look at their red noses and the rags around their shins,
They are silent when the shout goes up, "Courage always wins."

God help the cowards, one and all, they are a low-lifted gang,
And the devil is after them with hoof and claw and fang,
And he will surely catch them and knock 'em off their pins,
For the devil and angels know that courage always wins.

Now, my brethren let the text be "Courage." I wish I had more time to tell what I think about the manly virtue called "courage."

Some people think that bull dogs and roosters have courage, and those "trained" human brutes who disfigure themselves in prize ring contests are often referred to by a degenerate press as courageous men. And the swaggering bully who trusts his fists for fame, as an army mule trusts his heels for victory, is often spoken of as "courageous."

True courage is to do that which is right, though all hell opposes. To do that which is wrong, no matter how much nerve and grit is displayed, is cowardly.

The Bard of Avon, I believe that's what Shakespeare is called sometimes, defines "courage" as daring to do all that becomes a man, and adds "He who dares do more" is not a brave man.

The truly courageous man, when he beholds his fellow man oppressed, will try to do some act to shield him, and he will stand

"Unaw'd by power and unappall'd by fear."

But, my brethren, is there not such a thing as moral courage? It is something

very much talked about now-a-days and highly extolled. What is it? Well, it is the courage of a great soul, to resist temptation to do wrong, to commit a mean and despicable act, to tell a lie to the injury of a fellow man, to be guilty of slander, to nurse envy and revenge, to become either infamous or contemptible.

But, as men are fallible, they are liable to err. Now, then, comes the supreme test of moral courage. If any of you have done a fellow man a wrong, and you step forth and accost him, saying, "I have done you a wrong; I confess it, I regret it, and I ask your forgiveness," that act decorates you with the most royal insignia of courage. You have passed an ordeal than which there is no higher test, no higher standard.

Let us be men of courage.

The congregation will sing one of our dismissal hymns, found on page 170 of our selection,

JACOB'S LADDER,

You have heard of Jacob's ladder, which reached from earth to sky,

You can have one if you want it, and call it your own,

The angels who use them keep a large supply,
And never miss a call of the heavenly telephone.

And the angels will come to you, as to Jacob, of old,
And they'll give you the courage to go triumphant on your way,
And when you are facing trials, 'tis then you'll be bold,

Then for a Jacob's ladder, let us all devoutly pray.

The Jews.

THE Jews, also known as Hebrews and Israelites, say what we may, are in many regards the most extraordinary people on the face of the earth.

According to the most reliable data at hand there are about 8,000,000 Jews in the world, and that there should be any at all must be viewed in the light of a miracle. In ascertaining the population of civilized countries sixty-two subdivisions of the earth are given, and in fifty-seven of these Jews are found. In the Russian empire the number is set down at 3,574,627, and the next country where they are numerous is Austria-Hungary, with 1,676,951. The United States is credited with 82,390.

The Jews were so called after the Babylonian captivity, and take the name from Judah, one of the sons of Jacob. The name "Hebrews" comes from Heber, an alleged patriarch, and the title Israelites is derived from the name "Israel," which the angel gave to Jacob, as stated in the Bible. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men." Hence the title, "Israelites."

The story of the migration of Jacob and his sons into Egypt and their sojourn in that country reads like a romance, and taken in

connection with the trials, escapes and triumphs of Joseph it would be difficult to find more entertaining reading in any history extant.

The birth of Moses, the great leader and law-giver, his seclusion to escape death, his miraculous preservation in the little ark of bullrushes in the Nile, his adoption by Pharaoh's daughter, his education in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, his call to be the leader and deliverer of the Israelites from bondage, the miraculous crossing of the Red sea and the overthrow of Pharaoh and his hosts; the wandering in the wilderness, and the trials encountered during forty years and the final triumphant entry into the "Promised Land," is the most captivating chapter to be found in the history of any people under heaven, and those who are not familiar with it should read it. It will be seen that of all the mighty host that crossed the Red sea "dry shod," but two were permitted to enter the "Promised Land," even Moses for being a little "too previous" on one or two occasions, was only permitted to see its "rocks and rills, its brooks and vales."

Joshua was a trained general, and he took possession of the land under an old claim that had come down from Abraham, the great progenitor of the Jews, and he made quick work with the "squatters" upon the territory, and at once proceeded to divide up the country between the twelve tribes of Israel.

It would be interesting to note particularly the ups and downs of the Jews from their entrance into the "Promised Land" until they were finally dispersed. As a nation, the reader will readily discover, they never were a success. Under the reigns of the kings David and Solomon, the Jews reached the climax of their wealth and power, but as soon as Solomon died the nation split in twain and established two nations: one known as the Jews, with two tribes, those of Judah and Benjamin, under Rehoboam; and the other, that of Israel, with ten tribes, under Jeroboam.

The kingdom of Israel existed about 250 years and then was effectually wiped out of existence by Shalmanassar, the Assyrian king, and from that day to this those ten tribes are referred to as the "lost tribes of Israel," no one knowing what became of them, and the hunt is still on.

The kingdom of the Jews, though broken and shattered, maintained some sort of an existence until after "Jesus was born in Bethlehem," and until he was crucified. Soon thereafter the kingdom was completely overthrown and the Jews were dispersed, and are now found throughout the earth. These Jews are the descendents of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who at the time of the crucifixion, held certain powers of government relating chiefly to their religion.

Their country was an annex to the Roman empire and the people paid tribute to Caesar. The Jews have given to the world the most illustrious names in history. As a leader and a law-giver Moses stands alone the grandest figure of the ages, and David and Solomon, as kings, father and son, aside from all religious glamour, have no parallel.

The literature of the Jews, usually referred to as "Hebrew literature," is monumental. It is the literature of the Old Testament scriptures, and in spite of all the learning of which other nations may rightfully boast, the Bible holds its place secure, and Isaiah, as prophet or poet, has no rival, and if the scope of this article required further reference to the Old Testament worthies whose names are immortal, their names and deeds could be recited.

It is worthy of remark just here that for the Jews there could be no Christianity. Jesus Christ was a Jew of the Tribe of Judah, and according to orthodox Christianity there could be no salvation for the world except by the crucifixion of Christ, and yet strange to say, for the perpetration of the act of crucifixion the Jews have been persecuted in all Christian lands. Not to the third and fourth generation, but to all generations, and even now, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, in Russia the fires of Jewish persecution burn more ferociously than ever before; indeed, so infernally malignant is the oppression that the world is horrified.

But Russia is only following the example of other Christian (?) nations set for it in the past, and while in most of them bigotry no longer outrages humanity, it may be averred that there is not a Christian (?) country in the world fully emancipated from the old time prejudices against the Jews as a people.

The Romans, when they became Christians, began their devilish work, and during the crusades the Jews were subjected to almost every conceivable indignity. In Germany they were the chattels of the emperors. They were driven from England, France, Spain and Sicily, and the cruelties inflicted by their decrees of banishment defy exaggeration.

In an old time opera, the scene being in Spain, an old Jew who had his home in a mountain nook, is forced to leave all, and with all his treasures in a little bundle he is seen wending his way into exile, whither God only knew. Coming upon the stage he casts a lingering gaze upon his embowered home, and sings:

"Farewell to the mountain, to hamlet and vale
To moss-bordered streamlet and balm-breathed gale.
All so fair, all so bright, a seraph might dwell
'Tis too lovely for me; Farewell, O, farewell."

The persecutions of the Jews in this day and age with savage ferocity suggests the

question, are these inhuman proceedings ever to cease?

The men immediately responsible for crucifying Christ were few in number, and however fierce their cruelty, were doing that which needs must be to perfect the scheme of redemption for a "lost world," and the wonder of the world expands when it is remembered that their victim prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Is it to be doubted that that prayer has been answered, and that the Father has forgiven "them," those who perpetrated the crime? Be this as it may, one thing is certain, the persecution of the Jews has not ceased, and in Russia, with its Greek church, with an autocrat at its head, the monstrous crimes now being perpetrated shock civilization.

Possibly some good may come to the Jews as a people, some good growing out of their persecution by the Russians. Already the attention of all civilized nations converges upon the Jews in Russia, and to the everlasting credit of Christendom be it said, ceaseless denunciations are being hurled at that autocrat cursed land. The effect may not be immediate, but eventually it is to be believed good will come of it.

Here in the United States Jews are citizens in the fullest sense of the term; here their political emancipation is complete.

It is held by some that when the millennium dawned the Jews are to return to their old home in Palestine, but we doubt if a half hundred of all that are citizens of this favored land could be induced to migrate thither. It is no longer a land of "milk and honey," and an average Jew knows when he has secured a good thing. Social and business questions are not discussable in this article. Such things are to be left to regulate themselves, the point being that the persecution of this remarkable people has been amongst the darkest crimes perpetrated in the history of the world.

The history of the Jews from the days of Abraham, extends back more than four thousand years, and as a people they are true to all the traditions of that extended period. In every clime beneath the sun where there are Jews they bear testimony to the truth of the Old Testament. They preserve the ancient ceremonies of their worship. They believe the seventh day is the Sabbath and celebrate it, and with ceaseless fidelity celebrate the "Passover," when their first born were saved by the destroying angel that put all Egypt in mourning.

The Jews are not only a remarkable people, but as has been said their preservation has the appearance of a miracle. They are still looking for a Messiah, a king who shall again make them a great and powerful nation. Of this we make little note, and would not object if the expected king should

come at once. Meanwhile let all Christendom liberate itself from bigotry and superstition, and demand that the persecutions of the Jews shall cease.

Haratio Manning.

General Grant's Financial Misfortunes.

THE *New Nation*, in writing of "General Grant's poverty," says:

It was known at the time of the Grant-Ward failure in 1884 that General Grant, who, through his son, was involved in the failure, lost very heavily. How great were the straits to which he was reduced appears from some letters of his just given to the public by James Campbell, of St. Louis. In which the General, writing concerning the sale of some stock, states frankly that "even the small sum of \$150 is a matter of great importance to me just now when everything has been swept from me."

Now, of course, one man is as good as another, and General Grant's poverty is really no sadder a spectacle than that of any one of the millions of good men and true in this country to-day, and every day, who suffer straits as great, and indeed much greater than he did. Nevertheless, contrast between the poverty which overtook and embittered his age, and the brilliant prosperity of his middle life, makes General Grant's case a particularly striking illustration of the pitiless workings of the present infernal business system, against which wealth is no more a guarantee than virtue. None are safe from it. However rich a man may be at 40, he cannot be sure that, if he live to 70, he will not die in a poor house.

Let us, then, all join hands, rich with poor, and have done with it forever. Brotherhood is in the end the best plan for us all from the millionaire to the mendicant.

General Grant, until he joined the Union army, had never been a favorite of Dame Fortune, but no sooner had he drawn his sword in defense of the Union than the fickle goddess changed her tactics and ceaselessly lavished her favors upon him, and his war record became one continuous march from glory to glory. His fame brightened on until eulogiums became, no matter who pronounced them, dull and turgid, because all figures of speech were unequal to the task imposed upon them.

Becoming President added nothing to the fame of Grant. Unsited for the position by his nature and unqualified for it by education and association, his eight years in the White House dwarfed him and he came forth a much smaller man than when he entered upon the duties of the Chief Magistrate.

Grant had, doubtless, saved some money from his salary, and instead of retiring to his St. Louis farm, he concluded to reside in the great city of New York and maintain a high social position among the snobs of that heartless metropolis.

In this, Grant was not altogether to blame. His family had had a taste of *tip top* society and liked the whirl. Knowing practically nothing of business as conducted in New York, and trusting to his boys who knew still less, he became the victim of a sharper and was speedily a financial wreck.

"The pitiless working of the present infernal business system," had nothing under heaven to do with Grant's financial wrecking. It was a clear case of bunkoing on a large scale. Depravity on one side and child like confidence on the other side, which could only happen in that sort of a combination. Indeed, it was not business at all, simply robbery.

But of all this, the world cares little now. Still, there is a phase of "Grant's poverty" which it is worth while to remember, since in redeeming his family from want and bestowing upon them opulence, there is brought into prominence exhibitions of heroism which even Grant in all of his resplendent military career never paralleled.

General Grant in his latter days was poor and proud. To add to his misfortunes, a disease attacked his throat that no skill could master.

His days were numbered. Grim death could be seen stealthily approaching. In this supreme hour Grant resolved to write a book. Serene, self-poised, he bent himself to the task. Death came nearer every day, but Grant, undismayed, wrote on. In the morning, at noon day, in the evening and into the night Grant wrote on. Voiceless, speechless, with the death rattle in his throat, Grant plied his pen, determined to rescue his family from want and from charity. At last the pen fell from his hand, his great heart ceased to beat. Grant lay cold in his shroud, but his wife was worth a round million.

Elmer Barnes.

The Canal of Joseph.

[Engineering.]

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still fewer those that will continue in that far-off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking, conceived and executed by an engineer, which during the space of 4000 years has never ceased its office, and on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Jousuf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. The canal took its rise from the Nile at Aslut, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly 250 mile, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river-bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut

off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation with the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure, and keeps the soil in a state of constant productiveness.

All this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built it, can be verified to-day, and it is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design had always been limited to an irrigation scheme larger no doubt than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Querna, but still essentially the same in character.

Many accounts have been written by the Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Straby, Mutanus and Pliny, and repeated in monkish legends or portrayed in the maps of the Middle Ages, which agreed with the folk-lore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus waters of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and converting them into balmy airs which nourished the vines and the olives into a fullness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was valued at \$250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, while the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

When women shall rule by the ballot,
Which they hope to attain soon or late,
How grand will sound President Flossie,
And Mamie (Department of State)!

How dignified Gertie and Winnie
Will sit in their Cabinet chairs,
And Guselle, and Lullie, and Kittle
Transact governmental affairs!

How majestic will Chief Justice Bertie
Inspire with judicial awe
Sweet Roxie, and Sadie, and Myrtie,
The learned expounders of law!

And when the great General Mollie
With her troops at the battle arrives,
Her name will strike fear to the terrified foe,
And they'll turn and run for their lives!

—Ed. Sta.

MECHANICAL.

Communications relating to Locomotive Running, Firing and Management, and other mechanical topics, are solicited for this Department.

Contributors are requested to be brief as possible, to write on one side of the paper only, and to forward copy so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month.

Current Notes and Comments.

Is the Steam Locomotive Doomed? Mr. Edison declares that his newly perfected electrical motor "will displace steam if economy, as well as speed and safety, is a factor of locomotion"—which is an unqualified assertion—and he says that the electric motor will obtain the horse-power out of from one to two pounds of steam coal, while the locomotive requires six pounds of high priced coal to produce the same power.

Three stationary engines of from 10,000 to 12,000 horse power each, the inventor is reported as saying, would run the whole Pennsylvania railroad between New York and Philadelphia. The invention contemplates the use of a central rail, between the rails of the track, through which the current produced by stationary engines will pass to the machinery attached to the bottom of the car or motor. A motor would be necessary for each freight train, but single passenger cars, Mr. Edison says, could be run by their own motor beneath it. The inauguration of this revolution he declares will begin at the World's Fair, when electric trains will commence running between Chicago and Milwaukee. Electric locomotives may be employed in suburban railway service at Chicago by that time, but it is too much to believe that a new railway between this city and Milwaukee will be in operation within eighteen months. Mr. Henry Villard has taken up the new enterprise and Edison says he "would not be surprised to see him introduce the electric system over the whole of the Northern Pacific lines." All of these statements appear bold and doubtful, but now that electricity is daily working miracles before our eyes in the transmission of sound, light, heat and power—miracles that have already grown common and matter of fact—who shall dare set a bound to the possibilities of this mysterious agency?

The steam engine still moves the industrial world, but electricity threatens to drive this mighty monarch into exile. The contest will be long, but who can safely predict the result?—*Railway Age*.

Is it true that steam locomotives are doomed? Electricity is able to do wonders, yet, still, for motive power purposes steam has to come to its aid, and it is an unsolved question whether it would be safe to depend on two or three large engines to furnish the power for the business of a large railroad when we find how inefficient stationary power is in cable traction, in even a very limited distance. It is true that the cable system is not the electric, yet if the engine at one of the motor stations were to be disabled the whole section would be disabled until a reserve engine could be brought into play, and if this were to give out too, there would be a complete stoppage of traffic, far different from that occasioned by one or two locomotives giving out. But time alone will tell what is in store for us.

Angus Sinclair and John A. Hill, two locomotive engineers of credit and renown, have purchased the

Locomotive Engineer, formerly owned by the *American Machinist*, and hereafter will issue the paper under the title of *Locomotive Engineering*, preserving the distinctive character it had under its old title, with some new features. Both of the proprietors have had experience in technical journalism, Mr. Sinclair having been for some years editor of the *National Car and Locomotive Builder*, and Mr. Hill as editor of the *Locomotive Engineer*. We need scarcely say that they have our best wishes. What we are waiting to see is what they will do with the money they will make in their enterprise.—*Engineer*.

We are sure that the readers of the *Firemen's Magazine* will heartily endorse the sentiments above quoted from the *Engineer*, and will do their share in contributing the subscriptions for the newly named paper, and find that by thus adding to the editor's money they have found a constant stock of information, compared to which money is but dross.

Our wage earners by keeping in close touch with each other can make and unmake laws at will and since the liquor curse has been so often interestingly paraded before us by our sympathizing friends let us now take the matter in our own hands and entirely do away with the liquor traffic in this country and stop its manufacture altogether. If we haven't got the nerve then let us grant to women the right of universal suffrage and then ask them to help us and the task will be found quite easy.—(Grand Chief Howard addressing the B. of R. C. at Louisville).—*Railway Age*.

Grand Chief Howard is evidently a thorough temperance man, and his sentiments ought to be re-echoed by every member of our order.

In his address before the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors at Louisville recently, Grand Chief Howard talked a good deal of excellent common sense. On the relations of officials and employees he said:

Railroad employees generally ought to be continually encouraged to work in closer touch with their officials and this can be done without any compromise of manhood or dignity on the part of either. By getting closer together a better understanding can be had, and misunderstandings can be prevented. This, in the past, would have saved many changes and removals on the part of employees. And make it a rule to render better and better service every day for your company. Take a personal interest in the affairs of your road and assist your officials all you can. They will appreciate it. If you are working under rules that cannot be implicitly obeyed without hardships go at once to your officers and call their attention to them and they will gladly rectify, but don't wait until something has happened through your violation of these objectionable rules, but go while your record is clear and it will look better and have better effect.—*Railway Age*.

The above advice is as applicable to our order as to the B. of R. C., and is, withal, so fully according to the dictates of common sense that it should commend itself to all.

Federation of railway employees has received an impetus in the consolidation of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors with the Order of Railway Telegraphers into the Order of Telegraphers—in both cases the consolidated organization standing for the principle of strikes for the enforcement of demands.

The Brotherhood of Railway Section Foremen and the Order of Railway Trackmen are to be amalgamated in an order called the International Brother-

hood of Railway Track Foremen. Headquarters will be at St. Louis and the next meeting at Cincinnati in October, 892.

The convention of railway trainmen which has been in session in Galesburg, Ill., adjourned on Saturday last after electing the following officers: Grand master, S. E. Wilkinson, Galesburg, Ill.; first vice grand master, P. H. Morrissey, Galesburg, Ill.; grand secretary and treasurer, W. A. Sheahan, Galesburg, Ill.; vice grand masters, S. C. Young, Fort Williams, Ont.; R. S. Bodman, Los Angeles, Cal.; O. L. Rolfe, Beardstown, Ill.; executive board, C. A. Upright, St. Paul, Minn.; W. H. Prince, Tucson, Ariz.; W. W. Browne, Philadelphia, Pa. Among the resolutions adopted was one thanking Grand Master Sargent of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, E. E. Clark, grand chief conductor of the Order of Railway Conductors and others for their sentiments regarding a closer union. Wilkinson, Morrissey and Sheahan were empowered to represent the brotherhood in the federation movement. The convention adjourned to meet in Boston in October, 1893.

The above clippings from the *Railway Age* do not seem to indicate much of a decay in the spirit of federation, but seems to prove that the leaven is working and that in due time it shall leaven the whole loaf.

The recent death of John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, says an exchange, recalls the fact that he was the last survivor of the party who accompanied Peter Cooper on the trial trip of the first locomotive that ran from Ellicott's Mills to Baltimore on that historic occasion when the locomotive ran a race with a gray mare and was beaten.

Read the above and then the following and say this is not an age of progress. From being beaten in a race by a horse we have got so as to accomplish a day's journey for a good horse in one hour:

The fastest long distance regular train service in the world was successfully inaugurated on Monday, when the New York Central started its "Empire State Express" which is to run daily from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles in 8 hours and 40 minutes. This means a running average for the entire distance of 52 1/4 miles an hour, which is higher than that of the B. & O. on the 220 mile run from Washington to New York, or the Pennsylvania train over the 90 miles between Philadelphia and New York. To maintain an average of over 52 miles an hour for nearly nine hours with four intermediate stops means a tremendous speed at many points but the New York Central with its few curves, low grades and four tracks is specially adapted to making such an achievement with safety. It is to be hoped, however, that this train will not be the means of inaugurating a racing contest between all the trunk lines, for there is such a thing as running too fast for safety to the traveler and profit to the roads.

It seems that "Uncle Silas" has a "crow to pick" because I did not accept a rule on the speed of steam as unquestioningly as he seems to think would be proper. I naturally questioned how the speed of such an erratic and volatile body as steam could be measured as it was escaping into the air. We all know that steam moves fast enough to push the piston back and forth in our engines, be they stationary or locomotive, but as we all know, this is a retarded speed, and not to be compared with the unretarded flight of steam into the air, and that was

the subject under consideration. "Uncle Silas" says that books say 888 feet per second is the rate of escaping steam. As the steam is invisible, how has any one ever been able to determine it as a fact that the molecules have that speed? I have heard of persons who tried to ascertain the speed by putting their fingers in the jet, but have not been able to give exact figures of the speed at which the finger was removed, and question if even the experimenter could give more than a simple idea that its speed was but a fraction of its power.

Another reason why I do not wish to accept every statement I find in books or papers will be found on page 881 of the October *Magazine*.

And still another is that Troutwine's generally accepted as an authority on mechanics, has mistakes which have to be corrected by special notes.

Now, "Uncle Silas" deprecates the idea of wasting time in discussing steam and fooling away his leisure on the "Hy Sien" of "whether the hub, the felly or the turnpike gets there first," but I hold it is probably better employed in that way than it would be in some other ways which it is not necessary to specify, but of which "Uncle Silas" sets an example. I believe it takes some brains to run a locomotive with due regard to economy of fuel and repairs, and think that even the best of brains need study to develop any latent talent of the student, and to this the world is indebted for all advances it has made. If men had been content to let good enough alone, we would still be going about as Adam did, and it is only the discontented ones, or the so-called "kickers," who have had any hand in the progress of arts and sciences, for they have ever desired something better and have thus advanced from walking to riding on horseback, in carts and carriages until they have reached the present luxurious palace car. I hope "Uncle Silas" will encourage his "fire boys" to keep learning, and that a score or more of them may live to bless him for starting them on and trying to help them "klime in on the other side."

Wm. Wells.

Further Answering Vulcan and Eccentric.

In the consideration of this, the first of the questions referred to in July *Magazine*, 1891, page 607, I make reference to *Marine Magazine*, 1891, page 216, February, 1891, page 123, January *Magazine*, 1891, page 2.

First. The question of the movement of the piston rod and piston head through the cylinder in one movement, and on the reverse movement the cylinder moves over the piston head and rod. "Vulcan" says on this subject, 2, '91, p. 123:

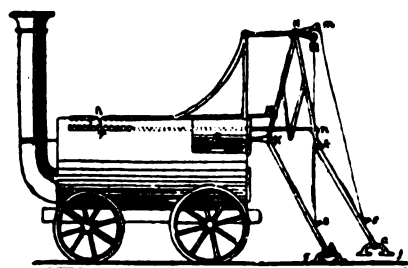
"Eccentric's" article in January *Magazine* could not have had a better place assigned

it than the page opposite the illustration of the Pioneer Locomotive, because most of the problems can be answered by simply looking from one page to the other." Again he says:

"If we admit that our modern locomotive is a most defective piece of mechanism, we can look over to the other page and console our hearts with the thought that it has been greatly improved since it was first put to use and that no doubt still further improvements may be made when the proper amount of thought and study is directed to it."

In reference to the illustration to which "Vulcan" refers, 1, '91, p. 29, I agree with him and the point is well taken; in this case the piston rod and piston head must move up and down through the cylinder, in account of its vertical action, only in relation thereto.

If "Vulcan" will refer to an illustration of Stephenson's Locomotive, 1825, he will find in it the precise action of the illustrated locomotive herein referred to; if he will then refer to an illustration of Stephenson's "Rocket," 1829, he will find that instead of the vertical action, the cylinders have been set at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Erickson's "Novelty" which was in the competitive test with Stephenson's "Rocket," October 6, 1829, her cylinders were set in a horizontal plane, so is the cylinder of the Mechanical Traveler, as shown by the illustration herewith. In the former illustration of the Mechanical Traveler, *Magazine*, March, 1891, page 216, I gave a description and reference. Through the kindness of W. Hazel Wilson, Esq., for many years chief engineer Pennsylvania railroad, I am enabled to give a better description, with letters of reference attached to the illustration.



1813 - The American Traveler.

Mr. Wilson loaned me a work by the late William H. Brown, Esq., entitled "The History of the First Locomotives in America;" D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., publishers. Mr. Brown was a silhouette artist, having cut from black paper, with a pair of scissors, a representation of the first locomotive and train of passenger cars ever run in the state of New York, the locomotive being the "DeWitt Clinton;" the run taking place

August 9th, 1831. This silhouette cutting is now the property of the Connecticut Historical Society, having been presented to it by the author.

Says Mr. Brown: "But the most remarkable, extravagant and amusing experiment of all, and one which must bring to the countenance of our readers at the present day a smile, was one adopted by a Mr. Brunton, of the Butterby Works, Derbyshire, in 1813, who took out a patent for a machine which was to go upon legs like a horse. This contrivance had two legs attached to the back part, which, being alternately moved by the engine, pushed it before them. These legs, or propellers, imitated the legs of a man or the fore legs of a horse, with joints, and when worked by the machine, alternately lifted and pressed against the ground or road, propelling the engine forward, as a man shoves a boat ahead by pressing with a pole against the bottom of a river.

"This contrivance was so singular and ingenious that we cannot refrain from giving a description of it, taken from a very interesting work upon road-making, by W. M. Gillespie, A. M. C. E.

"The legs are indicated by H K F and H k f. H represents the hip joints, K and k the knee joints, A and a the ankle joints, and F and f the feet. We will first examine the action of the front leg. The knee, K, is attached to the end of a piston rod which the steam drives backward and forward in the horizontal cylinder, C. When the piston is driven outward it presses the leg, K F, against the ground, and thus propels the engine forward, as a man shoves a boat ahead by pressing with a pole against the bottom of a river. As the engine advances the leg straightens, the point H is carried forward, and the extremity, M, of the bent lever H M, is raised. A cord, M S, being attached to S, the shin of the leg, the motion of the lever tightens the cord, and finally raises the foot from the ground and prepares it to take a fresh step when the reverse action of the piston has lowered it again. The action of the other leg is precisely similar, but motion communicated to it is from the first one. Just above the knee of the front leg, at N, is attached a rod on which is a toothed rack, R. Work in it is a cog wheel, which enters also a second rack, r, below it, which is connected by a second rod with point n of the other leg. When the piston is driven out and pushes the engine from the knee, the rack R is drawn backward and turns the cog-wheel, which then draws the lower rack r forward, and operates on the hind leg precisely as the piston rod does on the front one, and thus the legs take alternate steps, and walk on with the engine.

"This locomotive, or 'machine traveler',

as it was termed by its inventor, moved on a railway at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, with the traction force of four horses. Mr. Brunton's machine, however, never got beyond the experimental state, for on one of its trials it unhappily blew up, killing and wounding several of the bystanders. It was never repaired but laid aside as one of the failures of the times.

"These experiments, though failures in their results, were followed up by a Mr. Blackett, of Wyland, whose persevering efforts paved the way for the future labors of George Stephenson."

In quoting this matter so fully I do so because it pins two facts and answers most conclusively two inquiries. First, Who was the first one to place cylinders in a horizontal plane in locomotive practice? Second. It settles the point of contention as to the movement of the cylinders over the piston rod and piston head in one movement, and through them in the next, as contradistinguishable from a vertical movement up and down through the cylinders. One is a vertical movement only through the cylinders, up and down. The other is a movement through the cylinders in a horizontal plane, with a corresponding and alternating movement of the cylinders over the piston head and rod. "Vulcan" and "Eccentric" might make a comparison after this explanation, with the "pioneer locomotive," to which "Vulcan" refers, *Magazine*, January, 1891, page 29, and the two illustrations now and heretofore, March, 1891, in the *Magazine*, of "Brunton's Mechanical Locomotion Locomotive Traveler of 1813." They will also find in the *Magazine* for May, 1887, Mechanical Department, an illustrated article showing and describing the mechanical movements herein referred to. It seems to me from my standpoint that Mr. Brunton or Mr. Erickson "built better than he (or they) knew."

William E. Lockwood.

LOCH ARIE, November 5, 1891.

Master Mechanics Scholarship.

At the last annual meeting of the Master Mechanics' Association it was ordered that the so called Boston Fund, which had been on hand for several years, and for which there seemed to be no use in the ordinary course of the business of the association, should be used to secure scholarships for the sons of members in some of the technical schools of the country, thus voicing the sentiment of the association for a higher plane of learning, as a starting point for a practical railroad life. In expressing their views in regard to the training needed by a young man who desires to "make his mark" in the motive power department of a railroad, one M. M. thinks "a thorough course

of mathematics, mechanical drawing and chemistry" is needed; another would require a good common school education, with several years in the shop, and then two years spent in the drawing office of a railroad and then the course of mathematics and chemistry in the scholarship, but since all the keynote is struck in the thought expressed by one when he says "you must be a student. This world is a school, life is a constant study and recitation. Your school days are simply to teach you how to study." These words are worth considering. If a man at the head of one of our large railroads has formed such an estimate of life that he thinks it a constant school and study, thus acknowledging that he has not yet arrived at the point where he "knows it all," but is ever ready to learn, what is to be thought of men who while yet at the very threshold of the gates of learning, imagine that they "have got it all down fine," and do not bother themselves any further on the subject, but think that it will not pay to study. Perhaps some day they will awake to the fact that there is no standing still in the march of knowledge, for while some may be content with what they know, others will master other subjects and acquire more knowledge until the others will some day find that they have been relegated to the rear ranks and will be likely to stay there. Brothers, let us be up and doing, for we know not what the hours, the days or the years to come may have in store for us, for if a "rail-splitter" or a "mule-driver" can become a president, it is surely no false prediction to say that some men are to-day "shoveling coal into locomotives" who shall in due time arise to be Master Mechanics. Let each brother ask himself "Is it I?" and then "What am I doing about it?" and if the answer is not what it should be, resolve at once to be able to answer satisfactorily.

In discussing the recent accident at Monmouth, Ill., on the night of October 30, some of the daily papers have selected the facing switch as the main cause, and have even asserted that it was sinful to run a switch from the main track in the direction in which trains move on it. This is evidently the assertion of men not very well posted in the exigencies of American railroads, for, as the majority of all railroads in America are single track, it is at once evident that trains running in one direction would have to face switches arranged all right for trains moving in the opposite direction. Hence, the idea could not be carried out on a single track road, because of the necessity to make turnouts at meeting and passing points, even if they were not required for freight and storage tracks.

On double track roads it would be possi-

to make switches to face in the direction in which trains are moving, so as to require trains to back into switches when delivering cars or getting out of the way of fast trains; but even here the problem is beset with difficulties which will strike the practical railroad man at once and which will serve to delay operations and introduce new elements of danger. Take a crowded eastern double track road, where as many as five heavy freight or coal trains are run in one number of the trains of the schedule, the four last being called first, second, third and fourth extras, or by sections, as some roads call them. These trains all have the same time schedule and are marked for the same passing points for passenger trains behind them. The first and second trains, we will suppose, arrive at the passing switch at a time, but do not see, hear or know whether the others, or any of them, will be able to make the switch, hence they must wait on the main track until the time for clearing the main track is so near up as to preclude the possibility of any other train setting there, or they must back into the switch and if the others arrive have them back in ahead of them, thus reversing their order, or requiring another pull ahead and back up of the last trains to let the first ones out ahead, all of which would have to be done on a switch facing the back-up movements of the trains and taking a great deal of time, labor and steam. The ordinary American plan of double-end switches lets the first train and all the succeeding ones in at one end of the passing switch and out at the other in their regular order; and while the entering switch must have its points facing trains, it is certainly as safe as the other way would be, with its encumbrance of train movements and delay and its expenditure of labor and steam. Four or five eastern freight or coal trains would take up a mile of track; the first locomotive would, therefore, have to run past the switch one mile to give the others room to get over the switch, and then all would have to back up a mile to get into the switch, thus using up steam and fuel, with the added danger from leaving the other train delayed by the tedious process, even if it is not allowed to come into collision. Switches are a necessary evil on all roads and nothing can be done to eliminate them entirely; the only thing to be done is to select the best, and have as few as possible even of them, for even with the points in the direction of movement no careful engineer would like to run over a split point switch at full speed, although the chances are in favor of the safety of the train. A stub switch set for a side track would, of course, be as dangerous at the outlet as it would be at the inlet of a double end switch and should never be used, and is, in fact, relegated to the scrap

heap just as fast as the more safe and modern split point switch can be obtained.

..

Fast Runs. As was predicted, the recent fast run made on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. has put other roads on their mettle, and in different sections fast runs have been made, some of which are even quoted as being at the rate of a mile in less than forty seconds, yet it was only for a comparatively short distance, and no run of over 400 miles has ever been made before nor since at the rate of a mile a minute. As was supposed by many at the time, this fast run was made to test the practicability of putting on a fast train over the road in anticipation of the vastly increased tide of travel which is expected to make its way westward to Chicago next year, and this has been verified by the daily train now scheduled to make the run between New York and Buffalo, 439 miles, in eight hours and forty minutes, thus making it the fastest train in the whole world, as it is at the rate of over fifty-two miles an hour, beating the B. & O. Royal Blue Line between New York and Washington, and the P. R. R. between New York and Philadelphia. It is quite natural that this is only the precursor to other fast trains which other trunk lines will be obliged to put on to compete with this train, as the American fully believes that "time is money," and will not willingly ride twelve hours if the journey can be made in less than nine hours. The N. Y. C. & H. R. road has the longest distance to cover between New York and Buffalo of all its competitors, the Lehigh Valley excepted, which is a few miles longer, while the West Shore is a few miles shorter, with the Erie 423 miles and the Lackawanna route only 410 miles. The latter, under the vigorous conduct of General Manager Halstead, with its equipment of vestibuled cars, drawn by its powerful engines, over a well ballasted track of steel rails, will no doubt form no mean antagonist in the "coming fray," for it certainly has the "inside" and most direct route, and lacks in nothing but the signals to make it pre-eminently the route, yet even this has not proven any great hindrance, for in spite of the numerous trains on its eastern section it can boast of an immunity from fatalities to its trains vouchsafed to none of the trunk lines. Its trains have made their mile a minute when required, and can no doubt do it again and keep doing it as long as the demand requires it.

..

Compounds Again. In spite of the fact that the Pennsylvania railroad has been very chary of giving any information about the "Webb Compound," enough is now known to show that she did her work right along with other locomotives

of her size, in as good time as any of them made, and at a greatly reduced cost for fuel. Other tests made since have fully corroborated this experience, and we have now before us tables showing the performance of two engines on the Western New York & Pennsylvania railroad, one being a standard consolidation, and the other a compound consolidation. The engines were of the same class and type, of nearly the same weight and same size drivers. The grate surface, number, size and length of fires, and the total heating surface were the same, and yet, strange as it may seem, the compound got more heat out of its coal, for every pound of it evaporated an average of $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds more water in her boiler than it did in the common locomotive, thus showing an average per centage of about 18 in evaporation in favor of the compound.

Besides this, the compound pulled more cars in the same time, making another average of 36 per cent more work done by her, and all this, as may be judged by the saving before noted in evaporation, with 8,800 lbs. less coal in the three round trips to which the test extended, or nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons saved on each round trip. This is certainly an item worth saving, and it is therefore no wonder that the Master Mechanics' Association have a committee out who are to consider and report on the subject, and with the rapidly increasing number of compounds that are now being built at the locomotive shops and by the railroad companies there ought to be no lack of data for an exhaustive report at the next meeting of the Association, and it is to be hoped that the gentlemen composing it will have the time and opportunity to fully settle the point of economy, which is the only point ever claimed for them which is worthy of consideration. Their first cost and running repairs are no doubt somewhat heavier than the standard, but with a saving of from \$4 to \$15 each day in fuel, a little extra expense would soon be made up and a handsome surplus left over as clear profit each year. In the meantime "Yankee ingenuity" is at work and will soon make such improvements on the machine as will make us all anxious to fire and run "compounds."

P. S.—It is now given out officially that Engineer Hartman, who ran the Pennsylvania railroad Webb compound twenty days per month received a premium of \$23.75 for fuel saved, and that his fireman received the same amount, and as they get sixty cents per ton each for fuel saved it would indicate a saving of nearly forty tons in twenty days.

A Chicago inventor has constructed an engine that does away with cranks. We hope it will work.

Compound Locomotives.

MR. EDITOR:—In perusing the October number of your valuable paper I found an article on page 885, entitled "One Hundred Miles an Hour," giving a description of a four (4) cylinder engine by Mr. Wm. L. Lockwood and designed by Mr. Richards.

As I have been several years in Cuban railroad business, I was interested in compound locomotives, and had "designed a four (4) cylinder locomotive" to do away with "counter balances," using a steel crank axle, four (4) eccentrics, two (2) links, four (4) rocker-shafts and my "patent balanced piston valve." From the description "it nearly describes my own drawings." My drawings call for a slab form, four (4) cylinders tandem or horizontal, the two outside cylinders 14x24, the inside low pressure cylinders 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ x24 and all horizontal, using the usual mogul guides. I had intended to finish it last winter but was prevented by unforeseen circumstances. I had drawn it for the usual "curved link" but as I have built five locomotives with the "straight link" that proved successful (three in the state of Ohio and two in Cuba), I had deferred finishing on that plan. I am a practical engineer and mechanic, and ran the first locomotive on the Great Western Railway of Canada and the first locomotive in the state of Wisconsin on September 17, 1850, having landed it in Milwaukee on September 12, 1850, above the mouth of the Menominee river from the barge or brig "Abiah," also landing the second a few days after from the schooner "Patrick Henry" for the old Milwaukee & Mississippi R. R., Byron Kilbourne, President and Chief Engineer. During the war I ran passenger on the old Indiana Central by way of Richmond, Piqua, Urbana, to Columbus, from Indianapolis. My name is found on the books of Division No. 11, George W. Tyre, Chief B. L. E., during the trying times of the war.

I took these locomotives from Edward Norris' works and left previous to Peter Ebberts who took the first locomotives to the old Chicago & Galena Union for E. B. Ogden, President; Jack Ebberts, Master Mechanic.

KINGSLAND, N. J.

Walter S. Phelps.

THE West Shore Railroad people make a reverse lever quadrant with very fine notches, and do not mark the points of cut-off. Those in authority have learned that working the quadrant does more to make enginemen wasteful in the use of steam than anything else put on the engine. A quadrant is marked for certain inches of cut and by some means the real cut comes an inch or two later on. Enginemen feel contented if they are working their engine cut off at 6 inches, when all the time it is cutting off at 8 or 9 inches.

Firing.

Our friend, "M. J. L." from New Orleans, would like to have some boys give their experience in firing. A number of experiences have been given, but no general rules can be given, when there are so many different engines and so many different men to run them that no rule would apply to all cases. Three things ought to be in every fireman's mind; the first, to keep her hot, if such a thing is possible; next, to do it at the smallest expense for fuel; and third, with as great an ease to himself as possible. Now, there are lots of firemen who do one or the other of the three things, but the happy combination which meets the three conditions at one time is where the brain work comes in and makes the difference between the fireman and the automatic stoker, as described on page 992 of November *Magazine*.

As a general rule, in both hard and soft coal firing, the lightest fire makes the easiest work, and in some cases will meet all the conditions, that is, keep her hot and at the least expense of fuel and labor, but still there are cases in hard coal firing where it takes a big lot of coal at a time to successfully retard the air enough in passing through the fire to get such an admixture of the gases as to produce the greatest heat. The intelligent fireman must study the peculiarities of his engine, know all about the grades and heavy pulls, and in order to be fully successful he must know the methods and ways of the engineer, and even then he may be completely nonplussed by an occasional whim of the man at the throttle to try his capacity or temper. In a ten years' experience as fireman you will meet all kinds at the throttle—some who will do everything in their power to help you, some who will be utterly indifferent to your efforts, and others who, out of sheer ignorance or out of "malice prepense and aforethought" will strive to do all they can against you. It is just as imperative to know the man as it is to know the engine, the coal and the grades, and even if you do know some men, it is to your sorrow, for it is to know that no mortal can keep steam for them.

In trying to carry out the rule to keep her hot with the least amount of fuel and labor, will be found the best test of a fireman's ability, and to do this he will have to adapt himself to varied circumstances, and try different plans until he finds the one best adapted to his case, but he should bear in mind the fact that after he has done all he knows and can do, the responsibility must be on some other shoulders, for if after all his schemes fail to make his steam, some change in the draft arrangements or nozzles may be needed, without which no other man may be able to do anything.

♦♦

Acknowledgments.

Mr. Lockwood's publicly declared sorrow at his failure to get his invitation into my hands in time to take that ride in the train pulled by the "Shaw Locomotive," I am sure is no greater than mine was at being so near and yet not in it. However, let us hope for better luck next time. Where is the "Shaw" now, and when is she to run again?

Mr. Lockwood's explanation about the matter in Philadelphia is noted and I may have been mistaken. Mr. Lockwood came to me and Bro. Tucker, as we were going up the stairs in the Y. M. C. A. building, and said, in substance, that an election for officers in a (as I understood) cemetery association was pending in a room in the building, that he wished us to take an assignment of stock, for the purpose of voting some proxies he had received from a number of ladies who could not be present, and whose rights would be infringed and their property practically confiscated if their wishes were not expressed by their proxies. After consultation with the gentlemen who acted as tellers, and the assurance that it was all right, certain shares, as I understood, were transferred to us, we voted the tickets as prepared, and again signed off our shares to the original owners. It did not take us more than fifteen minutes to do all this, and we were assured we had benefited the widows and orphans and the ladies in general by our act. I will ask Bro. Tucker how he understood the thing, but even at Mr. Lockwood's explanation it had something to do with "sleepers," he says, "on the rails," I understood, "under the ground." Had I known that several million were involved, I might not so readily signed off my shares of stock. Who knows?

Now about the fulcrums. The answer on page 695, to which Mr. Lockwood has replied, was an answer given editorially in the *Locomotive Engineer*, I suppose by its editor, John A. Hill, and so fully concurred with my idea, that a locomotive was just as powerful with the pin below as above the fulcrum, and that the fulcrum remained unchanged, and I therefore drew Mr. Lockwood's attention to it. If the locomotive was actually so badly constructed that she had three times as much leverage or power at some portion of the stroke as she had at others it would, indeed, be high time to revolutionize the construction of these machines, but when these "poor makeshifts, gotten up in contempt of all correct mechanical principles," go over the roads at ever increasing rates of speed and fail to crush bridges and way by their rapid and ponderous "hammer blows" it will take more than mere words to convince the world that locomotives, as now built, are a failure.

Vulcan.

Extraordinary Freight Locomotive Mileage.

Those familiar with the operating of trains on the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, of which Mr. John Mackenzie is superintendent of motive power, are aware that unusually great mileage is obtained from the locomotives in use. For some time we have been trying to secure the exact figures of engine mileage on this road for a few years back and are now pleased to be able to supply this interesting information through the annexed table. The extended mileage secured is not only highly creditable to the locomotives used, which were all built in the Brooks Locomotive Works, and to those having charge of them, but it also furnishes the best kind of testimony respecting the handling of trains by the operative department. When freight engines are able to average more than 4,000 miles a month on a single track road it indicates that the train dispatching is particularly efficient.

Concerning the different classes mention-

ed in the table, Classes F and H, which show the best results with coal per car mile were used principally upon the light grade or what is known as the Second district between Conneaut and Bellevue. The Class G has been used upon the First district between Buffalo and Conneaut, where in the first 50 miles there are very heavy grades, running as high as 60 feet to the mile. The Class I engines are used on the division between Chicago and Fort Wayne where the grade runs up to 45 feet per mile. In the Class I engines the pounds of coal per car mile being shown heavy is caused probably by the fact that the engines were comparatively new and were run for several weeks with light trains, and all the coal used for preparing them for regular service is charged up in this statement. In evidence of this several of this class of engines ran as low as 3½ pounds of coal per car mile.

The interesting point in the statement is the mileage made. For five years five

PERFORMANCE OF ENGINES.

Engine.	Class.	Engine miles.	Car miles.	Repairs.	Tons coal.	Cost of repairs per mile.	Cars per train.	Lbs coal per car per mile.	Time included.	
									Years.	Months.
19x24 ten-wheeler 37 . . .	F	270,112	9,156,227	9,895.16	16,245.0	\$.087	33.9	3.55	5	5
" " 64 . . .	F	258,892	7,944,865	10,260.61	14,749.6	.04	30.7	3.71	5	5
19x24 Mogul 78 . . .	G	167,757	4,936,100	2,946.99	9,738.2	.017	29.4	3.94	3	5
" " 82 . . .	G	172,188	4,965,472	2,318.56	10,417.3	.013	29.0	4.18	3	5
18x24 " 85 . . .	H	72,406	2,329,587	1,026.42	4,423.5	.014	32.2	3.80	1	2
" " 87 . . .	H	72,712	2,315,026	918.39	4,292.5	.013	31.8	3.71	1	2
18x24 ten-wheeler 89 . . .	I	14,750	367,190	104.66	753.5	.007	24.9	4.10	0	4
" " 90 . . .	I	13,810	372,138	96.03	730.2	.007	26.9	3.92	0	4

months Class F engines have averaged over 4,100 miles per month; Class G engines have averaged over 4,200 miles per month for three years five months; the Class H engines have averaged over 5,000 miles per month for one year two and a half months. This is a very good showing for the locomotives, and this statement is not taken from any special engine. The average mileage of the entire equipment for the last three years was, in 1888, 45,398 miles per engine; in 1889, 45,374 miles per engine; in 1890, 49,260 miles per engine.

In looking at this statement we must remember that this is all classes of engines—switching, passenger, work and freight. The average number of miles made by freight engines has been over 5,000 miles per month, or, if we take the Class G engines, which are the 19-24, the average mileage of fifteen engines is 59,965 miles. This company has some individual locomotives whose performance is very much better than that given. For instance, we have one of the Brooks 17x21 61-inch wheel centers, running between Fort Wayne and Chicago, making 304 miles every day. As an experiment to see what could be done they turned

this engine out of shop January 25, 1890 and up to June 30, 1891, seventeen months this engine had made 126,019 miles, and is still on the run. This is an average of over 7,400 miles per month. The average train hauled by this engine is four cars. She is run by two sets of engineers. This engine lays over at Chicago at nights, and is required to back out from the depot to the round house, and back to the depot in the morning, a distance of ten miles, which is not credited to the engine mileage, as the performance sheet requires actual time and mileage only.—*National Car and Locomotive Builder.*

HAWKINS' CALCULATIONS FOR ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN has now reached its sixth edition. This is a book which sells itself, owing to the fact that men who have been benefited by its contents warmly recommend it to their fellows. The work begins with the figure one and proceeds step by step to teach the student how to figure everything necessary for the engineer or fireman to calculate. The Index is a real dictionary of mathematical and technical terms. The whole work thoroughly studied will fit practical men for some of the "soft places" now held by persons who need to be succeeded by more worthy because more intelligent men. The work and publishers are particularly described in the advertising department, as well as a complete work, "Hawkins' Instructions."

The Growth of Steam as Applied to Transportation in the United States.

Editorially the Philadelphia *Ledger* says: To-day, Bordentown, the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publicly dedicate with impressive ceremony a historical monument, erected to mark the first piece of track laid between New York and Philadelphia, and to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the first movement by steam upon a railway in the state of New Jersey, November 1, 1831."

The history of this "first piece of track," the laying of which is to be so impressively commemorated, is almost the beginning of that of the railway system of the United States, for, though the efforts of Oliver Evans, John Stevens and Robert Fulton outlasted by several years the practical operations of steam transportation by rail, the former stating that as early as 1772 he was engaged in efforts to construct steam wagons, it was not until 1830 that the actual development of the present great system began. That year being generally accepted as the starting point of successful operation. Up to 1825 the few short lines of tramways, constructed chiefly to carry anthracite coal to the canals, were crude and inefficient, and the largest and most important of them all was the Mauch Chunk railroad, in Pennsylvania.

The authorities differ with regard to the operation of the first locomotive engine in the United States. In 1826 John Stevens built a short, circular railway, on which he ran a steam carriage of his own construction. It carried a half dozen persons, and attained a speed stated in some accounts of six and in others of twelve miles an hour. It was not, however, until 1829 that the first traffic locomotive was used on the Western continent. Here again the authorities differ, though the weight of the evidence is in favor of the claim of a steam engine imported from England in that year and put to work on a railroad fifteen miles long, running from the forks of the Dyberry to Carbondale, in Pennsylvania, the trial of which, however, was unsatisfactory, as the engine proved to be too heavy for the roadbed. The other claim is made in behalf of the Stourbridge Lion, an engine also imported from England by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Railroad Company. Mr. Allen, the engineer who ran it, died only last year.

Not counting Stevens' "steam carriage," the first locomotive constructed in this country was the Best Friend, built at the West Point foundry; it was the third traffic engine put in use upon an American railway, the Charleston & Hamburg, which, it is stated, was the original passenger service line on this side the Atlantic. The trial trip of the Best Friend was made in November, 1830, and it resulted in the explosion of the boiler.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES.

The one man who, many years preceding the date of that experiment, most distinctly perceived the future possibilities of the railway system of the United States, was Oliver Evans, who, in a work published in 1813, predicted: "The time will come when people will travel in stages, moved by steam engines, from one city to another, almost as fast as birds fly, fifteen or twenty miles an hour." "A carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia and sup at New York the same day." Robert Fulton's prophecy was more conservative. He said, at Pittsburgh, in 1811: "The day will come gentlemen—I may not live to see, though some of you who are younger will, probably—when carriages will be drawn over these mountains by steam engines, at a rate more rapid than that of the stage on the smoothest turnpike."

The genius of Fulton, great as it was, was not sufficiently great to conceive the possibility of carriages being drawn from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia by steam engines at a speed on parts of the route of from forty to sixty miles an hour, and yet they have been. Neither Evans, Fulton nor Stevens could have imagined the Chicago Limited Express, with its parlor, sleeping, dining and smoking cars, as luxurious in their appointments as the apartments of the wealthiest citizen, speeding over these mountains

five times faster than the fastest stage coach on the smoothest turnpike.

SOME STATISTICS.

A bulletin recently issued from the Census Office, containing statistics of the operations of the railroads of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and parts of West Virginia, shows the growth of the railway system in those states during the decade ending in 1889. In this latter year the roads in the territory indicated carried 189,079,005 passengers, as against 81,730,119 in 1880. The freight carried in 1880 was 145,733,619 tons, and in 1889 it amounted to 241,939,230 tons, and the number of miles of all lines operated increased during the same period from 14,585.85 to 18,820.18.

Taking 1830 as the real starting point of the American railway system, there being then but a comparatively few miles of rails laid, and only two roads on which locomotive engines were running, the railway statistics of 1890 demonstrate not only the phenomenal growth of railroads in the United States, but the enterprise, energy and liberality of those who have built and operate them. On the 31st of last December the aggregate railway mileage of this country was 166,817.41.

But it is not this vast mileage, nearly or quite equal to that of the rest of the civilized world, that best shows the growth of the railway system of America. That is to be largely seen in the improvement of the road—each part of which is being made as strong as the strongest—of the rails, switches, signals, of the appliances for insuring safety, comfort or luxury and great speed. The celebration of any eventful incident of the railroad movement in the United States could not be more fittingly observed than by the Pennsylvania company, which has carried the system to the highest standard of efficiency thus far reached either here or abroad. When, indeed, the complete history of the railways of this country comes to be adequately written, it will contain no more illustrious names than those of some of the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, engineers, and other officers of this company who did so much to develop the ideas which Evans, Fulton and Stevens evolved, and so earnestly urged upon the attention of their countrymen. The railway system of the United States is not yet, in respect of any of its lines, perfect, but it is being perfected in almost every desirable particular, and especially in the essential particulars of safety, comfort and speed.—*West Chester (Pa.) News.*

Expired Railway Patents.

The following list of railway patents, furnished by F. B. Brock, Patent Attorney, room 26, Atlantic building, Washington, D. C., expired during the month of November, 1891, and are now free to be used by anyone; viz.:

Ventilating car, S. L. Latta.
Freight car door, J. B. Goff.
Car coupling, J. D. Mills.
Rail joint, Burch and Smith.
Locomotive smoke stack, T. Lanston.
Locomotive boiler, S. A. Hodgman.
Car coupling, E. Stone.
Car truck, I. Dripps.
Car door, D. Connor.
Railway switch, A. Quimby.
Car roof, J. G. Thayer.
Railway gate, G. W. La Baw.
Safety car, H. B. Myer.
Crossing gate, O. Cassett.

Persons desiring copies of patents, drawings and specifications, can obtain the same for fifteen cents, by applying to Mr. Brock, whose address is as given above.

"This is something I have just dashed off," said the farmer's wife, as she took the butter from the churn.

Woman's Department.

EDITED BY IDA A. HARPER.

Letters pertaining to Woman's interests in educational, reformatory and domestic matters are requested.

Correspondents are requested to write plainly, on one side of the paper only, and forward their manuscript so as to reach the Editor not later than the tenth day of each month, directing all communications for this Department to

MRS. IDA A. HARPER,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND'ANA.

THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF.

Our readers have doubtless noticed that from month to month we have spoken of the large number of letters received for the Woman's Department, averaging between forty and fifty per month during the past year. They also will find by looking over the different numbers of the *Magazine* that, although we have had from ten to twelve pages in each issue, by no means all of these letters have appeared, although most of them were prepared and sent in for publication. A short time ago Mr. Debs and the publisher of the *Magazine* were compelled to make a bonfire of the accumulated mass of manuscript, as it had become old and it was impossible to hope ever to use all of it. Mr. Debs then held a consultation with the editor of the Woman's Department and insisted that she must use heroic measures, select only the best of the letters received and discard the rest. She protested in this wise: "That will be a very hard task; I have a warm feeling for all of those writers; I know with what care and trouble they have prepared these letters, and how anxiously they will watch for their appearance; I shall be very sorry to have to discriminate and put some of them in that much-talked-of but little-used waste basket." "I know just how you feel," said warm-hearted Mr. Debs, "but there is no help for it. We can not spare any more space for the Department, and it is utterly impossible to use all of the letters. I was obliged to adopt this method long ago in regard to the Brotherhood correspondence and, although it created some dissatisfaction at first, the men soon recognized its necessity and were willing to make some sacrifices for the good of the *Magazine*."

Our writers now see just how the matter stands. The Woman's Department must represent the survival of the fittest. While we do not wish to discourage any one from writing, we shall have to urge that there shall be no ill-feeling if it is not found possible to use all of the letters. It is not an easy matter to make a selection. Some times a communication will be so badly

written that it can hardly be read, and when deciphered it is found to contain some excellent and valuable thoughts. Others will be beautifully prepared and still have no ideas. The most difficult letters to reject are those which come from hard working, painstaking wives and mothers, every line showing the kind heart and the warm interest in the Woman's Department and the railroad boys, and yet they contain nothing of sufficient importance to entitle them to a place in the *Magazine*. We appreciate the spirit which prompted the letters but we feel that we must fill the space allowed to us with what will possess the greatest interest to the largest number of persons. When a woman writes and says that she has the best husband in the world, it is, of course, a pleasant thing to know, but hardly worth telling to a hundred thousand readers. When a correspondent assures us that she has long wished to break the ice, having seen no letters from the lodge of which she knows nothing but has heard it is in a flourishing condition and its members are a noble set of men and if this is accepted she will come again and write something interesting she may expect to see her second letter in print, if she keeps her promise, but not her first.

In brief, remember, when you write, that the *Magazine* goes into every state in the Union, into Canada, Mexico and across the ocean. Decide for yourself whether your letter is worthy a place in its pages. No matter how short it may be, let it contain an idea, an opinion, something that will entitle it to a reading. Especially would we urge upon our correspondents, as a rule, not to attempt poetry. Bad prose is preferable to bad verse. The number of real poets is very small. Poetry is a gift that is rarely bestowed. We have published some beautiful poems in this department. We have also printed some alleged poetry that was enough to make angels weep. Unless you are sure of your poetical genius, stick to prose. We would much prefer the contributions to come in the shape of an article upon some subject, with a title, instead of in the form of a letter, although the latter is not barred out. Now let our correspondents take courage, select some subject in which they are interested and upon which they are informed, write briefly and to the point, no matter whether it is about babies, books, homes or husbands, pin money or politics, sign their name, and they will find themselves among the elect in the Woman's Department.

Mrs. C. B. B., a fireman's wife, of Maryline, Mo., writes enthusiastically of Lodge 461. She urges husbands and wives to be smiling and cheerful in order to make home life happy.

CHICAGO WOMEN WANT TO VOTE.

During the session of the Illinois legislature last winter it passed a law conferring upon the women of that state the right to vote for all school officers. The first election under this law has taken place in Chicago and, according to the statute, all who wished to vote had to register their names. Upon the day appointed for this purpose ten thousand women went before the registration board, the wives of bishops and judges, lady physicians, ministers, lawyers, writers, teachers, etc. Meanwhile the county attorney discovered what he conceived to be a technicality in the law that would render all women ineligible except such foreign women as had been naturalized previous to 1870, and he instructed the registration boards not to receive the names of any others. A number of able lawyers differed from this opinion, but only about seven hundred women succeeded in being registered. The case was carried to the Supreme Court with the request for a decision before the election. The opinion was rendered sustaining the county attorney. The next session of the legislature will doubtless pass another law to the same effect, which will stand.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

This number of the *Magazine* will find our friends in the midst of preparations for Christmas. We offer the fervent hope that none may be so poor as not to receive or give some memento of the day. Especially do we trust that those may be remembered who have not an abundance of things to make life pleasant. Above all others the children should be made happy upon this occasion. It seems peculiarly to belong to them, partly because it celebrates the birth of the Christ-child, partly because they deserve a large share in whatever is bright and beautiful in life. We urge upon our parents not to fail to make this day a pleasant one for your little ones. Though the demands upon your time may be many, though the call for the necessities of life may leave but a small amount of money for the luxuries, consecrate a portion to the making of this anniversary one of sweet remembrance to these children whom you love above all the world.

"DIRT FLOOR," of Mexico, contributes to the waste basket this month. The general tone of his letter was not such as to entitle it to a place in the Woman's Department, although it contained some good things.

The editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the song "When the Pay Car Comes Again," words by W. I., and music by Mrs. Lizzie Leggett.

The *National Federationist* for September is at hand, ably edited by C. W. Martin, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14. The handsome face of Grand Master Sargent looks out from its pages. The Woman's Department is conducted by Mrs. Henry B. Jones, in her usual bright and entertaining manner.

The Woman's Department appreciates the kind words of Mrs. M. H., of Newport, Ky., and would be glad to use her verses, but instructions have been given to omit as much as possible all amateur poetry. Perhaps the writer will send us something in prose.

We are obliged to omit the poem of "Elnora" for the reason mentioned in another paragraph. It is not surprising that so handsome a photograph should make you poetical. Tell your engineer what you think of it the next time he comes to see you.

"ROSE TEMPLE" writes in praise of Tuckson, A. T. She compliments the poem of Mrs. Coffenbarger and the one called "Within One Mile of Home," published in the September number.

"A FIREMAN'S WIFE," of Radford, Va., writes in complimentary terms of the *Magazine* and tells of a happy home.

THANKS to Mrs. Nellie Bloom for her pleasant private letter. Her poem was sent in for publication.

SHALL BACHELORS BE TAXED?

In Woman's Department for September, I noticed a letter from Marie F., who asks: "Has not the time come when girls hesitate to sacrifice their independence for the dependent position of a wife?" Moreover, she says she has never seen anything in the lives of wives she has known to tempt her to give up her pay and work for theirs. Perhaps, Marie, no one has ever asked you to make that sacrifice; but be of good cheer and keep your powder dry. Now as to the first question. Just as I am to acknowledge it, I believe it is well upon us, in fact it is a question no longer shrouded in the misty future, but is in plain view, and as a precedent it suggests some serious reflections. It is believed that the more girls who ask themselves this question and deliberate thereon, the more bachelors there will be. And it is believed that there are enough bachelors and spinsters on hand to supply all needs, for neither one or both are very desirable and society is not socially benefited by either class. The great increase in the ranks of bachelors has given cause for alarm in certain states and the legislatures have been thinking strongly of passing a law taxing bachelors for leading a life of single blessedness, but not a word about the feeble spinsters. Now I am a firm believer in woman's rights and think they should have rights with the men in a general way. But it does seem an unjust law that both sexes have a voice in making, that don't treat all alike when equality of rights is brought into consideration. In most states the laws in regard to woman's rights in the division of property and other rights and privileges are very unjust and severe. But women are not slow to recognize the fact and are striving by every fair and honorable means that appeals to justice, to overcome the

prejudice of sex and will eventually take their places alongside of the men by a large working majority. May kind Providence speed the day.

Now as to a law and the justice thereof of taxing bachelors for leading the supposed life of single blessedness. Statistics go to show that the bachelor does not live as long as his more fortunate married brother, but that is not at all surprising when we take into view what he is forced to eat in the average boarding house. Think of the leaden biscuit, the faded vegetables and the fresh eggs of the year previous that have long ago outlived their usefulness, the leathern beefsteak and choice cuts from around the horns, the tea and coffee whose taste and flavor smack of something he wots not of, and every dish reeking in grease and all prepared in a slipshod way peculiar to boarding houses. Boarding houses are generally run on a plan to make the most money out of the least possible investment for eatables in which the appetites and comforts of the boarders have no voice. The laws of health are set at defiance and it is no wonder that the poor boarder is forced to take his "morning" before he can summon enough courage to attack his meals. I think the lady who recently said that the increase of intemperance could be traced to bad cooking more than any other cause struck the key note of the temperance question. She must have been taking her meals in a boarding house. Think of the horrors of the lodging house with its long list of nuisances, or what is worse, bachelor quarters. Think of the long, dreary evenings spent in such abodes. Instead of a nice, pleasant home of a man's own, surrounded by all that one holds dear in this life. It is no wonder that he becomes cold, morose, sour and selfish to every one's wishes but his own. I hold in most cases of bachelors and old maids, that love gives way to selfishness and the very basest of selfishness. Love is the supreme bliss of this painful existence, the only thing reconciling us to life and exalting us to the equality of angels. But we don't find such love among bachelors and spinsters. The tramp who asks for bread from this class of people would not meet with the reception at their hands that he did at the hands of Prue. In her letter in regard to "What shall we do with the tramp?" A certain great writer said of the average man and his pleasure, discipline, self denial, the highest and best in this life, "If he has not some great ideal, such as a religious illusion, a love for science, a craze for art, a passion for charity, one of those all-absorbing delights of the soul, he re-descends into instinct, begins to live for the day passing over his head and appeals to satisfaction of a grosser nature, but prompt and certain." And such seems to me the life of a bachelor. As I said before the life of such a person is a life of selfishness and is seldom a life of virtue. Moreover, it seems almost safe to assert that his is not a life of usefulness. I make this remark without ignoring the fact that some of the world's most noted men have led single lives, but they are the exception and not the rule. A bachelor's life is a life of luxury. Bah! Compare such a life with the lives of a well mated couple in marriage, and it strikes one who has a true sense of justice and is honest enough to acknowledge it, that it is a question almost beyond argument. I agree with the words of Dixon, who says that "the difference between a selfish old bachelor and a man who is happily mated, or an old maid who could have married and did not, is about the same as between an American yacht and a Chinese junk, one will sail in the eye of the wind and the other only when it is dead astern." Space forbids indulging in further remarks of the circumstances that surround a bachelor's life that make it anything but bright and sunny. It is reported that the Wyoming legislature has passed a law taxing bachelors \$2.00 per year. Not a very burdensome tax but a very unjust law. Bear in mind that Wyoming is a woman suffrage state, and it is but fair to assume that both sexes had a voice in its making. It is the justice of this law which I question. The latest census goes to show that the males are far in excess of the females, not only in Wyoming but all over the northwest. So if all the females were married there would be still thousands of masculine left overs. Think of the cruelty of it. The love sick swain who has purchased ice cream, soda water and red lemon-

ade by the barrel, gum drops and confections by the box, to say nothing of the livery rigs, excursions, balls, parties, etc., that he lavished upon the lady of his heart. For her sake he has read whole sections of Shakespeare, ransacked all the volumes of the poets for tender passages and committed them to memory. Sighs have taken the place of substantial diet. His rest is disturbed, his mind refuses to dwell upon anything else but his adored. After long months and weeks, which seem to be a century, during which time he is kept in a fever of excitement by musters up his courage to the sticking point, and he finds that he has now that thrice despised letter." Gall and wormwood are sweet when compared to such a declaration. And to think, at such a time when he is ready for the lunatic asylum or to commit suicide, when he is a fit subject for kind words, tonics and poultices, the legislature caps the climax by demanding \$2.00 for not getting the girl and a remaining single. With what two-fold feeling he can say with the poet,

"'Tis sweet to love, but oh, how bitter,
To love a gal and not to git her."

It was to be hoped when women were accorded the privilege of the ballot we would have some just and wise legislation. But alas for human expectations! I, for one, make a vigorous protest. In the name of poor, rejected, long suffering and always persecuted bachelorhood, I protest. It is the two fold duty of every bachelor in this broad land to vociferously claim his protest on tip toe, or cry it from the housetop, the injustice of such a law. If any state treasury becomes so empty of funds that they find it necessary to skimish for another means of revenue, instead of taxing their bachelors who tried to wed and failed, let them begin taxing their old maids who refused to wed, make the amount burdensome and in bad cases affix a penalty, and there will be some justice in such a law. With best wishes for a I am,

Bystander.

HOPE, IDAHO, Sept. 28, 1891.

[The sisters will have to come to the defense of their sex. This is a strong argument for the bachelors.—Ed.]

THE DUTIES AND DELIGHTS OF HOME.

It is through the kindness of a friend that I am permitted to peruse the pages of your wonderful *Magazine*, and I must say I am perfectly delighted with it, especially the Woman's Department. There is anything I do admire it is women who have real, genuine ideas of their own, and are not afraid to speak out. The world is better off for all such women. I say this without fear of successful contradiction. I am nineteen years old and my father, a younger sister and myself constitute the family. My mother died when I was only eight years old, so you see I have been brought up without the tender refining influence of a mother. And right here let me say to all the girls and boys who are readers of the *Magazine*, make much of it while you have the most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. In later years you may have friends, kind, dear friends, but never again will you have the inexpressible love lavished upon you which none but mother can bestow. Notwithstanding I have never had the instruction of a mother, my education in housekeeping and the culinary department has not been neglected. I have kept house for my papa ever since I was sixteen and could give numerous receipts for cooking but will not do so, as if I shall make my letter too lengthy. I think it the duty of all to learn to make themselves useful as well as ornamental, and especially young ladies who are contemplating marriage. Before entering on another sphere of life we should prepare ourselves, study housekeeping, cooking, economy and last but not least, read good books and store the mind with good things, so we can sit down and entertain him, and we will reap our reward in the way of a devoted husband and a happy life, and can influence him onward and upward. I agree with the Rev. Talmage when he says: "Thank God, O woman, for the quietude of your own home and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the

ome, but all the day long you are there beautifying, sanctifying, adorning, blessing it. It may be a very humble home, but by your faith in God and our cheerful demeanor you can garniture that place with more splendor than the upholsterer's and ever kindled." The influences of home perpetuate themselves; the gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death, and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of the son, who, in time, comes to fill his place.

It is in the home life that man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and the wife soon grows old and unamiable. The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. Most of us have had trouble all our lives, and each day has brought all the evils we have been able to endure. But if you would notice what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast and put it down in a little book, follow it out and see what becomes of it, you would see how foolish you were in the matter. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings and vexations. Let us try to look on the bright side. Times may be hard but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flowers grow. The family circle ought to be the most charming place on earth; the center of purest affections and the most desirable associations this side of paradise, and it is the duty of parents to see that home is made as attractive as possible for the children, just the same as it is the duty of the children to be courteous and considerate toward the parents. Murray says: "A great many homes are like the frame of a harp that stands without strings. In form and outline they suggest music, but no melody arises from the empty spaces." And thus it happens that home becomes dreary, unattractive and dull. Many a time a cheerful home and smiling face do more to make good men and women than all the lecturing and eloquence that can be used. If then, the spell of home is so powerful, how important it is to make it pleasant and lovable. Oh! then may our homes on earth be the center of all our joys, may they be as green spots in the desert, to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life.

I was especially pleased with the letter written by Mrs. Steadman, of Taylor, Texas, and I know she must be perfectly happy with her R. R. boy. I agree with Fannie, of Caddo Mills, in regard to card playing; think it should by all means, be kept out of the family circle, but perhaps, like Fannie, I may not be worthy of giving advice to those who are older than myself. With best wishes for all the R. R. boys and the Woman's Department,

I am

Annie Sams.

ROANOKE, TEXAS, Sept. 2, 1891,

[An excellent article for a young girl. Let us hear from you again.—Ed.]

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Do men like the best women best? No, they don't; and it is one of the most remarkable things in the study of the opposite sex to see how they pride themselves upon their discrimination with regard to women, and how very, very little they know about them. This, no doubt is one ground for the cynical, jaundiced, bitter scoffs flung about the world in regard to women, and all emanating from men. They thought they knew something about women, these poor cynics, and they found they didn't, and instead of blaming their own stupidity they turned and rent the illusive objects of their mistaken theories.

It is very annoying, I grant you, for a man to build up a fine ideal temple wherein to enshrine his own image and watch the goddesses of that temple sitting at the feet of her chosen lord, and then suddenly to discover that that temple was founded upon "laughing sand," and in some unusual quake the whole affair tumbles down and his image is left stranded in the mire. I suppose one would be tempted to revile the goddess who mortified him sorely. No; these poor, dear men do not understand women at all, and nothing vexes them more

than to have the consciousness brought home to them. They are so accustomed to feeling that the world runs on the line that they have laid down, and that there is nothing in heaven or earth beyond or above their comprehension.

Some men in choosing a wife show no more discrimination than a child who dives in a grab bag at a fair. What are the grounds of his choice? Well, of course, youth and beauty are always sure cards, and it would be too bad to lose the pleasure we receive from them; but we all know that there are pretty faces, but while some are as attractive and refreshing as a handful of dewy flowers, others are as monotonous as a photographed smile, and others still as dead as sweet as nought.

When we come to the matter of choosing a wife, which is the only important result of man's preference for one woman over another, prettiness becomes a mere detail, and not the one thing, if man looks before he leaps. Man ought to choose his wife as a sensible wife would choose her wedding gown, not for the present effect, but for its effect thereafter. Don't choose a wife who boasts of never being tired, one who imitates the coarser sex, or the kind they call a "nonentity," who really can't be found fault with, she being tolerably good looking, tolerably well educated and fairly well mannered, but who is untired by temptations; her ideas of marriage being wedding gowns and wedding presents and cards with "Mrs." instead of "Miss" on them. But has she for one instant thought if she and John were adapted to each other by habits, temperament and mutual intentions to make each other happy? No; she just plunges into matrimony as she would into the ocean at a new bathing place, without the least idea of what lies beneath the summer sea. This is the average woman chosen by the average man. Therefore, many such marriages are the topic of the satirist and cynic. What then is the description of the best woman, do you ask?

With a thousand good wishes to the B. of L. E. I will draw my letter to a close by wishing all success in choosing a sensible wife. But I nearly forgot. Don't tell your promised wife that you will never make her wash for fear she would get drowned in the wash tub, as a man I know of whose wife now takes in washing to support him.

Sincerely, a fireman's cousin,

Cushla Machree.

ST. ALBANS, VT., October 22, 1891.

[Why did you not give your own ideas of a suitable wife? Sign your correct name in the next letter.—Ed.]

LOOK AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Nearly all women, whether young or old, are fond of being well dressed; not necessarily in rich or showy clothes, but in those which are neatly fitted and tastefully made. This is a commendable ambition, by no means to be discouraged. Henry Ward Beecher has said that a woman is no more to blame for dressing prettily and attractively than a flower is at fault for blooming in its brightest.

It is every woman's duty to look as well as she can, consistently with her circumstances; and because one has only small means and cannot command the luxurious elegance of apparel that is indulged in by women of wealth, it is not necessary to dress shabbily or unfashionably. Taste and ingenuity may be made to take the place of money in a large degree. Ladies who, from choice or necessity, do their own dress making will, after a little practice, find it just as easy to imitate pretty styles as any others, and the work is much more entertaining and agreeable, if a good, artistic effect is the aim in view. It is a great mistake for those with whom strict economy is a necessity, to hire the most expensive part of their work done. If their avocations do not allow them to accomplish it all themselves, then let them hire assistance in their plain sewing, and use their own skill and taste upon the manufacture of outside garments, which are by far the most expensive things to pay for.

A fireman's friend.

Blanke.

DECATUR, ILL., October 7, 1891.

WE HAVE LAID THEE TO REST.

Written in memory of Mrs. Marie F. Hubbard, who died in Oakland, Cal., August 15, 1891. To the bereaved husband Henry F. Hubbard, the following lines are respectfully dedicated:

We have laid thee to rest where the bright sun-beams linger,

As the sun slowly sinks in the far distant west;
And the deep, slumbrous silence that so calmly enshrouds thee.

Fills my heart with keen anguish—with sorrowful unrest.

We have laid thee to rest with hands mutely folded,
While over my life grief has cast its drear blight;
Where happiness once reigned voiceless sorrow has entered.

While life's shadows fall 'round me dark and dense as the night.

We have laid thee to rest, yet I ne'er shall forget thee—

Forget not thy fond love so faithful and true;
And though fate has now severed the wedded ties that once bound us,
God grant at life's close that I may again meet with you.

When the shadows of evening shall gather and fall
'Round our once happy home, one form I would recall;

It is thine, oh, my darling! How I shall long for you there.

As grief stricken I gaze at thy lone vacant chair.

In fond memory I cherish sweet thoughts of thee, darling,

Though hidden from sight my heart still yearns for thee;

When my soul shall go forth to enter God's heavenly kingdom,

I know you'll be waiting and watching for me.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

WEST OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 30, 1891.

CHANUTE, KAN., Sept. 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

deed could you peep inside my house you would see one foolish thing. I have no fancy yet although when I was a girl I've been happy in the thought of how I'd have everything nice and sumptuous in fancy work to decorate my rooms. I have been common clothing and my baby but plain white as though neat. I do all my work to save him the expense of a girl, and I work so hard to have my baby tidy for I am a lover of neatness, and often regret my baby rather than leave something undone, so that when he comes he will find his home comfortable, but I cannot see that he appreciates it in the least. Sometimes after I have my work done I try oh, so hard to win a compliment from him when he does come, and think he will surely see the changes and extra touches and pains I have taken, but my reward is "what you been doing?" or "been laying off this week?" Oh, my poor heart, sometimes I nearly break. Some of you contented wives will say or think I am lacking in my duty. How I wish you could tell me. But you can't. I do not believe a woman's right to handle the purse, but I do think a wife should receive more than her board and lodging and should have her own spending money to use as she thinks best, for she is the one supposed to know best her own requirements, for the running of her house and for herself and children's clothing. A wife in return so trusted should prove worthy of the trust and try to value every dollar earned by her husband's hard work, for no railroad man gets a dollar unearned. I love my husband perhaps more than many a wife, and should perhaps be happy and more contented, but, oh, I miss greatly the books I had built in my air castle before my marriage. My heart cries for more than the bare necessities of life. I want love and trust. I want a wife's privilege. I want to be more to my husband than some one to do his work. I ask advice from all who have a thought or an idea that would perhaps benefit me after reading this letter. With success to all contented wives,

I am very truly yours,

Mrs. M.

[This is a most pathetic letter and relates the experience of many wives. We commend it to our correspondents of both sexes for an answer. Unfortunately the husband spoken of is not an exception.—Ed.]

MONETT, MO., October 24, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I look with much anxiety to the coming of the dear old *Magazine*, in which my husband and I are deeply interested. Some are more deeply interested in the *Woman's Department*, but I take an interest in all. My husband is a fireman and we have been married four years. The time has seemed very short. We have one sweet little boy that makes home happy, and as night draws nearer and nearer we long for the moment to come for papa's "toot toot," to whistle for town. Hearts are lightened in thinking God has spared my darling to return home once more. Husbands speak kind words to you: wives as you did in your courtship days, and when you come home leave some of the cares behind you. Come in with a smile on your face. It always takes two to make a bargain. A wife cannot make home happy without her husband helps her. Love lightens labor.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, or perhaps forgive.

I always try to be as neat in home and personal appearance as I can, and try to keep him so, watching the rips and the buttons that are always missing. Yes, the dear old boys of the B. of L. F. are a brave set. I must admit that I am proud that my boy is a member of Cherish Lodge, 410, as he seems to think so much of his lodge. Wishing the boys of the B. of L. F. much success.

A Fireman's Wife.

Nels.

COMO, COLO, October 13, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I observe that novel reading is the theme under discussion in the October number of the *Magazine*, and I must say the subject is ably handled. I agree with "Irene" in thinking that the perusal of "The Curiosity Shop" could not be otherwise than beneficial to the reader, and who can read the sweet, tender story of "Paul and Virginia" without having more earnest belief in the fidelity of love, integrity and truth? I think that the reading of standard novels is more helpful than injurious, and we can gain much useful information from their pages. I have read many novels and I know from experience that their influence has given me a higher ideal of life, a more noble conviction that to one's duty, to endure with patience one's lot, whether it be a cheerful one or an unenviable one, the surest way to contentment. It is not considered by some people what a great part our thoughts and actions play in the story of life. How much happier we may be if we accomplish our daily tasks with patience and take life as we find it, than to be ever striving after what we have not. I do not encourage ambition for it is a good thing, but too much is dangerous to contentment. I am only a young married woman and feel incapable of giving advice, but trust my communication may find an echoing answer in other hearts.

Here I take my leave I will give you a description of Como. It is situated in South Park, which extends from the town rolls in undulating prairie land until it merges into the distant blue and cloud-like mountains. From my window, looking northward, the low-lying mountains seem almost within reach. In reality they are two or more miles away. A peak of lighter color shows where the iron horse crosses its way along the mountain side until lost behind a projecting hill. Some thirty pine covered mountains to the westward form a pleasing background to our village. The elevation of Como is 9000 feet, and the greater part of the inhabitants are railroad men and their families. I am proud to say my husband is an engineer. He is also a member of the B. of L. F.

Good wishes for all.

Mrs. Wm. Dunning.

LETHBRIDGE ALBERTA, N. W. T., CANADA, }
October 19, 1891. }*Editor Woman's Department:*

After an absence of nearly a year I come again to claim a small corner in your much valued Department. Since writing last we have removed from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge, which is a very scattered town with a population of about 2,150. It is incorporated and has a Mayor, four churches—English, Methodist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic—large brick town hall just being completed, a hospital, a beautiful brick school house, Protestant, large northwest mounted police barracks, a convent, a Roman Catholic school, round house and station, besides the hotels, grocery stores, etc. A river flows long on its peaceful way close by, from which Lethbridge gets its supply of water.

The railway here is narrow gauge, trains running from Lethbridge to Dumore and from Lethbridge to Great Falls, the Montana Junction being just opposite our house, and about two miles out of town. Three or four trains pass every day, so it is not quite so lonely as if there were none. Some of the engines here have been repaired lately and they look very bright and nice now. The train from Great Falls is just coming in as I am writing. The engines here are much smaller than the ones at Medicine Hat. They have large water wagons which hold about seven or eight barrels, for taking around the water in. We very often hear the coyotes, especially in cold nights, and have seen them too, in the morning. They come very close to the house and it is almost as good as a concert to hear a lot of them barking and howling together. We can also see the Rocky Mountains from here, they look beautiful when the sun is shining on the snow. On a clear day you can just about discern the passes among them. Well, I think I will close now for the present, wishing the B. of L. F., their *Magazine* and all connected with it success, I remain your friend and a fireman's sister.

Helen B. Miller.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Oct. 19, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As this is my first attempt at writing for your *Magazine*, I do not know with what success I will meet.

In regard to novel reading, I think that question has been ably defended and the ladies have written my sentiments to a T. I hope Miss Emma will think differently on that subject.

I will write a few lines in regard to my home and family. I am proud to state that I hold the title of A Fireman's Wife. I am also the daughter of a railroad and the sister of two railroad boys. Is it any wonder that I have a very great liking for railroad men? Our home is in Cleveland, Ohio. A husband, little girl three years old, and myself, constitute our family. We board with a private family. I have very little to do, consequently have a great deal of time in which to entertain husband and baby.

Of course, as all railroad people know, a railroad husband's time at home is very limited. But when he is here I endeavor to entertain him to my best ability, even play cards and read novels, and I think this an excellent way to keep his society. I think if we wives would study to make ourselves and surroundings more agreeable there would be fewer of those "horrid railroad men" of which we hear.

With success to the B. of L. F., I sign myself,

Puss.

DAYTON, OHIO, October 10, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

As I have been a reader of the *Magazine* for some time and a member of the brotherhood, I take pride in noticing the great change that has taken place in the correspondents to this department, and must say that your gentle hints are having the desired effect.

Dayton is a beautiful town of 60,000, and is the greatest manufacturing town in the State of Ohio, has the best of water, and an unlimited supply, broad streets, several lines of horse cars, also ten lines of electric cars, which run to the Soldiers Home, an institution that is known far and near. There are about 4,000 inmates and the grounds and buildings, especially in the summer time, are grand and a great attraction for excursionists and visitors. The public library is a beautiful building of stone, set in the midst of a fine park. Nice, artificial stone walks, good seats, and shade trees make it a popular resort of a warm day or evening.

Should like to see the subject, "Which has the greater influence over man—women or money?" discussed, as there are some able contributors to this department.

Respectfully,

Eclipse Lodge, 107.

[Open the discussion with an article giving your own opinions on the subject.—Ed.]

SELF-INVITED PEOPLE.

Don't be a sponge. When an invitation is extended to you, don't take it for granted that it was given for all time and eternity. When you are simply invited to call again when in town, don't take bag and baggage when you do so. Above all things in the world avoid wearing your welcome out. Don't drop in on your friends at unexpected times and spend a day or so with them. Even if they have the room, they may wish it for the pleasure of another's company. The best of friends should ask permission to spend the night if they have not informed one of their coming.

When you see you are discommoding any member of the family you should go to a hotel. It is not proper to go anywhere and expect to live for even a week without paying board; especially when you know every member of the family is working hard to lay by something for the "rainy day."

The best way to keep your friends is to always "put up" at a hotel and pay your board. Then if asked to dinner or some specified meal, go by all means, and enjoy yourself. When you do call again you will be more appreciated, but remember, self-invited people are seldom, if ever, welcome.

Hilda Chesterfield.

MONTEREY.

In a mantle of old tradition
In the rhyme of a vanished day,
Sits the shrouded and silent city,
The city of Monterey;
The ruined fort on the hilltop
Where never a running stream
Looks down on a cannonless fortress,
On the solemn city of dreams.

Gardens of wonderful roses,
Climbing o'er roof tree and wall,
Woodbine and crimson geraniums,
Hollyhocks, purple and tall,
Mingle their odoriferous breathings
With the crisp, salt breeze of the sands,
Where pebbles and sounding sea shells
Are gathered by children's hands.

Women with sun burned faces,
And the liquid Spanish eye,
Dark as the forest berries
That grace the woods in July,
Feeble and garrulous old men
Tell in the Spanish tongue
Of the good, grand tunes at the Mission
And the hymns that the fathers sung.

Of the oil and the wine and the plenty,
And the dance in the twilight gray—
"Ah! these," and the heads shake sadly,
"Were good times in Monterey."
Behind in the march of cities—
The last in the eager stride,
Of the villages born later,
She dreams by the ocean side.

A Fireman's Sister.

SAN JOSE, CAL., October 4, 1891.

ROODHOUSE, ILL., October 5, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I come seeking admission to your charming fre-side. I am a reader of your grand *Magazine*, and have been patiently waiting to see another letter from Roodhouse, but have seen nothing from here since "Marguerite's" letter in the May number. (Our J. M. Dodge Lodge, No. 79, is still alive, and well may we be proud of her. My husband is neither fireman nor engineer, but for each he is earnestly working. This place is composed mostly of railroad people, and not a brighter, or more flourishing town can be found along the C. & A. In the neighborhood of 500 new buildings have gone up inside of a year.

Now, my dear readers, just a word for the railroad men. How my heart goes out to each and every one of them. I often hear a remark like this, "Oh! he is nobody; he is nothing but a dirty railroad." How can anyone speak so lightly of them? Knowing the risk they run, the hardships they endure, the many nights' rest which are broken, the wind and storm which they are, oh! so often in, seeing the thousands of lives trusted into their keeping day after day, and then say he is nothing but a "rail-roader."

Of course there is always bitter mixed with the sweet. Take any class of men, you will always find good among the bad. Just so with our railroad men, but do not cast all of them away. Now, if I were a young girl seeking a companion through life, I would not fail to give these railroad men a call, for I think they make the best husbands of all.

And now, to the mothers, sisters, and wives, you who have dear ones out on this great field of battle, exposed to the dangers which lie around them, let your voice ascend to the Master above in an earnest prayer for the safety of your son, of your brother, of your husband. May he be ready to grasp the pencil and sign that great Callier's book with a firm and steady hand. Let him run his engine with that self-same steady hand and earnest heart so when his last race is run he will be ready to meet that pay car of all pay cars with a glorious check.

Wishing the *Magazine* success, and for God's ever watchful care and protection over the boys who shovel the coal, and over our noble engineers,
I sign myself,
Peggy M.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

Mrs. Henry B. Jones in her letter in this month's *Magazine*, mentions a subject in which I am much interested. She says she knows "many a girl who has married a workingman before she knew how to cook a steak or bake a loaf of bread or a biscuit." Did these many girls propose to the men they married? Why did not the men, who, at other times think so much of their stomachs, find out during courtship whether their best girls could cook and bake? They were so blinded that they were content to be with the girls and did not care what those girls knew about domestic affairs. A man has only his self to blame if he marries a woman who cannot do what he desires her to do. David Copperfield came to understand that fact thoroughly after he had tried in vain to train Dora's mind.

About the question: Why should a woman be compelled to ask her husband for money? Suppose, for instance, "the lord of creation," had to go to his employer and say: "I want to get a pair of shoes, a couple of pounds of coffee and ten pounds of sugar to-morrow. The coffee and sugar will cost \$1.30 and the shoes \$1.50 and you might as well give me a quarter for beer." I think I can fancy the blank look of astonishment on the poor man's face, if such a thing were even hinted at. Does not his wife work for him as much as he works for his employer? And is she not worth of her hire, even as he is worthy?

We may truly say she is his companion, not his servant, and that makes the difference. She is his companion and he requites her for her companionship with his own. She works for him besides, and he should pay her for that. Of course she has no right to be extravagant, and perhaps she would not be inclined that way if she had a monthly allowance or wages. She would know how much she had to spend, and if she had any common sense she would use her money wisely. Will the kind hearted editor ask me to come again, or have I made myself obnoxious?

Sincerely yours,

Wilde.

[Come again. Perhaps some of the brothers will answer your questions.—Ed.]

PINE PLAINS, N. Y., October 8, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have been a constant reader of this splendid *Magazine* nearly two years, and it is always welcomed in my home. In the August number "Marie W." asks for the names of some books on engineering for a young fireman to read. I would recommend to her Mr. A. Forney's "Catechism of the Locomotive," published by the *Railroad Gazette*, Broadway, N. Y.; price, \$3.50. Also, "Progressive Examinations for Locomotive Engineers and Firemen," published by John A. Hill, lock box 173, New York City, N. Y.; price, 50 cents. I am a young fireman myself. I studied "Forney's Catechism" and it helped me a great deal.

Yours truly,

Harry E. Palmer.

TO ONE I LOVE.

Why do we keep from dear ones
The tender, loving word?
Why should we hide the friendship
With which our hearts are stirred?

Why not speak out, my darling,
The wonderful love we feel,
And make the dear ones happy
With what our lips conceal?

How many hearts are hungry
For words they never hear,
Some little sign to tell them
That they to us are dear.

We set the seal of silence
Upon our lips and so
The depths of our affection
They guess, but never know.

You Know We

ENVILLE, TEXAS.

LAUREL, MONT., Oct. 12, 1891.

STATION —, October 11, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department,

I knock for admittance to your charming circle this rainy morning. It has rained for the last two days and is so muddy one can't even go to her next door neighbor's to chat, and being so lonesome, I'll write a few lines.

I will try to interest you by telling you of my trip to Montana from South Dakota. I left St. Paul late, and the next afternoon I found we were in the Bad Lands. It was the first time I had ever seen hills rise up to peaks; others looking like haystacks, then a side of a bluff would run up as straight as the side of a house, horrible chasms, beautiful glens, deep gulches, all one continuous picture and one of nature's own. Now and then coal would crop out of the sides of the bluffs, showing majestic ruins, or the whole place looked as though it had been burned out. I looked at this wonderful and fearful sight until my eyes ached and finally darkness hid it from sight.

The next morning the first sight was mountains and has been ever since; I can see high mountains to the southeast, and higher to the southwest—the east are of the Rockies—and are covered with snow all the year round.

The Yellowstone Valley is a very pretty place; it consists of three benches or steps; the one next to the river is one and a half miles wide. Farther back is the second; it is two or three miles from the river, I am on the one farthest back. The soil looks like yellow clay, and all over the farms litches are dug for the purpose of irrigation, as it does not rain very much or often. The ranchers pay from \$50 to \$100 for the right to use water from the big or main ditch. The extreme limit is \$100 for water privilege.

Wherever one looks it is beautiful. A guide took me up a large bluff called Square Butte; it is about one mile square at the base, and the top is about 60 acres square. One can look 90 miles and it seems as though it was only 20 or 25 miles. The air is very light up there. I have also been on Custer's battle ground.

A Fireman's True Friend, *Myrtle.*

MANISTIQUE, MICH., September 30, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I thought I would write you about our little town of Manistique, whose population is nearly four thousand, and whose edge lies on the shore of Lake Michigan. We have two commodious school houses and a goodly number of stores, which I think are all doing well. We have a number of churches of different denominations and a great many church-going people. There are two large saw mills and one planing mill which are all doing a good business, running day and night most of the time. There is also a fine iron furnace which melts iron and casts it into bars. That, also, runs day and night. The switch engine carries the iron bars from the furnace to the main line, which is the Soo line, and they carry it away to other parts. They have many visitors to the furnace to see them cast, as it is a beautiful sight. We have nice, pure air, and in consequence have many summer visitors, and their chief resort is the Big Spring, which lies nearly three miles from here. The spring is a wonder in itself, as it is very large and very beautiful, consisting of over a quarter of an acre of ground, and is about forty foot deep and very clear. One can distinctly see a small coin lying on the bottom of the spring. There is a little stream flowing from it filled with lovely moss. The stream runs about eighty rods and empties into Indian Lake. From Manistique we drive to the lake, from there take a yacht to the stream before mentioned, then paddle up the stream in small row boat till we come to the Big Spring, which is truly picturesque. Now, if any of my readers should ever come to Manistique in summer time, do not fail to visit the Big Spring, if possible, as you will never regret it. Mrs. Editor, a special invitation to you. Yours truly,

Mrs. Amelia Lyman.

[Many thanks. I wanted to visit that part of the state while at the "Soo," but had not time.—Ed.]

Editor Woman's Department:

Allow me to say a few words about novels. I suppose there is only one opinion about the good novels. Everybody ought to read them. But the question is, What is a good novel? There are a very few that suit me. I want a novel to be a true picture of the real life; but most of our novels are lying; they make us believe that the world is different from what it is. In every novel there is a hero; he is always an angel; he is often in danger, but you will never see him die; everything comes out all right at last. Charles Dickens is not better than the rest of them, so far. And the most of the American novelists are writing books of the same kind as were written hundreds of years ago, and we can blame ourselves for it, because we want it that way. We do not want to see the truth. We condemn Zola and Tolstoi, and go back to Dickens and Scott. We do not know that the world is in progress. We are looking backward and are more than satisfied.

Ed Lynch.

[Perhaps it is because we suffer so much from the sorrowful endings in real life that we want it different in novels.—Ed.]

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 13, 1891.

Editor Woman's Department:

I have read the *Firemen's Magazine* for several months and find it a very interesting book. I take great pleasure in reading through the Woman's Department. I don't know of any better subject to write upon than the welfare of the railroad men. I, for one, think if those who are inclined to go astray could have acquaintance with true Christian women it would not take very much to reclaim them. Would it not be a grand thing to see all our R. R. men true Christian gentlemen? Well, now, I think if each relative and friend of the R. R. men would decide to take a step in this direction to reclaim all those who like sheep, have gone astray and wandered far from the Father's fold, there would be a mighty harvest. Sister, pray for your brother or friend. Mother, do not forget your boy, or perhaps your husband is not a God-fearing man; talk to him and pray for him until you accomplish what you set out to do, to make him one of God's own chosen ones. I trust that some one interested in this work will write something better than these few lines. I think a great deal but have not the gift of giving expression to all my thoughts.

A Fireman's Friend,

J. H. N.

JUSTICE.

BY REV. STOFFORD BROOKE.

Three men went out one summer-night,
No care had they, or aim:
They dined and drank, and said, "ere we go home
To-night, we'll have a game."

Three girls began, that summer night,
A life of endless shame:—
And went through drink, disease and death,
Swift as a racing flame.

Homeless and lawless, loathed, they died,
Rich, honored, praised, the men—
But when they all shall meet with God,
And Justice speaks, what then?

LONDON, ENG.

NO WOMAN in ordinary circumstances can rear four children in eight years and keep the run of society too. A mother, of all women, should be in bed by 10 o'clock each night if she values her looks. Better still if she goes to bed at 9, not to sleep always, but to read comfortably or chat with sister or intimate. But one might as well talk to women about turning Mohammedan as about going to bed at 9 o'clock. Patti does it, and Lucca, and all the great singers who are radiantly handsome at an age when other women retire from the foreground.

THE MAGAZINE.

Rejected Manuscripts are not returned unless accompanied with required postage.

Subscriptions must begin with the January, April, July or October number, and expire with the year.

Changes of Addresses of subscribers should be reported to us promptly to insure the safe delivery of the Magazine.

Contributors are required in all cases to give their real names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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THE NORTHWESTERN CONSPIRACY AND FEDERATION.

It is an axiom that "a chain is not stronger than its weakest link." If the stronger links could speak they would point to the weakest link and demand its removal. They would say, "that link is totally unreliable when any strain is put upon the chain. It will break at a time of supreme importance and will bring about disaster." The reasonableness of such conclusions is apparent, they are logical and conclusive. The weakest link is always the dangerous link. A ship riding at anchor goes upon the rocks, with all on board, because the weakest link in the cable breaks. And thus we could multiply illustrations demonstrating the dangers which lurk in the "weakest link."

Suppose we call federation a chain which binds certain labor organizations in union. Is the suggestion extravagant? Is the idea far-fetched? As an illustration is it not apt, pertinent and appropriate?

The various organizations constituting the federated body are not stronger, in a certain sense, than the weakest organization, and this weakness, like the imperfect link of a chain, is never disclosed until its strength is put to the test.

Now, then, a federation known as the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employés was instituted. It was composed of four organization of railway employés, viz:

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

The Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association.

The Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.

The organizations, by their representatives, constituted the Supreme Council; they were the links in the chain which bound the orders together in fraternal fellowship.

We may be reciting history that some persons will regard as a little ancient. This is a fast age and there are those who are disposed to treat things of recent date as if

small consequence. There are others who deem it the part of wisdom to treasure up incidents which mark epochs in the ascending or descending grade of nations, organizations and individuals. They become monumental land-marks which resist decay and obliteration.

Is it to be supposed that the treason of Benedict Arnold is to be effaced while the rivers run to the sea? Does not the apostacy of the miscreant take on darker coloring as the years join the centuries?

Is it to be presumed that the three New York militiamen, Anderson, Paulding and Van Wert, will ever be forgotten? In the drama of Arnold's treason, the names of the three young men, though poor and obscure, by an irrevocable decree, must forever shine in the constellation of American patriots as stars of the first magnitude.

It was these three men who required Major Andre to halt his steed. They searched the spy; they found the treasonable documents; they handed the traitor's associate to the proper officer. They saved West Point, the Gibraltar of America, from the grasp of the British forces; and this they did though tempted with shining gold. These poor militiamen spurned a bribe, and made their names immortal by patriotic devotion to their country.

The traitor, Arnold, had been a courageous, patriotic soldier. He had sealed his devotion to his country's cause by his own red blood, and had won the confidence of Washington, who said, when informed of Arnold's treason:

"I thought that an officer of courage and ability, who has often shed his blood for his country, was entitled to confidence and I gave him mine. I am convinced now, and for the rest of my life, that we should never trust those who are wanting in probity, whatever abilities they may possess."

Arnold escaped. England endorsed his treason, gave him gold and a responsible and lucrative command, but he did not, therefore escape the universal loathing of mankind. Major Andre, the spy, died of a broken neck. The cause of the colonies eventually succeeded, but treason did what it could to overthrow it in irretrievable disaster.

Arnold was the weakest link in the military chain which bound the colonial armies together, but the three humble New York militiamen discovered it before the strain was put upon it, designed to drag West Point into the clutches of the enemy of colonial federation.

The trouble with Arnold, the traitor, was that he lacked probity. Courage he had, of a certain order, but he was mean, sordid and revengeful. As a foe he was relentless and implacable, and being disqualified by nature for any generous deed, he nursed his

ates, and in secret association with the enemies of his country formed a conspiracy which, had it succeeded, might have changed the destiny of mankind for centuries.

What of all this? Why such a lengthy assertion on Benedict Arnoldism? Simply this, that Benedict Arnoldism is just as infamous in a federation of orders of railway employes, as anywhere else.

Manifestly, the grand officers of the B. of R. T. were guilty of conspiracy to vent their revenge upon the members of an associate order.

Is this allegation true? If it is true, if it rests upon a solid foundation, if it has been proven true after the long and patient investigation by the peers of the parties charged with a monstrous offense, then it must stand against the parties charged until properly atoned for, though a thousand conventions were transformed into washing and white-washing machines for the purpose of removing or obscuring the insufferable stain.

The records show the following charge:

SWITCHMEN'S MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA, OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE, CHICAGO, ILL., June 17, 1891.

To the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railroad Employes:

GREETING: The Supreme Council having refused to accept the withdrawal of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association from membership in the United Orders of Railway Employes, it therefore becomes our duty as the representatives of the above Association to prefer charges before this body against the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

We charge that the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, on and prior to the 14th day of May, 1891, entered into a conspiracy with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, whereby the switchmen in the employ of that company were discharged, and their places filled by the members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

The act of conspiracy we regard as a violation of the recognized ethics of labor organizations, as well as the letter and spirit of the laws of each of the organizations which compose this federation.

(Signed)

FRANK SWEENEY,

JOHN A. HALL,

WM. A. SIMSROTT.

Representing the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association of North America.

The investigation of the foregoing charge required 148 pages of closely printed testimony. Every extenuating word, every denial was taken down and considered, and after all the verdict of the investigating committee was as follows:

To the President and Members of the Supreme Council of the United Orders of Railway Employes:

GENTLEMEN:—We, the undersigned committee, appointed by the Supreme Council June 17, 1891, to investigate and report to this body on the charges of conspiracy preferred by the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association against the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, beg to render our report in pursuance of the instruction given. Your committee went into session at 2 P. M., June 17, 1891, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill., in room 201, and adjourned June 20, 1891. As a result of our labor we herewith present to the Council a full and complete stenographic report of the evidence given. After a careful deliberation on the evidence as submitted we find the

Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen guilty of conspiracy as charged. And would, therefore, recommend that the Supreme Council impose such penalty on the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen as they in their judgment may deem prudent.

JOHN J. HANNAHAN, Chairman.

DANIEL J. CARR, Secretary.

J. W. MARTIN.

The verdict is explicit. It is without circumlocution. The charge of conspiracy with the officials of the Northwestern railroad, to discharge switchmen and fill their places with members of the B. of R. T., was made, and it was shown to be true.

Suppose it was charged by the grand officers of the B. of R. T. that individual switchmen had violated the rules of their order, does such acts justify treason?

Benedict Arnold charged that he had been improperly treated by the Colonial Government. Was it ever urged on that account that his treason was justifiable, and ought to have been indorsed?

We have never sought to make it appear that either individual switchmen, or the S. M. A. A. were immaculate or infallible. That order was not on trial, and to use any real or supposed wrongs inflicted by them as an excuse for treason only brings the guilty parties into more odious conspicuousness.

We discuss the charge of conspiracy made against the grand officers of the B. of R. T. and assert that they were proven guilty. All that these men could say in their own defense did not change the facts. There they stand, black and towering. To indorse them, to condone them, to applaud them, to pooh, pooh at them, to belittle them, and treat them as of little or no importance, is stultification which exhausts all their sources of folly and invites universal contempt and abhorrence.

We are profoundly interested in federation. We have believed it to be the one thing needful to secure to railway employes, in the largest measure, all rightful demands and to enable them to resist all improper encroachments upon their welfare. In these regards our mind has undergone no change whatever. In the advocacy of federation we take back no one word we have ever written or spoken, in public or private. It is to come. It is to be firmly established. It is to win victories for labor. But any federation that endorses treason, that condones conspiracy, that applauds apostasy, will not succeed, and ought not to succeed. No federation of organizations can, by any possibility, command the respect of honorable workingmen, that includes an order which bears all the odium that attaches to scabbing.

Organized workingmen, no matter under what banner they march, abhor scabs. And this being true, what must they think of an order whose grand officers are so lost to all sense of honor as to enter into a con-

spiracy with an enemy of organized labor to strike down four hundred innocent switchmen, who were quietly pursuing their perilous vocation to earn food, shelter and clothing for wives and children dependent upon them?

Look at these switchmen; see them on all the lines of the Northwestern railroad. Note the trains thundering along, bearing as a part of their freight, the lives of Brotherhood (?) Trainmen; and now note the blank despair upon their manly faces as the order of their dismissal is read to them?

A thunderbolt from a clear sky could not have astounded them more. They could not understand it. They could not be made to believe that the grand officers of the B. of R. T. had entered into a conspiracy to inflict upon them such a grievous wrong.

They could not believe that the grand officers of the B. of R. T. had, like the serpent that beguiled Eve, squatted near the ears of railroad officials to concoct a scheme to rob them and their families of bread.

But all too soon the damning testimony was forthcoming and a jury fixed the stigma upon these grand officers.

Even now switchmen do not believe the rank and file of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen indorse the unmitigated act of wrong and treachery. The Railway Trainmen are hard workers, their vocation is perilous. Many of them have wives and children dependent upon them whom they would dislike to hear cry for bread. And when they reflect that their grand officers, for the purpose of revenge upon two or three or a half dozen switchmen, engulfed *four hundred* men in misfortune, their better nature will revolt. As men—as workingmen, they are built that way, else some evil genius has transformed them into some form of animated beings without heart or soul.

But it is said the great order of Railroad Trainmen have indorsed their grand officers with their guilt clinging to them. This is true, and it is not true. The Galesburg convention did indorse the grand officers of the B. of R. T., but in doing that the convention was governed by the declarations of the grand officers denying that they were conspirators, that they had conspired with the officials of the Northwestern railroad to strike down the four hundred innocent and unoffending switchmen in the employment of that corporation, and the convention, acting under influences created for the purpose of debauching judgment and dethroning reason, failed to consider that the grand officers of the B. of R. T. had been proven guilty of conspiracy, that they were guilty of treason to obligations as sacred as were ever imposed or assumed by men.

Nor was this the only misguiding influence brought to bear upon the convention.

The fact that the order instead of the grand officers had been expelled from the Supreme Council, was made to serve as a pretext why the grand officers should be indorsed. The men reasoned, "We are not guilty, but the penalty has fallen upon us as it has upon the guilty, and therefore, to do ourselves justice, we will indorse those who were guilty and who should have been punished."

This course of reasoning, if reasoning it can be called, served the grand officials a valuable purpose. It insured their escape from merited odium and maledictions. They could say, and doubtless did say, "The order committed no offense, and yet it has been adjudged guilty, therefore, to rebuke the action of the Supreme Council, you are bound to whitewash us," and then with a whoop which music and banqueting emphasizes the grand officials were indorsed. But there were **FOURTEEN** sturdy Railroad Trainmen who could not be debauched, who could not be swayed from a purpose as honorable as ever animated men charged with the performance of a great duty. These men saw through every design, every trick and scheme, and to the last stood firm. They could neither be bought nor bribed nor intimidated. They knew the grand officers had been guilty of treason to the order and to organized labor. They knew the grand officers had reduced the great order to a *scabbing* organization in the estimation of all honorable men. They knew that Benedict Arnoldism had been introduced into the order, and that because of the treason four hundred innocent switchmen had been deprived of the means of making an honest living for their wives and children, that their humble homes had been broken up, that want and penury, hunger and rage had taken the place of comfort and contentment, that these men had been set adrift because of the treason of the grand officials of the B. of R. T., and that when they applied for work the fact that they had been locked out and kicked out by the act of conspirators, work was denied them, and that they were compelled to seek work anywhere in street cleaning gangs that they might keep soul and body together.

This at least fourteen delegates to the Galesburg convention knew, and their revolting manhood would not permit them to indorse conspiracy and treason. They would have as soon subscribed money to build a monument to Benedict Arnold.

Do the grand officers of the the B. of R. T. believe that any honorable labor organization in the world would indorse their conspiracy, their treachery, their treason? There is not such an organization in the world, unless one can be found that indorses scabbing. Such an organization, fit only for "stratagems and spoils," whose very corner

ones are laid in treason to labor, might do a more offensive act, but none other.

Do the grand officers of the B. of R. T. doubt this? Would they like to put the proposition to the test. Let them name Chicago as the city. Let the arena be — hall, and they shall be accommodated, and when a vote is taken, when 5,000 workmen compose the audience, they shall save, if they believe they are not conspirators and traitors, an opportunity to change their minds.

To this it must come, to this it will come in due time. Treason to protection in the interest of the enemies of organized labor must be properly rebuked, properly exposed. It deserves the condemnation, the maledictions of all honorable men, and the guilty will not be permitted to escape.

We have said that we are in favor of federation, but it must be without the taint of reason. In the chain that binds orders together for the good of all there must be no link with the corroding rust of treason upon it. Better far that all labor organizations should cease to exist than that they should flaunt a flag in the face of workingmen black as night with Benedict Arnoldism.

CHILD LABOR.

There are a few, a precious few, as compared with the millions, who have a correct conception of the ills which flow from child labor. If the most thoughtful in the land were required to designate a social and industrial wrong more than any other prolific of mental, physical and moral degeneracy, we doubt not that "child labor" would be named.

Turn it which way you will, examine it as you may, the question of child labor has no bright side, nor can its contemplation afford satisfaction to anyone unless their being is shockingly debased.

It is worth while in the discussion of the subject to descend to particulars, to analyze with unhesitating candor and severity.

Starting out with the proposition that child labor is a crime against humanity, the question arises, Who is to blame? or, Where does the blame rest? Quite likely the reply will be "Society is to be blamed," therefore, as in criminal proceedings, since a whole community or a state can not be indicted, the crime escapes punishment.

"Oh," says one, "our civilization is to blame, the body politic, social, industrial, religious," all are involved, and hence the verdict, "Nobody is to blame."

The discussion of the evil effects of child labor is not of recent date, it began in England more than a century ago, where employers regarded children as material to be worked up, and it was worked up to an extent that horrified civilization, and finally

brought Sir Robert Peel to the front to devise ways and means by which the poor children might be redeemed from conditions compared with which savagery would have been a supreme blessing.

It is held in some quarters that our civilization is peculiarly English; admit it, and then read the reports that have been submitted to parliament upon the condition of the industrial classes, and there will be little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that American ideas of "child labor" are eminently English.

It has been held that in the United States of America in all things pertaining to the well being of the people, we were in advance of all other nations. In the form of government we boast that we did not borrow European ideas, but on the contrary, constructed a government especially designed to establish the sovereignty of the people; a government in which the poor had rights as sacred as the rich; and that the laws would protect the rights of all alike, and yet it is true, humiliatingly true, that even now, with all our boasting, the rights of workingmen are cloven down by decisions of English courts, made when the employer was master and the workman a slave.

But cutting adrift from such reflections, the question arises, What is the American view of child labor? Can it be said that there is any well defined sentiment upon the subject such as exists in England?

It is possible, but by no means certain, if an appeal were made to the whole people, as in the case of a presidential election, the national judgment would be recorded against child labor, and this uncertainty indicates to what a deplorable extent the national conscience has been warped and deformed regarding a matter which the profoundest thinkers of the period regard as of supreme importance.

Why is child labor permitted? What are the incentives which underlie this crime against humanity?

Child labor is permitted by society because society is soulless, heartless, because it is dominated by ideas which regard with apparent contempt questions which relate to labor, to the employment of children, notwithstanding the age is distinguished for the discussion of all sorts of moral questions.

As a general proposition only poor people have large families. In the homes of the rich it is no longer fashionable to be prolific. One child is the real aristocratic idea, and beyond three is plebeian and vulgar. This being true, questions relating to the prerogatives of poor men of the future are already mooted, the idea being to relieve them of the ballot. In England, while the elective franchise is being extended, in free America the codfish aristocratic class discuss the

propriety of abridging it. The argument is that the masses are degenerating and that, therefore, the institutions of the country are in peril.

It is held that the life of a generation is thirty-three years, hence the male infants of to-day in thirty-three years will be the men who will control the destinies of the republic. It is readily seen that with such facts in full view the child labor question becomes one of commanding gravity.

It is held by men who have investigated the subject in its moral and physical aspects, that child labor is of all others which now confronts the nation, the one that should create the most active solicitude.

Who are those who favor child labor? and why are they opposed to any movement looking to the emancipation of children from toil?

There are several classes of people who favor child labor: First, indigent families whose poverty is the result of circumstances over which they have no control. Widows whose orphan children must work to keep themselves and their mothers out of the poor house. Second, parents degraded by multiplied vices, who have less regard for the welfare of their children than bears have for their cubs; whose children are required and compelled to work that their degenerate parents may be idle and gratify their beastly inclinations. Third, parents whose greed of gain totally obscures all consideration of the moral, physical and intellectual welfare of their children, who are willing to coin their young lives into dollars and cents to gratify mercenary instincts and force upon society moral and physical deformities to propagate in due time a still more degenerate generation. Fourth, there is still another class, known as employers, whose natures are so deplorably depraved that the employment of children is one of the means devised to augment their wealth.

Such employers are the monsters of the age. They are without conscience. In all the fens, swamps, jungles and stagnant waters of the world, no animated thing is found more repulsive than the creature, having the form of man, who counts his gains, secured by child labor. His palatial home, his purple and fine linen, the luxuries which surround him, the food upon which he subsists, the downy bed upon which he reposes, all, everything, is damned, irrevocably cursed by the crime of child labor, by which the "human form divine" is distorted, the immortal soul shrivelled, the intellect shackled, and the child slave, at last grown to manhood or womanhood, sent forth to multiply a degenerate species of humanity, to describe which, the language supplies no adequate terms.

Does the pulpit take cognizance of the deplorable drift of events? Does it sound

the alarm? Does it mass its anathemas and hurl them at society and seek to arouse universal hostility to conditions which the devil and his imps have foisted upon humanity? How gladly would we now and here reproduce the declarations of the pulpit against the degrading crime of child labor, but, unfortunately the pulpit is silent.

Our readings enable us to say that lecture bureaus are numerous, and the intellect of the country is summoned to lecture upon "temperance, righteousness and a judgment to come," but whoever heard of a strolling lecturer, high or low, who chose for his theme the crime of child labor?

We have great institutions of learning and educators of renown, and millions are annually expended for education, but who of all the professional educators the country boasts, has sought to arouse the national conscience to the blighting curse of child labor?

The discussion of tariffs and currency, double standards and single standards, commerce and transportation, food and famine, etc., like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever, but who discusses the crime of child labor? Does echo answer who? It does more. It declares chiefly, we might say exclusively, the crime of child labor is discussed in the ranks of labor.

If there is in the United States a growing sentiment against the crime of child labor, it is chiefly due to the influence exerted by organized workmen.

Labor bureaus are taking up the subject and compiling facts.

We have before us, as we write, the report of the Minnesota Bureau of Labor Statistics, a book of nearly 400 pages, devoted exclusively to child labor and education. From this report we make the following extract:

If there is one proposition of government more universally accepted by our people than any other it is that the safety and permanence of republican institutions depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. But, children having nothing worthy the name of education, forced into factories at an early age, to toil for ten hours each day, cannot save in very exceptional cases, develop into intelligent men and women. Yet they are to become an integral part of our people, and the men, at least, who grow from such children are to be, by our theory and practice of government, entrusted with the important rights and duties of citizenship equally with the most intelligent persons in the land. We have based our government and public institutions upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. Everything which tends to build up that intelligence and virtue tends to strengthen and perpetuate republican institutions. Everything which tends to destroy that intelligence and virtue tends to break down our institutions. If certain tendencies of our industrial development are found to be at war with the development of the people, there an argument needed to convince any thoughtful man that such tendencies should be checked. To illustrate: If it be found that great factories best be developed, goods cheapened to the public and the production of certain classes of commodities facilitated and multiplied by applying child labor to improved machinery, does it follow that, in the

long run, the people are benefited thereby? We will admit that goods are made cheaper and more plentiful, but what is the effect upon children? Are they maimed, crippled, dwarfed, distorted, withered? Will they grow up human manikins, intellectually and physically, or full rounded men and women? Are they fitted in any degree to take part in the direction of affairs, or must their lifelong lot be meek obedience? or can they be trusted with power only at the expense of disaster? Some philosopher has said that "dirt is only matter out of place," and, so, the multiplication of machinery is not in itself an evil; it is simply, in many cases, a perverted good. We cannot afford to destroy our men and women in their childhood for the sake of cheapening commodities. We cannot afford to undermine republican institutions, nor profit in any way by tendencies and influences which have their issue in lowering the standard of humanity. If it is well that factories should prosper, it is better that men and women should be developed. Our institutions are more valuable and sacred than the material prosperity of a few individuals.

The foregoing indicates what labor bureaus are doing to point out the essential iniquities of child labor. The appeal is made to the patriot and philanthropist, to the statesman and the political economist—and above all, to the conscience of the nation. The employment of children of tender years in factories and shops should be declared a felony. It is a crime against humanity and the state. It contemplates generations of dwarfs, physical and mental.

In this connection it is worth while to state that "Dr. Snow, of Fall River, Mass., testified that the laboring people of that city were largely made up of foreigners, induced to come here by the manufacturers; that they were, as a class, dwarfed physically, and that after a careful examination of their antecedents he had come to the conclusion that the character of the labor they had been performing from childhood was responsible for their inferior development." Besides, he said that these dwarfed people were lacking in vitality. Parents thus dwarfed mentally and physically, have no higher conception of childhood than to harness it to a machine at the earliest possible day, and the factory lords of Fall River, still more debased, employ children to increase their wealth.

It is doubtless true that there is a growing hostility to child labor in the United States, but the sentiment is not sufficiently pronounced to bring about a sweeping reform. Laws are often dead letters, because there are few sufficiently courageous to note their violation and fly to the protection of the infant toilers, in which regard the working children of the United States are in a more forlorn condition than dumb animals, for whose protection there is a powerful association of philanthropic men.

We have said that the champions of the children subjected to toil are found in the ranks of organized labor, and if a public sentiment is to be created that shall emancipate those children from degradation, and make their lives something better than a

curse, labor organizations will have a large share of the responsibility. Said President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, at Detroit:

"Of all the ills that mankind suffers from, the unjust and cruel tendencies of modern methods of wealth producing, the one that seems to me to rise to horrible proportions is that of child labor. Our centers of industry, with their mills, factories, and workshops, are teeming with young and innocent children, bending their weary forms with long hours of daily drudgery, with pinched and wan cheeks and emaciated forms, dwarfed both physically and mentally and frequently driving them to premature decay and death. The innocent smile of youthful happiness is soon transformed into wrinkles and other evidences of early decay. The life's blood of the youth of our land is too frequently sapped at the foundation. The hope of a perpetuity of free institutions is endangered when the rising generation is robbed of the opportunity to enjoy the healthful recreation of the play-grounds or the mental improvements of the school house. The children of the workers have none to raise a voice in their defense, other than the organized wage workers, and I appeal to you to take such action as will protect them from the contemptible avarice of unscrupulous corporations and employers."

These are brave words; words opportune and fitly spoken, and should be heeded by every workingman in the land, who would emancipate childhood from the debasing influences of labor.

T. V. Powderly, General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, is on record as saying, "The question of child labor and education is the most important that can come before us now or at any other time."

But, after all, labor organizations are not half aroused upon the enormity of the crime of child labor. In many factories children are practically buried alive, and in others, according to the New York report of factory inspectors, "children are crippled for life by machinery, which they should not be permitted to approach, much less control." The tale is one well calculated to horrify all people not dead to sympathy.

What of it all? This. Labor organizations can, if they will, score a triumph for God and humanity, by making child labor a burning question, and if they fail, generations of children, born deformed in body and in mind, will bear testimony to their incapacity to grasp a question fruitful of untold ills to humanity.

We have received No. 2, Vol. I of *The Trackmen's Ballast*, published at Charlotte, Mich. In the number before us we find the following:

The Trackmen's Ballast will be issued monthly in the interest of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trackmen and solicits the support of every member of the order and all men connected with railroad interests. Subscription, per year 50 cents. Address all correspondence to GEO. E. GUNN, Publisher.

Geo. E. Gunn is editor of the *Ballast*, and earnestly appeals to trackmen to join the order and subscribe for the organ of the order.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

This great organization of the working-men of the nation holds its annual convention at Birmingham, Alabama, on the 14th inst.

That our readers may be advised as fully as practicable, we insert the full text of the following official circular:

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

HEADQUARTERS, 21 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, OCT. 22, 1891.

To the Trade and Labor Unions of America—Greeting:

FELLOW UNIONISTS:—As the time approaches for the holding of the Eleventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, the thought arises in the minds of all sincere workers in our cause that every organization affiliated to the American Federation of Labor should make the greatest efforts and even temporary sacrifices, if necessary, in order that every Union may be fully and fairly represented. It should be our effort to make each succeeding Convention of the American Federation of Labor an improvement upon the preceding one, both in numbers and intelligence; keeping pace with the ever-increasing intelligence and pressing demands of the masses, and the development of the industries of our country.

On every hand we find organization and combination on the part of those who own or control wealth, and using their possessions to crush out the liberties, to stifle the voice, and pervert the rights of the toiling masses.

While it is true that many attempts have been made to grapple with this condition of affairs, puny and futile have been the results. These combinations can only be successfully met and coped with by a compact and thorough organization of the wage-working classes of our country. The more thorough our organization, the more complete our representative capacity in the Conventions of the American Federation of Labor, the more we will demonstrate to the world our fitness to grapple with this nineteenth century phenomenon.

The whole cause of humanity appeals to us to be true to the mission of our class; and help, in the never ending contests for reform, justice and right. The perpetuity of the institutions of our country, the freedom of the citizen and the man, the burdens upon the shoulders of our sisters, the cry of the young and innocent children for relief demand of us to do all in our power, to exert every effort we are capable of to bring about a condition of affairs more rational and humane, and relieve us from the stigma of carelessness, indifference, or negligence of these great wrongs by which we are surrounded.

It is for the above reasons that we urgently appeal to every organization entitled to representation at the conventions of the American Federation of Labor to be thoroughly and fully represented.

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held at Erswell's Hall, Birmingham, Alabama, December 14th, 1891, and will be called to order at ten o'clock A. M.

The representation in the convention will be upon the following basis: International and National Unions with less than 4,000 members, one delegate; for 4,000 members or more, two delegates; for 8,000 members or more, three delegates; for 16,000 members or more, four delegates; for 32,000 members or more, five delegates, and so on. Local, Trade, or Federal Labor Unions, State Federations, Central Labor Unions, Trades Assemblies, or Trades Councils, one delegate each. All organizations to be entitled to representation must have a certificate of affiliation (charter) at least thirty days before the date upon which the convention is about to be held. Any delegate representing a Union, must be a member of the Union, and if not a craftsman of the trade Union which sends him, the Union must give the reason why such delegate was chosen. Delegates must be elected at least two weeks before the time of holding the convention, and the names of the delegates forwarded to the Secretary immediately.

The per capita or delegate tax must be paid full to entitle organizations to representation. By Article IX, Constitution A. F. of L. Since the constitution requires the Secretary to furnish the Committee on Credentials at the convention with a statement of the financial standing of each affiliated body, organizations will see the necessity of sending their accounts previous to the convention, and the aid in the facilitation of the work.

Hotel accommodations have been arranged by the Local Committee, at the rate of \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day, at the Florence Hotel. The Headquarters of the Executive Council during the convention will be at the Florence Hotel.

Again urging that all Unions entitled may be represented, and to notify the Secretary of the name and address of the delegates elected at least ten days before the holding of the convention. We are,

Fraternally yours,

SAM'L GOMPERS, President

CHRIS EVANS, Secretary.

American Federation of Labor

P. J. MCGUIRE, 1st Vice-President, } Executive

WM. A. CARNEY, 2d " " } Council

JOHN B. LENNON, Treasurer, }

N. B.—Bring this call to the notice of your Union. Labor and friendly papers please copy.

The American Federation of Labor, so far, has accomplished splendid results, and Samuel Gompers, President of the organization, is eminently the right man in the right place. Mr. Gompers is practical. He wants workmen to have fair wages and reduced number of hours of toil, and the great organization, grasping this proposition firmly, moves steadily forward in the line of success.

This *Magazine* expresses the hope that the convention will be harmonious and fruitful, of lasting benefits to the American toiler.

WORLD'S FAIR WAGES.

A writer signing himself "American Toiler," writes to the *Chicago Herald* as follows:

I should like to know why, in view of the fact that many thousands of dollars have and will be put in ways that are not essential to the success of the fair, the same spirit of liberality is not shown to the poor laborers. I see that the rate of wages has been fixed at 15 cents an hour or \$1.50 for a day's work of ten hours. A man cannot support a family in Chicago on this wage. The bare necessities of life are high, and lost time through wet and bad weather will place them beyond his reach. In a great national undertaking like the world's fair, surely the promoters can afford to pay the men who will do the hard work a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. They at least ought to pay their men as much as unskilled labor is paid in the stockyards and packing houses, which is \$1.75 per day. There was no lack of money to entertain and pay for the state parties for the lady delegates when they came to Chicago, and there has been a great outcry over the cutting down of the salaries of some officials of the fair. But the poor laborer has to be content and expected to be thankful for a pittance on which he cannot live. If the fair is to be of any benefit to the workingmen employed on it fair wages and the benefit a large number. It will be of more benefit to the community at large that 500 heads of families get even 25 cents a day more than that one or two men get \$4,000 or \$5,000 per annum. In letting the contractors the directors should make it bind the contractors to pay not less than 17½ cents per hour for unskilled labor.

So far, the World's Fair, the Columbian exposition, to be had some time in Chicago, has been one continuous exposition of dis-

sting snobbery. There has been no recognition of labor except to beat it down on the earth, while the payment of princely salaries to snobs of both sexes went forward at such a plutocratic rate as to cause the indignation of Congress. "American Toiler" puts the case in its true light. The savagery of those who control the Colombian Fair, or whatever it is called, in tting wages at a point that a man cannot e and support a family, is as Christless as ything to be found in this age of Bibles d high civilization (?). It is a continental, international infamy, and American toilers should permit the exposition to hang e for another four hundred years, rather an erect the buildings as Pharaoh's slaves ilt the pyramids. If American toilers are work, sweat and starve that a few plutats may shine, then it were better that e foundation of such a stupendous monument of pride and poverty should never laid.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERING.

The *Locomotive Engineer*, in its November ue, contains the following notice of "a ange" in the ownership and management that valuable publication:

On the first of October, Angus Sinclair, editor of *National Car and Locomotive Builder*, and John A. Hill, editor of *The Locomotive Engineer*, formed a partnership and purchased of the American Marxist Publishing Co., *The Locomotive Engineer*. The paper will complete its present volume to quary next exactly in its present form. For 1892 e name will be *Locomotive Engineering*, with "a ctual Journal of Railway Motive Power and elling Stock" for a sub-title. The page will be en- gered to four columns, so as to admit of the use of ger and better engravings, and the number of ges will be increased very much—twenty pages of iding matter anyway—and the price advanced to 00 per year.

Mr. Sinclair, who is well known as the author of *Locomotive Engine Running and Management*, d as Secretary of the American Railway Master echanics Association, will hereafter devote all his ne and attention to this paper, while John A. Hill ll continue just as he has, only with increased zeal. The present owners have secured for the next year umber of new and intensely interesting features, d propose making the paper a model of its kind. The e educational features will be kept up and in- eased, historical matter, current events, and, in t, everything new that can be of interest to any an employed in the motive power or rolling stock partment of an American railroad, will be sought d shown.

Our readers have repeatedly assured us of their mplete satisfaction with *The Locomotive Engineer*. any have expressed a wish to see it a weekly, and indreds have written that it was worth a dollar a umber.

Now, we believe that a good monthly is far better an a poor weekly—the average railroad man can't ep track of a weekly.

We will have room to show everything of interest e new paper; we are concretid enough to think e can make the best practical paper in the field— th of us have earned our bread with the scoop d the throttle—and we propose putting *Locomotive Engineering* on trial for her life. Will you be on the ry?

We have established an office at 912 Temple Court, rner Nassau and Beekman streets, where we will e glad to welcome all our friends.

ANGUS SINCLAIR.
JOHN A. HILL.

In railroad literature no two men have won a more enviable reputation than has been awarded Messrs. Sinclair and Hill. In theory and practice, they are the highest authority in railroad circles in all matters pertaining to "locomotive engine running and management." They have been close students of the locomotive engine and of the railway service generally, and as writers and authors have won enduring distinction. That they will make *Locomotive Engineering* a necessity to locomotive enginemens is a foregone conclusion, and the price of subscription will place in the hands of firemen and engineers more valuable information than can be secured for the amount required, \$2.00, from any other source; and speaking for ambitious firemen, we advise them to become subscribers.

Under the editorial management of Mr. Hill, the *Locomotive Engineer* has more than met expectations, and in association with Mr. Sinclair still larger expectations will be manifested, and that they will be fully realized we do not doubt.

PREMIUMS FOR VOL. XVI, 1892.

We desire to address a few words to all the Magazine Agents of the lodges throughout our entire jurisdiction.

The premiums for 1892, Vol. XVI, are as follows:

First prize, one hundred dollars.

Second prize, fifty dollars.

Now is the time to begin the work with that earnestness that commands success. We indulge in no vain boasting when we say the *Magazine* is worthy of the best efforts, of not only its agents, but of the united efforts of the membership.

We make no comparisons, we attempt no parallels. We say of the *Magazine* as Webster did of Massachusetts, "There she stands."

If the *Magazine* has not stood fast and firm by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in shine and storm, let it go. If a principle of organization and federation has been struck down by the *Magazine*, let it go. If the *Magazine* has been less than true to every obligation the brotherhood imposed, let it go. But, if it has stood by the order of which it is the official organ, first, last and all the time—if when the battle was fierce, our flag was still waving—then the agents should realize more fully their obligations, and independent of premiums, send it forth on its mission of championing the interests of the order.

Nevertheless, the premiums need not be disregarded. They await the verdict, and will go to the ones who win.

The new year is close at hand, and if the agents take hold with a will success will come to their efforts.

MISS IDA HEWITT, THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

It were useless to be hypercritical about woman's sphere. Men are required to keep an eye upon their laurels, their plumes, etc., for now-a-days and frequently, women demonstrate such masculine qualities as to create alarm. In this connection, *Railroad Topics* has the following:

Miss Ida Hewitt is the only regularly commissioned and regularly employed woman railroad engineer in the world, and West Virginia has the honor of having produced her. She is good looking, well educated, twenty-three years old and a blue grey eyed blonde. She is the daughter of Charles H. Hewitt, one of the chief owners of the short line which connects with the Baltimore & Ohio railway at Cairo, W. Va. During her schoolgirl days she passed most of her leisure time in the railway shop near her father's residence and not only grew familiar with every detail of an engine, but became very much interested in the work. After graduating from the high school her favorite amusement was to ride in the cab, and when one day the engineer was sick she managed the train, and did it so well she was soon given a regular run. It is a narrow gauge road, and one of the prettiest sights on it, they say, is Miss Ida, with a natty engineer's cap and a neat fitting suit of blue woolen, as she sits in the little cab.

It will be well to bear in mind that other girls, seeing Miss Ida's success at the throttle, will aspire to seats on the "right hand" side.

The advent of plucky girls in the train service of railroads may not create immediate alarm, but it should be remembered that the present is a fast age and revolutions partake of the characteristic of the restless times.

Firemen, we doubt not, will felicitate themselves as they remember how difficult it is to feed the maw of old 92 and make her go, confident that no girl could fill the bill, but there might be a new departure in promotions, and to formulate a grievance against the girls by the boys—well—*sic transit*.

THE LABORER.

The New York *Evening World* remarks that "the laborer of our days is without property besides the bare necessities of life. His relation to the family has no longer anything in common with the family relation of the 'better classes.' Modern industrial labor, his subjection to capital, has stripped him of every trace of a national character. He has become an international commodity, bought and sold in the open market as long as his body is strong and healthy." The New York *Evening World*, be it remembered, is not a "labor organ"; its editor is not a "walking delegate" and yet it talks in a way which, were it less great and influential, would be referred to as an "anarchist organ." The picture it paints of labor cannot be contemplated with serenity.

THE WESTERN RAILWAY.

That caption is the title of Cy Warman's paper, published at Denver, Colorado—one of the most readable publications of its class on the continent—always newswy, always spicy, full of wit and wisdom, sparkling and sometimes foaming—it never fails to get there and is always on time.

We notice that *The Western Railway* publishes a new departure—if that is the right term—in the fact that it has secured its manager Mr. H. D. Pike, who is introduced to the readers of the publication, as follows:

We take pleasure in introducing to our friends our readers our new business manager, Mr. H. D. Pike formerly secretary to general manager Smith, of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. Hundreds of railway employes will remember having stood with him in hand at Mr. Pike's desk and asked a favor, and they will remember that when they were asked to it they did not ask in vain. Now Mr. Pike tips his hat to the fraternity and asks your patronage, sympathy and support. The *Western Railway* is a paper of which its editor is proud, and we bow with the assistance of our able manager to make it better still.

We most cordially welcome brother Pike into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the great fraternity of Faber fablers, fallible perhaps, with their full share of fallacies and fancies, but withal, good fellows, who make the world move.

Come right in, brother Pike,
Take whatever you like.

Cy. Warman could express it more poetically, we know, but practically it means that we wish *The Western Railway* all the prosperity it can carry.

DEATH, WITHDRAWAL OR EXPULSION.

It is important that when an officer of a subordinate lodge dies, withdraws, or is expelled, that the fact should be explicitly set forth in the notification to the grand lodge. Too frequently it occurs that the name of the member only is given, without any reference to the fact that he is any officer of the lodge, when such is his relation to it. As a result, while the proper record is made on the register kept by the grand lodge, the fact that the notification from the subordinate lodge does not refer to the official relation of the member, his name continues to appear in the lodge directory of the *Mayazine*.

To remedy this cause for embarrassment the official relation of the member to the lodge, if such relation exists, should be particularly stated, so that the required correction of the officers of subordinate lodge may be made.

In this connection it should be stated that in case of the death, withdrawal or expulsion of an officer of a subordinate lodge, the law provides that a successor may be elected and installed at the same meeting.

It is to be hoped that this matter will, in future, receive the attention of subordinate lodges.

THE ENGLISH SERVANT GIRL AND HER CAP.

At once, and at a single bound, a Miss Mary Chappell, of London, England, has become famous. She is a heroine, and no mistake. She knew her rights and dared maintain them.

This Miss Chappell was employed by a Mr. Kennedy in the capacity of house and parlor maid, at \$4 a week. It appears to be the custom in English houses where house and parlor maids are employed, to insist upon the maids wearing a cap to indicate their position in the family, so that visitors may not commit the unpardonable blunder of mistaking the maid for the madam, or the madam's daughter, to be engaged in conversation or invited out to walk or ride. Miss Chappell concluded she would not wear the servant cap. She doubtless had a wealth of auburn or raven curls which she delighted in fixing up artistically and bewitchingly. At any rate, after nine days in the employment of Mr. Kennedy she refused to don the cap and was forthwith discharged, and her wages refused.

Miss Chappell immediately sued Mr. Kennedy for her wages, and the court held that Mr. Kennedy must pay the claim and all costs accruing. The incident kicked up a big bobby in London, and a half dozen newspapers pitched in and denounced the heroic maid and the judge. The London *Standard* devotes considerable space to the question, and "lays down the broad principle that the female servant who is so much too good for her place that she declines to wear a highly convenient, not to say decorative, headpiece is one whom a judicious mistress should get rid of as speedily as possible. It dismisses with scorn the hygienic plea that cap wearing is unhealthy and tends to make the hair fall off, although, as one of its maid servant correspondents had pathetically pointed out, a bald parlor maid would lose her usefulness. With equal contempt it thrusts aside the æsthetic argument that there is no use in cultivating the nascent taste in the feminine masses with free exhibitions of pictures and statuary, if girls in service are to be reduced to the dull uniformity of white caps and black or 'sad colored' frocks. Yet nothing is more obvious than that when the æsthetic education of the people shall have done its perfect work a maid servant is very likely to entertain different views touching costume from those of her mistress. She may want, for instance, to wear her hair done up in a Grecian knot, or deem her style of beauty best set off by ringlets and a bang; or a parlor maid may have a fancy for appearing in a low-neck gown or in short skirts, or even in diaphanous undergarments. Must the so-called master of the house submit to her waiting at table in any of these startling

guises? If not, why not? If it be not lawful for him to order her to wear a cap, whence derives he his authority to insist upon a shawl or petticoat? Where, in other words, is the liberty or license conceded to maid servants by the decision of the county court judge to stop?"

It may be difficult to tell just what the London parlor maids will wear in the future, but if, like Miss Mary Chappell, they will not don badges of degradation there will be trouble.

THE COMING MILLENNIUM.

In the *New Nation* we find a dialogue between Mr. Smith and "Balaam in the Bible," from which we take the following:

B. in B.—Do you believe that this new era of universal brotherhood and good fellowship, which you nationalists are hoping for, is identical with the millennium predicted in the Scripture?

SMITH.—You may call it what you please, I don't care about words. I believe the world is upon the verge of the realization of the visions of universal peace, love and justice, which the seers and poets of all ages have more or less dimly foreseen and testified of. Of course I do not expect that humanity is to be perfected in a day; but I believe it is about to enter upon an era of progress wholly different from any previous one, not only in the immediate actual improvement and ennobling of human conditions, but still more in the full recognition of the illimitable possibilities of human nature, and the impassioned pursuit of them. No longer, as in previous ages, groping blindly through the night, humanity will be like an army marching swiftly and steadily forward by the light of day.

We see no good reason why the dreamers of beautiful dreams should not tell them. Dreaming and seeing visions, if the millennium is coming, are in order and in consonance with prophecy, for it is written:

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

The *New Nation* is filling the bill. It is meeting the requirements. It prophesies, it dreams delightfully and sees visions of coming events. In the language of the great Dr. Watts,

"How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Here is something that appears in the *North American Review* which "women sphere" writers can wrestle with at their leisure. Says the writer:

When a man sins he defiles himself alone; but when a woman forgets her honor, a whole family—nay, a whole generation, sometimes even a whole nation—may share the consequences of her shame. Once degraded, she can never regain the physical, even though she may regain the moral purity which she has lost. This may seem a coarse and material way of putting her case, but is it not a true one? And, being true, is it not fitting, as her crime is greater than man's, and the consequences thereof more vital, that she should suffer accordingly?

The verdict may seem hard but it is inevitable.

RAILROAD TITLES.

To the uninitiated the alphabetical titles of railroads are as occult and enigmatical as Egyptian hieroglyphics. The P. Q. & D., the K. T. & O. P. L. for instance. As a result people inclined to be facetious have often made these titles laughable. In this connection the *Columbus (O.) Dispatch* remarks that "the use of initials to designate the roads has become so universal that oftentimes the initials are known when the name is not. Grown so familiar some person attempts to play on the initials and in consequence the appellation clings to the road for years. The old I. B. & W. road was in years gone by spoken of as the I Better-Walk road or the Indiana Bologna Works. The P. Ft. W. & C. road was known as Patsy Finnigan's Wife & Children, while the J. M. & I. used to be called the Jerusalem, Mississippi & Ireland. The new P. C. & St. L. is known to Panhandle trainmen as the Piqua, Cambridge City and State Line, instead of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati Chicago & St. Louis. The Columbus, Shawnee & Hocking already has its title of Cold Slaw & Hominy Line, while the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo is called on to bear a similar title in the Cold Ham, Veal & Turkey road. The old Chicago & Indiana Central, now a part of the Panhandle, used to be called the Coffee Cake & Ice Cream road."

L. W. ROGERS.

We have on our table the *Railroad Trainmen's Journal* for November, and note with even more than gratification the courageous ring of Brother Rogers' valedictory. He says:

After a careful investigation of the Northwestern affair the editor decided he could not conscientiously support what had been done and resolved to say so regardless of the personal consequences. Believing that the adoption of such a policy meant the ultimate wrecking of the brotherhood that belief was set forth, together with the reasons for it. In this matter, as in all others, the editor thought for himself and fearlessly expressed his opinion. He is now told that this was a great mistake—practically told that he had no business to do his own thinking and that he should have supported, without question, any policy adopted by the Grand Master. If this is the kind of journalism desired it was a mistake to elect the present editor, who proposes to think for himself as long as he lives and who hasn't the slightest intention of supporting something against which his soul rebels.

Byron, in his *Sardanapalus*, says:

"Fate made me what I am, may make me nothing, But either that or nothing must I be: I will not live degraded."

It is the language of all heroic souls. It is not only in great exploits that true courage is beheld—not only on battlefields that "clothe the ground in crimson," where men are transformed into demons and the ear is no longer offended by dying groans—No, no. There are other arenas where the loftiest courage is put to the test, and our friend,

Rogers, experienced the ordeal and came out of it, as did the Hebrew children, without the smell of fire upon his garments, and no particle of the insufferable slime of the Northwestern conspiracy adheres to him. Brother Rogers had convictions and he had the courage of convictions. He dared to think for himself and he dared to express his thoughts. When a man degenerates to such a craven that he dare not defend a principle, such an apostate that he will sell out or back out, back down and crawl, he may shine for a time until his "thirty pieces of silver" are gone, but the mills of the gods grind on, and the fate of the dastard will eventually overtake him. The convention deemed it wise to make L. W. Rogers the victim of penalties, because he would have saved his great brotherhood from the ineffable stigma of *scabbing by authority*, and his reward is as certain as that

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

We anticipate with real pleasure the coming of Brother Rogers' new paper, and the *Magazine* has that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for" that it will be a power in the defense of all things of "good report" in the ranks of organized labor.

WORK ON SUNDAY.

Pittsburg has what is called a Law and Order Society, and this L. O. S. concluded that supplying a railroad locomotive with coal on Sunday, was unnecessary, and had two men arrested. The case was tried before a fellow by the name of Stowe—Judge Stowe—who delivered the following opinion:

"I can not find any evidence tending to show that the work done on Sunday was such as falls within the statute as works of necessity. The only necessity urged by the defendant, Robbins, so far as he is concerned, is that he has a contract to deliver coal to the railroad company, and by Nichols that he works for him to perform the contract. So far as the railroad company is concerned, it is sufficient to say that even if the running of trains can be considered a necessity, no reason is shown by the evidence why the company may not easily, and without undue expense, afford sufficient storage capacity for coal, so that all it may require on Sunday can be delivered on a week day in such manner as that it can be procured for use in the engines on Sunday by its own employees without the intervention of outside parties. To hold such a case as this sound would be in effect to repeal the statute prohibiting worldly employment on Sunday."

The "necessity" dodge ought long since to have been played out, or something approximating common sense and justice should mark the opinion of the judge.

THE "Odd Fellows' Grand March" and the "Air Ship Waltz" are two of the latest compositions of Isaac Doles, 234 West Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind. Both are musical gems. They comprise five pages each, sheet music size, besides illustrated title pages, not difficult in execution but beautiful in composition, and sell at 40 cents each. By way of introduction Mr. Doles will mail them to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

RAILROADS AND FORESTS.

The Forestry Division of the United States estimated in 1890 that 60,000,000 ties are required annually for renewal of worn out ties alone, not taking any consideration of ties consumed in new construction each year, which is enormous and tends to increase the number of ties required for renewals each year. Figuring in the ties used for construction in 1890 the total number of ties consumed will reach the tremendous number of 73,000,000 ties or about 365,000,000 cubic feet of timber.

A rough computation of the proportion in which the various timbers participate in this consumption allows the following distribution of material:

Oak ties	45,000,000
Chestnut ties	3,500,000
Pine ties	12,500,000
Cedar ties (red, white and California)	5,000,000
Hemlock and tamarack ties	2,500,000
Cypress ties	1,500,000
Redwood ties	2,500,000
Various	500,000

The oak, therefore, our most valuable timber, furnishes over 60 per cent. of the material, and not only from choice trees mostly, but from the young growth, which may make "one tie to the tree" or "one tie to the cut."

For bridge and trestle timber, etc., another 60,000,000 cubic feet of sawed material are to be added; so that a consumption of 500,000,000 cubic feet of wood, in the shape of forest grown (round) timber for railroad purposes, which was claimed in a former publication, stands as a reasonable figure. This requires the annual cutting of the best timber from probably more than 1,000,000 acres of our natural forest lands; and to furnish this amount continually not less than 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 acres of well-managed forest would be required, or in the absence of management—as at present—the area to be reserved for this purpose would have to exceed probably 50,000,000 acres, or more than 10 per cent. of our present forest area.

In contemplating such figures, the question doubtless arises, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" We answer, talk. Already the forest question is up for debate, statesmen, thinkers, writers, economists, assent that it is a question of immense importance. But the great public is not aroused to any very great extent. Tree planting is suggested, but amounts to little or nothing in the way of replacing the ceaseless destruction of our forests. Men realize the fact that "no forests, no rain;" "no rain, deserts." But the evil day is too remote to create alarm and the forests, as the auctioneers say, are "going, going, gone." It is no exaggeration to say that within the next hundred years the United States will have 500,000 miles of railroad track. But the hope is that the metal tie will at no distant day take the place of wood. If not, the forests of the continent will disappear to come no more, forever.

NATURALISTS agree that there are 256,500 species as follows: Of vertebrates and mammals, about 22,000 species; of birds, 6,000; of reptiles, 1,500; of fishes, 10,000; of mollusks, 15,000; of insects, 200,000; of radiata, starfishes and the like, 2,000. Some naturalists give a higher sum total, but 256,500 ought to suffice.

SOME one suggests "televoice" for telephone message. Why not teletalk.

A SHORT STRIKE.

One of the shortest strikes on record occurred on November 11th, on the part of the engineers and firemen in the employ of the East St. Louis Connecting and St. Louis Transfer Railroad Company, more generally known as the Wiggins Ferry Company. For some time previous to the rupture there had been dissatisfaction among the locomotive men on account of wages and overtime, which resulted in a joint committee being appointed by the B. of L. F. and B. of L. E. representing the firemen and engineers respectively, for the purpose of submitting the grievances to the proper officials of the company. During the course of proceedings, Grand Master Sargent and Grand Chief Arthur were called in and on October 23 the following schedule of wages and rules was agreed to by the officials of the company and the representatives of the employees:

SCHEDULE OF WAGES AND RULES AGREED UPON BY THE ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN AND OFFICERS OF THE EAST ST. LOUIS CONNECTING AND ST. LOUIS TRANSFER RAILROAD COMPANY—EFFECT NOVEMBER FIRST.

ARTICLE 1. All Engineers shall receive \$3.25 per day, eleven hours or less to constitute a day. All over eleven hours will be paid at the rate of 32½ cents per hour.

ARTICLE 2. All Firemen shall receive \$1.90 per day, eleven hours or less to constitute a day. All over eleven hours will be paid at the rate of 19 cents per hour.

ARTICLE 3. That the rights of Engineers and Firemen to engines and runs will be determined by seniority, merit being equal. Engineers and Firemen to rank as to seniority from the time they are employed as such.

ARTICLE 4. That the above named roads be considered as one in regard to seniority, providing two-thirds of the Engineers and Firemen employed thereon agree to it.

ARTICLE 5. That Engineers or Firemen attending Court or appearing before proper parties on Company business will be allowed for Engineers \$3.25 per day, Firemen \$1.90 per day.

ARTICLE 6. Engineers and Firemen will not be suspended or discharged except for a just cause and when suspended shall be given a hearing within five (5) days before the proper officers of the company and shall have the privilege of having one of their own number to represent them. When an Engineer or Fireman is suspended, and on investigation it is found that he is innocent, he shall receive pay for all time lost by reason of such suspension.

ARTICLE 7. Any Engineer or Fireman who is dissatisfied with the decision of the Master Mechanic, shall have a right to an appeal to the General Manager.

ARTICLE 8. The rules now in vogue regulating the dinner hour shall remain in force.

Approved,

C. H. SHARMAN.

J. P. COLLINS for Engineers.

JOE SMITH, for Firemen.

D. J. TIMLIN, M. M.

This schedule was to take effect November 1st. It will be observed that Article 8 provides that "the rules now in vogue regulating the dinner hour shall remain in force." Out of the construction placed upon this article grew the trouble which eventuated in the discharge of a number of employees and finally involved the company in a strike, which, but for the timely interposition of cool-headed men, might have had serious and far-reaching consequences.

The rule relating to the dinner hour which had been in vogue provided that if the men worked during that hour they should be entitled to extra pay, while the officials maintained that the schedule required eleven straight hours of service without regard to the dinner hour.

The employés, having been instructed by the grand officers and the committee to put in their time on the basis of extra allowance for work performed during the dinner hour, naturally enough credited themselves with the time thus made, which the master mechanic refused to allow. Then followed a peremptory order on the part of the master mechanic to eliminate all such time from the report sheets. This the employés, in view of the instructions they had received, declined to do and then began the dismissal of engineers and firemen, until the heads of eighteen of them had fallen in the basket.

The men, of course, immediately appealed to the grand officers of their respective orders. Grand Chief Arthur and Grand Master Sargent, promptly responded, and after a brief investigation, concluded that the agreement between the company and employés had been misconstrued to the great detriment of the men, and that their grievance was a righteous one. Then followed interviews with the higher officials. General Manager, C. H. Sharman, was approached but the conference was fruitless of results. Next, President John Scullen was called on and the grievances of the employés were canvassed in detail. Still no satisfactory conclusion could be reached and finally, the last and highest authority having been appealed to, in vain, the men resolved to strike, and in this they were given the sanction of the chief executives of their orders. The company were given until Wednesday, the 11th inst., at high noon, to adjust the grievances, failing in which, the men were to withdraw from their service in a body. The hour arrived, and in the absence of any proposition from the officials of the company to avert the trouble, the strike was declared on, and the men left their engines in a body. Meantime, Grand Chief Arthur and Grand Master Sargent, were on the ground. Negotiations with the officials were again opened with a view to ending the difficulty if there was any hope of doing so. At this juncture more prudent counsels prevailed. The grievances were discussed in a spirit which was almost a certain guaranty of an adjustment. After a careful and thorough consideration of the matter a compromise was effected, which was satisfactory to both employés and officials. The matter of the overtime for the dinner hour was waived by the employés, in consideration of the reinstatement of all the discharged employés. And thus ended

one of the shortest strikes on record. The men were all promptly reinstated and the strike was declared off at 7 o'clock P. M. having lasted just seven hours.

It is fortunate for all concerned that the trouble was brought to a speedy close, for if it had continued the connecting lines on both sides of the river would doubtless have become involved to a greater or less degree, and this would have been something in the nature of a calamity. We are informed that W. S. Hodges, Esq., general freight agent, an old and experienced railroad man, gave valuable advice and otherwise contributed in a large measure to the adjustment of the difficulty. Strikes are always to be deprecated, but if they come, as sometimes they do, it is well that they are as brief as the one here recorded.

LAND.

The figures relating to the operation of the general land office, at Washington ought to be highly entertaining to Mr. Henry George.

Mr. Commissioner Carter, in his report shows that "the number of acres of public land disposed of during the year shows that the cash sales amounted to 2,143,090 acres. Of the miscellaneous entries (not cash) 5,040,393 acres were homesteaded and 969,006 were entered under the timber culture law. The railroad selections amounted to 1,857,572 acres; the state selections to 174,404 acres; the Indian allotments to 117,483, and the original swamp selections to 23,167 acres. Total cash receipts during the year were \$5,429,220, and the filings during the year 20,241, the fees on which amounted to \$77,069. Final entries during the year were 51,934, representing an acreage of 7,359,905; original entries at the same time, 45,845, aggregating 6,409,832 acres; decrease of entries for the year, 15,664, representing an acreage of 2,596,820; patents to land grant railroads during the year, 3,088,679 acres an increase over previous year of 2,724,817. Surveys have been accepted during the year to the amount of 8,096,004. The vacant public land in the public land states and territories are 579,664,683 acres. Commissioner Carter makes a strong plea for the irrigation of the arid lands."

The commissioner shows the vacant public lands in acres in each of the public land states and territories, as follows: Alabama, 947,310; Arizona, 55,061,005; Arkansas, 4,998,398; California, 52,299,499; Colorado, 42,167,030; Florida, 3,468,381; Idaho, 33,781,851; Iowa, 6,000; Kansas, 791,078; Louisiana, 1,243,118; Michigan, 781,856; Minnesota, 6,849,975; Mississippi, 1,201,298; Missouri, 1,023,898; Montana, 74,372,799; Nebraska, 11,460,436; Nevada, 53,689,324; New Mexico, 54,893,679; North Dakota, 16,135,440; Oklahoma, 3,502,406; Oregon, 39,

20,151; South Dakota, 14,085,394; Utah, 5,428,387; Washington, 20,401,691; Wisconsin, 1,003,133; Wyoming, 50,842,424. Total, 579,664,683 acres.

It appears that there is enough land left or 36,229,154 farms of 160 acres each, but it is not first quality, and is not likely to be speedily under cultivation unless water can be obtained for irrigation, and to this problem the government is likely to give special attention. If water can be obtained then millions of acres will be subjected to the plow and made fruitful. If bombarding clouds will bring rain, and science so declares, then at no distant day our American deserts will disappear. By all means let the bursting of balloons and bombs proceed.

PENALTIES FOR OPINIONS.

Courageous men are not all dead. Occasionally one is found in the pulpit who dares stand forth and utter words that weigh a ton and that will never die. One of these men is Rev. C. H. Hobart, of the Baptist church, Oakland, California, who recently said:

Personally I am an intense believer in absolute religious liberty. No individual has the right to interfere with the freest exercise of this knowledge on the part of his fellow-men. I have ever stood for the right of conscience responsible only to God, and beyond control or regulation by any human organism. So far as their fellow-men or the state is concerned, Robert G. Ingersoll has the utmost right to teach his infidelity, and the Unitarians to build their churches and preach their views; and any man who attempts by physical force or legal enactment to prevent them, has struck a blow at the liberty of which as Americans, we are so justly proud. On the other hand, I claim and glory in the right to combat their errors by all the power of my pen and voice. My right I propose to exercise, and would be the last to deny to others what I claim for myself.

Leaving religious dogmas out of the discussion, the spirit of intolerance is abroad in other matters. There must be no penalties for honest opinions, else the dark ages will return, or times which will be fruitful of horrors far exceeding anything authentic history proclaims of the dark ages.

Just now money, or more properly, those who wield the power which money confers, are intolerant. Bigotry is one of the distinguishing characteristics of plutocracy. Let it mass its strength, but in the name of eternal justice another power is coming to the front, the unified mind power of workingmen, and once marshalled, no doubts need be entertained as to the outcome.

METALLIC MONEY AND HARD TIMES.

The caption of this article is the title of a valuable treatise on the money question by James D. Holden. Mr. Holden has made a special study of the subject of finance, and presents the result of his investigation in a pamphlet of fifty-five pages which should be read by every student of economic affairs. Mr. Geo. C. Ward has been appointed agent for the book, as will be seen by the following circular:

To the Brethren in the Faith:

During the past eighteen months I have written for the various reform journals hundreds of educational articles, explanatory and in advocacy of the Alliance demands, and my many readers will bear witness to my zealous and faithful labor for the cause. This work has entailed upon me much arduous and laborious study and brain work, and (I being a wage-worker), has meant the sacrifice of my noon hour, the devotion of my Sundays to work and the burning of much midnight oil. For none of these labors, nor for any of these articles have I ever received one single cent. As editor of the A. N. Kellogg Alliance page, I have striven earnestly to make the page an effective aid to the Alliance propaganda and a reliable exponent of the people's demands, while I have endeavored to furnish a series of cartoons that would be valuable adjuncts in the work of education.

In view of these facts, I now take the liberty to announce that I have secured the sole agency for the publication, sale and distribution of the pamphlet entitled "Metallic Money and Hard Times," by J. D. Holden, of Emporia, Kan. The author of this remarkable little production has spent many years in the banking and investment brokerage business, and possesses a thorough knowledge of finance generally, and banking in all its branches. The book is the very essence, boiled down, of luminous, unique and logical argument, premised upon fundamental and immutable truths concerning money, its nature, uses, attributes and functions. There is not a superfluous or idle sentence in the argument, while the ultimate is an unanswerable plea for absolute legal tender paper money based upon productive real estate and issued to the owners of such lands at not to exceed two per cent.

The price of this pamphlet is twenty-five cents by mail prepaid, six cents net of which falls to my share. I trust that every one who endorses and advocates the Ocala demands will buy two copies, one to keep and one to sell to a banker or business man.

Address orders enclosing postal notes to

Geo. C. Ward,
1928 Virginia Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Ward has been a valuable contributor to the columns of this *Magazine*, as thousands of our readers know who have read his excellent articles on industrial reform. In purchasing a copy of "Metallic Money and Hard Times" the reader will get value received for his investment, while at the same time helping a staunch advocate of the rights of labor.

THE ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

The following subscriptions to the *Robinson Monument Fund* have been received since our last report:

J. H. Cunningham, Pan Handle, Texas	\$1 00
C. Bodmer, LaCrosse, Wis	1 00
Cyrus M. Moser, Columbia, Penn	50
W. Reed, Fairhaven, Wash	1 00
Biston Lodge, No. 57, B. L. F., Boston, Mass.	10 00
J. H. Kernau, Washington, Ind.	50
Previously acknowledged	150 85

Total \$164 85

Remittances should be directed to *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, Terre Haute, Ind.

The Mormons have obtained in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, a tract of land 125 miles long and fifteen miles wide to which they propose to immigrate, and the exodus has already commenced. Those with two wives or more are the first to go, because they want to "live their religion."

WM. D. ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Wm. D. Robinson, who died at Washington, Ind., on November 7th, 1890, was the founder of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and in doing this great work, he as certainly laid the foundation of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and all other organizations of railway employes.

In closing our obituary notice in the December issue of the *Magazine* we said:

In this hour, when Locomotive Engineers and Firemen stand uncovered at the tomb of Wm. D. Robinson, the question arises, What can be done to perpetuate the name, the fame, the memory of a man who gave the best years of his life for their benefit? Is not the answer. We will build him a monument worthy of his deeds, of his labors and sacrifices? We will believe that such is the response.

If it is, let the good work begin, and let it be carried forward until a granite or a marble shaft shall mark the spot where his dust reposes.

"What hallows ground
where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured
piles you heap!
In dew that heavens far
distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genil twine beneath the
deep
Their coral tomb.

"What's hallow'd ground?
'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls
of worth!
Peace! Independence!
Truth go forth.
Earth's compass round
And your high priesthood
shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

The poet's idea is correct. Where Wm. D. Robinson sleeps his last sleep, is hallowed ground, and monumental marble could add nothing to its sacredness. But it is all of that without reference to the living. What can the living do to bear testimony that the last resting place of Wm. D. Robinson is hallowed ground?

We do not believe the name of Wm. D. Robinson is soon to perish and be forgotten. We believe the Brotherhood he founded will be his imperishable monument, and that his name in connection with that great order is to increase in lustre as the years flow on. But that does not cancel the debt of gratitude the two great brotherhoods of the locomotive owe his memory, which if not met, will, in the judgment of mankind, cover the living with obloquy.

We believe the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will respond in a way that will bear eloquent testimony of their appreciation of the life work of the man that made their organization fruitful above measure of blessings to locomotive firemen. Alone and unsaid, our order, for the small sum of 25 cents each, could do the work. But we prefer doing it in conjunction with the Brotherhood of Engineers; nor would we confine subscriptions to the two orders, but would invite all the brotherhoods engaged in the train service of railroads to join in the great work of gratitude.

In discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dead philanthropist we said in the April issue:

The idea of building a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Wm. D. Robinson, originated with the *Firemen's Magazine*. The time has come for action. Contributions should be made. We have said that 25 cents each from members of the B. of L. F. would build the monument. But we surmise that other orders would want a place in the splendid work proposed, and we have opened in the Grand Lodge office of the B. of L. F.,

A ROBINSON MONUMENT FUND.

Every contribution, however small or large, will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Magazine* under an appropriate head, and when the contributions approximate a sum which gives assurance of success to the enterprise, a commission made up of the members of the various brotherhoods will be constituted to take charge of the fund and prepare for work.

Members of the various orders subscribing should designate their calling, and if they will give their address it will be regarded as a favor.

Now, let the good work proceed. Wm. D. Robinson, when alive, was the friend of the workingman. He wrote and spoke and toiled to establish a brotherhood and to teach men the power of organized labor. Railroad trainmen had no more ardent and unselfish friend. Let a monument bear testimony that death did not sever the tie that bound him to the living.



WM. D. ROBINSON.

If ever a man deserved the grateful homage of his fellows that man was Wm. D. Robinson. He devoted the best years of his life to the great work of organizing railroad men for their moral and material advancement. He toiled without recompense, he endured privations and made sacrifices the half of which will never be told. He lived and died in poverty,

that others might fare better than was his lot. Every man, woman and child who has been, is now, or ever will be the beneficiary of any of the brotherhoods of railway employes owes Wm. D. Robinson a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. Such a man deserves a monument to bear testimony of the love and gratitude of those for whom he accepted poverty, persecution and all their attendant ills, and every member of every organization of railroad employes should cheerfully contribute his mite, small as it may be, to such a noble purpose. Contributions may be directed to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, Terre Haute, Indiana*, all of which will be acknowledged in its columns.

A MISS EDWARDS, of New York City, some time ago established a Home for Friendless Cats, and a Mrs. Calkins was employed to take charge of the feline waifs. The home prospered. Cats flocked to the home and found food and shelter. Fortunately the cats, however destitute otherwise, were, usually, decently clad. It was thought to be a great philanthropic enterprise, and Miss Edwards was delighted. She loved cats, she was pleased in seeing them happy and contented. She was never more gratified than when attending a caterwauling concert. She made no distinctions, the Maltese, the Angora and the scrub were all on a dead level at the Home for Friendless Cats and Kittens. When a cat died it was sent to the catacombs on a catafalca, and Miss Edwards enjoyed a cataclysm of tears which finally produced a cataract in one of her eyes, and frequent symptoms of catalepsy.

All who know Miss Edwards say she is high authority on cats. A catanarian who can link together incidents in cat history, she relates numerous catastrophes, and is authority on catacoustics and cataplasms. She always bobs for catfish and loves a fiddle on account of its catgut equipment. In a fight with incorrigible cats, wild cats and catamounts Miss Edwards always uses a catline, and indulges in much catnip tea. For those who do not love cats Miss Edwards has been known to recommend a cat-o'-nine-tails. In describing Miss Edwards' Home for Friendless Cats, the *World* says "the odor of the place is unbearable. Upon entering the hall door a score of dogs of all sizes, ages and breeds sprung forward and nearly knocked a reporter down. On the second floor a vicious-looking cat, which had been correctly christened John L., sprung upon the reporter's shoulders and attempted to give him some lessons in scientific boxing. In the middle of the back room stood a pile of furniture. Scattered over it were at least fifty cats. The rest were under the stove or in the attic." Such is the drift of New York philanthropy, a city where thousands of virtuous women annually seek the station houses for a night's repose; a city where thousands of girls and women are required to work for starvation wages; a city of filth, squalor and wealth which defies exaggeration; a city with a home for friendless cats, while the station houses and worse are the homes of friendless women.

We have received from the publishing house of John Wiley and Sons, 53 E. 10th st. New York city, a copy of the *Practical Cat-chism*, by Robert Grimshaw, author of *Steam Engine Catechism*, etc. The *Catechism*, as indicated by the title, instructs by a series of questions and answers and treats

of a series of forty-nine topics, embracing air, combustion, fuels, gas, gravity, iron and steel, locomotives, lubrication, mechanical processes, power, railways, ventilation, waters, etc. The book contains 296 pages, including an exhaustive alphabetical index, and is replete with information of much practical value to students of the subjects named. Mr. Grimshaw is a consulting engineer of wide reputation and has written a number of other works which have had an extensive circulation. The *Catechism* is gotten up in convenient size and form, and the subject matter is so treated as to be within the mental grasp of the average reader.

We have received from the Twentieth Century Publishing Co., 7 Clinton Place, New York City, a copy of an essay on United States Money from the able pen of Reginald P. B. Johnson. The contents are as follows: "What money is and is not. Single and double systems. Review of United States currency legislation. European currency laws. Silver nations. Present position of the United States money. Results of unlimited silver coinage. Consequences of passing to the silver standard. Arguments for unlimited silver coinage considered." The argument of Mr. Johnson is lucid and cogent and commands the closest attention of the reader. This pamphlet can be had for the small price of 5 cents which places it within the reach of all.

We are indebted to Hon. Carol D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, Washington, D. C., for a copy of Parts I and 2 of the Sixth annual report of the Commissioner of Labor for 1890 which treats of the cost of production of iron, steel, coal, etc. In his message to congress, referring to the report, President Harrison says: "This report relates to the cost of producing iron and steel and the materials of which iron is made, in the United States and Europe, and the earnings, the efficiency, and the cost of living of the men employed in such production." The book contains 282 pages, filled chiefly with tabulations of the greatest value to students of the industrial interests of the country. The work throughout is clear and exhaustive and will doubtless serve effectually the purpose intended.

In our advertising columns will be found a special offer to the wives and daughters of our members from the publishers of *The Ladies' World*. This is a reputable house and their offer seems very attractive and worthy of perusal. In answering, don't fail to quote the *Magazine*.

ELY BROTHERS have favored us with a renewal order of their Catarrh advertisement, so well pleased are they with the results from the *Magazine* last year. They now inform us that they have a bottle of Cream-Balm with a screw metal top, calculated for any railroad man to carry in his pocket for constant use. Price 50 cents. The house is old and reliable.

THE PARISH FAIR.

With an unctious delivery, pliously uttered,
 His reverence named a committee to-day;
 And many a bosom expectantly fluttered,
 To catch every name in the favored array.
 He averred that the church was in need of assistance,
 And each one, he said, must do his or her share
 Of the labor required for its future subsistence,
 By having the parish take hold of a fair.

Dear reader, you may be oblivious to scheming
 'Till you observe congregations let loose;
 With their teasing beseeching, purloining, defaming,
 Which constitute nuisance and public abuse.
 Little children go begging, they meet with temptation,
 Their seniors go also with blandishments rare,
 Soliciting signers to help out salvation,
 And send us to heaven by way of a fair.

'Tis brazen ones, chiefly, I find are selected
 For every department required to be filled;
 The modest parishioners all are rejected,
 Because they are not in rank beggary skilled.
 The church needs the money, our Lord is so needy!
 His temple, they say, is of ornaments bare;
 The pastor—God bless him—in garments is seedy,
 To clothe and adorn we must needs have a fair.

Such artful devices the cash for obtaining
 One never set eyes on or ears on before;
 Of your change you'll discover your pocketbook draining
 As soon as your feet you put inside the door.
 How the booths and the tables are set for your capture!
 How tinsel abounds in the hall everywhere!
 How the "dear leading ladies" preside in their rapture!
 And think they are angels in charge of the fair!

Come walk with me now, I have tips which I'll give you
 About a few beauties in charge of the booths;
 I'm right well acquainted and shall not deceive you,
 The way that those ladies do innocent youths:
 That wrinkled old spinster, with frizzes and curls
 You see tilted back in the high arm chair,
 Still fancies, by aping the ways of young girls,
 She'll capture a man ere the close of the fair.

There's Kitty McCann, she is booked as another
 High, dignified damsel in charge of the cash.
 Kate keeps her eyes lifting for some girl's brother,
 To make what we call in slang phrases "a mash."
 "For the pure love of God" she's devoting her labors
 In language emphatic she'll often declare—
 If Kitty could hear how she's chewed by her neighbors
 She'd furl some sails which she spreads at the fair.

Old Judy Devine, that on pigs made her money,
 Is out in her silks at a table each night.
 Lord guide her! She thinks she's sweeter than honey,
 But long tongued Nell Reardon avers she's a fright.
 There's Biddy McSweeney; the grab bag she carries.
 Her forehead is hidden by carrotty hair!
 It isn't her fault she is singleness carries.
 She, too, is an angler for hearts at the fair.

Sal Crogan insists she's neglecting her babies
 To help on the cause of the lowly and meek;
 I've heard fellows say they'd prefer having rabies,
 Than list to her scandalous tongue for a week.
 And Norah McLaughlin struts looking for signers
 Along with her chum, crazy Kitty O'Hare.
 I know them to be two unchristian designers,
 Whose tongues villify every night at the fair.

Many more I could name of "the dear leading ladies"
 The clergyman pliously calls to his aid,
 The Callaghans, Murphys, O'Haras and Gradys,
 Old hen-wives and geese herds, both matron and maid.
 They are make penny mongers, in ignorance steeping,
 As dense as a mud hole in summer's hot glare.
 They're sure to drive pure-hearted Christians off weeping,
 To think what the Lord must endure at a fair.

If we cannot exist on this earth without gambling
 With grab bags and chance games perniciously wrong,
 Where flirting and slander, lewd posing and ambling,
 Abound at bazars 'mongst the time-killing thro' g.
 We had better nail tight every church door securely,
 And out in His Temple our heads bend in prayer,
 Beneath the blue heavens both meek and demurely—
 'Tis better than temples we build by a fair.

Shandy Maguire

Notice to Secretaries.

Secretaries will please report to the Grand Lodge immediately the names and addresses of Magazine agents for 1892, so that the same will appear correct in the January issue of the *Magazine*, thus avoiding difficulties and perplexities that are embarrassing to subordinate lodges as well as the Grand Lodge. This is a matter of special importance and we shall open for prompt returns.

Magazine Agents for 1892.

As the Magazine Agents for 1892 should now begin their canvass for subscribers, it is necessary that we should have their names and addresses for the lodge directory in the January issue of the *Magazine*. Secretaries will please report promptly to the Grand Lodge the names and addresses of the Magazine agents for 1892, so as to insure accuracy and promptness in all matters of correspondence between agents and the grand lodge.

THE MASON REGULATOR Co., of Boston, Mass., have lately published a pamphlet entitled "Key to Steam Engineering," being a thorough and practical catechism of the Steam Engine and Boiler. A feature of the treatise of special interest to locomotive firemen is an analysis of the combustion of coal. The author in his preface says: "There have been many works published on steam and the Steam Engine, which, although treating the subject in a comprehensive and scientific manner, have, nevertheless, failed to accomplish that which was intended (the education of the engineer) simply because the terms used by the college educated writers and scientific character of the books are beyond the comprehension of the great majority of the men who are expected to profit by their contents." The treatise is divided into ten chapters, as follows: Air, Water, Fuel, Steam, Boilers, Engines, Engineers, Belts and Shafting, Speed and Pulleys, Tables, etc. We have perused the work with much interest and commend it to those who are in pursuit of information relating to steam and steam engineering.

We have received from the publishers, The F. H. Leavenworth Publishing Co., Insurance Publishers, publishers of that well known Insurance Journal, *The Indicator*, at Detroit, Mich., a copy of the Seventh Annual Edition of the Pocket Chart of Co-operative Life, Accident and Fraternal Associations. According to this Chart, on Dec. 31st last, there were over two million members in these various associations in the United States and Canada. This Chart contains in its over 100 pages much valuable information, and sells for the small sum of 25 cents a copy. Address the publishers.

Addresses Wanted.

THOMAS DONNELLY.—A member of Neches Lodge, No. 156; when last heard from was at New Albany, Ind. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please correspond with W. T. Shroyer, box 223, Palestine, Texas.

ALBERT TYAS.—A member of Bay State Lodge, No. 72; was in North Platte, Neb., when last heard from. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will please address the Secretary of said lodge.

Acknowledgments.

WICHITA, KAN., October 23, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN:—We desire to extend our sincere and heartfelt thanks to the B. of L. F., Star of the West Lodge, No. 340, for their kindness, sympathy and assistance in our great bereavement. May God, in His infinite mercy, protect and prosper the brotherhood all over the land and spare all the intense pain it has been our lot to endure is the prayer of

MRS. EMMA WADE.

MOUNT AIRY, November 4, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

We desire to express our sincere thanks to you for the prompt payment of \$1,500, the full amount due on the policy held by our son, Everett McCormack, who died July 8, 1891.

May God ever bless and prosper your noble order is our prayer.

D. M. MCCORMACK,
HARRIET MCCORMACK.

HOWELL, MICH., November 5, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

DEAR SIR:—We have received, through Mr. L. A. Ogden, of Lodge No. 265, a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, the full amount of the policy held by my late son, Dwight M. Mitchell, who was killed on the Port Townsend and Southern Railroad, June 15, 1891. My daughters join me in taking this opportunity of expressing our heartfelt thanks to the brotherhood, and especially do we wish to thank the members of Lodge 265, of which he was a member, for their kindness and sympathy, and Lodge 192, whose officers and members laid my dear son to rest and did so much for us. Although we were so far from home, and among strangers, they made us feel that we had in them true friends, and left nothing undone that was possible for them to do.

May God ever bless the noble order.

Most gratefully yours,

MRS. M. MITCHELL.

ST. ALBANS, VT., November 6, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS: I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a draft for \$1,500 from Bro. C. P. Kelley, our Receiver, the full amount of insurance on the policy which I had in your order. I take this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt gratitude to the brotherhood for the kindness shown me during the long weeks of pain and suffering which was my misfortune to endure; also for the prompt payment of my claim. I cannot find words to express my sincere thanks. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest on every member, is my wish. Allow me to say one word to the members of the brotherhood: Take my advice and keep your dues paid up promptly, for you know not the moment misfortune may overtake you. I sincerely wish that prosperity and success may always attend the brotherhood and that it may forever continue on its mission of charity and peace. Hoping that I may always be able to remain a worthy member, and again wishing God to bless you all, I am,

Yours fraternally,

J. H. SWENEY.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 25, 1891.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I desire to express my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) by the hands of Mr. W. C. McCombs and Mr. J. H. Porter, due me by the death of my late husband, Jeff. D. Nicks. I also wish to express my gratitude for the beautiful flowers presented by W. H. Thomas Lodge, No. 159, and to those who so kindly assisted at the funeral. Words are inadequate to express my gratitude for kindly favors shown me by the brotherhood. God grant that you may seldom meet with adversity, and may you have such friends to share your trouble in time of need as have consoled me in my late affliction. My most sincere appreciation of kindness urges me to especially offer heartfelt thanks to the members of Lodge 159, Nashville, Tenn. May each and every member of the B. of L. F. be visited by every earthly pleasure, perfect health and glowing prosperity. Earnestly praying that you may all be as well prepared to meet your Redeemer as my dear husband was, and that when this painful exile is ended you will enjoy the vision of God, I am

Your friend,

MRS. IDA NICKS.

A Good Man's Tenderness.

[Manchester Times.]

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been left open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might again and again, if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went into the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—the little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it; but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of the death.

A Dog that Could Count.

[St. Nicholas.]

Old Fetch was a shepherd dog and lived in the highlands of the Hudson. His master kept nearly a dozen cows and they ranged at will among the hills during the day. When the sun was low in the west, his master would say to his dog, "Bring the cows home;" and it was because the dog did this task so well that he was called Fetch.

One sultry day he departed as usual upon his evening task. From scattered, shady, and grassy nooks he at last gathered all the cattle into the mountain road leading to the distant barnyard.

A part of the road ran through a low,

moist spot bordered by a thicket of black alder, and into this one of the cows pushed her way, and stood quietly. The other passed on, followed some distance in the rear by Fetch.

As the cows approached the barnyard gate he quickened his pace and hurried forward as if to say, "I'm here, attending to business." But his complacency was disturbed as the cows filed through the gate. He whined a little and growled a little, attracting his master's attention. Then he went to the high fence surrounding the yard, and standing on his hind feet peered between two of the rails. After looking at the herd carefully for a time, he started off down the road again on a full run. His master now observed that one of the cows was missing, and he sat down on a rock to see what Fetch was going to do about it. Before very long he heard the furious tinkling of a bell, and soon Fetch appeared bringing in the perverse cow at a rapid pace, hastening her on by frequently leaping up and catching her ear in his teeth. The gate was again thrown open, and the cow, shaking her head from the pain of the dog's rough reminders, was led through it in a way she did not soon forget. Fetch then lay down quietly to cool off in time for supper.

A Slight Mistake.

[Boston Record.]

"I am going to have the celebrated Professor von Dunkelheim at the reception to-night," said Mrs. Marlborough Creans to Mrs. Sharpe; "he's a great acquisition—so very profound and learned, you know—but he won't talk. Nobody has succeeded in making him talk. If there's anybody at Newport that can draw him out, my dear, it's you, and I want you to try your skill on him."

"What's his specialty?"

"Butter. (That was what Mrs. Sharpe understood Mrs. Marlborough Creans to say.)

"Butter? Why, that's a queer sad for a learned Professor. But I'll do my best."

That evening, at the reception, Mrs. Sharpe opened out bravely upon Professor von Dunkelheim at the first opportunity.

"As we were driving out on the island this afternoon, Professor," said she, "I saw some of the most beautiful herds of Jersey cows that I have ever seen in my life."

"Ah?"

"And one place the cows beyond the fence contemplated us with such gentle, tender eyes and such soulful moos that for a moment I forgot their practical value in their æsthetic attractions. But after all, I thought, it is not for their beauty we should value them, but for the butter they produce."

"Um."

Mrs. Sharpe rattled on about the cows for conversational mile or two without drawing out any responses from the Professor. It is because he thinks I don't know anything about the way butter is made that he on't talk," thought Mrs. Sharpe. "Well, I will convince him that I do know something about it." And she proceeded to discuss the creamery methods in vogue in Vermont, with an infinite deal of talk about colors and temperature and mechanical utter workers, and so on. She hadn't rammmed on the subject all the afternoon or nothing.

But not a word could she get out of the Professor beyond "Um!" and "Ah!" He was plainly very much bored, and edged away after a while. Mrs. Sharpe was in despair.

Presently Mrs. Marlborough Crœsus got her into a corner, and said:

"Why, what in the world do you mean by talking forever to Professor von Dunkelheim about cows, and creameries, and all that sort of thing?"

"Isn't that his specialty? Didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, never in the world!"

"What is it, then, for heaven's sake?"

"Buddha, of course. He's written any number of books about Buddhism."

There is a marked coolness now between Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Marlborough Crœsus. Mrs. Sharpe says that a woman who pronounces "Buddha" like "butter" is hardly fit for cultivated society.

A Queer Story of Lincoln.

Mattoon, Illinois, Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

George B. Black, who lives in the southern part of this county, near the old Lincoln homestead, was a great admirer of the first martyred President. He has made it a hobby to pick up all stories concerning Abraham Lincoln, and tells me the following, which he has received from Rev. Dr. Harsha, of Omaha:

"General Winfield Scott, when a young man, was stationed at Fort Shelling—at that day perhaps the remotest military outpost in the country. When the Black Hawk war was begun some Illinois militia companies proffered their services. The lieutenants were sent by Scott to Dixon, Illinois, to muster the new soldiers. One of the lieutenants was a very fascinating young man of pleasing manners and affable disposition; the other was equally pleasant but extremely modest. On the morning when the muster was to take place, a tall, rawky, slab sided, homely young man, dressed in a suit of blue jeans, presented himself to the lieutenants as the captain of the recruits, and was duly sworn in.

"The homely young man was Abraham

Lincoln. The bashful lieutenant was he who fired the first gun from Fort Sumpter, Major Anderson. The other lieutenant, who administered the oath, was in after years the President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis."

Dr. Harsha was in Carter Brothers' book store, in New York City, where he chanced to repeat this story to a friend. An elderly gentleman who was sitting nearby listening arose and remarked that he was happy to be able to confirm the facts, as he was the chaplain at Fort Snelling at the time, and was fully able to corroborate each statement. A bystander then gave the original testimony that he had often heard Mr. Lincoln say that the first time he had ever taken the oath of allegiance to the United States it was administered by J. ff Davis.

Baldheaded Men.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"You've lost him for good this time," said the boss barber to one of his shavers as a customer went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Yes, but I forgot."

"That's no excuse. If you can't attend to business you must go."

"What is the trouble?" queried a reporter of the boss.

"He didn't brush the man's head."

"But his head was as bald as a bone."

"Certainly, and that's why he should have brushed it. Bald-headed men are very sensitive; you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so, gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice of their baldness."

"And won't that man return?"

"Never. He'll try some other shop next time, and will even advise his friends to keep away from here."

The Question of Bugs in Court.

[Pall-Mall Gazette.]

How many bugs in a house suffice to make it "unfit for human habitation?" This was the question which Mr. Justice Matthew was called on to answer on Saturday. It was proved that "the furnished house in the fashionable West End quarter" contained several dozen of the brutes; but this number the learned judge decided was "not enough to oust the tenant," who accordingly had to pay the rent. How many, then, are enough to oust the tenant? As a matter of fact they had been ample enough to oust this particular tenant, who had left the house at the first attack. But law is not made for particular cases. It would have been satisfactory, however, if Mr. Justice Matthew had laid down at what point a tenant may capitulate to the enemy without forfeiting his right to legal consideration.

A Bright News Agent.

"It takes an artist to sell books on the railroad cars. You never see an artist slam into a car, bang the door, and start right down the aisle, hit or miss, throwing a 'Life of Jesse James' down by a minister, 'Gems from Moody's Sermons' by a Texas cow-boy, Allen Pinkerton's detective books by a young lady from Vassar, and 'Bouquets of Verse' by a sheriff taking a prisoner to Waupun. Your artist saunters noiselessly into a car without a book, tells the brakeman a funny story while he sizes up the crowd, and moves leisurely down the aisle, picking out suckers. When he has studied the people long enough he determines just how he will strike each one and gets his stock ready. Then he sits down by the minister and talks to him gravely, and in a pleasant, subdued tone about Moody's great work. He drinks some of the cowboy's whisky and tells him a story that keeps him laughing all the way to Utica. He discusses poetry with the young woman from Vassar, and converses in an engaging manner with the slim young salesman from the dry goods store. The result is that he catches every one of them. Those are the men who make \$60 or \$75 a week and throw the peanuts and fruit stock out of the window rather than bother with it. Ain't they artists? The Hebrew clothing merchants down in Baxter street think that it is a great thing to sell a man a coat at all. That's simply nothing to selling a man a book he doesn't, want, can't read, and has been importuned a hundred times in three days to buy. And that's what book-sellers who are artists do.

"Now, there was 'Homely Dave,' red-headed, ugly as a hedge fence, without a single handsome feature—he could talk any man that ever lived into buying a book. Did you hear about Senator Evarts' experience with Dave? It was when Mr. Evarts was Secretary of State under Mr. Hayes. He had been out to California on a kind of jaunt, and was coming back with a number of distinguished gentlemen—senators, congressmen and officials. They struck Dave's run at Council Bluffs. Before they had gone ten miles Dave had looked the party over and determined to sell them some books. He decided that he would make his first assault upon Secretary Evarts. Mr. Evarts was not feeling very well that day, and when he saw Dave coming he turned away impatiently and motioned the porter to put him out."

"I have been bored to death by news agents and book peddlers ever since I left San Francisco, and I am heartily sick of it."

"Homely Dave was not frightened in the least; he said with a bland smile.

"Excuse me, Mr. Secretary, but I don't want to sell you anything. I just want to

read you a page or two out of a book just issued. Have you seen it?"

"Mr. Evarts glanced at the title page and said he hadn't."

"Now just let me beguile the tediousness of the journey by reading the first page to you."

"So Dave, who had a remarkably clear and sweet voice, read on, not only the first, but the second and third pages, with Mr. Evarts a deeply interested listener. When 'Homely Dave' stopped, Mr. Evarts simply said: 'I'll take that book. Name your price. Now, what else have you got?'"

"That book was Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. It had just come out then. After Mr. Evarts had picked out a lot of other books and Dave had read to him from them, he called to the senators and congressmen introduced Dave to them, and made them sit down and listen while Dave read a lot of things. He sold more than \$200 worth of books to those people before they got to Chicago. You bet he did not touch the peanut basket that trip."

"That was red-headed 'Homely Dave.' There ain't many news agents in the business nowadays that can equal that performance."

The Morphine Habit in France.

[London Telegraph.]

The deplorable habit of using morphine, not to relieve pain, but for the pleasurable sensations the narcotic produces, seems to be spreading in France, in spite of the warning note uttered by medical men, and the terrible consequences that must follow upon the use, or rather abuse, of the drug. During the hearing of a case at Macon recently, the facts that transpired corroborated the assertion made by doctors as to the alarming tendency which prevails. A chemist that resided in that town was prosecuted for selling morphine without medical authority to a number of persons, among them being the wife of a doctor, who, quite unknown to her husband, consumed it daily, and in large quantities, by injecting it under the skin. In the course of the trial several physicians came forward to attest that the pernicious habit of morphine injections was spreading greatly—especially among women, to the destruction of their moral and physical health. One of those witnesses—attached to a large hospital at Macon affirmed that more than a dozen of the day nurses were regularly addicted to the use of morphine, in one shape or another, and habit with them had become second nature. It is, however, in Paris—and especially in the fashionable world of Paris—that, if all we hear, be true, morphine causes the most serious havoc to mind and body.

The Sport of Cross Country Riding.

Theodore Roosevelt, in *The Century*, demands the sport of cross country riding from be charge that it is artificial and un-American. "Of course it is artificial," says Mr. Roosevelt; "so is every other form of sport in civilized countries, from tobogganing or yachting to a game of base ball. Anything more artificial than shooting quail on the wing over a trained setter could not be imagined. Hunting large game in the west with the rifle undoubtedly calls for the presence of a greater number of manly and sturdy qualities in those who take part in it than is the case with riding to draghounds; but unless the quarry is the grizzly bear, it does not need nearly as much personal daring. To object to hunting because they hunt in England is about as sensible as to object to lacrosse because the Indians play it." Mr. Roosevelt also adds: "To say the sport is un-American seems particularly absurd to such of us as happen to be in part of southern blood, and whose forefathers in Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, have for six generations followed the fox with horse and hound."

An Eccentric Patriarch of Cape Cod.

"One of the oddest fellows I ever met in my travels was in the town of——, in Cape Cod," said a Massachusetts "drummer" the other night at the Hoffman house. "Every New England village has its odd genius, but this one surpassed all competition. He was called 'Uncle Abe,' and he was the station master, baggage master, telegraph operator, express agent and general factotum. Having been born in this place, and lived in it his four score years and ten, his knowledge of the people and their antecedents was uncompromisingly familiar. By the introduction of the telegraph he was put in possession of a means of enlarging his private fund of information which gave him a great advantage. He had great respect for the telegraph and would not have it misused. I happened to be at the station one day when a lot of pretty girls visiting the place came to him and wanted to send a telegram to New London to learn the result of the race between Harvard and Yale.

"'No such blanked nonsense will ye be sending over my wires,' said the old man, locking up his office and telling them to be off, with no respect to person.

"I naturally made some inquiries about the old fellow. On another occasion he had a message to be sent to Sister Margaret, a member of a religious order in some Massachusetts city, who was summoned to the town to take care of a sick relative. Uncle Abe eyed the address and soliloquised as follows:

"'Sister Margaret—Now if that don't beat

all! What folks won't do when they is in trouble! Sister Margaret; Why, they hev writ the directions without any hind name. No, Mr. Jones, he hain't no sister Margaret, Must be Mrs. Jones' sister; she was a Smith.'

"So he directed the letter accordingly, without consulting any one, to Miss Margaret Smith. No answer was received.

"Once a dispatch came announcing the death of a person he had never heard of, a relative of some one living in the town whose family he thought he knew all about. He carried the message himself, but instead of delivering it at once began in this way:

"'Who is there in your family by the name of Jackson? Hev ye got anybody by that name?'

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'Must be a cousin, I guess?'

"'Yes.'

"'Wal, did Jane——marry a Jackson?'

"'Yes.'

"'Wal, one of them Jacksons is dead; you can read what it says,' handing over the message."

Had a High Forehead.

A gentleman was standing in a prominent bar-room the other morning, when a rather dilapidated looking specimen of the genus dude walked in, and saluting the bar-keeper familiarly, said: "Old chappie, I feel deuced 'rocky' this morning. I was out with a wine party last night. I have a fearful head on me, and want a 'bracer.' Supposing you make me a—ah—Manhattan cocktail." "Very well, sir," responded the natty, cut glass manipulator who stood behind the bar. The decoction was speedily prepared and placed before the figure in male attire. Quaffing the mixture with feverish haste, his dudieship placed the empty glass back on the bar, and said:

"By the way, old fellow, I'm a little short this morning. Just remember it, will you, and I'll make it all right the next time I come in."

"Oh, no," said the bar-keeper, "have that on me."

After a feeble protest or two the dude returns his thanks and glides out into the street. The gentleman who had been a silent witness in this silent transaction inquired of the bar-keeper why he had insisted on treating to the drink, instead of charging it up.

"Why don't you see?" replied the dispenser of liquids, "if I had said I would 'remember' it, the dude would probably never show up again, and I'd have been done up, but by asking him to have it on me, I won him. He thinks we're white-people now, and when he gets thirsty again he'll like as not spend a dollar over this bar."

Ancient Methods of Measuring Time.

No wonder the ancients did not get along in the world as well as the people of to-day—they lost too much time. And the reason they lost time was because of their imperfect ways of measuring it. They had to depend on the sun dial for the most part. A sun dial might be very useful when there was any sun, but it was entirely useless on cloudy days and during the night. In the latter case the truant husband inclined to hang out late profited much. It might be two o'clock in the morning when he crept in, but he could swear it was only ten, and his poor wife had no way of proving that he was lying. It removes much of the bitterness of a lie when you can't prove it on a fellow.

The Greeks and Romans, of whom we have occasion to speak occasionally, although this is not a strictly classical journal, had an improvement on the sun dial, which they could resort to when the sun was on a strike for eight hours as a day's work. It was a large jar filled with water, and a hole was made in the bottom through which the water could escape. The flow of the water tolled off the hours. It was called the clepsydra, which means "The water that steals away."

Sometimes an old Roman who had been drinking a good many Roman punches before going to bed would wake up in the silent watches—we mean sun dials—of the night parched with thirst. No other liquid being handy he would drink the contents of the clepsydra. That stopped the clock, of course, and he would everlastingly lie abed waiting for morning to come. He would never miss the water till the clepsydra was dry.

King Alfred burned candles to tell the time by, each candle lasting two hours. A dozen candles would make one day, though he got a little confused when the grocer, in order to hold the royal patronage and advertise himself as the special candle-maker for the king, gave him thirteen for a dozen.

There are few kings since Alfred's time who could make note of time in that manner, because so many of them were in the habit of burning their candles at both ends.

PAPER bottles were patented in America in 1883. Their sale was not extensive at first; but now that European patents have been secured, covering nearly all fields of probable competition, the controllers of the patents, we are informed, intend to manufacture the bottles in large quantities. Paper being an excellent non-conductor, fluids stored in air-tight paper bottles will withstand a more intense degree of heat or cold than they could endure without injury in bottles of any other material.

In the Smoking Car.

Nowhere among a crowd composed solely of men is there so much of the good natured undignified *bon comrade* element of human nature to be seen, as in a smoking-car; and nowhere else does the average masculine throw off so much of the cares of business, the stiffness of social position, the reserve of strangers, and smoke, as here. It is though a lot of old acquaintances had met, lit their pipes and cigars, and gone to chatting, laughing, and playing cards. Here he of diamond studs, gold-headed cane, glossy front, and much stiffness, chats freely with he of the labor hardened hands, meat ways, and last year's suit of clothes; and here the reserved man grows social, the timid man courageous, the cross man jolly and all opposites seem to catch the common spirit of good nature, and, forgetting their hobbies, talk, laugh, and grow happy. A car full of business men as they appear in the usually well filled smoking-cars of any main line, resembles very much a lot of overgrown school boys out for recess.

How to Treat Corpulence.

A physician of Germany, who objects to the Banting system of reducing flesh, insists upon abstinence and active exercise, and gives a middle aged man who has been over-stout for twenty years the following bill of fare: Breakfast—A large cup of black tea without milk or sugar; an ounce and a half of white bread or toasted brown bread with plenty of butter. Dinner—Soup—four to six ounces of meat, boiled or roasted with fat gravy, fat meat being preferable; a small quantity of vegetables, particularly leguminous, and all kinds of cabbage. Turnips and potatoes are not allowed. Fresh fruit, when in season, as dessert; salad or baked fruit without sugar. Soon after dinner take a large cup of black tea without milk or sugar. Supper—In winter regularly, in summer occasionally, a large cup of black tea without milk and sugar; an egg or broiled meat; sometimes fat ham or fresh fish; about an ounce of bread with butter, occasionally cheese and fresh fruit.

An Innocent Sport.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

In a recent game of football played in Pennsylvania the casualties were:

1. Leg broken.
2. Ribs broken.
3. Nose flattened.
4. Knocked senseless.
5. Arm broken.
6. Thumb broken.
7. Terrible injury to spine.

And yet if a man is knocked senseless by a blow in a prize fight a hundred papers howl about brutality.

A Russian Empress.

Concerning the famous Catherine, the *Vincent* Century says: Her perfect self-possession on an occasion which would try the nerves of most women (it is to be hoped) may be seen in an account given by Gibbon, who heard it from a French officer. Peter was poisoned in a glass of brandy; on his refusing a second glass he was thrown down and strangled with a handkerchief by Orloff, Potenken and Bariatinaki. Orloff instantly returned to St. Petersburg, and appeared at the Empress's dinner in the disorder of a murderer. She caught his eye, rose from the table, called him to her closet, sent for Count Panin, to whom she imparted the news, and returned to dinner with her usual ease and cheerfulness. The Czar's body was publicly exposed, the collar of his uniform being pulled up to conceal the manner of his death, which, however, was very visible in his features. The defenders of Catherine asserted that the dethronement and murder of Peter were necessary to prevent her own death, which the Czar was preparing, "in order," writes Catherine, "to marry the very ugliest of my ladies, Elizabeth Woronzow."

Why the Czar Killed Him.

It is now certain that Maj. (not Count or Gen.) Reutern was killed by the czar under the following circumstances: The czar had set him to write letters which would take him two hours, and had told him to bring them to him when ready. Maj. Reutern consequently calculated on being left undisturbed for a couple of hours, and though working in a room adjoining the czar's, fixed a cigar in a cigar holder and began smoking. The czar suddenly re-entered. Reutern, confused at being caught smoking, hastily placed the cigar and holder behind his back. The czar fancied he saw a pistol about to be fired. He drew a revolver and shot Reutern. He was aghast on discovering his mistake, and sent one of his trustiest aides de camp to the Reutern family to explain the fatal misconception and express his deep regret. The family not only did not give the newspapers the information of Reutern's death, but still maintain that he died a natural death.

The steamship *British King*, from Liverpool, landed at Philadelphia a few days ago an immense English locomotive for experimental use on the Pennsylvania railroad. It was built at the shops of the London and Northwestern railroad at Crewe, England, and is of the double-expansion type, after the style of marine engines. This sort of engine has never been used with a locomotive in this country. It is claimed that the big machine can attain a speed of 70 miles an hour.

SUNLIGHT.

[By Cy. Warman.]

With soft caress, her hands I press,
While to her fair face rushes
A fiery flood of hot heart blood
That burns and blooms in blushes.

Her eyes divine, upon me shine,
With trembling tones I tell her
That she illumines this life of mine
Like sunlight in a cellar.

Importation of English Rabbits.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The rage for anything that is "English, you know," has at last developed itself in the importation of English rabbits, which are to be turned loose and allowed to propagate at large in order to afford sport for fastidious hunters, for whom the familiar American cotton tail is not good enough. The peculiarity of the foreign game is that it burrows in the ground and escapes, or, at least, hides from its enemies in subterranean warrens, a habit which the more straightforward American species do not possess. The depredations of the former upon the crops and pastures of farmers occasion very serious losses in England, and in Australia have caused the sheep husbandmen to expend very large sums of money for the protection of their ranges.

Heat and Light in the Sick Room.

A recent writer gives the following sensible suggestion on this subject:

Each person in a room should be supplied with 3,000 cubic feet of air per hour; and this should be done, where possible, without creating a perceptible draft, for the nervous irritation induced by drafts is liable to produce internal inflammations.

As a patient can bear a greater degree of cold when in bed than when out of it, convalescents from disease, fevers especially, should have the temperature of their rooms higher than that maintained during the height of the attack. Diseases of air passages, as croup and diphtheria, require a high temperature (80 to 85 degs. Fahrenheit) and a moist atmosphere. The best method for heating the sick room is by the open grate fire. The room should not be darkened by blinds, except where there is disease of the eyes, with photophobia, or when the patient is very restless and cannot sleep; then strong light must be excluded. Otherwise the sunlight must be allowed to enter and act chemically by decomposing the noxious gases, and thus purify the air. Of course it is not advisable to place the patient under a strong uncomfortable glare of sunlight, nor in summer to allow the sun's rays to shine into the room and raise the temperature too high. Artificial light has no useful effect, but does harm by burning up oxygen.

Mexican Ruins.

The Chihuahua (Mexico) *Enterprise* reports the discovery of some remarkable ancient ruins near Magdalena, in Sonora. Half way up the hill, which is about 700 feet high, is a layer of gypsum, white as snow and easily cut, yet hard enough to retain its shape after being cut. In it are cut a great number of rooms. The walls and ceilings are plumb, the walls being about eight feet high. There are no windows, though the stone is so white that the rooms are not dark. Figures carved on the walls show human hands having five fingers and a thumb, and the feet having six toes. The rooms are one above another to the height of three or four stories, but they recede at each story the width of a room, presenting the appearance of steps.

Where Violins are Made.

[Brainard's Musical World.]

In one of those mountainous districts of Bavaria, there is a town called Mittenwald, shut in by snow-clad peaks and dense forests, in which every yard is crossed by a labyrinth of ropes and poles, on which hundreds of violins are hung up to dry. For a couple of centuries the entire industry of the town has been violin making, for which the surrounding forests produce the best of material. Men, women and children all have their allotted share of the work, and violins, cellos, base violins, zithers, and every stringed instrument, from a copy of some old and priceless Stradivarius, perfect in form, color and tone, down to the cheapest banjo, are exported in great quantities, all, hand-made, to every quarter of the globe.

A comparative table of the strength of the merchant navies of the world which has just been published in France shows that Great Britain possesses 22,500 trading vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 11,200,000 tons. Of these vessels 45,649 are steamers, with a tonnage of 5,919,000 tons, or rather more than one-half the grand total of the burden. The United States makes a very bad second, with 6,600 sail and 2,700,005 tons. Norway has 4,200 vessels, with 1,500,000 tons, and Germany, which comes immediately after her, has 3,000 sail with a total of 1,400,000 tons; France, Russia and Italy bring up the rear, each with less than 3,000 vessels. The proportion of steamers is, however, of greater importance than the total number of ships engaged in trade, and in this regard France stands second, although she has but 458 steamers, of 667,000 tons in all, to England's 4649. Germany presses her closely with 420 steamers and 478,000 tons.

The Ox Gored on the Other Side.

At the race fair, Thornhill, in upper Nithe-date, England, a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but he would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from his last place, so he said:

"Run away and get it and meet me at the cross at 4 o'clock."

The youth was up to time and the farmer said:

"Well, have you got your character with you?"

"No," replied the youth, "but I've got yours and I'm not comin'."

In the Ball Room.

Major—Who is that young lady on the opposite side of the room?

Widow—That is my daughter. This is her first season. She is not quite 19 yet.

Major—Will you introduce me?

Widow—Certainly. Rosa, my dear, this is Maj. Guns. Major, my daughter Rosa.

Rosa—Good evening. And so you were in the war?

Major—Yes; I enlisted immediately after the battle of Bull Run and served till the close.

Rosa—My poor dear father was killed in that battle.

The major is now buried in deep thought.

Jack's Explanation.

It was at a dinner table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "Oh," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is." "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It's something that you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained.

A LITTLE girl who is just at the age when her table manners are beginning to be looked after, called out at supper one night recently, "Give me some cake." "How do you ask?" said mamma, correctively. "Please give me some cake," returned the little miss, and added, unabashed: "I didn't forget. I was saving it up."

EVEN in the sphere of politics, so often declared unfit for women by those who would, if they could, make and keep it unfit for men—do not be afraid, my sisters, to follow the lead of your better impulses there. The hospitals of the Crimea were not too bad for Florence Nightingale to tread. Newgate Prison was not too bad for Elizabeth Fry to frequent. Shall the place where your fathers and brothers and husbands go in the discharge of a duty be too bad for you? If so, then your very presence shall purify it and make it a fitter place for them.—*Rev. F. A. Hinckley.*

THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station,
 The track seems to shine in the light,
 But it suddenly shoots over chasms,
 Or sinks into tunnels of night;
 And the hearts that were glad in the morning
 Are filled with repining and fears.
 As they pause at the "City of Sorrow,"
 Or pass through the "Valley of Tears."

But the road of this perilous journey,
 The hand of the Master has made,
 With all its discomforts and dangers,
 We need not be sad or afraid;
 Paths leading from light into darkness,
 Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
 Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
 To fields that are blooming and fair.

Though the rocks and the shadows surround us,
 Though we catch not one gleam of the day,
 Above us fair cities are laughing
 And dipping white feet in some bay;
 And always, eternal, forever,
 Down over the hills in the west,
 The last final end of our journey
 There lies the great "Station of Rest."

'Tis the "Grand Central" point of all railways,
 All roads center here, when they end;
 'Tis the final "Resort" of all tourists,
 All rival lines meet here and blend.
 All tickets, all mile books, all passes,
 If stolen, or begged for, or bought,
 On whatever road or division
 Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you stop at the "City of Sorrows,"
 Or wait in the "Valley of Tears,"
 Be patient, the train will move onward,
 And rush down the track of the years.
 Wherever, the place is you seek for,
 Whatever your aim or your quest,
 You shall come, at the last, with rejoicing
 To the beautiful "City of Rest."

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
 You shall feel perfect peace in this realm;
 You shall sail with old friends on fair waters
 With joy and delight at the helm.
 You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
 With those who have loved you the best,
 And the hopes that were lost in life's journey,
 You shall find in the "City of Rest."

—Selected.

Caves of Vultures.

A letter in the *Ventura Free Press* says: The writer has, for the last few years offered a liberal reward for a set of vulture eggs, and numerous have been the attempts of both hunter and urchin to procure them, with one common result—they were unable to find where they nest. Believing that the Pacific condor nests somewhere in the Sespe Mountains, I determined to make one grand effort, if possible to obtain the eggs. After considerable search I finally discovered the locality where these birds bring forth their young.

High up in one of the deep, dark gorges that put into the turbulent Sespe, a few miles above Devil's Gate, on the west side of the stream, at an altitude of more than four thousand feet, the home of the vulture was discovered, with all its strange and peculiar features. Climbing up the rocky gorge to a point where a perpendicular wall of rock fifty feet high stopped any further

progress, and following along the base of the rocky cliff a few yards, I observed a cluster of pine trees that grew near the base of the cliff, and, seeing one that shot above the projecting rock some sixty feet, being full of limbs that projected at right angles from the trunk, I determined to climb the tree and, if possible, get on top of the rocky shelf that, like a terrace, extended for hundreds of feet around the rocky bluff.

With but little exertion I climbed to a point parallel to the rocky shelf, and by careful attention walked out one of the projecting limbs six or eight feet and stepped down upon the terrace. Here I found a rocky shelf some ten feet wide, and extending far along the bluff and back to an overhanging wall, arranged something after the manner of the Cliff-Dwellers of Arizona, in which were excavated chambers large enough for a person to comfortably pass in, being on an average ten feet deep.

On the floor of the cavern lay scattered around a very Golgotha of bones, while near the back I observed a pile of sticks, grass and other debris resembling a wood rat's nest, about three feet high, culminating in a uniformly pointed hillock. Taking a dry stick that lay near by, I proceeded to tear down this pile, believing that I had found at last a vulture's nest, and that the birds had covered up the eggs before departing in the morning. Denuding the pile a few inches, I came to the heads of half-decomposed carcasses of numerous small animals, in which I recognized the head of a pig, sheep, several jack rabbits and other small varmints. The stench was so great that I was compelled to retreat.

I entered a second chamber, where I found a similar pile, and pursuing my further investigations I entered a fourth one, containing one of these peculiar nests, in which I observed a hole at the base about six inches in diameter, and at the point of thrusting a stick into the hole, out came a most miserable looking creature, remaining for a moment and then darting back again. It once more appeared at the hole, completely filling it up, and this time I discovered that I was gazing upon a young vulture, and that these piles were in reality vultures' nests, the sole object of my perilous adventures. Stepping around into the second chamber I began to tear down one of these heaps, believing that I would find the eggs somewhere within the ghastly pile.

Just then casting my eyes upward, I beheld far to the northward the old bird sailing high in the cloudless vault, and with renewed vigor I hastily demolished the pile, and when about one-third of the top had been torn off, consisting of partially decomposed carcasses of small animals, to my horror and surprise, there lay half buried in the heap, protruding from beneath, torn

and lacerated, the hand and forearm of some human being, sufficiently intact not to be mistaken as to its identity. Appalled at this ghastly sight, and again looking to the northward, I beheld the old birds approaching the caverns.

Knowing as I did, that they would sweep down in a few minutes, I sprang to the edge of the rock, seized a protruding limb and rapidly descended to the foot of the tree just in time, for that moment, like a great avalanche, with the velocity of lightning, they came, shaking the very earth I stood upon. Simultaneously they alighted upon the projecting shelf, when with their great wings outstretched, they seemed to know at once that some daring intruder had ventured to enter their home of death and desolation.

Quickly wending my way down the mountain side, I finally reached my gun and outfit and casting a look in the direction of the cave, I beheld that there were unmistakable indications of turmoil in the camp—the great birds attacking each other for a moment in their imperial altitude, then alighting upon the overhanging rock, but too far distant for the range of my rifle. Hurriedly retracing my steps down the dismal and rocky stream, with the horrible and strange discoveries ever vividly before my eyes, it was not until I was past the Devil's Gate, where I halted, that I once more regained my normal condition of mind, determining that at some future day I would again visit the Vulture Caves of the Sespe.

Uncle Billy's Story.

[Pioneer.]

Here is what he said: "When I was a drunkard I could never get my barn more than half full. The first year after I signed the pledge I filled my barn; the second year I filled my barn and had two stacks; this year I filled my barn and had four stacks. When I was a drunkard I owned only one poor cow, and I think she must have been ashamed of me, for she was red in the face; now I own five cows, and I own three as good horses as ever looked through a collar. When I was a drunkard I trudged from place to place on foot; now I can ride in a carriage of my own. When I was a drunkard I was \$300 in debt; since I have signed the total abstinence pledge I have paid the debt and have purchased two hundred acres of wild land, and have the deed in my possession; two of my sons who are teetotalers, are living on that lot. When I was a drunkard I used to swear; I have ceased to be profane. The last year of my drunkenness my doctor's bill amounted to \$10; since I signed the pledge I have not been called upon to expend a cent for medicine."

Medical Superstitions.

A French writer named Challamel has recently issued a book entitled "A Bird's Eye View of France in the Middle Ages," in which he relates a number of medical superstitions current in France in the middle ages, most of which are said to prevail at the present time also. In those days the French seem to have had unlimited faith in preservatives against diseases and infallible means of cure, and it may be added that they were not alone in their trustfulness. The following are some of the superstitious practices mentioned:

To cure fever they abstained from both flesh and eggs on Easter and on other high festivals; they caused a cabbage to be stolen for the purpose from a neighboring garden to be dried on a pot-hook; they wore one of a dead man's bones as an amulet; they inclosed a green frog in a bag and hung it around a sick person's neck; they ate the first Easter daisy that they found, and they received the benediction in three different parishes on Sunday. While telling their beads they searched for a mullein-stalk and threw it to the winds; they passed through the cleft of a tree; they caused a horse to drink a bucketful of water, and then drank after him; they crossed a procession between the cross and the banner; they drank holy water on Easter eve or on the eve of Pentecost; they twined the hems of a shroud about their arms or neck, and they drank three times of a mixture of water from three wells in a new pot. The people of Provence had their fisheries blessed on a certain saint's day. On Assumption day the people of Perigord went before sunrise, walking backward to gather nine sprigs of centaury, which they fastened to a feverish person's neck, after which they gave him an infusion of the herb to drink. A tree choked to death on the even of St. John's day had the same virtue. It was common for a feverish patient to rise early in the morning and walk backward in a meadow, plucking a handful of herbs without turning or looking at them, and then throw them behind him and keep on in his course without turning back; the result of this was that the fever attacked the devil. Another practice was for the fevered person to drop a piece of money in a public place with some mummery; whoever picked up the coin took the fever.

The waters of several fountains cured fevers, and in particular the fountains at Krignac triumphed over tertians. To overcome fear one had only to stick pins in a dead man's shoe, carry a wolf's tooth or eye about, or ride a boar. To banish rheumatism the sick person caused a miller or his wife to strike three blows with the hammer, saying: "In nomine Patris;" etc. Bathing

the painful parts with the waters of the fountain of Montes caused the pain to cease. In Landers rheumatics and paralytics were cured of ills by getting into certain openings, called etrines, in the pillars of a church. In Brittany a child was protected against all diseases by having its shirt put on damp. The people of Perigord carefully preserved the ashes and embers of the yule log, which cures the maladies of man and beast. In some districts the butter made in May was kept as a vulnerary. Among the peasants of the Montagne-Noire a white-handled knife was an infallible remedy for colic. Epilepsy was cured by attaching a crucifix nail to the patient's arm, or by causing him to wear a silver ring or a medal bearing the names Gaspar, Melchoir, and Balthasar. For warts there was a very simple specific—rubbing them with a wad of hair or of broom, and wrapping chick-peas or pebbles in a rag, which the person was to throw behind him on the road. Whoever had the toothache touched the aching tooth with a dead person's tooth.

Etiquette.

It is an accepted rule in New York society that no gentlemen should be introduced to a lady unless her permission has been asked and she be given an opportunity to refuse. In making an introduction the gentlemen is presented to the lady with some such informal speech as this: "Mrs. A., allow me to present Mr. B.," or, "Mrs. A., Mr. B. desires the honor of knowing you." In introducing two women, present the younger to the elder woman, the question of rank not holding good in our society, where the position of the husband, be he judge, general or senator, does not necessarily give his wife a fashionable position. She may be of far less importance in the great world of society than some Mrs. Smith, who, having nothing else, is set down as of the highest rank in that unpublished but well known book of heraldry, which is so thoroughly understood in America as a tradition.

In this country it is the fashion to shake hands, and most women, desirous of being cordial, extend their hands even on a first introduction. But it is, perhaps, more elegant to make a bow only at a first introduction. In her own house a hostess ought always to extend her hand to a person brought to her by a mutual friend and introduced for the first time.

At large gatherings in the country it is proper for the lady to introduce her guests to each other, and it is perfectly proper to do this without asking permission of either party.

A gentlemen, after being introduced to a lady, must wait for her to bow first before he claims her as an acquaintance.

His Mother.

(Pennsylvania Railroad Men.)

The doctor said it was no unusual thing in delirium, but it seemed strange and pathetic to the loving watchers that the middle-aged, care-worn man, tossing on a sick bed, should fancy himself again a child at his mother's knee. The green grave far away in a country village where she slept had no existence so far as he was concerned. She had never died, but was with her boy again. The many trials of life had passed from his memory now, and boyish woes and confidences alone were on his lips.

When his weeping wife laid her hand on his fevered brow, he looked up and smiled and called her "mother." The hand that held the medicine to his lips, that smoothed the pillow, was "mother," and in all the faces that came and went about his bed he saw but hers, the first his baby eyes had known.

He had forgotten her so many years. He had been so busy all these years, and a thousand worldly things had clouded the image of that kind old mother, but as death's mighty hand had set aside perplexing, fretting distractions, all so little now, clear and sweet to his parched soul came the memory of an innocent childhood and a mother's love. All at once he knew himself a weary troubled creature, sick and faint over earth's fevered draught, and he went back like a little child to her whose tenderness had never failed him.

"Your little boy is tired, mother. The sun is hot."

His children broke into sobs as he spoke, but his fatherhood was a thing unknown to him now.

"I'm sleepy and I want to go to bed. I've been a bad boy some to-day, ain't I? But I'll ask God to forgive me, and if you do, I guess He will too. Hear my prayers, mother, I've learned them by heart now."

They saw that the end was close at hand then, and his wife made a frantic appeal to him to recognize her, but his ears were fast dulling to all earthly sounds, and he only struggled to raise himself to his knees. They could have restrained him but he said:

"Why, I can't go to sleep without saying my prayers. I've been a bad boy to-day, and God would be angry, mother."

Then they helped him up, and with tender arms supported the weakened form, while he knelt with upturned eyes fast dimming with death's film, and clasping his hands as a little child does by its crib side, prayed the sweet old petition of:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

A DOLLAR TO SPARE.

[S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.]

The grass it is greener, the snow it is whiter,
The world is sereener and life it is brighter;
The rose has a hue of a deeper carnation.
A lovelier halo envelops creation.
And the goddess of fortune is smiling and fair
When your wallet is fat, with a dollar to spare
O a foe to despair and death to all care
Is that sum of all blessings, a dollar to spare!

O the plethoric pocket, the big, bulging wallet,
However you mock it, whatever you call it,
Is filled with a balm, undiscovered in Gilead—
Fit theme for a bard like the author of *Iliad*!
O the whole world is bathed with a rose scented air
When your wallet is fat, with a dollar to spare;
Strong to do and to dare, and a hard man to scare,
Is the man who is blessed with a dollar to spare!

O Age bright and sunny! O era propitious!
When the poor will have money, unless they are v
dious,
Come on at a pace that is brisker and quicker,
Don't stray like a sot who is loaded with liquor;
O list to the wail of a poor fellow's prayer,
And make all wallets fat, with a dollar to spare!
Come Age bright and rare, have a seat, take a chair—
Fair Age when all men have a dollar to spare!

My Horrible Friend.

[Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.]

Just why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to California is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the old city interested me, and I found it difficult to tear myself away.

When I was ready to leave, my brief sojourn in the country had inspired me with so much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my landlord to cross the isthmus on horseback.

"Take it leisurely," he said; "follow the old transit road. It touches various points along the canal. You can make the journey in a couple of days, and you will not mind spending a night in one of De Lesseps' villages."

Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides, I had an American friend who was one of the contractors and I wanted to pay him a visit.

The next morning I mounted a gentle mustang furnished by my host and set out for Aspinwall, the Atlantic port, where I intended to take the steamer for New York. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday I rode rapidly during the morning.

At one place the road ran along in sight of the canal for half a mile. Here I saw a scene not to be matched anywhere on earth. Enormous machines were at work excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of Europe, Americans, Africans, Chinamen, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks

cast upon me by these people alarmed me, but I pretended to be a calm spectator of the animated scene. One of the contractors was an Englishman, and from him I learned that I would find Jackson about five miles further on.

"Are you armed?" asked the English man.

I told him that I had a revolver.

"You will probably need it before you reach Aspinwall," said he. "You are passing through 30,000 of the bloodiest cut-throats that were ever collected together."

After hearing this I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of being laughed at made me decide to push on. Assuming a determined, business like look, I put spurs to my mustang and ambled through the motley gangs of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was made just in time for dinner.

Here I felt safe. Jackson was a big, double fisted fellow whose men were nearly all Americans. He was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours I spent with him I filled him full of news from the states, and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of wonderful things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along for years, but as he was making bushels of money the delay played into his hands. As I declined to stay all night with him, Jackson gave me some directions about my route, and at my departure confided to me a package containing \$5,000, asking me to deposit it for him in one of the banks at Aspinwall. I suggested that there was danger in carrying such a sum of money through the country, but the stalwart fellow laughed at my fears. He said that I would make the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez at nightfall, where I would be royally entertained. By daylight he thought that I could take care of myself.

While this was going on I saw two brutal looking Mexicans at a short distance watching us intently and conferring together in low tones.

"I don't like the looks of those rascals," I said.

"Hello, there! Pedro, and you, Juan!" shouted Jackson. "Get to work, you lazy devils!"

The Mexicans growled out a few oaths and sullenly retired.

"They are two of the worst men in the camp," said Jackson, "but they are not likely to bother you."

I had my doubts, but the prospect of staying all night with Mendez somewhat reassured me, and I started off in good spirits. My road took me through a scene of bewildering beauty. The tropical foliage around

e glittered with all the hues of the rainbow. Unknown flowers of gorgeous magnificence and overpowering fragrance brightened the roadside.

Suddenly I came upon a small pond of clear water in an open space. Hot, dusty and travel worn, I could not stand the temptation. Without counting the consequences, I fastened the mustang to a sapling and un-ressed in a hurry, placing my revolver under my clothes on the edge of the water. Then I plunged in and enjoyed a refreshing swim. One thing annoyed me. All along the way I had met with monkeys everywhere. They were of all sizes, and the interest they took in my movements amused me not a little. Sometimes they chattered at me indignantly and shook their fists almost in my very face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fled in precipitate terror. As soon as I entered the lake the monkeys seemed to take fresh courage. They scrambled in droves and abused me to their hearts' content. Among them was one of a species that I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and as muscular as a bear. Before I realized the situation this long-legged giant swooped down on my clothes and started with them for the woods. For a moment I was absolutely paralyzed. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in a decent rig, but I had no fancy for the role of Lady Godiva. There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my pistol and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a howl of rage and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my recovered garments and gave chase. It was useless. The fiendish thief scurried up into the top of a tall cocoa tree, and in the twinkling of an eye put on my coat, buttoned it around him, and then proceeded to hurl cocoanuts at me with such precision that I was glad to leap into my saddle and ride off.

But my troubles had just begun. I had reconciled myself to the loss of my coat, as Jackson's money was in an inside pocket of my vest, but the monkey showed a disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof, and there was no chance to kill him unless I hit him in the eye. The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, no signs of the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez. The situation was growing serious. Occasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from some leafy covert and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a funny looking chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was too mad to enjoy the comic aspect of the matter. It

struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time. It was both horrible and humiliating, such a death in the tangled forests of this savage land. Just then I saw a short distance off in a clearing a square adobe hut. Here was shelter and protection.

I was not much disappointed to find the hut uninhabited. It was strongly built, with no windows and one entrance from which the door had long since rotted away. A step ladder led to a loft. Ascending I found a small apartment dimly lighted by round holes in the wall which had evidently been used by sharpshooters at some revolutionary period in the history of the country. My mind was made up in an instant. I went back to my mustang and picketed him about a hundred yards from the hut in the bushes. Then I returned to my fortress just as darkness closed in upon me and sought refuge in the loft, pulling up the ladder after me. I was safe here, even from the monkey, and I lay down feeling a sense of perfect security.

It must have been late in the night when I heard something moving in the room under me. Looking through the opening in the floor I could see nothing. I struck a match and by the flickering flame recognized the monkey. The wretch still wore my coat, and in the dim, uncertain light his appearance was more repulsive than ever. I lay down again, knowing that the beast could not get into the loft, and commenced planning for his destruction in the morning. I was satisfied that the animal belonged to a species of mountain apes, of great strength and terrible ferocity. Their cunning I had heard was almost human, and they did not scruple to attack men and rend them limb from limb. I concluded when the morning light appeared to draw the brute's attention and shoot him in one of the eyes.

Having settled this plan, I was about dropping into a doze when I heard voices outside the hut. I listened with alert ears.

"If, as you say, Pedro, that this American devil is inside, we should ambush him and shoot him when he comes out in the morning."

"Now, by all the saints, Juan," was the reply of Pedro, "you are a cowardly fool. The American devil, like all his devils of countrymen, has his eyes open and may get the drop on us."

I understood it all. I recognized the voices. Pedro and Juan had followed me all the way from Jackson's camp.

What to do was the question. It was hard to decide, and I waited further developments.

The two robbers conversed in low whispers, and all I could hear was their final agreement to rush in and overpower me.

"Wonder what they will do with the monkey?" I said to myself with a chuckle.

"I hear the American moving," said Pedro.

It was the monkey. The monster was walking in a circle all the time, and the dead leaves that had drifted into the hut rustled under his feet.

There was another whispered consultation and the Mexicans rushed into the room below.

The outlaws saw a huge dark form and made charge with their long, murderous knives.

I heard two dull thuds and knew that Pedro and Juan had been dashed headlong against the walls.

"Mother of Jesus!" gasped Juan, "knife him you son of Satan!"

"Fool!" cried Pedro, "knife him yourself!"

The robbers made another rush.

"Thousand devils!" yelled Pedro, "where are you, Juan? This hog of an American has me by the throat and I have lost my knife."

"He is a demon," groaned Juan; "he is pounding my head against the wall!"

A volley of oaths followed and then a chorus of groans. Through it all I heard the ominous dull thud. At length silence prevailed and I knew that all was over.

My last match was gone but to my great delight it was nearly morning. With the first rays of daylight I peered through the hole in the floor.

It was a ghastly sight that met my gaze. The two Mexicans lay on the floor quite dead. Their heads had been mashed to a jelly against the adobe walls and their throats bore a dark blue mark.

Sitting in the corner was the monkey. He was bleeding profusely and was evidently seriously hurt. At first I thought that I would spare him. He had saved my life and I felt grateful. But when I fixed the ladder and descended the untameable beast prepared himself for a spring and there was such evident malice in his eyes that I drew a bead and fired. One shot did the work. He rolled over dead.

It was no place for me after such an adventure, and I at once went in search of my mustang. To my great joy my faithful steed was all right and I was soon in the saddle and on my way to Aspinwall.

Depositing Jackson's money in the bank when I arrived I immediately boarded the steamer. I knew that it would not be prudent to speak of my affair with the two Mexicans, and I had a suspicion that a statement of the part the monkey had in the tragedy would be regarded by the authorities as a cock and bull story. So I wisely kept my mouth shut until I was again

under my own flag and among my own countrymen.

Of course I have never wasted any regrets on Pedro and Juan, but I still hold my horrible friend, the monkey, in grateful esteem.

Safety in Duty.

"We are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it." The way of the transgressor is not only hard; it is unsafe.

In 1853 an earnest Christian soldier, Col. Martin, of the Ninth Bengal Native Infantry, purposed to devote one thousand pounds to establish a mission in Peshawur, the large Mohammedan city where his regiment was stationed.

As he could do nothing without the civil authority, he asked permission of Col. Mackeson, the English Commissioner. Peshawur, a city of sixty thousand Afghans and wild hill-men, who pointed their arguments with the dagger, had but recently come under English rule.

The commissioner, thinking it would be dangerous to English authority to plant a Christian mission in one of the most fanatical cities of India, peremptorily refused the request. He also assured Col. Martin that the first missionary who crossed the Indus to enter the Peshawur Valley should be turned back. The plan of the Christian soldier was laid aside until a more propitious season. It came.

One day the commissioner was hearing the appeal of the people in the veranda of his house at Peshawur. Among them came a man, who, having spread his prayer-rug within sight of the house, had been engaged all day in making prostrations.

Coming up to Col. Mackeson, he made his salaam and presented a paper. The Colonel, supposing it to be a petition, raised his arm to receive it, and the man thrust a dagger into his chest. He was seized and found to be a Mohammedan fanatic, who had assassinated the Englishman because he was an "infidel."

Gen. Sir Herbert E. Edwardes, then a colonel, succeeded the dead commissioner. He, being a Christian, and believing that the path of duty is the path of safety, earnestly sanctioned Col. Martin's proposal.

A meeting of the European residents at Peshawur was called. After the call had been issued some one suggested that as the Peshawur races were to be held on the same day, the meeting should be deferred.

"Put off the work of God for a steeple-chase? Never!" exclaimed Col. Martin.

The meeting was held, the mission founded, and a subscription list sent round. One English captain, who looked upon the experiment as a dangerous one, put his name down for "one rupee towards a Colt's revolver for the first missionary."

That captain moved, shortly after, to Meerut, the "quietest" part of India. The mutiny broke out; he saw his wife and children cruelly killed, and then he, too, was murdered.

Four years after the formation of the mission came the testing days of the mutiny. All Bengal was convulsed, but at Peshawur there was less crime than had ever been known in that city. The work of the missionaries was not interfered with, and safety reigned in that most dangerous outpost of English rule.

One of the missionaries, Dr. Pfander, would take his stand, Bible in hand, on the bridge, or in a thoroughfare, and proclaim the truth of Christianity. The empire of England in India was trembling in the balance, but not the least insult was offered to the brave missionary.

"What is your opinion of the crisis?" asked an Englishman of a native chief, who lived near Lahore.

"Tell me just what the state of things is in Peshawur," answered the chief.

"Things are going on well there, under Col. Edwards," said the Englishman.

"If things are well at Peshawur," replied the chief, "then all is well in the Punjab. If not, then," rolling up the skirt of his garment, "the Punjab will be rolled up like this cloth, if things go wrong at Peshawur."

Things went on well, notwithstanding the sixty thousand of fanatics within the city, and the thousands of armed hill-men, because the commissioner, Sir Herbert Edwards, was a Christian, who acted upon the maxim, "We are safer in doing our duty than in neglecting it."

Mexican Vanilla.

[Druggist's Circular.]

The vanilla bean (usually called vainilla) is the produce of an orchid creeper which, although growing from the root, is a parasite, as it will grow even when cut from the root; for it takes its substance from the tree around which it clings by means of its thousands of fine tendrils. Like all parasites, there are trees which are particularly adapted to its support. They are planted about ten feet apart, in rows, at the foot of small trees which are left in clearing the land. They begin to bear the third year, and in favorable years give from \$400 to \$1,000 per acre. No cultivation is needed but to cut down the grass and weeds, no plowing or digging being necessary. The bean is often gathered in September or October, but if left till the end of November or December it comes to perfection. It is then gathered carefully and spread out in the sun on mats, if the weather be favorable, but if otherwise, it is placed in ovens; which process changes the color from a pale green to a rich brownish or purple, and at

the same time develops the oil, which on pressure exudes from the bean. They are then packed in blankets while warm, and put into large tin cases to go through a sweating process; again put in the sun, and again in the blankets, until they attain the proper color. They are then placed in a dry room upon shelves made of some open material, so that the air can circulate around and under them. This evaporates all the watery part of the bean. When sufficiently dried they are put into large cases ready to be assorted into sizes and qualities. The person that raises the bean seldom cures them, for that requires a good deal of care and special attention. There are about fifteen different classes, but they are sold by the packers at one round price. The people will work only about one hundred days in the year, which provides them with all they need; and as they will do no more, there is very little increase in the production of anything. When the beans are assorted they are tied up neatly in bunches of fifty beans each, and packed in cases often holding from two to three thousand. These tin cases are lined with tin foil, and a ticket placed on the lid giving the quality, size and quantity. Some five or six of these tin cases are put into a neatly made cedar chest, which is sometimes lined with zinc and hermetically sealed, so as to prevent moisture from getting to the vanilla in transport, which would ruin it. These cedar cases are then sewed in mats and covered with a coarse bagging, to avoid the danger of transportation on mules. In this manner all the Mexican vanilla goes to places of sale in Europe and the United States. Formerly France was the great market for Mexican vanilla, but the enterprise of some of the American merchants has diverted the trade to New York, which is now the great depot of vanilla.

Prayer.

[D. L. Moody.]

Some people tell us that prayer does not affect God, because his plans are all made and he never changes anything, but still they encourage us to pray because prayer is good for us. Now suppose that you were to go, hungry and miserable, on a bitter cold night, to a prosperous neighbor and knock at the door, and he should arise and say, "I can not let you in for my plans are all made for the night, but I want you to keep knocking until morning because I know it is good for you to knock." What would you think of him, and of the blessing of being permitted to knock at the door all through the freezing hours of the night? And what do you think of God urging and commanding needy suffering humanity to pray just for the sake of exercise?

His Son Bill.

[New York Sun.]

A New York artist who was down on the Jersey shore sketching and painting last summer sold a farmer a crayon drawing in which the central figure was old Father Time with his deadly scythe. The buyer took it away well pleased with his purchase, but returned next day with a grin on his face and the picture under his arm, and said:

"I've got a son Bill to home."

"Yes."

"He hain't but fifteen years old."

"Yes."

"He's got tow hair and a cataract eye, but he's smarter'n chain lightning."

"Indeed, but I'm glad to hear it."

"I hadn't this pictur' home five minites when Bill set up a roarin', and laughing, and pintoed out—what d'ye think? You've gone and drawn old Father Time a-mowing left-handed. I might never have noticed it, but you can't fool Bill fur cider."

"My dear man," answered the artist, "did you ever see Father Time?"

"Of course not."

"Did your son Bill ever see him?"

"Sartinly not. He ain't to be sawed."

"Well, then, how do either of you know whether he was right or left-handed?"

"By Gum!" gasped the farmer as he stood with open mouth, "you've got the yoke on us. That's it; how do we know? I've had three different hired men who were left-handed, and I've knowed other folks to be. I jist jumped at it without stopping to think. When Bill began to haw-haw and pint to the scythe, I jist sot in and agreed with him. Say, mister?"

"Yes."

"I've got a son Bill."

"Well?"

"He's smarter'n chain lightning at sizing up a tin peddler, but the biggest fool in the state on picturs."

Cheap Cigars and Cigarettes.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The gathering of cigar stubs gives employment to a large number of Italian women and children. As a reporter wended his way homeward early one morning recently, he saw an Italian lad with a bag strapped upon his shoulders walking in the gutters of the streets in the vicinity of the city hall. The boy was collecting burned cigar ends. At dawn the public thoroughfares are thronged with industrious little laborers, who before the sun rises clean the streets of all discarded cigar stubs. Until an inquiry was made at a local cigar store the reporter was at loss to know what became of the cigar stubs gathered. The dealer in tobacco said:

"You would be surprised to know the

amount of money Italians make by gathering cigar stubs. I do not think I put the figures high when I state that no less than 50,000 cigars are smoked in Brooklyn daily. The number consumed may be more or less, but nevertheless the fact remains that nine out of ten men smoke. During the day a larger part of the smoking is done out of doors, and the stubs of the cigars, wholly or partly consumed, are thrown into the gutter. In the vicinity of the city hall, where large crowds of men gather at all times during the day, the number of cigar stubs found is scarcely credible.

"The cigar stubs are utilized in many ways. After being gathered, the butts, by which name cigar ends are sometimes known, are sorted and graded, and the dark and light shades of tobacco placed in separate heaps. The tobacco in the stubs is then pulled out and thoroughly washed. The washing process is done to eradicate all ashes and burned tobacco. After the tobacco has been dried and graded again it is ready for sale. Cigar stubs are sometimes made up into a cheap quality of five-cent cigars, or oftener sold to cigarette manufacturers, who mix the stubs with other tobacco."

What a Boy Accomplished.

A boy who always attends Sunday school went out into the country one summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said:

"I thought you were going to stay all summer?"

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where everybody swears so. One of us must go, so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said: "If you will stay, I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right. Throw your influence on the side of Christ and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is come.

There are some troubles that even religion fails to allay with comforting ministry. When a man goes to church on a hot morning wearing a collar a size smaller than the neck of his shirt it's no earthly use for the parson to talk about heaven to him when he feels that neck break out of its reservation in a new bulge as fast as he tucks an old one under.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

GRAND LODGE.

These columns are reserved as the official department of the Grand Lodge.

II Official Documents, including notices of dues and assessments and other notices, reports and statements will be published in this department.

Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges are requested to note carefully each month the contents of this department.

DECEMBER, 1891.



Assessment Notice for December.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE B. OF L. F.,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 1, 1891. }
ASSESSMENT No. 25, \$2.00.

To Receivers of Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—You are hereby notified of the death and disability of the following members entitled to all the benefits of the order, viz:

CLAIM No. 543. Robert Spencer, of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62, was Run Over and killed, August 21, 1891.

CLAIM No. 544. A. A. Read, of Ft. Ridgley Lodge, No. 65, died of Cholera Morbus, August 31, 1891.

CLAIM No. 545. Frank M. Hicks, of Kennesaw Lodge, No. 247, was killed in a Collision, September 22, 1891.

CLAIM No. 546. Fréd Fox, of Deer Park Lodge, No. 1, died of Typhoid Malarial Fever, September 23, 1891.

CLAIM No. 547. Jas. T. O'Shea, of Hill City Lodge, No. 460, died from injuries received in a Railway Accident, October 2, 1891.

CLAIM No. 548. B. F. Wertz, of Robt. Andrews Lodge, No. 165, was declared totally disabled with Tuberculosis, October 7, 1891.

CLAIM No. 549. Thomas Y. Wright, of Great Western Lodge, No. 21, was killed in a Railway Accident, October 8, 1891.

CLAIM No. 550. Walter S. Patterson, of Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, was killed in a Railway Accident, October 8, 1891.

\$1,000 allowed on this Claim, (No. 548) by Second Biennial Convention.

CLAIM No. 551. Byron Needham, of Bonanza Lodge, No. 194, was killed by being Caught between Engine and Cars, October 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 552. Ben. S. Strange, of Adair Lodge, No. 100, was Run Over and killed, October 11, 1891.

CLAIM No. 553. Lewis R. Deubler, of Acme Lodge, No. 228, died of Typhoid Fever, October 13, 1891.

CLAIM No. 554. Henry F. Christman, of Clark-Kimball Lodge, No. 113, died of Typhoid Fever, October 15, 1891.

CLAIM No. 555. Chas. M. Mitchell, of Iron Range Lodge, No. 206, died of Typhoid Fever, October 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 556. W. H. Kitchen, of Nottoway Lodge, No. 435, died of Consumption, October 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 557. Jno. Kelley, of Franklin Lodge, No. 9, was caught and killed between two Engines, October 20, 1891.

CLAIM No. 558. Jno H. Jordan, of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, was killed by Explosion of Engine, October 21, 1891.

CLAIM No. 559. Jasper M. Weaver, of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, died of Uremia, October 21, 1891.

CLAIM No. 560. Jesse L. Porter, of Oriole Lodge, No. 214, died of injuries received in a Railway Accident, October 25, 1891.

CLAIM No. 561. Harry S. Anderson, of Chamberlain Lodge, No. 186, died of Intestinal Obstruction, October 27, 1891.

CLAIM No. 562. Lewis F. Atwood, of Boston Lodge, No. 57, was declared totally disabled by Progressive Spinal Sclerosis, November 2, 1891.

CLAIM No. 563. Frank E. Shoutell, of Mt. Hood Lodge, No. 167, was declared totally disabled by Phthisis, November 6, 1891.

CLAIM No. 564. David Bruner, of Belvidere Lodge, No. 329, died of Typhoid Fever, November 10, 1891.

CLAIM No. 565. Thomas L. Crusen, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, died of Dysentery, November 12, 1891.

CLAIM No. 566. Frank Bowen, of Air Line Lodge, No. 409, was declared totally disabled with Consumption, November 17, 1891.

An assessment of TWO DOLLARS (\$2.00) has been levied for the payment of the above claims, and you are required to forward said amount for each member whose name appears on the rolls of membership DECEMBER 1ST, 1891, also for all members having taken a withdrawal (limited or final) after NOVEMBER 1ST, (and for all members who died or were totally disabled since that date) said remittance to reach the Grand Lodge not later than DECEMBER 20TH, 1891, as provided in Section 50 of the Constitution. Any lodge failing to make returns as above provided will stand suspended from all benefits of the order, as per Section 52 of the Constitution.

Yours fraternally,

F. P. SARGENT, G. M.

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

\$750 allowed on this Claim (No. 562) by Second Biennial Convention.

Beneficiary Statement.

OFFICE OF GRAND SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., NOV. 1, 1891.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS:—The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month of Oct. 1891:

RECEIPTS.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
1	73	145	\$134	217	289	361			
2	74	146	218	290	362				
3	75	147	112	219	94	363	\$168		
4	76	148	220	291	364				
5	77	149	221	292	365				
6	78	150	222	293	366				
7	79	151	223	294	367				
8	80	152	224	295	\$44	368	72		
9	81	153	60	296	369	72			
10	82	154	225	297	370				
11	\$166	83	155	226	298	371			
12	298	84	156	227	299	372			
13	272	85	157	228	300	373			
14	86	158	229	301	374				
15	87	159	230	302	375				
16	88	160	231	303	376				
17	78	89	60	304	377				
18	90	90	161	305	378				
19	91	91	162	306	379				
20	92	102	163	307	110	380			
21	93	93	164	308	56	381			
22	34	94	165	309	382				
23	95	212	166	310	383				
24	96	90	167	311	48	384			
25	97	90	168	312	385				
26	98	98	169	313	386				
27	99	99	170	314	387				
28	118	100	171	315	388				
29	101	101	172	316	389				
30	76	102	173	317	52	390			
31	58	103	174	318	391	92			
32	104	96	175	319	392				
33	105	104	176	320	393				
34	106	105	177	321	394	36			
35	107	106	178	322	395				
36	108	107	179	323	44	396	88		
37	109	108	180	324	397				
38	110	109	181	325	398				
39	111	182	182	326	399				
40	112	183	183	327	400				
41	113	122	184	328	401				
42	114	122	185	329	402				
43	115	52	186	330	403				
44	116	52	187	331	86	404			
45	117	188	188	332	405				
46	118	189	189	333	406				
47	176	190	190	334	407				
48	120	191	191	335	84	408			
49	121	192	192	336	409				
50	122	193	193	337	410				
51	114	123	194	338	411	32			
52	124	195	58	339	412				
53	125	196	58	340	413				
54	126	197	209	341	48	414			
55	64	127	198	342	84	415			
56	128	200	199	343	416				
57	129	212	200	344	84	417			
58	130	201	201	345	50	418			
59	131	202	202	346	419				
60	132	203	203	347	420				
61	133	204	204	348	421				
62	134	205	205	349	422				
63	135	206	206	350	423	120			
64	136	207	207	351	424				
65	137	208	208	352	425				
66	138	209	209	353	426				
67	139	210	38	354	427				
68	90	140	211	283	82	355			
69	141	212	212	284	254	356	12		
70	142	213	213	285	357				
71	143	214	214	286	358				
72	200	141	215	287	359				
		216	216	288	360				

RECEIPTS—Continued.

Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.	Lodge No.	Amount.
433	440	447	454	461	468				
434	\$78	441	455	462	469				
435	28	442	\$66	449	456				
436	443	48	450	457	464				
437	36	444	451	458	465				
438	445	452	\$32	459	466				
439	48	446	34	453	467				

Balance on hand October 1, 1891 \$52,195 3
Received during month 8,576 06

Total \$60,771 36

DISBURSEMENTS.

By claims 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, *536, 537,
538, 539, 540, 541, and 542 \$19,500 00

Balance on hand Nov. 1, 1891 \$41,271 36

Respectfully submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. and T.

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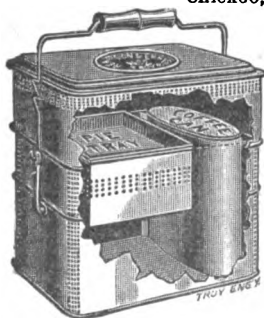
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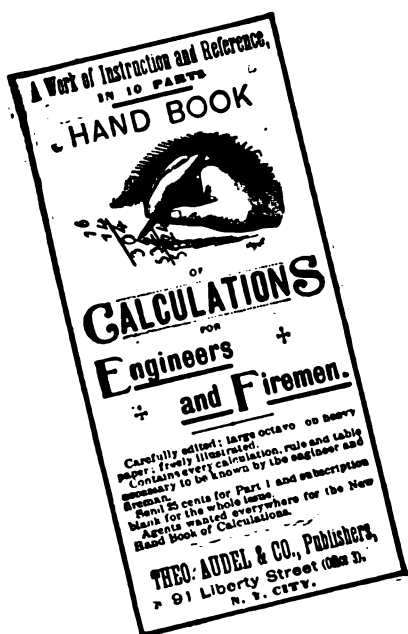
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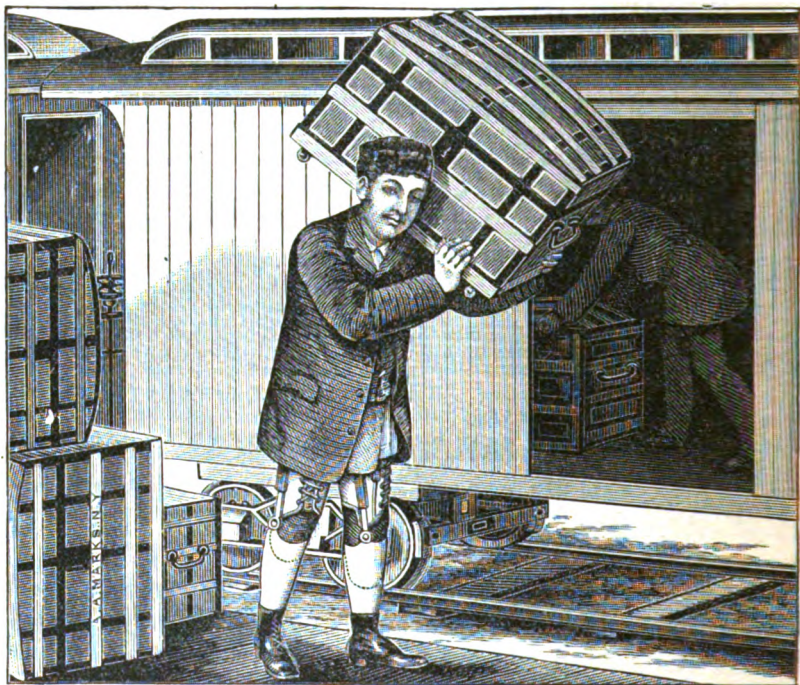
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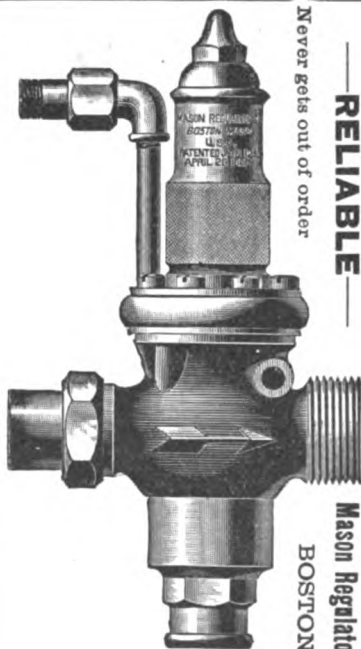
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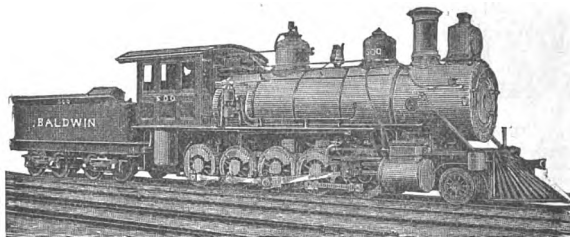
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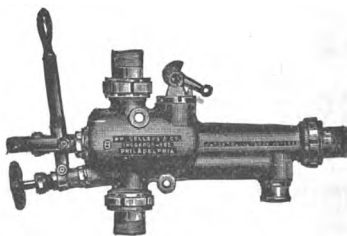
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